



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

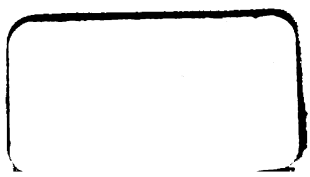
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 08167326 5



*DA
B. C.

r

BELFORD'S MONTHLY

Vol. 9

JUNE 1892--NOVEMBER 1892

MERCANTILE LIBRARY,
NEW YORK.

D 314830

1892

BELFORD PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO

Digitized by Google

DONATED BY THE
MERCANTILE LIBRARY AND
NEW YORK CITY

35539

Copyrighted,
E. BELFORD
1872

CONTENTS OF VOL. 9.

	PAGE
Another of My War Adventures. <i>Col. John S. Mosby</i>	226
A Modern Elaine; A Story. <i>Olla Perkins Toph</i>	689
An Old-Time Melody; A Story. <i>A. M. Steele</i>	728
An American Nobleman (A Novel). <i>William Armstrong</i>	817
By the Roadside in Ireland. Part II. <i>Capt. John Colman</i>	254
Bride's Story, A; A Novel. <i>F. Selwin Tait</i>	489
Curious Wills. <i>W. S. Walsh</i>	45
Chicago City Government. <i>Ada C. Sweet</i>	935
Discontented Farmer, The. <i>Joel Benton</i>	381
Dollar Mark, The (\$). <i>Wm. T. Stackpole</i>	774
"Emerald Isle, The." <i>R. W. McAlpine</i>	417
Function and Limits of Legislation. <i>Jay Belknap</i>	287
Frough de Souf. <i>Helen H. Gardner</i>	569
Frough de Souf; Humorous. <i>Helen H. Gardner</i>	741
Fundamental Principles of Dramatic Construction. <i>Bruce Whitney</i>	755
Found at the Altar; A Story. <i>Alvah Milton Kerr</i>	894
Health Notes; Catarrh Phenomena. <i>F. L. Oswald, M. D.</i>	297
Home Life in New York. <i>Sidney Dean</i>	448
Health Notes; II. Midsummer Life. <i>F. L. Oswald, M. D.</i>	462
Health by Exercise. <i>Edwin Mead</i>	595
Is it the Farmers' Turn? <i>C. H. Lugin</i>	539
In Memoriam. <i>Henry Marvin Belden</i>	587
In the "White City." <i>A. Milton</i>	924
Just Tax, A. <i>Chas. C. Anderson</i>	544
Kathleen N. Ualleachan. <i>Fred Lyster</i>	390
Lyric and Dramatic. <i>Fred Lyster</i>	133
La Fontaine; A Psychological Study. <i>Chas. Gayarre</i>	235
Lyric and Dramatic. <i>Fred Lyster</i>	301
Loadstone of Love, The; A Story. (Mrs.) <i>S. F. Higginson</i>	390
Labor's Just Domain. <i>John F. Hume</i>	467
Modern Comedy in the U. S. <i>W. H. Crane</i>	57
Murder Will Out; A Story. <i>Meta De Vere</i>	97
Mixed With Earth; A Story. <i>Robert Yulee Toombs</i>	271
Marriage of To-morrow, The; A Story. <i>W. H. P. Hayman</i>	436
Men Who Made the West, The. <i>James Maitland</i>	649
Mechanism as a Political Fetish. <i>Joel Benton</i>	715
Men Who Made the West, The, II. <i>Wm. Armstrong</i>	945
Nomination of Harrison and Tyler, The. <i>Ben E. Green</i>	379
Nicaragua Canal, The. <i>F. M. Cooper</i>	547
Nuptial Song of Catullus, The. <i>Champion Bissell</i>	710
One of My War Adventures. <i>Col. John S. Mosby</i>	122
Old Opera Singer, The; A Story. <i>Thomas L. Wood</i>	420
On the Leather and Off; A Story. <i>D. J. Carnegie</i>	657
Origin and Development of the World's Columbian Exposition, The. <i>C. W. Zaremba, M. D.</i>	757
Out of the Mouth of Hell. <i>Romeyn Boyden</i>	929
Protective Tariff as an Economic Factor, A. <i>M. A. Gemunder</i>	70
Physical Culture; Part V. <i>A Sexagenarian</i>	261
Physical Culture; Part VI. <i>A Sexagenarian</i>	402
Physical Culture. <i>A Sexagenarian</i>	906
Partisan War in Virginia. <i>John S. Mosby</i>	878
Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln. <i>R. E. Hoyt</i>	918
Stock Versus Star. <i>Rose Coghlin</i>	64
Sea Wolves' Light, T. (A Novel) <i>Emily Read and M. C. L. Reeves</i>	161
Story of Hazel Glenn; A Story. (Mrs.) <i>Arthur Gordon Rose</i>	321
Science Notes. <i>F. Hobert</i>	373
"Stock Corners," Especially the "Northwest Corner." <i>Champion Bissell</i>	425
Story of Dreams, A; A Story. <i>Rose D Bagnall</i>	458
Snaring Demon and Angel; A Story. <i>E. D. Walker</i>	554

Student on the Prairie, The. <i>Opie Read</i>	85
Story of a Mexican; A Story. <i>Porter Edminster</i>	72
Tragedian's Comedy, A. (A Novel) <i>C. E. Barnes</i>	1
Tammany as the New Warwick.....	35
Thoughts on Matters Lyric and Dramatic. <i>Fred Lyster</i>	96
Telephonic Indiscretion, A. <i>Emma Bell Smith</i>	915
Thoughts on Matters Lyric and Dramatic. <i>Fred Lyster</i>	96
Truth about California Wines, The. <i>John T. Doyle</i>	17
Things of the Spirit and Matthew Arnold. <i>Geo. D. Black</i>	77
Tax on Coffee, The. <i>W. O. Eastlake</i>	79
Thoughts on Matters Lyric and Dramatic. <i>Fred Lyster</i>	79
Vineyards of California, The. <i>Champion Bissell</i>	79
Violet; A Missouri Idyl. <i>H. H. Sinnard</i>	98
Why Nations are Prosperous. <i>James L. Cowles</i>	101
What a Reforming President Could Do. <i>F. S. Nadal</i>	77
Word Painting. <i>John P. Ritter</i>	87
Why I am Not a Protectionist. <i>A. J. King</i>	77
Woman and Music. <i>A. Ende</i>	77
Wise and Otherwise. Miscellaneous.....	6

POETRY.

"By the Word of God." <i>L. A. A.</i>	27
Burden of Night, The. <i>S. R. Elliott M. D.</i>	77
Cleveland, Grover. <i>R. J. Childress</i>	77
Dawson's Woman. <i>Wilson Miller</i>	77
Doves Dog, The. <i>John W. O'Keefe</i>	82
Evolution. <i>Evalyn C. Roe</i>	304
Forget Me Not. <i>Fred Lyster</i>	77
Influence. <i>F. S. Saltus</i>	77
Letting Down the Bars. <i>Arthur H. Quinn</i>	77
Last Summer. <i>John Hunt Morgan</i>	77
Longfellow's Critic. <i>Irving Allen</i>	77
Robert Browning. <i>C. L. Betts</i>	77
Summer Idyl. <i>Libbie C. Baer</i>	77
Two Conquerors. <i>Edith M. Thomas</i>	77
The Banks of The Nore. <i>Fred Lyster</i>	77
Wave Won. <i>E. Pauline Johnson</i>	77
Whittier. <i>Ernest McGaffey</i>	77
With a Copy of Locker's Verses. <i>J. P. Pollard</i>	959

EDITORIAL.

James McCarroll.....	77
Only One Thing to Do.....	127
How a Nomination is to be Made.....	137
Republican Love for the Negro.....	147
To the Gentlemen of the National Democratic Convention.....	147
Passing Notes.....	147
Our Republican Rival.....	147
The Reciprocity Humbug.....	148
Why the Irish are Democrats.....	148
The Renomination of Harrison.....	149
Chicago, Our New Home.....	149
The Practical Working of the Australian System.....	149
Self Protection a Duty.....	149
Our Patent System.....	149
Spots on the Sun.....	149
The Bone of Contention.....	149
The World's Exposition and Sunday.....	149

CONTENTS.

v

	PAGE
Chicago Water.....	802
The Keeley Cure.....	803
Do Critics Criticise.....	966
Whittier and Tennyson.....	968
A Long Felt Want.....	971
Glimpses	972

BOOK REVIEWS.

Tess of the D'Urbevilles; by <i>Thomas Hardy</i> (Harper & Bros.).....	154
"Wordsworth's Grave and Other Poems." (F. Stokes Co.)	155
"The Sabbath in Puritan New England, by <i>Alice Morse Earle</i> . (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.).....	158
"The American Slang Dictionary;" by <i>James Maitland</i> , Chicago.....	160
"The Soul of Lillith;" by <i>Marie Corelli</i> . (Lovell, Coryell & Co.).....	
"Fair to Look Upon; by <i>Mar. Belle Freeley</i> . (Morrill, Higgins & Co., Chicago.....	637
"Money, Silver and Finance;" by <i>J. Howard Cowperthwait</i> . (G. P. Putnam's Sons).....	638
"Republic of Republics;" by <i>B. J. Sage</i> , Washington, D. C.	640
"Imperial Purple;" by <i>Edgar Saltus</i> . (Morrill, Higgins & Co, Chicago.	648
"Sea Phantoms; Legends and Superstitions of the Sea and Sailors;" by <i>Fletcher S. Bassett</i> . (Morrill, Higgins & Co., Chicago.).....	804
"Elton Hazelwood;" by <i>Frederick George Scott</i> . (Thomas Whittaker & Co., New York.).....	805
"The Crime of Philip Guthrie;" by <i>Lulah Ragsdale</i> . (Morrill, Higgins & Co., Chicago.).....	805
"Many Thoughts for Many Hours;" by <i>Alice L. Williams</i> . (Morrill, Higgins & Co.).....	
"Darwin and After Darwin," Vol. I.; by <i>George John Romanes, LL. D.; F. R. S.</i> (Open Court Publishing Co.).....	

COMMERCIAL NOTES.

Don't Tobacco Spit Your Life Away.....	318
The World's Columbian Exposition.....	318
The Odell Typewriter.....	318
To Ladies Only.....	318
Getting Rattled.....	319
A Low-priced Typewriter.....	319
The Lovell Diamond Safety.....	320
Baker's Breakfast Cocoa.....	481
An Authoritative Analysis.....	482
A Famous Liqueur.....	483
Make Money.....	484
The National Conservatory of Music of America.....	486
Mr. M. A. Holbein, The Cyclist.....	487
Prickly-Heat and Chafing.....	487
Important Typewriter Decision.....	488
Butterine.....	808
Suggestion for a Summer Trip.....	809
Nancy Hanks' Sulky.....	810
The Nexus of Two Cities.....	810
Piano and Organ Making in Chicago.....	811
The Harp.....	977
Be Clean, Advice to Mothers, a New Way to Obtain an Education.....	
Imperial Granum.....	978
The History of a Month.....	979

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.
NEW YORK

BELFORD'S MONTHLY

VOL. IX.

JUNE, 1892.

No. 1.

A TRAGEDIAN'S COMEDY.

A WASHINGTON SQUARE LEGEND.

THIS is one of those green-room legends which come sparkling to the brim of the Squad's history, like the bright little bubbles in a glass of champagne. The details were imparted to us by Mr. Nobbs, Gentleman—who never could keep a secret, by the way—upon the night of our dinner to Buckingham, the illustrious tragedian, at the close of his triumph in "Hamlet" at the Madison Square. Mr. Nobbs, who was a privileged character behind scenes as everywhere else by exercise of that colossal presumption which knew no rival, proposed that we intercept the actor in his dressing-room immediately after the play, escorting him with great *éclat* to the banquet. It was during the last act of the tragedy that we strolled into the dim confusion of the wings, suddenly bursting upon our famous player in Danish doublet and pointed pumps, the great turquoise and ruby necklace of state dangling from his long neck. Absorbed as he was in a frolic with a pretty little page, a comical grimace upon his countenance and a jest upon his lips, his fine profile cutting sharply against a heap of tinsel trumperies beyond, suddenly a super rushed upon him, whispering: "Now!—quick!" whereupon the great actor stomped off, dashing out upon the stage with

"Who is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis?"

ringing from lips that changed its smile of coquetry to a grin of tragedy as he leaped into Ophelia's grave, grappling arms with Laertes.

Nobbs regarded him a moment with a curious glance of admiration tinged with misgiving. "By Jove!" he mused, "what cleverness!—what genius! How easily he carries the load of a giant, and yet, what a blundering affair was that of the twins Withers!"

"Yes, blundered into winning a sweet little bride; do you call that blundering?"

"Yes; and I'll tell you why."

So we all sat down upon a clump of movable paper rocks, and were imparted a chapter of this interesting secret history.

Mrs. Plantagenet Withers—one of dear old Mr. Parlotan's "blessed damosels" of long ago—lived in an old Knickerbocker house on the Square, as she does to this day, the happy mother of those gay girl-twins and that same dreary scheme for the emancipation of her sex. Her dainty drawing-room, overlooking the broad elms, is still the rendezvous for all the queer types of this queerest Gotham quarter—the forum whence lead the avenues into the aristocracy, the democracy, the socialistic and republican haunts of all this modern Rome. She was ever the princess of entertainers, enlightened in all the little amenities which foster good-fellowship between guests, imparting an air of distinction to all the ceremonies of her miniature court; rather overnice, perhaps, in the choice of her retainers, though the sweet girl-twins now and then broke the rigorous law with an infusion of what Mrs. Withers contemptuously called "*les prolétaires*." Whether the Squad came under this ban upon the prolétary, could never be discovered, no more than could be divined why the P. in Mrs. P. Withers stood for Plantagenet, unless it was because that was just what she wasn't; though a republic, and not her grandsires, was to blame for it. If it be possible to establish a house of royalty with girl-twins as founders, Mrs. Plantagenet was capable. Though in fact dominantly republican in sentiment, she was essentially monarchical in system; and in the punctilio of her modest household affairs, though in comparative poverty as the world goes, she was formal and precise, even attending her toilette with the care of a duchess of a Bourbon court, economizing on the first two meals of the day that she might gather pleasing guests at a sumptuous dinner.

As for the sweet girl-twins, they were very pretty indeed—which is saying much; and very bright and vivacious—which is saying more; and as perfectly the complement of each other in every physical detail as that pair of white satin slippers which they took

turns wearing on gala-nights, and pitched about in a bedroom frolic after a ball. Being the daughters of an illustrious woman, who was also a scientist, of course they took to the arts. Not that either had any special talents in that direction, but if the divine goddess could not make artists of Mrs. Plantagenet's daughters, so much the worse for art. Had they been French or English, this bisected unity might have been milliners or mantel-makers; here, of course, they painted; just as the man who isn't good enough for Heaven, and is altogether too good for nothing, turns agnostic. But these young ladies really did adorn the arts; not by their handicraft, but by their combined and dazzling coquetries which held the admirer with the unique illusion that he was being entranced by a woman with four luminous eyes and two rosy mouths, four pink slippers, and a score of white fingers, each half of her trying to outdo the other half in a bewildering effort to make the admirer enjoy himself. It is the only instance on record where a house divided against itself not only stood, but stood the assaults of Bohemian wit; and brave indeed was he who dared assail the fortress of their combined gift of repartee.

Poor old Jonathan Withers, the departed head of the house, died before the twins were born—showing his excellent tact. He would have been abominably in the way, men of his type being now and then good achievers, though rarely good supporters, of honors. So, the best thing a small hero can do is to die while the inspiration is upon him—which Withers did, leaving what developed into two interesting young ladies, with dazzling, round arms of richest modeling, satin warmth of skin, and mellow eyes in whose limpid depths there lay an ever-warming gleam of sunshine—to give teas to the Squad. To these maidens of twenty summers, with all the expressive sweetness of humility in every personal grace, entertaining was no formulated science that admitted of few indulgences, as with the good mother. It was a continual round of festivities, with accomplishments in the arts of tennis, plunking banjos and of making double conquests over single hearts—all with the girlish seriousness with which in their solitary moments they painted *bonbonnières* and made their own dresses. Their impromptu afternoon teas were what the poet Nairn called "little rondos in dainty tones," accompanied by the tinkle of bangles and the music of laughing red lips, until one might look for a family tree ensconced in some nook, showing the Withers's roots buried in the stock of the Thracian shepherds of

old. At these times—the mother being absent, perhaps reading a paper on “What Shall We Do With Our Girls?” before some Corkscrew Curl Society, of a full score of which she was chief instigator—the modest drawing-rooms were filled with literary men to-be and not-to-be, artists in the sprout and politicians in the bud, in whose midst, upon tables filled with china in process of decoration, quaint jugs from Egypt, water-bottles from Aztecland, and all odd-shaped receptacles for all odd-shaped nothings in general, the little brass teapot spouted pompously, and unconfined wit dropped like pellets of quicksilver, bursting into ten thousand bright globes, flashing everywhere. Yet not one youthful guest dared tarry over the Oolong until he risk encountering the good “Lady Plantagenet,” lest she be shocked with the manners of the café-bred worldling. Ah! happy days, like to those in the past, to the genial house of Withers!

Jean Jacques Kilkenny Buckingham was an Irish-Englishman with decided French tastes. How he stole into the Squad was never known; so it must have been by the back door. Certainly when first noticed in our midst—and he was not there very long ere he *was* noticed—he was a pompous, insuppressible, ill-dressed and worse-mannered type of his profession at that ebb-tide of prosperity which discloses all the bare and slimy rocks of the actor's world with most brutal and consistent realism. Mutually agreed, he was a thorn in the side of a very sensitive body—a thorn that must needs be plucked at first opportunity. Everybody ignored his antecedents, scouting the notion that such a mushroom boasted any such luxury; but after some weeks of hard pelting with cross-table witticisms which really struck depth in a very sensitive nature, a marvelous change came over the flash-actor—a change for the better to such a degree that the Squad flattered itself upon the prospect of proving an institution for the hammering out of greatness. This only shows that while some men need to be born to genius, some coaxed into it, and some cudgeled into it, Buckingham needed to be kicked into it; and who that has felt the combined footfall of the Squad's disapproval can gainsay its virtue as an uplifter?

One thing was certain: not one of us predicted the glory of the tragedian's career; so we must give the Withers's teas the credit of having discovered and held fast to a genius—particularly because they couldn't drop him, for Buckingham wouldn't be dropped. As a Squadman, he was a thin-jawed, theatrical, two-penny Byron, outraging us continually with his impertinences, yet inter-

esting us always with that great panorama of experiences of the well-stocked actor. It is an unfortunate position for a man so uneven in his qualities: one day disliked, the next lauded. Continually surprising, he is ever surprised. At his best, he is superb; at his worst, atrocious. One takes such a man as one takes sleep: it depends upon digestion and the weather whether refreshing, or only a nightmare. As Buckingham was excellent material for the pranks of the charming twins Withers, he was conducted thither in one of his moments of probation. His presentation by Mr. Nobbs, Gentleman, was scarcely propitious; Mr. Nobbs being famous for doing just the wrong thing at the wrong time, as the Squad's legends well attest. They found "Lady Plantagenet" seated queen-like by the side of a coquettish old captain of a Wither-away regiment. After according Mr. Buckingham a bow that would have frozen the pertest civility upon the lips of a courtier, dear Mrs. Withers shook her frills and laces under the dear captain's chin, and protested, "Dear me! another of *les prolétaires* to recruit the Squad, I suppose. How deeply we shall be indebted to Mr. Nobbs if he keeps up this standard of *noblesse*! I must have some words with him. I draw a very decided, unmistakable line on actors!" and so settled back to fan off the evil influence by an excess of vigor. Still Buckingham thought the dear old lady very distinguished, remarking to Mr. Nobbs, in a low "aside," that she might have escaped from one of Gainsborough's charming old portraits of royalty.

Then Mr. Buckingham was presented to Miss Withers, the elder—elder by some twenty minutes, be it known—and he thought her to be simply entrancing. There was a song or two, during which the dear captain nibbled at the ivory head of his cane, now and then nodding his bald, round pate upon which the grouping traces of dyes and restorers had left little maps from ear to ear, like the hydrostatic chart of a government survey. Mrs. Plantagenet kept her keen eyes upon her spectacular guest, lest in an unguarded moment he commit some social depredation. Then Buckingham was requested to recite—a privilege to display his talents not to be foregone. He first imitated a hautboy, by the aid of a carved hazelnut and a clever trick—which was amusing. Then he turned bartender, mixing imaginary drinks from imaginary bottles; imitating the squirt, and the pop, and the fizz with alarming closeness to fact—which was less amusing, being out of place! But when he stole bodily the legendist's own character skit—"The Masked Nude"—dexterously imitating the clip of the

scissors, and leaping to the *finale* with a shout, he fell from grace low enough to visit him with dear Mrs. Plantagenet's wrath to a fourth generation. The Captain thought him one of those stray fumes of pomatum and punch-bowls which now and then steal over a bar-room threshold into good company; he remarked as much. Mrs. Withers wrote him down as one of those nasty human three-cent pieces which are continually trying to pass for a dime; and she remarked as much. Miss Withers, on the contrary, thought him an exceedingly agreeable fellow; and she remarked as much tacitly by a renewed interest in her new guest. So, the poor fellow with his foot wedged in at the door of the social temple at last—that door so long closed to him—proposed to brook no obstacle to his securing himself there bodily.

Miss Withers, most pliant to his entreatments, listened with interest to the tales of adventures of this stagy Ulysses, so responsive indeed to his wit that Buckingham thought her exceedingly gracious. During a pause in one of these harangues, Miss Withers left him rather suddenly, with an apology, disappearing through the portière from which, a few seconds later, emerged the *younger* Miss Withers, who came jauntily forward to be presented. Buckingham, entirely ignorant of the fact that there were twins at all, and supposing her to be his companion of the moment gone, begged her to be seated again while he bring this remarkable tale of the foot-lights to a dashing *dénouement*. The young lady, only distinguishable from her sister by the red carnation in her wavy brown hair, met the situation and carried the joke on admirably, consenting to be drawn down upon the settee in the window nook, and told the last half of a story, which, lacking the first half, was absolutely pointless. A moment later, the opportunity offering, she disappeared through the portière, meeting her sister almost at the threshold. A short conference, and the affair was fixed by the pranking girls, to the suppressed hilarity of the knowing one, Buckingham the victim of a pretty joke for fully an hour, the sisters alternating each other and with much adroitness maintaining the illusion of unity.

At last came the parting, Miss Withers shaking the actor's hand heartily, Lady Plantagenet condescending slightly, and the old captain bobbing his hydrostatic chart with a military nod, while "Jean Jacques, the Glorious," answered each salute with one of those stately jack-knife bows—pieces of stock-property so dignified on the stage, so ludicrous in real life. Throwing the lower reef of his superb fur-edged cloak over his left shoulder, the dear

young Roscius departed, clutching the arm of Mr. Nobbs, his companion, all the way down to the street, to give emphasis to the conviction that "Miss Withers was charming—irresistibly charming. Her wit!—her *esprit*! her glances!—her culture!"—one enthusiastic comment following another until they reached the elms on the Square, where Buckingham paused: took a picturesque pose, invoked the gods, swearing that "he would have Miss Withers, or die in the conquest!"

"A noble sentiment!" said Mr. Nobbs, suppressing his mirth at the promise of a rick joke to follow.

Then they parted.

On the following day Mr. Nobbs, being as usual unable to keep a secret, delivered to the house of Withers an excellent imitation of the actor-lover's oath; whereupon the young ladies in question were seized with a righteous desire to be avenged for this daring impertinence—avenged in their own peculiar way. It happened that "Aunt Polemus," who lived in her charming old country house on Staten Island, had invited her nieces to visit her before the snow flew; and so it was arranged that instead of both doing honors to Aunt Polly's hospitality at once, they would alternate, each taking a three evenings' bask in the moonlight of Buckingham's love-glances, and alternately three days of recuperation on Staten Island.

They proposed to carry this joke on with a dual singleness of purpose until the affair became alarming, then they would present themselves to Buckingham in company, and take him to task for the daring perfidy of making love to two sisters at the same time—a situation worthy of a history.

If the thing was admirably planned, its execution was a literal masterpiece. When "Jean Jacques, the Glorious," called on the following evening—and from this time forward he missed not a single opportunity to pay daily court to his beloved—he found the charming Miss Withers, the twenty-minute senior, this time ready to take the initiative, or rather, to respond to his with instant yielding. She accomplished this with her characteristic *verve*, capping the prelude by stealing the lank actor into another room, where, disclosing just enough suppressed regard to heighten the interest she presented him with a *mouchoir*-case which she had decorated with exceptionally fat and festive cupids, tangled up in sprays of pansies and anemone. Of course, Buckingham was flattered to the heart by the impression he had made. Surely the lovely Miss Withers, after such unmistakable yielding to his conquest, was an

easy prize. He was thrown into temporary confusion over his success, imparting to Mr. Nobbs alone the secret of the young lady's gift, and the ineffable tenderness of her manner which marked the opening note of a lover's triumph. Surely his affairs of love augured well for the future!

The elder twin was not a little startled at her three-days' progress in love-making as a fine art, and feared that she had carried it too far to insure her sister's safe continuance of the theme; but the younger twin bore forward the history with *éclat*, not only proving what admirable diplomatists women are, but what perfect compliments of each other were the twins.

One morning Mr. Nobbs, Gentleman, was surprised by an early call from the actor. Certainly love had a most bracing effect upon its captive. The old cloak had given way to a new one of freshest broadcloth trimmed with seal, the slouch hat displaced by a dazzling beaver, the hands daintily gloved, and altogether such an up-town air on a down-town character, that Mr. Nobbs rose up from his pillow, spilling upon the white counterpane the coffee into which he was dipping his biscuit as entered the tragedian.

"By Jove!" he burst forth. "Does love do all that for a fellow? Go to?"

"Sh-h!" interrupted the actor with uplifted finger. "'No tongue! all eyes: be silent!'" then he drew to the bedside, becoming immeasurably confiding. He had come upon a most delicate errand; would Mr. Nobbs, always the friend of the lover, honor him with his advice? Certainly; with all candor. Then the pictorial Thespian drew forth a roll of brown paper from his inmost bosom, and set free his ecstasy. "Nobbs, m' boy, I am going to make Miss Withers a present—a present of great value, perhaps too great. I have come to ask if it really is too pretentious a gift to offer in all true sincerity. Behold! it is an heirloom—my mother's once!" and he held at arm's length a fantastic, old-fashioned gewgaw—a sort of necklace, Nobbs thought—whereupon the wily wag nearly exploded in the serious lover's face. After a critical examination of the huge trinket, Nobbs remarked that he did not deem it too pretentious a gift, if he loved her—*really* loved her—love levelling all distinctions; whereupon Buckingham wrung his friend's hands with thankful emotion, quoted "Hamlet" thrice to reinforce the situation, and shortly afterwards wrapped himself in his magnificent toga, and departed, promising to meet Mr. Nobbs at the breakfast-table. Then Nobbs rolled

over, smothering his hilarity with a pillow, shaking the joists of the old bed loose with suppressed laughter.

Of course the day did not pass without a secret conference at "*Maison Withers*," where, between his outbursts of mirth, Mr. Nobbs confided the secret of Buckingham's passion and his proposed gift. Miss Withers—the elder, this time—saw no impropriety in accepting the gift; but dear Lady Plantagenet, amusedly silent until this time, expressed herself logically to the contrary. "See here! my daughter," she remonstrated, her firm, round mouth expressive of deep conviction, "what is the use of carrying this thing, American fashion, beyond all bounds of prudence? Refuse the poor dunce's gewgaw by all means. You can amuse yourself without laying the household under obligations by accepting his trumperies. Besides, my dear, the worm may turn—mark you, the worm may turn!"

"But nonsense, dear mamma!" replied the elder twin; and "Bless your soul!" interpolated Mr. Nobbs, "the vulgar jimcrack isn't worth ten dollars at auction with a fool for a bidder—a great row of Alaska brilliants, or some such stage rubbish. Do let the young ladies avenge themselves; it will be historical in the Squad annals. Besides, he swears that he will marry Miss Withers; now then, let's see him do it!"

That evening, in the midst of certain dry-bone discussions on the eternal text of feminine emancipation—commentaries as dreary as the drizzle of rain-pipes on the roof, Mr. Buckingham took the opportunity to draw Miss Withers stealthily into the little nook by the window where they were safely ensconced from prying eyes, other than by the rustle of tissue paper and subdued whispers, betraying nothing of the animation of their short interview. When the pair emerged a moment later, the elder twin's pretty face was scarlet, and the tragedian's glowing with triumph. The great vulgar trinket hung low upon the maidenly bosom like an albatross of fate, only the intensely serious face of the actor forefending a storm of hilarity on the spot. Luckily, the more prudent sentiment ruled; and Jean Jacques after reciting a touching little love ballad in a mood that seemed well sustained by the condition of his own prosperous affairs of the heart, was allowed to depart with honors, leaving behind him the glamor of that footlight smile, which, like the phosphor gleam of a firefly glows but warms not. Then the curious trinket was handed about the company, with no end of *facetiae* by the merry commentators. Lady Plantagenet grew very stern, elevating the tiny triplet of

warts upon her distinguished nose, and looking reproachfully into her daughter's face. "Shocking, my child! What *do* you propose to do with that piece of stage trumpery?—not wear it, surely!"

"For three days, mother dear; then I'll let sister wear it. You have no humor, mamma; you are as serious as a bronze Turk. Besides, this is an heirloom; it was his mother's!"

"His mother's?—that thing was? She must have been a museum freak if ever she wore that in good faith!"

"The prize-winner in a Chatham Square beauty contest possibly," suggested Mr. Nobbs.

"Do you suppose that stuff is real gold?" interposed another.

"Certainly!" said Mr. Nobbs.

"Certainly *not*!" said the sweet old captain, emerging from silence, gruffly.

"Why don't you take it to 'your uncle's,' Miss Withers and let him price it?" suggested Mr. Nobbs.

"My—what?—uncle's?"

"Eh—the pawnbroker, you know!"

"Thank you; I have no relatives in the profession that I know."

The company smiled, thus betraying a more intimate knowledge.

"By the way," said Miss Withers, addressing Mr. Nobbs in half confidence, "I have often passed those funny, dark, three-ball places, and stopped before the windows, studying the heaped-up hostages to fortune—not without their touch of pathos now and then—with something of a longing to get behind the scenes as it were. Dear Mr. Nobbs, will you take me into one of them some day? just to ease my vulgar curiosity, don't you know——"

"Shocking, my daughter!"

"—and let me see in his own den, one of those mouse-eyed old Shylocks that rule the world, they say, from their shabby thrones."

"Ask Jean Jacques, the Glorious," said Mr. Nobbs. "He has friends in the 'profesh' who would treat you with exceptional grace!" It was plain that Mr. Nobbs had been hit in a vulnerable spot.

"My daughter, you amaze me!"

Notwithstanding the protest upon all sides, combining Mr. Nobbs's over-sensitive reluctance, not more than two days later, the young girl managed to elude the vigilance of Lady Plantagenet, and meeting Mr. Nobbs upon returning from a league-lesson, together with poor Buckingham's glass-diamond fire-works as a pretext to gain unsuspecting access into a cosmopolitan mystery,

the two sidled up to the door of a characteristic pawnshop on Sixth avenue. It was a typical spot, without and within; and once upon its threshold, the elder twin Withers heard her heart beat for no other reason than that she was dallying with an adventure which her mother would have denounced as "humiliating beyond measure." She suffered one of those strange revulsions of the heart by which nature not unoften warns of a hidden peril. The old Jew in attendance was, to her content, the speaking type of his profession. Hectic as an autumn leaf, his ragged-edged profile stood out bold against those rows of offerings to Queen Money, his eyes like putty-balls and rolling wearily, a forehead furrowed deep with the practiced frown of the money-getter.

"What can you do for me on this, on a pinch!" said Mr. Nobbs, breaking a very eloquent silence.

The old Jew took poor Buckingham's "heirloom" in his lank fingers, turned it over and over, treating himself to a parsimonious pinch of snuff. Then elevating his toothless mouth like a bean-blower, he commanded, "Rachel, brink der alcohol!"

Rachel, a round-faced, animated little scrap of wall-paper, with a dried-apple complexion and a nose that had flattened itself against the second-story window-panes for the thirteen years of her joyless life, and who wore large diamond earrings notwithstanding her infancy, brought a basin half filled with a muddy liquor into which the tragedian's jimcrack fell with a "chink!" Then it was fished out, tossed into a box of sawdust, dried and held up to the light. The disenchanted twin, who had been thankful for this little interval for mental note-taking regarded the old Jew as he mutteringly raised his eyes from the strong magnifying glass after much seemingly useless minute inspection.

"Perhaps it's real gold after all!" she whispered to her escort, touching his arm.

"Well, how much?" demanded Mr. Nobbs, reassured.

"Vell, I tink I will loan you not more as tree tousand tollar on tat!"

A dead silence.

"Three thousand dollars!" returned Mr. Nobbs, almost staggering. "Why, what's the thing worth?"

"Um-m! Not more as ten tousand tollar, maybe!"

"That thing! — ten thousand dollars!" Then at the old Jew's redoubled consternation, he subsided discreetly.

A tug at his elbows, and turning, he glanced into the face of the elder twin who looked as if she were saying to herself, "I shall faint—I know I shall!" Nobbs's manly glance reassured her.

"And—and are they—really diamonds—these?" she asked, almost in awe.

"Diamonds?—eh! Ant you make me belief you don't know tot—eh?"

This was said with such a malignant and suspicious leer from the putty-ball eyes suddenly flaming, that the dear twin clenched the arm of her protector and dragged him toward the door.

Pocketing the "jimcrack," now proven to be a small fortune in itself, Nobbs retreated sheepishly, gathering to the support of the excited twin who had gained the street as if she had been shot out, and stood at the curbstone dazed. "By chim'ny, Rachel!" said the old Jew just as the door closed with a crash, "I pet you fife tollar tey stole 'em tat diamont neglace. It vas a beaudy; but I vas tam luggy tat I loan 'em nottings!"

Miss Withers grasped the vanquished wag's arm in silence, and the twain hurried up the street. "Mr. Nobbs!" murmured the young lady, breathing heavily, "do—do you really think—think that the old Jew is not mistaken?"

"Mistaken?—well, now! catch an old trump like that!"

"And only to think, Mr. Nobbs, diamonds—real diamonds; and the priceless gems have been lying about on tables, and chairs and floors even in utmost contempt these two days!"

"Confound me!" Nobbs muttered, scarcely noting his companion's excited prattlings. "The Squad 'll get hold of this, just as they did the Billy Burke affair, and make me miserable. That means another champagne supper!" Then rallying. "To think that I didn't know a real diamond when I saw it! I don't wonder that Buck was so grand about what seemed a trifling affair. I tell you, Miss Withers, we've been awfully mistaken about that fellow; he's a trump! and immensely rich! You should see his apartments!—why, they are even magnificent. They throw Georgian's into shadow——"

"But the necklace—the necklace!"

"Well, you can wager that if that unconscious old wag of a Jew says it is worth ten thousand, it's worth thirty at the very least!"

"Thirty thousand dollars!" This was said with a shiver. "Dear Mr. Nobbs! whatever in the wide world shall I do with it?"

"Do with it?—treat it as you did before!" returned her escort. "Only promise!—don't tell any one. I know the joke is on me; but let it drop right here, and I'll make it up by a renewed effort to treat Buck as he should be treated. Here, take the thing!"

The poor little thing leaped back as if the tissue-paper package

were a serpent. "Oh, no, no; don't you dare leave me alone with that! I beg of you, take me home, *dear* Mr. Nobbs; I'm all unstrung—and see! it's getting so dark—and now, Mr. Nobbs!" clasping his arm tightly, "do promise me in return that you will never, never, *never* mention one single, solitary word of this to any one—not even to mamma; and above all, n-n-not even to—to my sister, will you, Mr. Nobbs?"

Nobbs thought he sniffed a fox. "By Jove! this is getting interesting!" he mused. "Well, I'll promise upon your promise!" he said softly, glad enough to find a loophole of escape from his own blunders.

And so they parted at the door of the old mansion; he, flying to solitude like a man whipped at his own game; she, with the tissue-paper roll burning like live coals upon her bosom, seeking the seclusion of her room, where, locking the door, she threw herself at length upon the the bed, and enjoyed one of those casting out of devils called "a'good cry." Then she rallied, gathered herself together like a true heroine of the house of Withers, and plunged into a system of inductive ratiocination, which is but a phrase that means the outwitting of a twin sister.

Yes, at last the whole affair was illuminated. It was as plain as the handwriting on the wall: Buckingham was a gentleman, hiding his superior points beneath a multitude of eccentricities. Those pretensions, those pompous flourishes, those airs of the nine-dollar clerk who comes home from a horse-race at last a victor—they were all proven genuine and sincere. Taken for less than he was, the poor fellow, when he proved himself all that he was, was now taken for more. Shocked at her treatment of the worthy man, who, instead of being made a fool of, had made fools of them all, amazed at her own stupidity, she was seized of one of those righteous feelings of self-reproach which are as exaggerated as they are ridiculous. But now, the facts: Buckingham was in love with Miss Withers—which one?—both, and consequently neither. But the lover is always tractable; he can be led by the heart—hoodwinked through his ambitions. He was a dear fellow after all, come to think it all over; not half bad, really. Only—only he did so need a manager, like all men of genius. Heigh-ho! what a jolly manager a twin Withers would make if it came to the pinch. Ah! Besides, being the elder by virtue of that elastic twenty wee small minutes of seniority, if either must sacrifice herself to the bettering of the financial condition of the

household by turning manager to a man of genius, why should not the elder step up bravely and say, "Sister, I spare you such a calamity; I will suffer for our sakes! Yes; it *was* a nuisance to be poor; and dear mamma, though a superb dinner-giver, had of late contracted the parsimonious habit of turning the servants' rag-bag to swell the family fund with its mere pittance. This abominable, penitential Lent, all the year round, just to have a friend or two to dinner every night—wasn't it getting tiresome? And really, they had exhausted on the tradesmen's collector all the charming little rebuffs in the catalogue of respectable poverty, and only last month—a blush followed the thought—they were obliged to tolerate unmurmuring a great flat-footed grocer's son at one of their select little hops, all because the fellow was so vulgarly importunate with a trashy account of some standing. The toils of a great conviction was upon her! To sacrifice one's self to the exigencies of those one loves, how noble, heroic, sublime! Besides, she was a Plantagenet; he—well a lover; that was enough—better indeed for her purpose than being a marquis. Lovers are unsuspecting at least—it is their redeeming quality.

But more serious and uncalled-for complications arose. How could she play two parts at the same time—developing her conquest over Buckingham, reciprocating his real love on the one hand, while on the other pretending to ignore it? And then, that necklace! What was to be done with this whole fortune now? Treat it as she had done before?—impossible! Conceal it safely? That would betray the whole situation. And so, before any definite course was adopted by the bewildered strategist, the younger twin arrived from Staten Island, whither the elder was certainly very loth to go. The jewels went into the ashes at the hearth to disguise their brilliance, restoring their former disrepute in a measure, and at the secret conference were brought forth and tossed about with careless merriment. But the younger sister, fresh from a three-days' "thinking spell" from the country, seated herself upon a stool by the hearth, turned the "trinket" over and over in her pretty white hands, and looked very serious. Then she bit her lips nervously, and dampened the forced hilarity of her elder by a sudden disfavor of this whole affair. She certainly acted very strangely—suspiciously enough to justify the elder's remark, "My dear, you seem to have lost heart in this superb joke!"

The young girl looked up very quickly, a regretful, almost penitent expression upon her sweet, maidenly face. "Lost heart?" she echoed, softly. "No; rather gained it!"

"What does that mean, pray?"

"It means, sister," she returned, stunned by the inquisitor's chilling command, "it means that this thing has gone far enough. It means that I have been thinking a great deal down there in the quiet; of the country. And besides, men are so vindictive, you know, as mother says, 'the worm may turn!' One thing is certain: he is very much in love; and——"

"Not certainly with *you*!" cuttingly.

"No? Then he is fals^{er} than either one of us, which is saying a great deal!"

"Stop! Do you know what I have discovered in this five-minute confab with you? Shall I tell you?"

The sisters had risen to their feet, the elder with her taunting finger outstretched, the younger scarlet yet defiant in the conviction of a sensitive and tender heart.

"No!" she said, calmly, stung by her antagonist's meaning which went to the heart like a stab. "No! you need not tell me!"

The elder twin, herself dissembling the evidence of her humiliation at the possibility of defeat, gave a short laugh, and left the room; the little woman in white sank down upon the hearth-rug, burying her face, and unbending her grief completely in a torrent of tears.

To the elder, then, the horizon was suddenly illuminated. "We first endure, then pity, then embrace!"—beautiful! Her sister was in love with the actor—really, fervently in love. From that moment it became a struggle, very bitter and very compromising, as all sisters' quarrels are likely to be. First women, sisters afterward. While giving each other to believe that they were thoroughly in collusion, playing their dove-tailing parts in a rich comedy, they had in reality taken up arms against each other in a most unsisterly affray. The pity of one had been moved to love—real and tender, and full of regret that vouchsafed a fullness of devotion; the other, knowing the tragedian-lover to be rich, reasoned logically that the wife of Jean Jacques Kilkenney would be master of the household—a prerogative distinctly the right of the elder child. What humiliation is deeper than this?—tumbled from her pretty throne by a younger sister who happens to be successful in affairs of love wherein she herself is all wisdom, though the other is all heart!

Seized of these sudden heart-burnings, the elder Miss Withers fled to the contemplative silence of her chamber. "I am going down to Staten Island this afternoon, my dear Mr. Buckingham,"

she wrote, hastily, on a sweet-scented card bearing the hand-painted arms of the Withers in one corner, "and my aunt and I will be delighted to receive you there at seven, where, after a good old-fashioned country dinner, we shall have a stroll by the bay." Then followed explicit directions, and a hundred and one appeals to promptness, ending with the instruction "that to call at the house would be useless, as she was going instantly." This was to forefend a meeting with the younger twin. The letter dispatched to the tragedian, she set off for Staten Island, not without a conference with her sister, instructing her minutely how to conduct herself when the lover would call that evening—"that is, if he *should* happen to call, you know,"—the topics she was to encourage consideration upon, and those she was to avoid, all of which fell as ineffectually upon the regenerate heart as snipe-shot rattling on a slate roof.

With his magnificent fur-lined toga waving to the breeze, in one of those gallant moods in which the lover's heart is dauntless indeed, the illustrious Jean Jacques started briskly across the Square, resolved to descend upon and capture Staten Island in one fell swoop. Suddenly lifting his eyes to Heaven in a moment of insuppressible ecstasy, he stopped short and muttered, "B'jove! it's going to rain. I wonder if the dear girl has gone prepared? I fear not. I'll just step across and inquire of our dear Lady Plantagenet. Besides, I'm early—very early; ah, yes; that proves that I am in love!"

A moment later, in response to two fierce tugs at the door-bell of "Maison Withers," taking his strategic pose—for on one occasion he recalled that the dear old lady herself answered his summons, proving that even royalty now and then stoops to be its own servant—the door opened, and imagine poor Buckingham's consternation upon being confronted by the younger half of this unit of his love. She looked very *petite* and winning with her dear little rose-bud mouth puckered up in an expression of surprise and delight. "Oh, Mr. Buckingham! how good of you!—how charming of you to come so early. You will be just in time for dinner. I am delighted!"

"Why, why, my dear Miss Withers, you amaze me! I—I just stopped in on my way to Staten Island!"

"To—where?"

"Why, bless your heart! Didn't you write me this afternoon to come to Staten Island and dine with you and your Aunt

Polly at seven o'clock sharp, and then take a stroll by the bay?"

The young girl felt her knees sinking. She clutched the lintel of the heavy door, and choked. "Why—why, certainly!" she gasped; "certainly, m-my dear Mr. Buckingham. Yes, yes; b-but didn't you get my *second* letter?" This was the master stroke which proves of what admirable quality in emergency is a genuine Withers.

"Bless your heart!—no!" said the tragedian.

"Why, I wrote you that inasmuch as—ah, you see, it's going to rain. Come right in, my dear Mr. Buckingham. Dinner will be served in a few moments, and you are to meet some charming people—charming! How strange about that second note! Just be seated in the drawing-room, Mr. Buckingham, and I will inquire of the servant—" and so fled from the somewhat bewildered actor who made his way into the little drawing-room.

Wild with excitement and chagrin, the dear little twin ran to her room, snatched a piece of paper, and wrote hurriedly:

"MY DEAR MR. BUCKINGHAM:—It's going to rain, I fear; so I shall not go to Staten Island after all. You will find me at home this evening, and as ever delighted to see you——"

"Mary—Mary!" she called to the domestic in the adjoining room, "take this instantly to Mr. Buckingham's where you took that note of sister's this morning; and if he is not in, request that it be laid upon his table!"

Mary came forward, the ghost of an interrogation point. "Faith! the gentleman's very self is in the drawing-room now!"

"Never do you mind coaching me in my affairs. Just do as I say: take this note to Mr. Buckingham's, and have it put upon his desk!"

"But the very selfsame gentleman——"

"You do just as I tell you, please, and don't be impertinent!" with a stamp of the little slipper.

"But—but——"

"Go—instantly!"

Mary went.

The wretch! so she wrote him to meet her at Aunt Polly's, eh? After all her instructions with regard to my conduct "if he should happen to call"—yes—if he *should* happen to call! The minx! what audacity! So it's war, is it? In love with him too, is she? ah! well, I've got him now, and I'm going to keep him! so there!" which, when accentuated with another dislocation of the little satin

slipper and a clenching of the finger nails into her white palms, meant just what she said.

Plunging down-stairs to the drawing-room, she found poor Buckingham in the clutches of Lady Plantagenet, and a big handful he was. The fluttering little heart paused suddenly at the door, and overheard the following *exposé* of forbidden stage secrets, led on by the grand inquisitor.

"Aw! Possible? How amusing, Mr. Buckingham—very! And, eh—I suppose you feel the parts you—eh—act, do you not, Mr. Buckingham?"

"Feel them, madam?—feel the part we act?—never. That isn't true art, madam, and I am an apostle of true art. Why, my dear lady, if we felt the parts we acted—if we truly felt them, we should be like the 'the two spent swimmers that do cling together and choke their art.' I should have been in Bloomingdale long ere this, madam, if I had felt the parts I acted—long ere this, madam!"

"Aw?—possible?"

"You see, my dear Mrs. Withers, true art is not to be confounded with emotional spontaneity. Never! When we make our audience weep, madam, we are not unoften laughing in our sleeves. When we make them laugh, madam—ah, God bless you!—who knows but that a great lump of bitterness may clog the throat, making every quib a torture, and every jest a sword-thrust to the heart, madam—*r-r-rah!*" imitating a sword-lunge with a violent dash of realism just as the dear little twin crossed the threshold.

"Oh, Mr. Buckingham!" she interposed, her pleading eyes revealing no shade of guile, "it was so stupid that the note did not reach your apartments until after your departure. You will find it——"

At this instant she was called to arms by the persistent servant who plunged forward flourishing the opprobrious letter. "There now! an didn't Oi tell ye, miss, that the very same gintleman——"

"Oh, from the professor? thanks!" and snatching the missive, Mary was dragged away down into an obscure corner of the hallway. "See here, Mary!" burst forth the little conspirator, "if you don't go instantly with that letter to Mr. Buckingham's, I'll take that new cashmere dress I bought you and burn it up! Do you hear? burn it up!"

"Well, Oi was only a-tellin' y'——"

"But I don't want you to tell me anything; I want you simply and

silently to do my bidding!" So, with lurid visions of that long-hoped-for cashmere dress feeding the very flames, the stubborn maid was gone on her queer errand, muttering to the saints.

At this juncture, dear Lady Plantagenet, her very royal self, strode down the hallway drawing her daughter into deeper seclusion, and pinning the poor twin against the wall with, "My child!—my dear foolish, foolish child. How *could* you invite that abominable actor to dinner?"

"But, mamma, dear——"

"Listen, my child! don't you know that Colonel Parlotan is to dine here to-night with Mr. Marlowe, and Mr. Potifar, and the Captain?—dear me! what *shall* we do with that shocking fellow. Besides, his coming here continually—it's compromising; for, my child, they surely will begin to suspect that you are in love with him—really in love——"

"Oh, mamma!" most pathetically. Then the dear little creature turned and fled, crept behind a dark portière, giving vent to her emotions in just one heart-bursting sob which shook with violence the depths of her sensitive nature. "'Really in love with him!'" she echoed, bitterly. "*Really* in love! If she only knew!"

Then the poor girl struggled back into the drawing-room, and melted upon her favorite stool by the fire-place. "Mr. Buckingham!" she pleaded, faintly, "do tell me more of your stage-life. Do you really think, Mr. Buckingham, that Hamlet was mad?—do you, or don't you? don't you or do you, really?"

Poor Buckingham groaned in the spirit. Was it really possible that she would perpetrate that irritating conundrum after he had been battered with it most mercilessly for years?

"Not mad, my dear Miss Withers," he sighed, "not mad: only tired!"

Never did Milady Plantagenet put to better advantage the infinite discretion and tact which was her gentle prerogative, than at that dinner-table, with Papa Marlowe, Colonel Parlotan, of Confederate fame, and "Auction Potifar," on the one hand to entertain, and the over-reaching, ever-posing young tragedian, on the other, to suppress. As she bade each of her guests to his place, there was a perceptible rigor in the sensitive lines about the mouth—that sweet mouth so eloquent of every shade of thought upon the heart, and every presence welcome or unwelcome to the soul. From that line drawn down between the still finely-arched brows, like the line which gives direction to an

army's forces, it was impossible not to perceive the master of all situations.

Except that he ate immoderately of the truffles—which Buckingham praised with a line from Hamlet tossed like a union into this cup of good cheer—the old Captain looked wise, evidently quite content with this occult display of wisdom without very much substantiation in fact. Mr. Parlotan looked spiritual and vague as usual, his thoughts upon the vision of the little treasure of his heart—his only love-affair—whom he had left touching to sweetness the battered old harp. Papa Marlowe sat next to old curio-hunter Potifar, whose sudden nightmare was so soon to drive him into matrimony; but it was the one error in arrangements, for it was like mixing sugar and salt—a common error from very appearances—a mess which is ever the bane of the cook.

Lady Plantagenet set the standard of conversation upon a latitude purposely high above poor Buckingham's head, and held it there with an iron grip. Never did she allow it to descend to a level where he might approach it. From generality to generality it soared—those glittering, harmless abstractions which express the medial line of opinions, offending no one, and forefending argument, following each other until the company became etherealized and appeared to poor Jean Jacques as if they were going to soar off into space bodily. Once or twice the brilliant tragedian, suffering complete eclipse by all this moon-business, attempted to pull down the chariot and freight it with a green-room joke. But foreshadowing discredit, it was always efficiently suppressed by the good hostess, who had a dauntless and even flattering way of stopping a rapid recital of facts and asking all sorts of abstract opinions thereon, smothering a fire in its own smoke.

Thus, when Buckingham began the recital of the items of an old maid's nightmare diary—really a very promising bit of humor—he was halted by being asked his opinion on the psychology of nightmares; which led to mince pie and indigestion; which mounted up to a quotation from Dante; which led to the invocation to Apollo at the gates of Heaven: which led away off into the unknown again, leaving the poor tragedian and his nightmare diary away down in the obscure corner of the land of Things Forgotten. With the periodical return of the winged meteor to earth, Buckingham tried once more to straddle it with a story of a comedian friend of his—leading man in the Hazel Kirke Combination.

"A man of genius?" interpolated Mrs. Withers, who did not

propose to tolerate any "leading men" at her table, if she could forefend it.

"Of undoubted genius, madam; undoubted genius——"

"But, pray, Mr. Buckingham; what in your mind is the proper interpretation of that very elastic word, 'genius?'"

"Two fingers of divinity and one of madness, madam; like a sherry-flip——" which was speedily blanketed by a wise observation on the part of Mr. Parlotan; which led to Divine Madness; which led to the cephalic ganglion of invertebrates; which led to Institutions with a big I; and, of course, thence to Emancipation of Woman from something or other not quite clear what—actors perhaps—and which stayed there till the coffee was poured.

So poor Buckingham ceased rummaging his "property-box" for a story fit to bring to a Withers's table; there wasn't any. He subsided gracefully, content indeed, with now and then a glance at the sweet twin opposite, whose demure little countenance was quite exalted enough for his contemplation. Ah, how cleverly did she put a placid front upon the turmoil of a soul full of riot and quaking fears, and problems too great for an older strategist? To keep from Buckingham the secret of a sister; from the sister, the secret of her strategy; from the mother the secret of her love; and from the world the secret of the whole affair begun in a jest and ending in earnest—who shall say that her load was not one of great burden, and her position one of great peril?

Perceiving the expediency of culminating affairs with all prudent activity, the little *intriguante* lost no time in drawing Buckingham into an obscure nook, while Lady Plantaganet and the dear old philosophers lingered over the coffee and Cognac, continuing their optimisms. What passed from heart to heart in the quiet of that little retreat, curtained off with softest folds of Madras illusion, goes unrecorded; but its real seriousness may be securely judged from the fact that upon the sudden entrance of the diners into the drawing-room, the pair were found in absolute silence, back to each other on opposite sides of the room, the sweet maiden's warm cheeks a deep scarlet; and Buckingham's indomitable self-control so completely benumbed, that the two old gentlemen heading the procession cut short a serious discussion on "Anthropoids" leering about mischievously, as much as to say, "You children have been into the jam!"

As the old clock standing in one corner of Aunt Polly's dining-room, like a hoary chronicle of just such love-histories as these,

tolled forth the hour of ten, a young lady passed nervously over toward the window, concealing herself behind the curtain, and strained her eyes to catch the faint gleams of the ferry-boats to and from the city. Alas, they had brought no Buckingham! This formidable little chess-game with a twin-sister as an adversary, became momentarily more serious. She dabbled listlessly into the festivities of the old country household for a time, but soon sought the silence of her chamber, there to ponder upon the morrow, like a general, thankful for this little respite from the conflict to contemplate the next move. In consequence of this severe and sleepless night's meditations, the little conspirator rose very early in the morning, informing the household that she must return immediately to the city. In spite of endless protestations and appeals, the injured yet much resolved twin-daughter of a Withers—never known to fail—was soon on her way across the gray bay in the nipping frost of that early winter morning. The rain which was threatened the day before, proved to be snow; and by the time she reached the city, the sepia line of store-houses that flank the water's edge for miles was capped in silver patches, the water leaping up the sullen walls and throwing back a spray which dropped ringing like little pellets of quicksilver.

It was late when the illustrious Jean Jacques arose that morning, and it was not at all strange that a note summoning him instantly to the south hall of the Academy of Design should have found him at the hour of ten, taking his tea and biscuit in turban and pajama, a *l'Indu-Anglaise*, in his charming little study, surrounded by the spectacular stage-trinkets which so bespoke his distinguished profession.

"The boy awaits without, sir!" said his old valet, who had unconsciously absorbed the pomposities of his principal—what flattering praise is imitation!—whereupon Buckingham muttered something to the gods, glanced at the note, and fell back a step or two as if he had ventured unknowingly to the very verge of a precipice.

"Miss Withers? at this time o' day! *must* see me instantly! Ye gods! what did I say to her last night that should precipitate matters like this? 'Is't madness that I uttered? Bring me to the test!'" Then he stalked heroically into his bedroom, and began the unheroic task of shooting his lank legs through his lean and slippery pantaloons. "James! James, I say!" he commanded, like a man who is roused out of a sound sleep by the alarm of fire, "James, go down instantly, and ascertain the where-

abouts of Miss Withers, then accompany her—eh—*internuncio* thither, telling her personally, personally, sir, that I shall hasten to the appointed place as fast as my palfry can bear me. Out with you! ‘When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions!’ What’s, ye gods! what’s got into that dear crinkly-haired old sultana now, I wonder? She seemed not to regard me altogether with scorn last night upon parting with her sweet little treasure of a daughter. ‘O tiger’s heart wrapped in a woman’s hide!’ My horse! My horse!’

When the broad-gauge British valet, accompanying the little messenger back to the Academy, found Miss Withers, he delivered his message as sweetly as a Prang-chromo cherub sings of Easter. The clever little conspirator bade him be seated beside her—a profound privilege, accepted with hesitancy—and proceeded to ply him with pertinent questions, particularly after the fertile Briton had confirmed her belief in his genuineness by averring with a dash of his master’s impressionism, “I have the honor, madam, to be the illustrious Mr. Buckingham’s valet!”

“Ah, then there is *one* man who is a hero to his own valet! Valets, eh? Valets and diamond necklaces go well together! I wonder what his apartments are like?”

And so, with infinite deftness, she lifted this lid of the treasury of Buckingham, and peeped within with the ecstasy of a curio-hunter discovering a genuine Raphael. The flattered Briton reserved nothing, giving over the prodigal secrets: from Buckingham’s wine cellar (which Miss Withers was sure would appease mamma in event of war) to the description of his friends in the profession, whose flash photographs lined the walls of his luxurious apartments. “Ah,” muttered the little schemist, “how the dear man does need a manager! Well, he’ll do!”

At this moment the noble person of the tragedian himself burst like a luminary into her presence, a bunch of Parma violets upon his bosom, in top-boots and hat of the chevalier, and a whip in his carefully-gloved hand. What was Lochinvar of old to the advent of Jean Jacques, the Glorious? A mere punchinello!

“My dear Miss Withers,” accompanying a sweeping bow, “to what fortunate circumstance, pray, do I owe my thanks for the honor of this interview?”

“To affairs of utmost importance, Mr. Buckingham,” with freezing dignity, sinking upon the velvet settee, and making a brave show of suppression of tears and agitations.

"My dear Miss Withers, I perceive a great change has come upon you since I left you last night. You are paler—you are suffering: you cannot conceal it. Something has happened. I know it—feel it!"

"Mr. Buckingham!" with emotion.

"Your pardon! James! James, I say! Go below and walk the stallion up and down a bit! and, James, blanket him! and, James, give the—eh, cub in attendance this half a dollar! and, James, thank him—be sure to thank him! and—eh, James, when I desire your presence I shall do myself the honor to summon you!" And poor James, with his head down and his coat-tails between his legs, departed with the observation, "Marster Bucking'm—e's a-gettin' mighty high an' lofty o' late, so 'e is! But, heavings an' 'arth! 'e do look fine in them ridin' traps, don't he?" A moment later, with the infectious loftiness of air imparted by the actor, he approached the small boy holding the stallion's bridle at arm's-length. "Ah, me little mon, I do meself the honor to present you with a quarter!" and put the other quarter in his pocket.

Even the passers-by, glancing at the picturesque figure of the actor leaning slightly toward the *petite*, glove-fitting jacket and ruddy face of the twin who sat in secret conference in the south hall of the Academy, gathered nothing of the real importance of those dissembling interchanges of two young hearts. "My dear little lady," plead the tragedian, "you may trust me with anything. Confide in me—believe in me. Tell me the cause of this secret agony!"

"Mr. Buckingham," bravely, "dare I ask you your sentiments toward me?"

"What! after all I confessed to you last night?"

Ah, so he confessed himself to her, did he? "Well, now! You made me very happy, Mr. Buckingham—Jean!—dare I?"

"God bless you!"

"But—but do you remember, my dear friend, my answer to all this?"

"Indeed, my dear little woman, would it be possible to forget a single word that faltered from your lips? It has echoed in my heart every moment of the long night!"

But that's just what she wanted to know. "You mystify me!" she ventured, timidly.

"You think me ungrateful?"

"On the contrary, I believe your sincerity to be like all that is

the issue of true love, Mr. Bucking—Jean—above question. But you have such a short memory—all men have. I doubt whether you can repeat my words of last evening. Come now!"

"On the window cushion when our hands met—so——?"

"Gently—gently!"

"You said that you admired me as a friend—a very dear friend; and that you might indeed love me some day, if——"

"Ah, yes—if! Mr. Buckingham, if—what?"

"If your mother could become reconciled!"

"Ah, there's the rub, my dear Jean—the bitter rub!" almost leaping with joy at seeing the highway to assured success opened at last, "and I have come to tell you, Mr. Buckingham, that mamma will *not* become reconciled. I have come to say farewell to you!"

A pause—an alarming pause. The lank tragedian turned majestically and faced his little judge who had delivered the calm sentence. "Ah, my dear, sweet lady! I see tears in your eyes—tears, divine tears! You certainly do not mean that you cannot love me!"

"On the contrary, I *do* love you—devotedly——"

"God bless you for the words!"

"But I also mean that mamma hates you—do you hear?—hates you! But, for the man she loves, what will not a true woman do? Jean, we must part—part to-day—do you hear?—this very day—unless——"

"Good heavens!—unless——"

"Unless you prove yourself the hero that you are—*now*!"

The poor tragedian stopped breathing.

"My—my darling! what can you mean?—elope?"

The young girl bent forward with a "Sh-h-h!" and an upraised finger, her brown eyes dancing. "I mean nothing less!"

"Ye gods! Miss Withers, you stagger me!"

"Then you are no lover; you are a coward!"

"I, a coward?—I, Jean Jacques Kilkenny Buckingham, a coward in love? behold me, Heaven! My precious little woman, do you not know that such a lover as I would die for the woman of his love?"

"Undoubtedly; but would he go housekeeping with her?—that's the modern test. You see, I'm very practical. I love you very dearly; if you love me half as much in return, you will stand any test!"

"You dare me? Come, try me!"

"Then meet me at Garibaldi's statue on the Square at four o'clock sharp—sharp, mind you!"

"Yes, yes!—and——"

"With fleet horses and—ah, I hear bells jingling; first snow of the season!—and we shall just take a little sleigh-ride—see? By five we are married; by six, forgiven; by seven, in Philadelphia; and by eight, the talk of the town. This, all this—or——"

"A hit! a very palpable hit!——"

"—Or we part, Mr. Buckingham; part, and forever!"

"God forbid! my darling! my strategist! my—my——"

"Softly! there may be eavesdroppers. That would be embarrassing. Come, this is no place for parleying. Will you be faithful?"

"The gods witness! I adore you: I will do my duty!"

Seizing his arm, the clever little huntress led her lion down the broad stair, every one pausing to turn his back upon the masterpieces that lined the wall and admire the calm magnificence of this latter-day knight at arms and his pretty captor. At the door of the Academy the grand young tragedian paused long enough to lean close to the newly-assured darling of his life, whispering, "I adore you! As you charge me to be faithful, so keep your own implied oath, and the gods shield us!" So, clasping her two hands tenderly, invoking the angels to minister unto her until the hour when he should relieve the angels and take the responsibility himself, he strode down the marble steps, with "Triumph!" prolonged upon his lips and in his heart of hearts. "Only to dream of it!—to marry a Withers!—a genuine Plantagenet! The papers will be gorged with it by breakfast-time! An elopement in high life! James! James, I say! I am going to the Park for an hour's jaunt. See to it that you go home directly, and at the hour of twelve have at the door an absinthe *frappé* upon my alighting! and—eh, brush up my new seal cloak! and, eh—iron my new beaver! and, get out my new seal gloves and Henry the Eighth boots! I am to play the leading part in a great drama this afternoon, James, a great drama—my benefit matinee, in fact, James; the leading part—ah, a great part, the gods bear witness! a noble part!" And with a slight Prince of Wales nod in answer to the grand valet's sweeping salute, the tragedian, mounted upon his sleek charger, spurred by the Academy entrance, giving the lone figure, bent forward over the marble balustrade, a military salutation, just as that pert little *intriguante* murmured in ecstasy, "Isn't he just lovely? And only to think! I shall own the whole concern by dinner-time!"

If to be spectacular is fame, Buckingham was surely the most famous Squadman of the period in that audacious runaway equipment, which would have made the Lothario of old a mere two-penny bungler in the art of bride-stealing. The actor's ideal in this regard was most fittingly realized: the prancing blacks against the whiteness of the storm, the silver-mounted harness and overhanging chimes, himself like a king on a *fête* day, buried in white wolf robes in the flashing sleigh, his usually pallid face reddened in spots by the fury of the storm. Surely perfection of the romantic had been reached; it was a small but very genuine sort of immortality.

As he plunged down into the Square from far up-town where he had procured this fleet magnificence, he did not realize that he was almost half an hour too early; so, as he drove near the statue of Italy's liberator, which stood quite unattended as yet by any fluttering brides, he mused with his usual consistence of good sense mingled with charity: "The storm delays her, the dear creature! it's really a shame to make the noble little soldier in the cause of love trudge through a foot of snow to her triumph! Besides, it's undignified! No; let it never be said that Buckingham—the great Jean Jacques Kilkenney, the First—ever won a bride by ignoble subterfuge—never! Like a true knight-errant of old, let me take her in her citadel!"

So saying, he whipped up the prancing horses, bringing up before the door of the Withers's mansion with something of the stir of a cyclone. Of course the advent of such a sudden out-door luminary in mid-storm brought many faces to the windows; among others, he caught sight of the sweet face pressed against the window-pane—the face as of one dazed by his sudden advent, mystified by his beckoning and other impetuosities not quite intelligible. In quick response to all this, the younger twin, who thought her sister safely snowed in on Staten Island, came forward, a cloak thrown over her head, and the cook's huge overshoes upon her feet.

"Are you ready?" the lover whispered, bending so far over the edge of the sleigh that his seal cloak brushed against her brows.

The little face looked up all innocence, all bewilderment. "Ready—ready for what?" she pleaded, naïvely.

"Why, to keep your oath to me? Surely you have not lost courage in the affair you yourself so admirably planned at the Academy this morning! Come; you seem mystified! I sincerely hope there is no——"

Oh! then her sister had come from Staten Island, met him at the Academy, and planned a sleigh-ride. How jolly! "No, indeed, Mr. Buckingham! One moment! I will be with you instantly!" And dashing back, she wrapped herself up in a charming little parcel—just such a treasure-bundle as a man would delight in purloining, even suffering death to uphold his crime. "What an excellent joke!" she mused. "Only to think what a dear good sister I have to plan such pretty little escapades, and then allow me to enjoy them! If she only knew how grateful I am!"

Between the rearing horses and his own disquieting mind poor Buckingham found it distressing indeed. He drew the young girl into the sleigh and nestled her down at his side, securing the robes about her with scarcely a word. Then glancing up at the windows to assure himself that they were not watched, he sped across the Square and up Fifth avenue at a lightning pace. As they flew by the solitary snow-covered statue of Garibaldi, the young girl thought she saw a familiar little figure leaping behind it for concealment, and cautiously peeping around the base. The eyes of the twin sisters met for a single instant, a shudder passing over the vanishing one, touching the sensitive soul with its first deep compunction of conscience. "And yet I'm right," she muttered, rallying. "Why should she take him away from me? I love him!"

The blocks sped by, the lovers silent, the fury of the storm all but blinded them. Finally the young girl ventured, "Where are you going, Mr. Buckingham in such haste?" But her question, quite unintelligible by reason of her violent heart-beat and her chattering teeth, went unanswered for some moments. "To Harlem!" at last. "Harlem, or die in the attempt."

Another long pause.

"Ah, my blessed little woman, I have it all arranged! Tim Dwight, my old room-mate who forsook the stage for the pulpit and took most of it with him, is parson of a Harlem flock. He's just the man. I arranged it all with him. He's waiting now!"

The little avenger shrank at the word; she was sure he did not mean that. "Parson?" she breathed.

"Yes: *certainly*! Why, my darling——"

"Ah, so he calls her darling!—really!"

"Would you be married by a justice of the peace, or a con-founded alderman?"

Married! the word seized her as with a giant's grip. She felt

an awful sense of dread mingled with the charm of adventure—a deep mortification that was lightened with the vision of her own realized desire. So her sister had really planned an elopement, the daring little betrayer! With each moment of meditation she gathered her faltering heart, felled by the first blow, to the rescue of a genuine Withers's pride. "No; she shall *not* have him!" she murmured, clenching her hands together, and suffering the first great problem of the heart without other human support.

Suddenly the illustrious Jean Jacques turned, giving the brave little twin a very suspicious glance, and reined in his horses. "My love," he began in tones of melting seriousness, despite the freezing exterior, "after summoning me to a rendezvous, planning this charming little running affair to the very letter all yourself, do you really mean by these hesitations that you have lost heart in your own masterpiece of strategy?—that your promises are null?—that I cannot trust you at last to do that which you swore that *I* would not be brave enough to attempt? Don't say that, my blessed little heroine—not that! You know how I love you. This is the supremest moment of my life. You called me 'coward' this morning! Come, am I compelled to wring back upon you the same reproach?"

"No, no, no!" burst forth the little woman, struggling bravely under the threatening redness of Buckingham's nose and the tragedy of his glances. "Mr. Buckingham? Jean, dear!"—and she nestled closer for reinforcement from her own captor, "you'll never say that *I* am a coward. Any promises made you this morning *I* will keep!"

"Noble sentiment!" cried Buckingham, "and God bless you! my angel! my heroine! my queen! I adore you!" whipping his horses into renewed fury until the long rows of mansions looked like a hurdy-gurdy to the young girl's smarting eyes. Between the awful seriousness of becoming a wife within an hour, and the secret joy of having stumbled into the full possession of a delight which another had planned to her seclusion, only the pain of the driving storm lashing her face prevented a spasm of mild hysteria. As it was, she simply nestled down closer by the big man's side, stealing her two hands about his left arm so tightly that Buckingham had all the more difficulty in governing the spirited horses. "The gods witness my triumph!" she heard him murmur. From that moment her happiness was supreme.

Lady Plantagenet and her euhred twin daughter sat together

in their cosey little drawing-room. Not a word had been spoken for some moments; milady, with her feet upon a footstool, being deeply involved in the comptroller's problem of stretching a twenty-dollar bill the length of a fifty-dollar expense account, with the honor of the house yet sustained. To Mrs. Withers, who hated money with the decorous hatred of all women who love in an equal degree the things which money buys, it was an interminable task of counting fingers and sticking pins into the tablecloth in angular little rows, and the dismal recalling of each item of long-vanished sweets on the little heap of bills of the hungry tradesmen. Those parallel courses down through eternity—poverty and patricianism—would they ever meet and coalesce?—the task was beyond human endurance. The dear little twin swaying back and forth before the window, involved in the more exhaustive struggle to keep from the dear mother the truth of her tribulations, heard these mutterings and sighs, and once or twice turned from her watch to note the serious countenance bowed over the accounts. Oh, how she longed to confess that a fortune was soon to enter at the threshold, and put an end to this crushing warfare against the Fates! But silence was the badge of prudence, for it was not quite so certain after all that the said fortune would do any such thing; and most certain was it that *her* chances of leading it, with its spectacular appendage, into the household, was never so small. An awful, crushing sense of defeat weighed upon her heart, a sister's love melting for the moment in the fierce heat of a woman's outraged vanity. "Mamma said from the first that the worm would turn!" she murmured bitterly: "but she didn't say which worm!"

Suddenly a banging of bells shook the calm old lady and the sentry-watch twin at the window like an alarm of war. "Bless me! child, who *can* that be?" But before the "child" could mingle her query with her mother's in rushed a little messenger-boy—an audacious young imp, who flourished an open sheet of brown paper, and called for "der Missus!" with a gusto that was redolently suggestive of the tragedian.

"Gently, bubby, gently!" offering to take the scrap; whereupon the small boy, resenting the implied scorn in the word "bubby," dropped the sheet into Mrs. Withers's lap. The dear old lady took the missive cautiously, turned it upside down, then over and over, then elevating it at arms-length, said, "My glasses, daughter, where are my glasses?"

But the daughter could not repress emotion longer. She rushed

up, pretending to search for the needed articles, but in reality scanning the sheet, which read simply enough:

"MOTHER DEAR:—We are married and happy. Forgive us, dear mamma, and be prepared to receive him as your son."

Then the conquered twin turned and staggered back behind the window-curtains, clasping her hands together so tightly in the nervous struggle that the finger-nails cut the flesh in the effort to suppress her sense of mortification and defeat.

Lady Plantagenet found her glasses at last, leaned forward and leisurely spelled out the hasty scrawl; then turned it over and over, shaking her head. "No; this evidently isn't for—er, for any of us! Um! married are they?—well, what of it? No, bubby, this isn't for any one in this house. Take it—let me see!—you might take it next door; they have daughters there who are up to those tricks!"

"But dat's jest wot dey said in dare about yous!"

"Oh, they did, did they? the impertinent *bourgeois*! Well——!"

"Mother, mother!" bursts forth at length the repentant twin, who was now seized of the prudent resolve to cover her own wounds with a grand display of loyalty to the victor. "Don't be angry, mother dear—don't be angry!" dropping upon her knees by the footstool, and clasping milady's hands in an attitude of penitence. "It's sister, mamma, it's sister! She has driven off with—with Mr. Buck—Buckingham, mother, dear, and mar—married him!"

Lady Plantagenet arose. That means a great deal; it means that when that noble presence elevated herself to the dignity of an occasion, she mounted up and up and up until the avenging thunderbolts of Heaven seem in her very grasp. "Married! Buckingham!"

The words seemed to shake the foundations of the old mansion, though delivered in almost a whisper.

"But mother—*dear* mother!"

"—My own child does this thing? my—own—child?"

Affairs looked very dubious for the moment. That sudden sudden rage and grief of the mother's heart was something really appalling to the lone twin almost prostrate at her feet. Still she plead persistently, "Don't be harsh, mother dear! Listen——"

"Silence! How dare you uphold her? Lock the doors! lock the doors, I say! I am outraged—insulted—crushed by own child! How shall we *ever* cover this disgrace? No, she shall *not* marry that abominable trickster of an actor! She shall *not*!"

"But, mother dear, she *has*!—she *has* married him. Look in her own handwriting——"

But "mother dear" only reached forward, grasped the tongs, and with their aid bore the missive in infinite scorn to the flames, her livid face lighting up fiercely with the sudden glow. "Lock the doors, I say! Bar them out! They shall never cross my threshold again—never! That *my* daughter should do this—this at the very hour of my candidacy for President of the Society for the Emancipation of Woman—emancipation from just such shocking abominations as these! Bar them out! I disown her—never wish to see her face again! You miserable little ragamuffin, you!" addressing the "bubby," completely benumbed by this scene of mischief wrought by so small a thing as a piece of brown paper, "leave the house instantly; you brought the bad news! 'Receive him as your son!'—that posing, theatrical, greasy-haired, poverty-bred son of a green-room—bah!"

"But, mother dear, do be calm! She loves him!—loves him so deeply, so devotedly! Did you not know it?—could you not see it?"

"How dared she when she knew my unmitigated detestation—my utter—oh, bless me! what *are* we coming to?"

"But mamma dear, do make the best of it now; do, for her sake, for my sake, for your own sake! We have all been so mistaken about Mr. Buckingham. He is rich—very rich and so generous, and good-hearted—you don't know how lovely he is, and he adores sister, too—adores her!"

Lady Plantagenet sank into a chair, with a look of resignation to an awful fate. "Child!" she said most solemnly, like a voice of judgment, "had you a hand in this disgraceful affair?"

"Well—well no, mamma; on the contrary, I—I did all I possibly could to forefend it!—all I possibly could! Besides, this necklace, which is sister's now, is a fortune in itself. The jewels alone are worth over thirty thousand dollars!"

Lady Withers leered at the "geegaw," a countenance half of pity, half of contempt. "Who told you any such nonsense as that?"

"Mr. Nobbs did; and he and I went together to ascertain its value!"

"Where?—when?"

"The other day, at a—a pawnshop, mother, dear!"

"You!—you went into a pawnshop?—with Mr. Nobbs—you? Oh, rebellion upon insult! are my daughters going mad?"

"No, no; don't speak so. It is the truth; they are real diamonds after all; *real*, mother, love! And he, he is a jewel himself, mamma, a real jewel, though he does want a little polishing. He's excellent material, and with our good training——"

"Training!—pooh! Must I turn ring-master because my daughter marries a chimpanzee?—come!"

"You mistake him, mother. Besides, she adores him, and all for himself—his own dear self. She doesn't even know that he is rich, and so much the worthier in her. I just love her for it! And just think, mamma, what relief it will be not to be obliged to scrimp, and fast, and paint nasty plaques, and spend our nights over the problem of putting off the tradesmen who infest the lower door all days long! Come, do be reasonable! Forgive them; he's not a bad bargain at all. Forgive them, and receive sister back to your heart again!"

"And the Captain, and dear Mr. Parlotan, and the Colonel, and Papa Marlowe, and oh, bless me! what *will* they say of me now!" It was evident that she had not heard a word of her daughter's pathetic plea.

"Here they come!" cried the young girl, leaping up at the familiar sound of the bells, "here they come, mother!—see! What a superb turnout! What a magnificent——"

But Lady Plantagenet gave but one glance, and turned her back on the whole affair, nerving herself to crush the plebian usurper with the foot of an empress at the very outset, resolved to keep the foot Crusoe-like upon his neck forever.

Then came the banging of bells and the thump, thump of the tragedian stalking up the hallway, dashing into the presence of the infuriated mother, with a quotation from "*Hamlet*" breaking the ice for the timid little bride to follow. At his coming the elder twin-sister crept out by another door, and only the threatening tiger-glances of an outraged pride met, but alas, stayed not, the superb conqueror.

"*Mother!*" he burst forth, rushing upon the magnificent autocrat, surrounded as it were by a halo of divine right—a barrier which he entirely ignored; "*Mother!*" in tones of tragic rapture, leaping forward, and, in spite of the dear old lady's struggles, clasping his long arms nearly twice about the waist of invaded sovereignty, calling as usual the gods to witness!

"Sir!" she exploded, her indignant soul scarce finding speech to reveal its fullness, "sir, how dare you call *me* 'mother!'"

But Buckingham heeded nothing—only turned at the sound of a great commotion in the hallway.

"I am so happy for you, sister!" rapturously. A kiss, and another, and still another. "Are you?—thanks!" More kisses. "And I have fixed it all with mother!" exultantly. Kisses and kisses. "Did you, really?—how good of you!" chillingly. More kisses. "Yes; and now don't you be a bit afraid!"—kisses. "No I shan't be!"—more kisses—"but just go right up to her, and throw your arms around her neck, and——"

But by that time the twins Withers stood in the doorway, suddenly becalmed by the awful look of consternation upon poor Buckingham's face. He seemed seized of a sort of vertigo for the moment—dazed, dumbfounded. Suddenly recovering his gallantry, the humor of the situation burst upon him, breaking the frightful suspense of the critical moment. "Madam!" he said, edging toward the dear old lady, who stood like the image of an Amazon at the hearth-stone, at last something of a smile of relenting upon her expressive countenance now flushed like a young maiden's, "Madam," imploringly, "will—will you—do me the honor—to present me to—to my wife?"

CHARLES EDWARD BARNES.

NEW YORK.

INFLUENCE.

Ort when some weary city calmly sleeps,
Oblivious for an hour of hate and spite,
The livid moon with sad, phantasmal light
Strange vigils in the spotless azure keeps.

In ghostly ways she indolently creeps
Among the sable glories of the night,
And with insidious rays of deadly white
The dreamy town in one pale glamour steeps.

Then, should some mortal with enamored eye
Gaze on her beauteous argent, chaste and proud,
With maddening joy her luminous fibres beat
And beams more potent from her brightness fly;
While men can hear the echo long and loud
Of maniac laughter through a startled street.

F. S. SALTUS.

NEW YORK.

TAMMANY AS THE NEW WARWICK.

WITHIN a fortnight of the inauguration of the first President of the United States, so that its career has been co-extensive with that of our government, began an organization that, whether it is to be regarded as a parasite or as an ally, has left a distinct, and sometimes very rugged, mark upon our national history. In its experience it has been entirely unique. Its imitators, of which there have been many, one after another have died, but it has lived on and steadily expanded in power and celebrity.

It is not easy to credit the great Tammany Society—for that is the organization alluded to—with the modest beginning that is indicated by the introduction to the charter it obtained from the New York Legislature on the ninth day of April, 1805. It read as follows:

"Whereas, William Mooney and others, inhabitants of the city of New York, have presented a petition to the Legislature, setting forth that they, since the year 1789, have associated themselves under the name and description of the Society of Tammany or Columbian Order, for the purpose of affording relief to the indigent and distressed members of the said Association, their widows and orphans and others who may be found proper objects of their charity; they therefore solicit that the Legislature will be pleased by law to incorporate the said society for the purpose aforesaid, under such limitations and restrictions as to the Legislature shall seem meet."

The yearly value of the real and personal property Tammany was authorized to hold was limited to \$5,000.

That Tammany was originally intended to be anything more than a benevolent and non-partisan order is not at all probable. Indeed, for years after its formation that was exactly what it was. Doubtless its members met at intervals in privacy to have a good time, but its one and only regular public demonstration was on the twelfth day of May, "in the season of blossoms," as its published notice read, when, accompanied by their wives and little ones, they were accustomed to march in procession to some convenient grove, where, after listening to "a talk" from some one personifying Tammany, the Great Sachem, and who for that purpose, in the dress of an Indian chief and with a long pipe in his hand,

issued from an extemporized wigwam, they spent the day in friendly and harmless amusements. The only distinctive uniform worn on the occasion was a cap of untanned hide, from the apex of which the brush of a buck's tail was left to dangle.

William Mooney, to whose enterprise the creation of the society was mainly credited, was a respectable upholsterer of Chatham street, New York, and that he did not extravagantly profit from his invention appears from the fact that he closed his earthly career in the City Almshouse, but it was as the keeper of that institution.

The turning of Tammany to politics was attributed to the machinations of Aaron Burr. At all events, it became a factor in the contest between him and Alexander Hamilton, its influence being aggressively exerted on his side. In their duel—fatal to both, although in different ways—Burr's seconds were prominent Sachems, and his "victory" is said to have been celebrated in a jovial gathering at Tammany's headquarters on the night of the day of Hamilton's fall.

With the early days of Tammany was connected another person destined to become conspicuous in American politics. He was its "scribe" for a time. The name of this individual was De Witt Clinton. And yet Clinton and Tammany were fated to become the bitterest possible adversaries, and to lead in that famous contest which for twenty years convulsed the State of New York, between "the Bucktails"—so called from the crowning glory of Tammany's uniform—on one side and the "Clintonians" on the other. That conflict is only referred to here because of the curious resemblance it presents to one now progressing in the State of New York, and the instructive light it throws upon it. Seldom has history so strangely repeated itself. In Clinton's time, as now, Tammany formed a combination with a ring of capable country leaders, then known as a "regency," who operated the party machine throughout the State for all it was worth. There was a famous "snap convention" then as now, and an attempt to advance the presidential ambition of an accommodating governor at another man's expense. The suave, pliable and cunning Daniel D. Tompkins, who as governor had won Tammany's gratitude, with its assistance was actually pushed into the second place in the government as a supposed stepping-stone to the presidency, to the profound disgust of the ambitious Clinton, who poured out his wrath and disappointment in angry denunciations of "those miserable Bucktails."

It is a notable fact that the three public men whom Tammany has most persistently opposed, have been Alexander Hamilton, De

Witt Clinton and Grover Cleveland—three men who, in their ideas and methods of official administration, have closely resembled each other.

There was another prominent man belonging to the same State with Tammany, and to the same political party that it steadily resisted. That man was Samuel J. Tilden. It opposed his nomination for the governorship of New York. It tried very hard to defeat his nomination for the presidency at St. Louis in 1876, and it did prevent his nomination which, but for its hostility, would have been given despite a formal declination four years later in Cincinnati.

Nor is the story of Tammany's antagonisms at an end. It would not be complete without a reference to the case of Lucius Robinson, unquestionably one of New York's great governors, and a Democrat of the highest standing, whose re-election it prevented in 1879, by running its own Grand Sachem as a "stump" candidate in opposition, with the result of lodging a considerable part of the State patronage so securely in the hands of the Republicans that their grip upon it was only broken in the end by a more or less serious infraction of the State law at the same time.

It is a fact which at this point would seem to be deserving of our notice that, without counting the present incumbent of the office, whose term has just begun, Tammany has quarreled with every Democratic governor of New York from Seymour's time, with a solitary exception. Hill apparently came to an understanding with it at once, and all through his incumbency they worked together in beautiful harmony. For seven official years Hill gave Tammany what it wanted; and now, in a spirit of reciprocity that is natural, if not commendable, it is doing its best to give him what he wants.

Nor has Tammany's record in the field of national politics greatly differed from that which it has made at home. Its course in references to the presidency has been a curious one. It opposed Jefferson at first because of its devotion to Burr. In the same way it opposed Jackson at the beginning, out of professed friendship for Crawford. It naturally favored the candidacy of Van Buren in 1836, as he belonged to the "regency" in the State of New York with which it was allied, and also his renomination in 1840, but some of his appointments for New York, which he had made at its solicitation, and which incited the severest criticism, helped to bring down upon him that popular avalanche by which he was finally buried. Its friendship for Van Buren caused it to

oppose the nomination of Polk in 1844, and the same motive led it to split on Cass in 1848 and contribute to his defeat. In 1852 and 1856, it supported the election of Pierce and Buchanan, but did not favor the nomination of either. In 1860 and 1864 it favored the candidature of the men who were beaten at the polls, namely, Douglass and McClellan. In 1868, it so manipulated the convention, that met in its own hall, in New York City, as to force the nomination of Seymour against his own judgment and protest, and thus helped to bring another defeat to the Democracy at a time when its support of a less pronounced partisan, like Chase or Adams, might have won the day. And in 1872 it had much to do in bringing about the ridiculous and disastrous nomination of Horace Greeley, whose leading advocate in the National Democratic Convention of that year, in the city of Baltimore, was Gov. Hoffman of New York. As already stated, in 1876, it violently opposed Tilden in the Democratic convention in St. Louis, going so far, after denouncing him through its Grand Sachem from the platform, as to file a formal protest against his selection. In 1880, it appeared at the National Democratic Convention in Cincinnati in great force, and fairly frightened that body out of its intended support of Tilden, thus helping to prepare the way for the nomination that brought to the brave Hancock his first and only defeat. In Chicago, four years later, it openly resisted Cleveland with all its might, but really contributed to his nomination by a violence of opposition that stimulated the zeal of those who "loved him for the enemies he had made." In 1888, in St. Louis, it sullenly bowed to Cleveland's renomination, and then went home, and, in the opinion of a good many persons, helped to trade him off to insure the success of local tickets in which it felt a greater interest.

From the foregoing it will be seen that Tammany has antagonized nearly all the foremost men of its own party with which it has come in contact, and in the field of national politics its support has generally presaged defeat rather than victory. To the Democracy it has been more of a Jonah than of a mascot, and its professed friendship has proved more dangerous than its avowed hostility. Nor in this is there anything very remarkable. The reason is obvious enough. Tammany has always studied its own interests rather than those of the national party with which it has acted. The first, if not the only object it has kept in view, has been its own advantage. Hence its vision has been limited to a narrow range, and considerations that are ordinarily subordinate have determined its action.

But to return to history. For many years after the drubbing it received from De Witt Clinton, and with such men as Fernando Wood and John McKeon to contend with, Tammany had all it could do to hold its own in New York City, and gave comparatively little thought to State and national politics. It was not until the time of William M. Tweed that its larger ambition revived. Tweed has been Tammany's greatest Sachem by far. No other man has so impressed his personality upon the organization. "What are you going to do about it?" expressed the principle upon which he acted and the spirit with which he infused his followers. His idea was to use the material at hand for all it was worth, and pay no attention to outside opinion. It has been the lesson that Tammany ever since has acted on, and in it has been the secret of its later successes. Tweed in the body went down, but his soul, like John Brown's, has been "marching on." To-day there is no memory so cherished among the "wigwam's" rank and file as that of William M. Tweed. And no wonder. They realize the force and extent of his genius as a leader. True, he was a robber, but that can be said of a great many of the world's idolized masters, and besides, in the matter of property, and particularly of public property, the views of a good many of Tammany's followers are decidedly liberal.

Pursuant to the policy that has just been outlined, Tammany has of late been reaching out for larger sway. New York City, great as it is, no longer satisfies it. It wants the State; it wants the nation. The first it has acquired. The administration of the New York State government is to-day practically dictated by it. It hopes to rule the national administration in the same way, at least to the extent of controlling the patronage it wants. In particular, the New York Custom House is in its eye.

But how, it will naturally be asked, has Tammany acquired such tremendous influence? "Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed?" It is simply a private and voluntary organization. It is clothed with no official character. It does not even number in its membership a majority of the voters of the city in which its domination is so absolute. In proportion to the voting force of the whole nation its immediate following is almost infinitesimal. And yet it aspires to rule us all. This is a land of equal rights and equal powers is not only a paradox, but a phenomenon. How can it be?

After all the mystery is not so great; the explanation not so difficult. The first and greatest element of Tammany's power is the peculiar population of New York City, which is distinctly exceptional. A majority of the voters there, at least of those who

do vote, are foreign born. As a rule they know comparatively little of our institutions—any one visiting a New York court in the naturalization season understands this—and they are accustomed to mastery. In their newly-acquired citizenship they want some one to lean upon; some one to direct them. Tammany is ready and at their service. In its case and theirs ignorance, and not knowledge, is power.

And then besides the ignorant are the vicious. Nowhere else, in this country at least, is there such a proportion of criminals. These, with its wonderful ability for adapting means to ends, Tammany has at all times been prepared to utilize. It has never been afraid to soil its hands with such material. Indeed, its theory for a long time has been that New York is to be ruled from below, and not from above.

For the handling of such a population—such a heterogeneous and undigested mass—Tammany's organization is admirable. It may be said to be perfect. It is a despotism with the semblance of the largest liberty. It consists, in fact, of two organizations—an outer one and an inner one—one visible, the other concealed. In the first publication we have of its laws it is declared that "the constitution of this Society shall consist of two parts, the external or public, and the internal or private." Such an arrangement for the kind of work Tammany has to do, and the sort of material it must handle, is excellent. The outer circle is open to all. Everybody, without regard to previous condition or present standing, is welcome here. The hand-to-mouth tramp, the professional rogue, the man just from the penitentiary can come in and feel perfectly at home. The arrangement appeals most powerfully to the masses, especially those of the lower strata, who take a pride in realizing that they are members of the great Tammany Society, and who imagine they have a share in its direction and responsibility. But while that is the character of the outer layer or husk of the association, the real Tammany is a very different institution. It consists of the closest kind of a corporation, being an inner circle to which only a few can gain admission. This inside body—the kernel of the nut, as it were—is legally quite distinct from its surroundings, holding a charter of its own, and having title to all property of the association, real and personal, as well as controlling all the records. From this interior conclave proceed all the forces that operate the entire machinery. Its orders represent the supreme law. No one thinks of questioning its commands. Really not over half a dozen people, except on rare occasions, have

anything to say in the matter, and often the authority is exercised by a single autocrat who is known to the public as "the boss." Is it any wonder that all of Tammany's imitators in other fields have failed? There is but one such population as that of New York—a population that will submit to be ruled in that way. In politics as in agriculture the soil and the plant must match each other.

But such a population as Tammany has gathered into its fold is not automatic. It is capable of neither thinking nor acting for itself. It has to be directed, and to be efficient must be directed with tolerable sagacity. Tammany's system is exactly suited to such a condition. In a paper appearing in the *North American Review* for February of this year, Richard Croker, Tammany's present recognized leader, has favored the public with an elucidation of the plan and methods of his organization that is singularly candid. He describes the machinery employed, which very closely resembles that of a well-regulated army in actual service. "There are now twenty-four Assembly districts in the city," says he, "which are represented in an executive committee by one member from each district, whose duty it is to oversee all political movements in his district, from the sessions of the primaries down to the final counting of the ballots after the polls are closed." The district leader thus depicted is a machine, although an active and efficient one. He is to have no will of his own, and is to permit none on the part of those under his charge. His business is to obey orders himself, and to see that they are obeyed by others. Woe to him if there should be any kicking over the traces within his jurisdiction. His deposition would be prompt and final. Anything like independence of thought or action will not be tolerated. The effect is obvious enough. It is to give to the head of Tammany Hall, whether it happens to be an individual or a junta, the full voting force of that concern. In other words, it invests a single will with about a hundred and twenty thousand ballots to do with as it pleases.

But in order to control and successfully manipulate such a stolid body of electors, when no means of legal compulsion exists, some motive power must be employed. Recognizing that fact Tammany appeals directly to the strongest motive there is, which in such a population is the lowest. Its theory is that every man is in politics "for what there is in it." Self-interest is the chord it plays upon. How that is accomplished Mr. Croker, in the paper alluded to, very frankly explains. "Coincident," says he, "with the plan that all the Assembly districts shall be thoroughly looked after by ex-

perienced leaders, is the development of the doctrine that the laborer is worthy of his hire: in other words, that good work is worth paying for, and, in order that it may be good, must be paid for. * * * These men must be compensated." The compensation that the district leader ordinarily expects is an office or a contract that will give him a "pull" at the public treasury. Tammany pays its workers very well, but it is in drafts on the people's money. Very likely the district leader is the keeper of a saloon—possibly the manager of a popular "dive." His occupation, instead of militating against, is likely to contribute to his efficiency as a leader by giving him a better access to the masses. In Tammany's eyes it is no bar to his promotion. There exists no reason why he should not become an Alderman, an Assemblyman, or even a "Jedge." As is well known, one of the present ornaments of the New York Bench, with salary nearly equal to that of a Supreme Justice of the United States, came to it directly from a "bar" quite different from the one most of our judges are selected from.

But the inducement just spoken of is not limited to the leaders. It is made to run the whole gamut of the Tammany scale. Everybody, who is capable of thinking at all, is led to believe that he will in some way be materially benefited in that organization's service. In point of fact, the number of those who do get pay of some sort—in office, in contracts, in employment, etc.—is very great—almost great enough to justify the savage criticism of the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst in his famous sermon on "Municipal Misrule in New York," when he described the governing body in that city as "simply one solid gang of rascals, one-half in office and the other half out, and the two halves steadily catering to each other across the official line."

Need we wonder at Tammany's greed for patronage under such circumstances! It is the aliment on which it subsists—that and the assessments it levies upon its candidates for office, and which are very large. It is said that it must be a poor year for candidates when Tammany's income from all sources is less than half a million dollars. And here we have one of the chiefest secrets of its power. It is the potency of money. Tammany is by far the richest political organization in the world. It owns visible real estate that is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, and its bank account is known to be a heavy one. And no one knows better how to make money tell in politics than Tammany Hall. How it spends its money is to outsiders something of a mystery. It does not devote it to charities as proposed in its charter. It

does not invest it in literature. Unlike the Cobden and some other noted political clubs, it contributes nothing to the cause of popular political education. Indeed, what it spends in rum—subsidizing influential drinking establishments—is undoubtedly many times greater than what it puts into printer's ink. Tammany does not even have a newspaper organ. One of its Sachems for a time conducted such an institution, but as it did not pay, he sold it—and sold it to a Republican, by whom it is now run as a Republican journal. Nevertheless, Tammany has found uses for its money, and never failed to put it where it was likely to “do the most good” for itself. One of its expenses has been the sending of heavy delegations to Democratic nominating conventions. There has been no such assemblage in which it was interested for many years that it has failed to pervade with a large force of experienced workers. It does not stop with its quota of inside delegates. It thinks nothing of sending thousands of persons to such gatherings who can have no legitimate connection with their proceedings. In fact, it may be regarded as the author of the system which has become so common—and so objectionable—of trying to work nominating conventions from the outside. Twice, at least, in that way it has greatly influenced, if not controlled, the decision of national convocations. In the coming Democratic convention at Chicago, when the members find themselves surrounded by thousands of assistants whose business will be the manufacture for the occasion of suppositious public opinion, Tammany's contingent is likely to be neither the smallest nor least demonstrative.

But in discussing the cause or causes of Tammany's influence and success there is another peculiarity to be noted. Politically Tammany is a free lance. It really belongs to no political party; it is true to no political party. Surprise will doubtless, in view of Tammany's long co-operation with the Democratic party, and its many professions of loyalty to it, be excited by such an assertion, but the writer deliberately repeats it. It is true to no party, and belongs to none. If Tammany were located in Philadelphia, or Cincinnati, or Chicago, it could just as well act with the Republicans, and would doubtless do so. Being in New York it finds its most comfortable place in the bosom of the Democracy. But that does not make it, in any true sense, an integral part of the Democratic party. It is in it, but not of it. For what are called Democratic principles it cares nothing whatever. On this point there is ample evidence. When in 1888, if the Democracy

stood for anything it was tariff reform, it failed to make Grover Cleveland President of the United States, although it could have done so with a very little local sacrifice; and when, three years later, it might have made Mr. Mills Speaker of the House of Representatives, it turned the scale in favor of a *quasi* Protectionist. And all this it did with a perfect knowledge of the fact that, if there is a locality in the United States that would be benefited by freer trade it is the city of New York with its enormous foreign traffic. The fact is that for neither the city of New York nor the Democratic party does Tammany care otherwise than as the shepherd does for the sheep he regularly shears. Upon economic questions, except as its own interests are involved, it has no opinions, no convictions. If the Democratic party were to-day to switch about and declare for the McKinley Bill, it would not disturb Tammany's relations with it in the least. If it were given the choice of the blessings of free-trade for New York, or the patronage of the New York Custom House for itself, the outcome would be a conundrum very easy to dispose of. Tammany does not concern itself about foreign traffic. The only trade of a commercial sort in which it is interested is the domestic one in liquors, and that it wants as "free" as possible.

Now, the fact just stated, viz: Tammany's political independence—or perhaps neutrality we should say—materially assists its operations. It enables it to utilize both political parties. This it has long and consistently done. Although claiming to be the sole depository of true Democracy in the city of New York, it has never declined to divide patronage with the Republicans for an adequate consideration. Tweed, the long-headed, inaugurated the policy, and Tammany has faithfully followed it up. How many "deals" it has recently had with the present Republican machine in New York only Messrs. Platt and Croker, the rival "bosses," can tell. What is now called the Republican party in the city of New York in local matters is simply an annex of Tammany Hall.

But although politically principleless, for the present, as for a good while in the past, Tammany regards the Democratic party as good enough for its purposes, and it is disposed to use it accordingly. It aspires to be its leader, its master. It has kindly selected for it a presidential candidate in the next campaign, and, if he should not be acceptable, it will be ready in the coming Chicago Convention with a trading stock of seventy-two votes from the State of New York to bargain for somebody else that will be agreeable to it. Its aspiration to dominate the Democratic party,

and through it the nation, is not at all unreasonable as possibilities go. Far wilder dreams have been indulged. By controlling New York City it controls the State of New York, and by controlling the State of New York, it hopes and expects to control the rest of the country. It has, at least, a splendid fulcrum to work from. It is, therefore, with a certain grim consistency, as well as assurance, that Tammany sets itself up to be our Warwick. Shall we accept its ministration?

CURIOUS WILLS.

THE oldest extant will was unearthed by Mr. Flinders Petrie so recently as 1890 in the Egyptian town of Kahun, the ancient Illahun. It is written upon parchment and consists of two portions. The first, dated in the year 44, second month of Pert, day 19, (*i. e.* the forty-fourth of Amenemhat III, or 2250 B. C.) is drawn by one Sekhenren, and is a settlement in favor of his brother, a priest of Osiris, of all his property and goods. The other document, the will proper, dated two years later, settles upon his wife Teta all the property given him by his brother for life. If this papyrus be genuine, and it is generally accepted as such, it shows with graphic realism that Egyptian testamentary law had reached a high stage of development at a very early period. It was known, indeed, that testaments, in some form or other, have existed from a very remote antiquity, but it has so far been assumed that until the last three thousand years, or thereabouts, they were never written, but were nuncupatory, or delivered orally—probably at the death-bed of the testator. Here, however, is a written will that is five thousand years old.

Prior to this discovery the oldest known will was that of Sen-nacherib, who died in 680 B. C. or only about twenty-five hundred years ago. This was found by excavators on the site of the Royal Library, and leaves to the testator's sons "certain stores of precious things," at that time on deposit in the Temple of Nebo. These sons, it may be remembered, assassinated their considerate parent while he was worshipping that favorite god, and so came into possession of his belongings earlier than he had anticipated.

In the West written wills were of far later origin. Roman wills first began to be heard of about five hundred years before Christ. They were written upon skins and parchments and were kept in the

Temple of Vesta, under charge of the senior priestess. With the progress of civilization, and the consequent establishment of Roman law as the basis of European legislation, the bequeathing of property by will grew to be an established feature. One of the most curious collections in England is that under the roof of Somerset House, the English Temple of Vesta, where for four hundred years back all the wills made in London have been stored. It has been estimated that if pasted together, end to end, they would girdle the entire world with a paper belt. It is the curiosities of wills, however, that interest us at present. In the history of testamentary literature may be found illustrated all the eccentricities of the human mind, amiable or unamiable. The would-be wit, the snarling misanthrope, the good-humored ne'er-do-well, the hypocrite, the crank and the fool have exploited their idiosyncrasies in this manner. Some testators have even rushed into rhyme. Here is an early example made by William Hunnis, Chapel-master to Queen Elizabeth, which was allowed to pass without the slightest opposition:

To God my soule I do bequeathe, because it is his owen,
 My bodye to be layd in grave, where to my friends best known;
 Executors I will none make; thereby great stryfe may grow,
 Because the goods that I shall leave wyll not pay all I owe."

A later specimen is the following made by one of the principal clerks in the firm of Messrs. Fuller & Co. London:

"I give and bequeath,
 (When I'm laid underneath)
 To my loving two sisters most dear
 The whole of my store,
 Were it twice as much more,
 Which God's goodness has granted me here.
 And that none may prevent
 This my will and intent
 Or occasion the least of law racket,
 With a solemn appeal
 I confirm, sign and seal
 This the true act and deed of Will Jacket.

"London, 1760."

The will of Rabelais, if indeed this curious will be really his, breathes the very spirit of his works: "I have no available property, I owe a great deal, the rest I give to the poor." One cannot help wishing that there were equal doubt about the famous paragraph in Shakspeare's will: "I give unto my wife, my second best

bed, with the furniture," but alas, its authenticity is unquestioned. It is a standing memorial of the unhappy relations between the poet and his wife.

Henry Earl, of Stafford, must have been still more unfortunate in his domestic life. Here is an extract from his will: "I give to the worst of women, who is guilty of all ills—the daughter of Mr. Grammont, a Frenchman—who I have unfortunately married, five and forty halfpence, which will buy her a pullet for her supper, a greater sum than her father can make over to her, for I have known him when he had neither money nor credit for such a purchase, he being the worst of men and his wife the worst of women in all debaucheries. Had I known their character I would have never married their daughter, nor made myself unhappy."

Still fiercer in its invective was this codicil to a will, preserved in the Probate Court of Charleston S. C: "As I am to be hung to-morrow for the murder of —, of which crime I am innocent, and firmly believing that I was found guilty by a packed jury, I hereby bequeath to this jury eternal damnation, and in order that their names may be known to posterity, I hereby insert them. (Then followed the names of the foreman and eleven others).

"I order and desire that my executors hereinafter named shall deliver my body to the medical students of Charleston, S. C. and that they are requested to have my bones properly cleaned, and my skeleton mounted, so that it will pass down as proof of the bribery and corruption used in the conviction of an innocent man."

Of spiteful bequests there have been no end. One revengeful testator is said to have devised to a certain John, and Mary his wife, "the sum of six-pence to buy for each a halter in case the sheriffs should not be provided." Another bequeathed "to my son only one shilling, and that is for him to hire a porter to carry away the next badge and frame he shall steal." A very neat reproach was conveyed in the will of an uncle who bequeathed eleven silver spoons to his nephew with the remark, "If I have not left him the dozen he knows the reason." The young scapegrace, in fact, had stolen the twelfth spoon some time before.

A remarkable legacy was that of Mr. Aylett Stow, who died in London in 1789. Here are his directions to his executors:

"And lastly, be you sure to pay out five guineas in the purchase of a picture of the viper biting the benevolent hand of the person who saved him from perishing in the snow, if the same can be bought for that money, and that you do, in memory of me, present

it to ———, Esq. a King's counsel, so that he may have frequent opportunity of contemplating it." Then he ironically adds, "This is in lieu of a legacy of £3,000, which I had by a former will, now revoked and burnt, left to him."

There is a curious touch of ill-natured sarcasm in this extract from the will of the fifth Earl of Pembroke: "I bequeath to Thomas May, whose nose I did break at a masquerade, 5s. My intention had been to give him more. But all who have seen his 'History of Parliament' will consider that even this sum is too large."

A certain Dr. Dunlop bequeathes to his brother-in-law Christopher his best pipe out of gratitude that he married "my sister Maggie, whom no man of taste would have taken." And to his elder sister Joan, the five-acre field "to console her for being married to a man she is obliged to hen-peck."

A French merchant mixed generosity with malice after an odd fashion. He left a handsome fortune to a lady who twenty years before had refused to marry him. This, he explained, was an expression of his gratitude to her for her forbearance and sagacity in leaving him in a happy bachelor life of independence and freedom.

Jasper Wayne, a noted English wag who died in 1645, evidently felt the ruling passion strong at death. His valet was a drunkard. A clause in the will bequeathed the latter a portmanteau "not so much for the intrinsic value of the thing itself as for what it contains. The contents if rightly used will give you a longing desire to drink." The valet rushed home from the burial of his master, opened the portmanteau and found six salt herrings.

A ghastly legacy was that bequeathed by Captain Philip Thicknesse, in his will found July 24th, 1793. "I leave my right hand, to be cut off after death, to my son, Lord Audley, and I desire that it may be sent to him in hopes that such a sight may remind him of his duty to God, after having so long abandoned the duty he owed to a father who once affectionately loved him." One cannot help doubting the affectionate love of a parent who could provide for so terrible a vengeance as this from beyond the grave.

A similar testamentary mayhem, though in this case the motive makes it almost pathetic, devolved upon the executors of the will of Edward Clarke, a forger who was hanged in Chelmsford jail: "I, Edward Clarke, now in a few hours expecting to die, do sincerely wish as my last request that three of my fingers be taken from my hands, to be given to my three children as a warning to

them, as my fingers were the cause of bringing myself to the gallows and my children to poverty. And I also request that C. Brown and two other prisoners would be so kind as to see it done, they knowing which fingers they are by marking them at my request with ink."

There was an awful completeness of detail in a case recorded by Dr. Forbes Winslow. A Frenchman disappointed in love resolved on suicide. Before carrying his design into effect he wrote a letter to the lady who had jilted him. In another document he noted his last wishes. His corpse was to be boiled down, and a candle made from the fat was to be presented to the object of his misplaced affections, "in order that she might read his letter by the light provided from his own body."

Among the oddest of testamentary curiosities, indeed, are the directions which people have left behind them for the disposal of their remains, by burial or otherwise. A certain Doctor Ellerby, who died in 1827, bequeathed his heart to one friend, his lungs to another and his brain to a third, "that they may preserve them from decomposition," and threatens that if they do not comply with these his last wishes, "I will come and torment them until they shall comply." Dr. Wagner, an American, provides for the disposal of all the members of his body. To one brother he bequeathed his left arm and hand, to a second brother his right arm and hand, to his other relatives his legs, nose and ears. "My money, \$1,000 cash, now in the B—— bank, I bequeath to the physicians and surgeons to carry out my request by dismembering my body and giving to each of my relatives the portion allotted to him or her."

Jeremy Bentham bequeathed his body to the Hospital Museum in London, on condition that the curators of the hospital should have the skeleton mounted and put in the presidential chair at each meeting of the hospital directors.

A New York spinster left all her money to be used, in building a church, but stipulated that her remains should be mixed up in the mortar used for fixing the first stone.

A Manchester lady bequeathed a surgeon twenty-five thousand pounds on condition that he should embalm her body, and "once in every year look upon my face, two witnesses being present." A Branksome lady, of a frugal mind, requested that if she died away from her home her remains should be packed in a plain deal box and shipped by freight. "Let no mention," she says, "be made of the contents, as the conveyance will not then be charged more

for than an ordinary package." A French traveler wished to be buried in a large leather trunk to which he was attached, as it "had gone round the world with him three times." An English justice of the peace had selected an old chest for the same purpose; another testator desired that the bed on which he had been lying should be interred with him.

A curious eccentric presented his body to the Imperial Gas Company of London to be consumed to ashes in one of their retorts. But should the superstition of the times prevent the fulfilment of his request, then his executors might place his remains in St. John's Wood Cemetery, "to assist in poisoning the living in that neighborhood."

Another gentleman refused to allow his remains a burial underground, directing that they should be inclosed instead in a pyramidal mausoleum in Brightling churchyard, explaining that he did not choose to be eaten by his relatives. "The worms" such was the argument of this ratiocinative mind. "would eat me, the ducks would eat the worms, and my relatives would eat the ducks."

But undoubtedly the most eccentric disposition ever devised for the human body is combined in the following will of a gentleman who died in Massachusetts in 1874:

"In the name of the Omnipotent, Omnipresent, Omniscient, of Science and Common-sense. Amen.

"I, Sol Hewes Sanborn (cosmopolite), now sojourning at Simpson's Hotel, Medford, Middlesex County, State of Massachusetts, do, by these presents, will, devise and bequeath (for the diffusion of anatomical knowledge among mankind) my mortal remains to Professor Louis Agassiz and Oliver Wendell Holmes, of the Harvard University, on the following conditions:

"1. That my body be prepared in the most scientific and skillful manner known in anatomical art, and placed in the museum of anatomy in the aforesaid institution, or any other public building the said professors may deem advisable.

"2. It is my express desire (if compatible with the usages of the aforesaid university) that two drum-heads shall be made of my skin, on one of which shall be written, in indelible characters, Pope's Universal Prayer, and on the other the Declaration of Independence, as it originated in the brain of its illustrious author, Thomas Jefferson, the said drum-heads to be presented to my distinguished friend and fellow-citizen, Warren Simpson, drummer, Cohasset, Norfolk County, State of Massachusetts, on the following

conditions: That he, the aforesaid Warren Simpson, shall beat or ~~cause~~ to be beaten, on said drum-heads, the national air of Yankee Doodle at the base of the monument at Bunker's Hill, at sunrise on the 17th day of June annually.

"The viscera and other parts of my body, useless for anatomical purposes, I wish composed for a fertilizer, to be used for the purpose of nourishing the growth of the American elm, to be planted or set out on some rural or public thoroughfare, that the weary way-faring man may rest and innocent children playfully sport beneath the shadow of its umbrageous branches, rendered luxuriant by my carcass.

"SOL HEWES SANBORN."

David Ogden, a Connecticut tavern-keeper, who made the following will in the year 1789, comes in as a good second to Sol Hewes Sanborn, the cosmopolite:

"In the name of God, sole Governor of the worlds, Jesus Christ, the Holy Ghost, the twelve apostles, saints, thrones, powers, virtues, angels, archangels, cherubim and seraphim. Amen. I, David Ogden, of New Haven, in the State of Connecticut, being in uncommonly good health and spirits, and in my right mind and wits, do in the following manner make this my last will and testament:

"Imprimis: My body, this mass composed of flesh, blood and arteries, bones, cartilages, fibres, and God wot what not all besides, I commit, when dressed in my best suit of black clothes to its deep, dark, silent grave. 'Tis a dismal house I am to dwell in; yes, verily a mournful one; therefore the dress for mourning is the most proper one for me. Then let this body be drest for its coffin, which I pray to be made of sound mahogany wood and not ornamented with brass nails and tin plates, telling my age, name or death. My head will tell these things to the inquisitive in the grave. When this mass of corruption is so equipped, let it be borne on the shoulders of four steady youth to its long home, the narrow grave, whom I would should be rewarded for their trouble with decent pairs of gloves each. By the way, should Dr. Edwards, the Sunday next after my last conscience, deem either my life or death to merit a sermon, a prayer, or a few hymns to be sent up to the throne of an all-pitying and merciful God, prythee let it be done, and for this trouble and good services in this solemn business, give him my last wishes for his welfare, accompanied with a compliment of £3, 4s, 6d, New York currency.

"Item.—My soul, God grant it, if I have any or ever had, it may wing its flight to heaven, be placed conspicuously among the stars, fly on the wings of the wind, feed the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, the insects of the earth, or the fishes of the deep waters. Upon the whole I give my soul to God."

Many testators have done their utmost to avoid the funereal gloom that is customary at obsequies. Pere Simon, of Charenton, who committed suicide a year or two ago, left £2,000 to the authorities of his commune, provided the mutes who accompanied his remains to the cemetery were instructed to sing the "*Marseillaise*" and the "*Carmagnole*" on the way thither, accompanied by the music of cornets and trumpets. The authorities declined the bequest.

But a very cheerful funeral was actually performed on May 6th, 1733, at Whittlesea, England, as may be seen in this account in the local paper:

"Last night was buried here Mr. John Underwood, of Nassington. He was brought to the grave at five, and as soon as the burial service was over an arch was turned over the coffin, in which was placed over his breast a small piece of white marble with this inscription: '*Non omnis morior, J. Underwood, 1733.*' When the grave was filled up, and the turf laid down, the six gentlemen who followed him to the grave sang the last stanza of the twentieth ode of the second book of Horace. Everything was done according to his desire; no bell was tolled; no one was invited but the six gentlemen, and no relation followed his corpse. The coffin was painted green, according to his direction, and he was laid in it with his clothes on. Under his head was placed a Sanadon's Horace; at his feet Bentley's Milton; in his right hand a small Greek Testament, with an inscription in gold letters. In his left hand a little edition of Horace, with this inscription: '*Musis Amicus, J. U.*' And Bentley's Horace was placed under his back. After the ceremony was over they went back to his house, where his sister had provided a very handsome supper. The cloth being taken away, the gentlemen sang the thirty-first ode of the first book of Horace, drank a cheerful glass and went home about eight. He left near £6,000 to his sister, upon condition of observing this his will. He ordered her to give each of the gentlemen ten guineas, and desired that they should not come in black clothes. Then followed a direction for his burial as above,

and he ends thus: 'I would have them take a cheerful glass. Underwood.'

A Parisian philosopher, so it is said, secured an unusually light-hearted funeral by the following clause in his testament:

"It is my will that any one of my relatives who shall presume to shed tears at my funeral shall be disinherited; he who laughs most heartily shall be the principal heir." The story adds that that the successful competitor was the philosopher's grandfather, who produced an artificial hilarity by basely inhaling nitrous-oxide gas.

But this philosopher was a plagiarist. Louis Corrusio, a Paduan lawyer of the sixteenth century had anticipated him, and in almost the same words. In addition he forbade black draperies and the tolling of bells. "All the musicians in town shall be asked to the funeral. They are to walk with the clergy, making the air resound with their instruments and singing hallelujah, as is it were Easter Day. The bier which contains my body is to be covered with bright and many-colored cloth, and borne on the shoulders of twelve maidens of age to be married, who must be dressed in green and sing many songs. The executors of the will must see that all these formalities are fulfilled in their least details; if not the testament will be declared void." The relatives of the deceased protested against the will, but it was declared valid.

Horatio G. Onderdonk, a brother of the Bishop of New York, recently played an elaborate joke at the expense of his heirs. There was a large estate. There were many expectant relatives. Deep was their dismay when it was found that no one could benefit under the will who did not reach an almost unattainable exaltation of life:

"No heir must be an idler, sluggard, profligate, drunkard, gambler; use liquors or tobacco; go hunting or fishing on Sundays; attend races; enter a bar-room or porter-house; neglect to rise, breakfast and be ready for business by nine o'clock, or get married before he or she arrives at the age of twenty-five years."

Lord Rokeby, an eccentric Englishman of the last century, carried his hatred of physicians so far that he left a codicil to his will conditionally disinheriting a favorite nephew if he called in a physician to attend the testator during his last sickness.

Bequests to animals are frequently met with. An Englishman named Garland, who died in June, 1889, left an annuity of £100 to his pet monkey and £5 apiece to his dog and cat, while "Ger-

trudé, my only daughter, with a large family of children, which she finds much difficulty in bringing up," gets only the reversionary interest after the death of the pets. Orley Hunton, in 1813, left his parrot, "the faithful companion of twenty-five years, £200 a year to be paid half-yearly to whosoever may have the care of it." Count Murat, of France, in 1870 bequeathed 1,000 francs a year, to be spent in doctoring the eyes of his riding horse. Theodore Marsh, of Passaic, N. J., in 1879, left \$300 a year to each of his horses, besides the sum of \$2,500 to be spent in the erection of a stable for their care. Cats, dogs and even fishes have been treated with similar liberality.

For sheer levity few wills can compare with that of the wealthy New Yorker, a cousin to the Vanderbilts, who left every dollar he possessed to a girl he used to watch in the theatre. He did not even know her, and the only reason he gave for his strange freak was that her turned-up nose amused him. Well and truly might it be said that her face was her fortune. But at all events, the right person got the bequest. So her case differs in an essential feature from that of a noble lady, whose story is told in "The Times of George IV."

Lady Frances Wilson was a lady of very plain personal appearance, yet one gentleman for several seasons perseveringly gazed at her from the pit of the opera-house, so as to cause her considerable annoyance, until at length one day she was informed that Mr. ——— had left her all his fortune. Prompted by curiosity to ascertain if it was the same person who had admired her at the theatre, she requested to see the deceased, and identified the corpse as being that of Mr. ———. It was said that Lady Frances owed this piece of good fortune to a mistake, as it was a very beautiful woman, who occupied the next box to hers, to whom the gentlemen had intended to leave his property, and that he was misinformed as to the object of his belle passion.

A Scotchman gave his daughters their weights in one-pound bank notes. One received about \$260,000 and the other about \$285,000.

A highly eccentric New Yorker left seventy-one pairs of trousers, to be sold to the highest bidder without examination, no purchaser being allowed to buy more than one pair. In each was found a bundle of bank-notes representing a thousand dollars.

The "waiting will" is a constant source of irritation. In 1890 the professors of a Vienna university were delighted to learn that Count Hardegger had left their institution £60,000, but when it

came out that the money was to accumulate for a hundred years, by which time it would have increased to \$18,000,000, the wits decided that Count Hardegg should have been styled half-boiled.

In 1889 a will was proved at Pesth whereby the testator, a physician named Goldberg de Buda, left half his fortune—about a quarter of a million florins—to accumulate for the benefit of posterity, until the interest should suffice to relieve destitution universally. According to a calculation made by the testator, his wishes might be carried out when the capital represented 209,000,000 florins. The will is now contested by one of the legatees.

A wealthy gas manufacturer named Genin, who departed this life at Nevers in 1890, left \$200 a year to each of the eighty-six departments of France, and a special allowance for the "Old Provinces of Alsace and Lorraine." This sum was to be either deposited at the Ministry of War, or employed in the purchase of arms until "the Lost Provinces" shall have been reconquered or restored. His furniture and rare collection of curiosities he left at Grenoble and Biarritz, while his two residences he bequeathed to the poor, with the proviso that his direct heirs should buy them at a certain price within ten years. Mr. Genin, however, left but \$3,400 each to his grand-nephews who are his heirs, so that if they want to buy the chateaux they will have to make money first.

Another strange case occurred in France about the same time. M. Travers declaring the French to be "a nation of dastards and fools," left his whole fortune to the poor of London, and further ordered that his body should be launched into the sea a mile from the English coast. An attempt was made to declare this unpatriotic Frenchman insane, but the court of appeals upheld the will. Frenchmen have always been inclined to frivolity in the disposal of their estates. One bright specimen actually provided that a new cooking recipe should be pasted on his tomb each day.

It has long been a maxim of law that *mala grammatica non violat chartam* (bad grammar does not vitiate a deed). This rule of course extends to wills. There have been scores of wills as regularly written as the following, which is taken from the probate court records in St. Louis:

"SOUTH ST. LOUIS, February 9th, 1876.

"The last will & words of John Cushing are she says John what are you going

to doe about this place he says i leave all to your management, she says the children may be quarling about it afterwards he says they will have nothing to doe about it all is in your hands you may doe as you plase.

his
JOHN X CUSHING.

mark
Witness, TIMOTHY J. COLLINS.

his
PATRICK X BARRETT.

mark
her
MRS. X MURPHY.
mark

Here is a rather more perplexing specimen which also was admitted to probate. The testator a merchant tailor of Baltimore had been thrown from his carriage in November, 1879, and shortly after died of lockjaw. Just before his death he hastily inscribed this testament in pencil on the fly-leaf of a family Bible:

"this Evening I chal dai. I will Liv all my Property to my wife so long cha live no Lonner. Che can sell it or Borrow money any necessary. Etter her livs it belongs to my ehers. Chi must look outt by her Livithanne so long as my mother Livis. my George I will 2 Hundred for g'd behev. Eruksen Fisher I will Side House Replican 18 this Evening Wensday Septem 1878. Wm. F. Greene.

This will was officially construed to mean that the property was left to the wife for life, with right to sell or incumber it, she being required to take charge of the testator's mother. A bequest of \$200 was made to George Adkinson and of a house to Ericsson Fischer.

Perhaps the legatee who has the least chance of realizing is the one mentioned by a wicked Finn, who left all his property to the Devil. Finland is now probably the only country where the Devil is a land-owner. Some notice was taken at the time of the fact that the name of the legatee appeared in capital letters throughout the will. The inference was that the testator wished to make a good impression on him, with an eye to secure indulgences when they met.

Just as odd was the codicil of the death-stricken humorist who left to certain of his dear relatives "as many acres of land as shall be found inclosed by the track of the centre of the oscillation of the earth in a revolution round the sun to be 21,600 semi-diameters of the earth from it." This was a century ago, and as the problem could not be satisfactorily worked out, the legatees were kept at a mean distance from the property all their lives.

W. S. WALSH.

NEW YORK.

MODERN COMEDY IN THE UNITED STATES.

Not so many years ago a sketch of comedy indigenous to the United States would have been similar to the well-known chapter "on snakes" in a certain famous history of Iceland, in which the reader is informed in six words of the total absence of the reptile on that island.

In the palmy days of the old Park Theatre, of Burton's, and of the Broome Street Wallack's, the handiwork of American playwrights was not only never presented to managers, but we may doubt if it was ever entertained by them. Why should it have been considered. The vast volume of the British drama was always open and ready for use, and when a conspicuous London or Paris success was made its text could be had for the asking, or a stenographer could be hired to steal it. Those were the days of good all-round stock companies, of good, approved, reliable old-vintage plays, and of commendable Shaksperian renderings. Those were also the halcyon days of the one act-farce, a species of dramatic entertainment that has fallen into disuse, not without the sincere and well-founded regrets of numerous dramatic experts.

The farce has suffered, as poor dog Tray suffered; because somebody gave it a bad name to start with. The etymology of the term is alike in all modern languages, and the word means a "stuffing;" that is to say, that the play is stuffed with conceits. John Dryden, who wrote excellent satires, noble odes, and the worst-acting plays that were ever damned on the English stage, was good enough to state to the world that "the persons and actions of a farce are all unnatural, and the manners false." This criticism is as worthless as anything in Dryden's drama of "Amboyna," and I when say this, I think I have sent the sounding lead to the lowest attainable depths of badness.

A true statement of the case is that a properly-constructed farce is a representation of a ludicrous situation or predicament, or of a continuous series of them. Such events constantly happen, and one usually brings on another, often in accelerating ratio, just as it is said that when a man goes down-hill he finds everything ready greased for the occasion. It was an admirable touch of farce when Edward E. Hale traced the downfall of the Southern Confederacy to the carelessness of a girl who threw a discarded hoop-

skirt into the James River at Richmond. The wires of this skirt precipitated all sorts of humorous yet disastrous consequences. Now, in every predicament, or sequence of predicaments, there is disaster, and there would be no humor without it. There is nothing humorous in finding a gold-mine, or in selling stocks at a profit; but if you are kicked-down stairs by somebody who misunderstands you, or if you buy stocks at the highest point and sell at the lowest you are sure to be laughed at.

Farce is, therefore, legitimate drama, being based on essential and unchanging truths of human nature, and the construction of a really good farce involves the exercise of a high order of talent. The playwright must possess the humorous faculty, a nice choice of words, accurate observation, a keen sense of truth, and of the connection of sequences, and he must scrupulously avoid any violation of the unities. If the farce amuses an audience during thirty minutes all its incidents must naturally occur during a half hour. Here is no room for prologues, for lapses of five years between acts, and the other numerous *falsestos* by which authors disguise poverty of invention and ignorance of dramatic laws. I, therefore, claim that good farce is an admirable form of the drama, and that its virtual extinction in England and America is greatly to be regretted.

I have given these few words to farce because its spirit—its motive power—is an important element in comedy. Comedy is a picture of human life and manners, in which the mirthful passages are exhibited in as brilliant relief as possible, and wherever the interest of the exhibition depends upon incident the farcical element at once and naturally places itself in evidence. The situation is luminously farcical when Charles Surface throws down the screen behind which cowers Lady Teazle, and would be still more so if the audience did not know that she was there; also when Lydia Languish declares that Jack Absolute is wholly “unlike her Beverley,” also when the clever servant in “London Assurance” cheats Meddle out of his fee of six and eight pence by means which the lawyer himself has suggested. Numerous instances might be given, but these are sufficient. Every comedy possesses and must possess farcical qualities; just as every farce must be a brief epoch of comedy situations.

American comedy has not only made great progress during the past two or three decades, but we may say that since those decades began it has been born, has passed safely through the diseases of infancy, and is to-day a healthy, vigorous and aggressive youth.

Like all young people whose tastes have not matured it is enormously assimilative, and grasps at everything in sight. And that the range of its grasp, in comparison with that of its older sisters in England and France, is in some directions restricted, proceeds directly from the constitution and make-up of the American social fabric.

Many Europeans and traveled Americans assert that the people of the United States are not yet a nationality; that up to date we are a mere conglomeration of all sorts of men and women, without definite stratification, or social distinction; *therefore*, we cannot successfully construct American comedy.

If I have stated the argument fairly, and I think I have, it is a flagrant case of *non-sequitur*. It amounts to this:

Comedy is a study of life and manners with special reference to those interesting exhibitions of the same that are calculated to evoke mirth, and that suggest the employment of the satire that smiles, rather than the satire that frowns.

But the life and manners of the American people are not stratified in defined layers; social distinctions are not rigidly fixed; caste is comparatively unknown; they have no class of hereditary nobles; they are a turbulent, seething, unsettled Democracy.

Therefore, you cannot successfully make a study of American life and manners with special reference to those interesting exhibitions of the same that are calculated to evoke mirth, and that suggest the employment of the satire that smiles, rather than the satire that frowns. Such an argument is itself a farce; a poor farce I admit; but that is not my fault; it is the fault of those who construct it, and affect to believe that they have done a praiseworthy act. The dramatic history of the United States shows that during the last twenty years, and notably within the last ten, an immense amount of meritorious comedy has been accepted by the American stage from American playwrights, the themes of which have been, in the main American, evolved from the material of our social fabric, and put together with such skill and elegance as we might expect from a quick-witted race of men educated to a high standard, and in possession of the best models which the world can afford.

In fact, comedy being based upon incidents happening in civilized communities, the United States both as to society and affairs must be a fruitful field for the comedy writer. He has only to observe, to analyze, and then to construct. Of course in order to construct a good and successful play one must be more than a writer of correct English. One may be a scholar, an observer,

a wit, a writer of brilliant dialogue, and not be able to produce a play that shall pass the manager; or if it pass the manager, that shall escape a "frost" on the stage. The faculty of producing effective situations on the boards may possibly be acquired; but I am inclined to think it must be inborn. If the poet is born, not made, why not the dramatist? How is it that Sheridan in extreme youth wrote the two best society comedies of his century; that Congreve did all his best work before he was twenty-eight; that Boucicault wrote "London Assurance" before he had attained his majority. It was not experience that guided the pen of these brilliant playwrights; it was the impulse of native genius.

When the writer comes to the task of constructing his play he finds no difficulty in obtaining material in American society. We may take Mr. Bronson Howard as an example. "Saratoga" was a purely American comedy, not as skillfully wrought as some of his later work, but still of excellent dramatic strain, and full of promise for American playwriting. In his "Henrietta" he marches boldly on and demolishes the theories of those *doctrinaires* who assert that American life is arid and sterile because of its devotion to business. This particular proposition is a mere offshoot of English prejudice. Charles Mathews as "Affable Hawk" succeeded only partially in the "Game of Speculation," and when the distinctively business comedy of England failed, the anglo-maniac the world over affected to believe that the theme was impossible. A shallow mind might well fail to take into consideration the enormous difference that exists between a society where a hereditary nobility takes precedence in the university, the national council and the drawing-room, and a society equally well educated, in which the foremost positions are prizes open to all. Charles Mathews's talents were wasted in a play in which "Affable Hawk" was despised at the outset, and in which the elements of love and domesticity are looked for in vain; but an actor of equal ability will command applause in the "Henrietta." "Shenandoah" is another instance of excellent and successful American comedy. I have mentioned these three examples by one author because they include three prime factors of American life: summer-resort idleness, business, and war. What more would you have? Is it not true, as Goethe says, "that the writer who would succeed should reach out his hand from the spot he occupies, and grasp into the thick and turmoil of the events that surround him?"

Good plays demand to be represented by good actors, and of

these there is no lack in the United States. The American is not born with the artistic sense of the Frenchman, nor has he the facility of gesture by which the Frenchman anticipates thought and even conveys it; but he possesses industry, adaptability, quickness of perception, the talent of mimicry, and an intellectual force that does not shrink from comparison with that of any nationality on the planet. One of the New York stock companies annually gathers a harvest of profit and reputation in England, and has even invaded the sacred soil of France, and delighted intelligent audiences trained in the methods of Dumas and Sardou. Especially in comedy, and in those departments of comedy that border on farce, which, as the reader has seen, in the drama of humorous incidents, is the American actor at his best. Memory recalls to many of us who are yet in the full activities of life certain splendid examples of the comedian; a Setchell as Golightly and as Macbeth *travestie*; a Florence as Khorasanbad in the humorous "Lalla Rookh"; a Burton enacting Mark Meddle on the identical evening when Boucicault portrayed his own Dazzle, and gave an illustration of his theory that the actors on the stage should not recognize the existence of the audience in the seats of the house. Who does not recall with pleasure, mingled with national pride, John T. Raymond, unappreciated until he created Col. Mulberry Sellers. Should we say that Lester Wallack was a great comedian? In what is termed "genteel" comedy he had during many years almost no rival, not to say no equal. Many conditions united produced his admitted and well-earned success. There was the *prestige* of his name, then his share of ownership, then his elegant figure, his easy manners, his perfect self-possession on the stage, and an elocution that was almost beyond criticism. In the *salon* of dramatic pictures his efforts might truly be said to have been stamped, "*Hors Concours*." And still in facial expression, on which the fate of a comic passage so often depends, he was almost characterless. Whether this was natural deficiency, or the result of theory, is an open question. The face of a finished gentleman, of the symmetrical, well-rounded man of the world, is not permitted to draw itself into the lines that express grief or mirth. Lester Wallack's type and exemplar of life and conduct was the "Pelham" of Lord Lytton; any deviation from that standard on the stage was an approach, remote it might be, but still an approach to a step taken in the direction of the player grinning through a horse-collar to delight the rustics at Greenwich Fair.

All comedy includes the elderly man, and since we have indulged a moment's retrospect, what more delightful example of the autumn of life has any country ever seen upon the stage than Blake and John Gilbert? These artists, whose names are immortal in our dramatic annals, were not only sincere respecters and disciples of the best traditions and always letter-perfect in their parts, but they brought to the public exhibition of the characters taken by them the glow of warm, rich American humor.

The American stage to-day is opulent in excellent comedians. Hand in hand with the stock company tragedy has made its farewell bow. We need relief from care; we do not covet the doubtful luxury of woe; the old tragedies are almost too much worn; they are too familiar; our actors do not con them, and do not covet parts that call for the dagger or the bowl: and nobody writes new ones. Is the assertion a bold one, is it unsupported, that no American manager in this year 1892 would entertain or produce a manuscript tragedy, no matter who might be its author? It is an assertion in which I think I am justified.

Thus we fall back on comedy, not "as a last resort," but because it is the natural evolution of the age and of our civilization. And our star system, which encourages the education and development of individual talent far more than the stock company system, since the rewards of excellence, and especially of very superior excellence, are vastly greater, tends to produce and keep in constant activity a brilliant class of comic dramatic artists. Their routes are laid out for them; seats are sold far in advance, and the knowledge in December that the "take" for a given night in January at some point hundreds of miles away has been many hundreds of dollars spurs on the actor to live up to the reputation that thus runs before him and paves his way with gold. This stimulus acts not only upon the star, but upon his company. They are a portion of his triumph, and they find themselves naturally doing all in their power to give him the best possible support.

Our leading comedians are in constant touch with our playwrights, and they teach the latter what lines of dramatic incident to take and what to avoid. They arrive by unmistakable conclusions at the consensus of American opinion, and among the first lessons is this, that American families do not hanker after the spoiled drama of France. We have in the United States one great and famous actress, whose triumphs have with hardly an exception been reaped from the portrayal of lawless social entanglements, such as in real life would debar the participants, at least

so far as one sex is concerned, from all well-ordered households and recognized social functions. The crowds of people who have witnessed her superb renditions of such characteristics have done so in order to shudder, to weep, to experience violent emotions, to see the best that can be done in that line of drama. But this *artist* is not a comedian. She has been seen in comedy. In Sheridan's "Critics" she once shone brilliantly, and shook the house with inextinguishable laughter; but at the same theatre during the same season she leaped into renown as Ann Sylvester in the gloomy play of "Man and Wife," and ever since then she has devoted her great gifts and ambitions to the emotional and, may we add, the lurid developments of guilt and passion.

The American actor finds in his travels that his knowledge of the characters, the tastes and wants of his fellow-countrymen continually grows; that he is, in short, at school and is always learning something. And it is not strange or unnatural that he should impart his knowledge to those writers whom he happens to know. A playwright who writes plays without habitual reference to the actors of the day is, to use a colloquialism, wholly "not in it." The great example of Shakspeare teaches that if you are not yourself an actor, you must have associates who are actors, if you would construct an actable play. Amateur dramatists forget this, or perhaps many of them have never known it, and thus it is that managers are requested to read over such masses of rubbish, and that the columns of the press are filled with complaints from "Suckling Sardous," and other anonymous writers, to the effect that the drama is in its decadence, and that there is no encouragement for American plays.

No statements could be more irrational or ill-timed. In a growing, prosperous country all departments of intellectual and constructive effort, playwriting not excepted, are like the sun mounting the eastern sky on its progress toward the meridian, or like a "strong man preparing to run a race." All over the United States, every evening, a vast number of well-informed people attend the theatre. They want the best acting; they want to witness plays that are not outworn; they want these plays to be entertaining, and of such themes as can be repeated and discussed in refined households. Nor will they turn their backs upon meritorious plays because the scenes are American. Those who affect to lament the non-appearance of the heavy tragedies of whose successes we read in English history; who affect to long for the recall of Lee, Otway, Massinger, Ford, Dryden and similar butchers and

and blood drinkers, will, we think, be obliged during a long future to satisfy themselves with longing and lament. I do not sympathize with them; I disbelieve their honesty, and if I should believe in their honesty I should reprobate their taste. In dramatic construction, in dialogue, in the use of good English, we are far superior to these almost-forgotten writers, who, but for the accident of being contemporaries or imitators of Shakspeare, would be as absolutely forgotten as Davenant or Aphra Behn. American comedy and American comedians are living not only in a brilliant present, but they have a brilliant future, and my conviction is that both writers and actors will practice and profit by the advice contained in the precept, "*Soyez de votre siècle.*"

W. H. CRANE.

NEW YORK.

STOCK VERSUS STAR.

I AM informed by a legal gentleman who sometimes permits his thoughts to wander in the direction of "Shakspeare and the musical glasses," that the above-entitled action, "*Stock versus Star*," has not yet reached the Court of Appeals, and that thus no decision has been arrived at. So that the questions involved are still open and we may all become attorneys for plaintiff or defendant, whichever they are, in this dramatic litigation, in which the dear public is only interested to this extent, that it wants to be amused, and is willing to pay liberally for the entertainment; but at the same time wants to be amused in good form; always to be in the fashion, and never to approve of anything which is not recognized by Mrs. Grundy as not only correct, but absolutely the only proper and fit thing to be done under all circumstances.

The "star" system is under a full head of steam at present; it is in full swing, and a large number of the best artists upon the American stage are committed to it. The United States cover an immense territory, and are full of small cities, each with an intelligent population and one or more good opera-houses and theatres, the stages of which cannot be occupied by local talent or permanent stock companies. What shall be done for these numerous cities, dramatically speaking? They want to see good plays well represented by competent artists. When a well-founded, healthy want asserts itself, and holds out a bag of money, it will not go long unsatisfied. The interior cities want the artists, and the artists go forth to supply the want.

The companies thus compelled to travel carry with them only a few plays. To perform one play in a hundred towns is equivalent, so far as variety goes, to performing a hundred plays in one town; the same audience never hears the same play twice. When a company travels it has no time for studying new lines, or rehearsing; its energies are consumed in the endless fatigues and details of the route, and in the work of the stage. This work is greatly simplified when it is confined to one play or to a narrow range of plays; more often one play than more. In one or two plays a traveling company can be letter-perfect; they can be thoroughly up in the "business," aware of, and alive to, the most telling situations; knowing always just where to get in those artistic strokes which never suggest themselves at the first performance of any play, but in reality grow out of many performances and impress themselves upon the actors. Sothern's "Lord Dundreary" was not the creation of the author of the "American Cousin." Taylor in his wildest flight of fancy never conceived of such a character, so inconsequent, so droll, as Balzac puts it, such a "*Comedien sans le savoir*," a *farceur* without intending to be humorous, and in fact utterly destitute of the faculty of appreciating humor, yet chivalrous to the bottom of his heart, possessed of good impulses and alive to the sentiment *noblesse oblige*. Dundreary was evolved wholly and only from the "business" of the play; some one of his antics caught on, Sothern added another, then another, and so on, until the "American Cousin" became the "Adventures and Monologues of Lord Dundreary," with Asa Trenchard's love affairs and pecuniary sacrifices for the sake of love thrown in to give Sothern time to breathe. The artist so usurped the play that it ceased to exist, except when he was in the cast, and when Sothern died the "American Cousin" died as an acting play. There can be many Hamlets, many Romeos, many Charles Surfaces, many Charles Courtlys, but there never will be another Lord Dundreary.

Under such conditions where a company goes over a circuit, with one or a few plays in which great artistic skill is intended to be shown, the tendency is to include a star in the cast, so that the enterprise may have an additional and a weighty chance of success. In a play the personal factor counts for a great amount. A company comes into a town for a night or two. It has been well advertised and billed, the advance agent has done his work properly, public curiosity and expectation have been awakened, there has been a satisfactory take at the box-office. For what? To see

such and such a play? Well, to some extent; but much more to see the celebrated Mr. —; or the famous Miss—; in each case the star performer in the piece, whose name has appeared in the largest "upper case" in the newspapers, and the most Brobdignagian block letters on the posters.

There is a great deal to be said in favor of the star system, and so it is no wonder that it is vigorously advocated. The great majority of American cities cannot maintain good stock companies. At the same time they want to witness good dramatic performances, good substantial classic comedies with competent artists, or sensational drama with some great star to move them to tears or laughter. And managers and speculators find that the sensational drama with the star pays the better of the two. Hence the prevalence of the star system, and the production of as many stars as possible, each heralded as of the first magnitude; although the fact is that in the dramatic, as in the celestial firmament, there are many more stars of the second magnitude than of the first; and many more of the third than of the second, and so on to the infinitely numerous scarcely visible stars that faintly twinkle in the immeasurable depths of space.

Of necessity the star system reacts upon play-writing, it acts as a stopper upon classic comedy, and tends to encourage sensational drama; or if you please, melodrama. It gives us Odettes and Camilles instead of those finished pictures of modern life in which we see eight or ten people of different pursuits and different social grades interestingly intertwined in an entanglement of situations which it is the business of the dramatist to construct and to unravel. But I do not see in this any degeneration of the stage. Fashions come and go, in authorship as in everything else; and in all matters of construction, such as play-writing, we may well agree with Mr. Pope when he says:

"Whatever is, is right."

We have all heard a great deal about the ancient drama, how beautiful, how classic, how unapproachably correct it was. It is studied in colleges, and grave professors edit examples of it, and now and then there is a resurrection of it. Very well. Try to read these very examples in the very best translations, and observe how deadly dull and wearisome they are. They are only the beginnings of real plays; they could not be expected to be better than they are, since they were composed by people who had no opportunities of studying dramatic purpose and action, and did not

know anything about the requirements of situations presented for a few moments before the eyes of spectators for the purpose of informing the audience as to the emotions and destinies of the persons of the drama. And yet, in contemplating these ruinous old failures, the world kept on learning what *not* to do in play-writing, until Shakspeare appeared, and dramatic writers acquired some good hints as to what to do. Shakspeare dealt a death blow to what was known as the classic stage. He threw comedy, even farce, into every tragedy, because in real life these phases are always mingled. His most exalted types of humanity are full of littleness, for of such is the kingdom of mankind; and no man is a hero to his valet, and should not be to his historian, or to the man who lands him in a play.

In the various and successive changes of play-writing we passed from the romantic comedy of Shakspeare and his cotemporaries through the witty but often gross comedy of the Restoration, which was not a picture of life and manners among the English gentry, but a caricature of the dissolute circle that revolved about Charles II, and of the larger circle of imitative sinners who revolved around the court; and later to the classic comedy of the eighteenth century, in which Sheridan was easily first, and the Colmans, Arthur Murphy and Mrs. Centlivre respectable seconds. Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" is in this style, although this author failed to produce another actable play. The nineteenth century in England gives us Boucicault and Pinero, clever delineators of farcical situations and a general stage incredulity of earnestness which ridicules emotion; while in France we have a stormy sensationalism which tears social illusions to tatters, clothes vice in scarlet robes, and brings those warfares upon virtue, which real life tries to hide, into glaring evidence. And if this is the natural course of the drama, and it must be, since the drama has taken it of itself, and writers and actors have only followed popular demand, why not accept the inexorable sway of facts, and with it the conclusion that the strongly-emotional play with one or two strikingly conspicuous characters is the proper play of the period? Everybody is wiser than anybody.

A good comedy company, playing choicely written new, and choicely selected old, comedies, is an admirable thing; but it is a most difficult task to assemble it; a more difficult task to keep it together and to keep it up as desertion, old age and death thin its ranks; and not the easiest task in the world to pay its salaries. Our great cities are able to support perhaps two or three stock

companies each; but how many such cities are there? And it is only about twelve years ago that the artists of one of the leading stock theatres in New York played night after night classic comedy to handfuls of people, who sat in seats each of which was screwed to the floor by a chattel mortgage. Actors and actresses in general would prefer the delightful fixity, the permanence, the restfulness of the successful stock company to dramatic wanderings over the country during the forty weeks of the season, but for the immense majority of artists such things cannot exist.

People have so much to say about the historically good old days of the classic stock companies of London, Drury Lane, Covent Garden, etc. But when we come to look closely into those times we find that the work was hard and the pay was poor, and that if London got good acting it was because there was no acting at all outside of London, except in the sheerest barn-storming on the circuit bounded by Norwich, York, Liverpool and Bath, a dreary and thankless round on which a Hamlet might earn five pounds a week, and a King Claudius perhaps fifteen shillings. The ambition of every deserving Thespian was to get into a London company, and this competition kept down salaries. Still salaries sufficient to support the performers were certainly paid; the stage of that period was a good one, and gave rise to a great deal of meritorious play-writing, some of which we even now reproduce with more or less satisfaction to modern audiences, who, however, continually see less and less to admire in "John Bull," the "Heir-at-law," and the "Love Chase," and compel managers to represent "adaptations" of the "School for Scandal" and the "Rivals" rather than the genuine text.

Perhaps we may say that we have the ideal stage in the rare yet excellent stock companies now assembled in the United States, so few in number that their titles could all be printed on this page; and that our actual stage is made up of many hundred companies who each season, by various intricate combinations and series of dates, supply over two thousand opera-houses and theatres all over the United States. So that as to *Stock versus Star*, the humble writer engages in no contention or argument. As conditions are, they are accepted as natural and healthy, and no fears as to the future either of dramatic performance or playwrights are indulged in.

In London and Paris to-day the stock company system has advantages and a foothold which probably our American situation does not admit of. In proportion to the population and size of

England and France these cities are very large, and seem to swallow up talent by an inevitable suction that goes on all the time. Their great theatres offer enormous prizes to artists, in fame and money, and to be enrolled in the company of one of them is a splendid success, and does away with any ambition to be a wandering star. Such a permanent stage, also, by its adherence to tradition and correct rules, promotes good play-writing. This is one reason why American dramatists copy and imitate Parisian productions; these are worthy of being models; and they are the direct result of the stock system.

ROSE COGHLAN.

NEW YORK.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

With eager eyes, each like some lustrous bead,
With lifted face aglow with inborn light
We stand a-tiptoe stretched to our full height,
To view the man who fills his country's need;
The soul heroic by whose word and deed
We are exalted. On him honors bright
Are heaped spontaneous. Mortals know by sight
And love him, God-like, who was born to lead.

For though the voice of Jove was heard on high,
And mankind wrought, ere Sinai's summit flamed,
Good deeds that shed a glory through all time,
This earth, home erst where heroes clomb the sky,
Still teems with greater than for whom were named
The starry spheres that make yon heavens sublime.

RUFUS J. CHILDRESS.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

A PROTECTIVE TARIFF AS AN ECONOMIC FACTOR.

Our present national commercial policy rests upon the assumption that the prosperity of the whole people will more readily be brought about if a restraint be placed upon importations. Justifying this line of conduct is the assurance, given in good faith, that out of the general good, thereby promoted, will be drawn such a rebate as will more than compensate for any sacrifice incurred. It is on the truth and soundness of this theory that a great political party is ready to stake its future. Is its position tenable?

If it be borne in mind that the consumers of any "protected" commodity always greatly outnumber its producers—for all are consumers—and, therefore, on the face of matters, the whole are made to pay tribute to the few, the importance of a correct answer to the question: "Is a protective tariff in fact an aid to prosperity?" becomes apparent.

To furnish this answer two methods of reasoning are at our command. First, there is the statistical method, usually employed by political orators and party organs of all kinds, which consists mainly of a presentation of figures, or "facts," as they are pleased to term them, together with the claims that they are the direct consequence of the line of conduct under discussion. For instance, there are frequently given tables representing the comparative rate of wages paid the various classes of English and American labor, in which American wages are unquestionably the higher. The party offering these tables exclaims: "The United States has protection, while England has free-trade; behold the benefit of protection, for these are facts and not theories!" At first glance this seems reasonable enough. Unfortunately, however, for such reasoners, a free-trader in England, by exactly the same method may arrive at an entirely opposite conclusion. He also rejects theory and comes forward with "facts" like these: long tables of wages paid in Germany, France, Italy, Spain and England. The first four nations enjoy protection, but as English wages are decidedly the highest, the free-trader exclaims with equal triumph: "Here is England compared with, not one, but four nations; here are actual results; behold the results of unrestricted commerce!"

In one respect both parties have been innocent of much theorizing, for both have assumed point blank the very thing that should

have been proven. As can be seen, their inferences are worthless, for they entirely neutralize each other. It will not do to assume that protection or free-trade has brought about this welfare. It is absolutely necessary to prove that such has been the case, for it is possible that both nations have prospered, not because, but in spite of their respective systems.

If Germany and the United States be compared we find even a much greater disparity in wages than when England is under consideration. For example, a baker in part of the United States gets as high as \$12 per week; in England, \$6.60, and in Germany, \$3.50; yet Germany, like the United States, has protection. Again, it is a curious fact that in one part of the United States (New York) he gets as little as \$5, while in another part of this same country (Chicago) as much as \$12. That is, between separate localities of the United States there is a greater variation than between the United States as a whole and England as a whole. How explain this discrepancy? Is it not plain that there must be other and very powerful factors at work for which there must be made accurate allowance before this observed difference in wages can safely be ascribed to any system of trade?

Statistics as they appear upon our records are, to be sure, an index of the condition of a nation; but the welfare or poverty to which they point is a product of so many and complex causes, that to quote any one of them off-hand as a sufficient explanation is not justifiable in reason. If we think but for a moment of the immense drain upon English earnings by reason of a luxurious royalty, State church, and other privileged classes, an army ten times as large as our own, a navy of the most stupendous magnitude, a system of primo-geniture and laws of entail which has gathered national wealth into a few enormous heaps for the benefit of favored individuals, remembering that the United States is practically free from all these evils, except its outrageous pension tax, which is growing something appalling, would it not be reasonable to suppose that this in a large measure may account for a difference in wages?

It will be necessary to emphasize that if it is intended to employ this statistical method for obtaining trustworthy results, it will be necessary to eliminate from our "figures" the effects which all factors other than the one in question have produced. It will not do to feed a man promiscuous quantities of laudanum, arsenic, phosphorus and croton oil, and then assert, without making any allowance for the various quantities administered, that it was arsenic

that killed him. To apply this method and apply it correctly is a matter of infinite care and labor, so much so, that for all ordinary purposes it is impracticable.

The other method, and the one which leads to more substantial results, is the deductive method. Adopting as a starting-point certain assumptions or premises on which all will probably agree, and reasoning therefrom, definite and correct conclusions may be reached, just as problems in geometry are solved by reasoning, deductively from axioms or self-evident truths. If the premises are granted, and no flaw can be detected in reasoning, the conclusion that flows therefrom must logically be accepted. This method has the advantage of being completely within the scrutiny of the student, which enables him to apply his test at every step of the argument; and if the premises are his own he need take nothing whatever for granted. Following this method what does it disclose?

First, what is a tariff? As here used it means simply a duty or tax levied by the Government on goods entering or leaving the country. This tax is placed either for the purpose of obtaining means for supporting the Government, or for the purpose of adding to the the general welfare and prosperity by discouraging foreign importations. In the former instance we have a revenue tariff; in the latter a "protective" tariff. There are forms of tariffs in which these two seem to blend, but it will not be necessary to consider them here.

As the terms wealth, labor and wages play an important part in the argument it will be well to give them a definite meaning. By the term wealth will be denoted anything that satisfies a human want and is the product of labor. Labor, therefore, is energy expended obtaining wealth. Labor is either productive or unproductive. It is productive when it yields wealth, and unproductive or wasted when it does not.

For example: If two men, one in Central Africa and one in Iceland, were each to make after three hours of labor a fur cap, then it must be plain that when finished, the African would have little or no need for his, while the Icelandic would wear his the year round. Here we have an instance where exactly the same labor was performed and exactly the same commodity was produced; nevertheless, the results would be entirely different. The African's labor, satisfying no want, would be termed unproductive; while the Icelandic's efforts, for opposite reasons, would be classed as productive.

Again: Suppose this Iclander needed a pair of boots, which if he made them himself would require four hours of labor; suppose further, that he has a neighbor who is so skillful in this line as to make them in three hours and offers them in exchange for a cap. The Iclander, nevertheless, declines the offer and makes the boots himself. Now, it may be argued that the boots satisfied the same want, whether made in three or in four hours, and hence that the labor expended was thoroughly productive. This, however, is not true; the labor certainly was productive, but not in the highest degree possible. Four hours were consumed where three would have sufficed; therefore, there was a waste of the possible product of one hour. He could have had his boots and perhaps a pair of mittens besides.

From these examples may be drawn the fact that labor is not necessarily productive in ratio to actual work performed, productivity depending rather upon where, when and how energy is expended.

This leads to the question of wages. Wages are the reward of labor or the outcome of productive energy. But if wages are anything worth having they must be forms of wealth, which again according to definition, is a product of labor; therefore, wages are the product of labor, and when justice reigns one's wages are strictly in proportion to the value of one's product. From this follows that man's value as a wage-receiver does not rest upon some arbitrary figure or rate he may set upon himself, or is necessarily in proportion to any standard of living he may be accustomed to. It is, however, no uncommon thing to hear our comparatively high rate of "American wages" spoken of as though such rate had been picked out and adopted by a majority vote. If our wages are higher than those of other nations it is so simply because our labor is more productive.

A little acquaintance with ordinary business life will soon convince one that wages are determined by definite natural conditions. When a young man seeks employment the questions he is asked are not: "What will you be willing to take?" or "How much will it be necessary for you to receive in order that you may maintain a comfortable existence?" The first question that does greet him is: "*What can you do?*" When this question is satisfactorily answered then follows the subject of pay. Whenever miners or other employes petition for an increase the problem that arises in the employer's mind is whether or no their *product*, as delivered to him, is of sufficient worth to justify the advance asked; and accor-

dingly as he thinks it is or is not will his reply be framed. Kind-heartedness can have very little to do with it, for he is well aware that his own returns are also dependent upon the value of the product he places upon the market. Self-preservation will compel him to treat his men in the light of productive machines. He in turn is so considered and used by the world at large, and this is what he means when he says either "I can" or "I cannot afford it." It must be plain that if the amount of wages were only a matter of choice, limited by no fixed natural conditions, then there would be no reason whatever why we should not all vote ourselves millionaires and so have done with toil forever.

If the explanation here given concerning wages, that they depend for their size upon product, be accepted and borne in mind, then much confusion that exists in the popular understanding, brought about by such terms of double meaning as "cheap," "high-priced" and "pauper" will disappear.

The question that now comes forward is: How are wages to be increased? Or, stating it in clearer language: How is *product* to be augmented? As product is but the outcome of labor, there is evidently but one way in which this can be done, namely, some one or more of the factors that assist production must be strengthened. What are these factors? They are, first, a fertile soil and a favorable climate. And, second, man's energy as it exhibits itself in his mental and physical powers. But as soil and climate are factors, independent of man's volition and designs, the points for change must be in man himself. Therefore, to increase wages it will become necessary to either strengthen man physically or to increase his mental power and stock of knowledge. Unless a supernatural power be invoked, no other way for improvement is open.

If we analyze past events we shall find that all those human actions that have bettered the condition of mankind are due exclusively to improvement in this direction. Ages before the birth of Watt, Arkwright and Stephenson steam had the same power it now exhibits. Centuries before the time of Franklin and Faraday lightning made known its enormous force, but the human brain and power of comprehension was too feeble to even suggest the appropriation of these dreadful forces for aid. At last, however, man gained sufficiently in knowledge to remove them from the list of scourges and employ them as useful servants. Now came the opportunity for an enormous gain in wages.

Dr. Draper * tells us that: "The assertion is true that James

* NOTE.—Intellectual Development of Europe.

Watt, the instrument-maker, conferred upon his native country more solid benefits than all the treaties she ever made and all the battles she ever won. * * * The whole civilized world was revolutionized, not by the act of some mighty sovereign, or soldier, but by George Stephenson, once an engine stoker." It has been calculated that the twenty-five millions of inhabitants of England alone employ steam-power in the distribution of commodities equal to the combined power of 800 millions of men. Just think of it! Owing to intellectual growth the power with which man wrings his supplies from nature increased thirty-two fold, and this by the adoption of steam-power alone. Intellectual development has given us the telegraph, the telephone, the cotton-gin, reapers, mowers and threshers; all of which are but supplementary human muscles making possible a greatly enlarged product.

Another gain in knowledge that has helped us to produce is the advance made in all branches of science, especially medical science. There was a time, and not so long ago, when it was thought that the best and only way to improve the system was to irritate it. The means resorted to were bitter concoctions, coarse and insufficient food, prohibition of ice and water in times of fever, and a direct thwarting of any appetite or craving that might arise, also blood-letting and purging of the most severe kind. Listen to this from a standard medical dictionary about one hundred and fifty years old? A gentleman was suffering from a severe headache, the doctor was called in, and he reported: "I, being called, ordered venesection in the arms, the application of leeches to the vessels of his nostrils, forehead and temples, and also to behind his ears; I likewise prescribed the application of cupping-glasses, with scarification to his back; but, notwithstanding these precautions, he died." Compare such crude ideas with the advance as displayed in the present knowledge of disinfectants, antiseptics and sanitary conditions, by which pestilence and epidemics are held in check, and then will be understood how an improved mental capacity has aided in preserving the physical health, and hence the efficiency of the worker.

Now, whereas, these are all positive ways of adding to human productive power, there are also other ways that may be called negative, which, while not actually adding to man's capacity, yet serve a useful end by vastly economizing that which he already has. Such a way is that opened by "division of labor." The mind soon comprehended that as all human beings are not constructed alike or all localities equally productive, it was easier for some to do one

kind of work than for another to do the same thing. So individuals naturally confined themselves to that kind of labor for which they were most fitted by nature. No man now in civilized society makes his own hat, shoes and clothing, or raises his own wheat and silk while building his own house. Knowledge gained of experience taught him that by confining his energies to that labor which he was fittest to perform, and then exchanging his surplus with another who has also adopted a like course, the outcome would be *mutually* profitable.

The system of exchange so entailed is what is embraced by the term commerce, and in order that the full benefits of division of labor may be obtained it is absolutely necessary that freedom of exchange be unobstructed. It must be plain that no man would devote his time exclusively to the making of any one article unless he could exchange his surplus for those other things his wants require. Adam Smith has shown how ten workmen, by dividing their labor, can make 48,000 pins per day; whereas, if each were to make the complete pin they could make but 500. But of what use would 48,000 pins per day be to these ten workmen if they were not free to exchange those they did not need for such other articles as they did? Without freedom of exchange our modern, highly-developed system of division of labor would profit as nothing.

There is another phase of man's mental self that has undergone great change, which is of the utmost assistance in gaining wealth, though in an indirect way, and that is his moral nature. As long as people disregard the rights of others, as long as workers are subjected to robbery, as long as the results of their toil are not secured to them, so long will labor be deterred from extra effort and product fail to reach a maximum, or, as Mr. Herbert Spencer states it: "In proportion as the time of each man, instead of being occupied in further production, is occupied in guarding that which he has produced against marauders, the total production has been diminished, and the sustentation of each and all less satisfactorily achieved." It will hardly be denied that the less we disturb our neighbors, and the greater freedom they are allowed to labor and enjoy its fruits in any manner they may select, the greater will be the incentive to further effort. When, therefore, we bring about such a state of affairs as yields this feeling of security we may be sure that we are giving wages a chance to raise to their highest level.

To sum up: We see that wages are the result of the application of man's energy to natural resources, and we also see that increase

in wages is due to a greater stock of knowledge, an increased or improved physical person, and greater security and freedom in the performance of toil.

What now is the economic effect of a protective tariff?

There are certain commodities that we import from foreign nations which it is not impossible to produce among ourselves. The ruling power; now, by a majority vote places a duty upon these goods of such a severity as to practically exclude them from us. It does not directly forbid us to buy them, but it accomplishes in effect the same thing by subjecting us to loss if we do so. The purpose of this interference is to secure increased wages by procuring a "home market for home industries," preventing competition with "pauper labor," keeping the "money at home," etc., If it be borne in mind that wages vary as product, increased wages must mean increased product. The means employed to bring about this increase is a tax. It will be necessary to say right here that whether a tariff is for revenue or protection it is worded exactly the same on the statute books in either case, for example: The last famous act known as the McKinley Bill provides as follows:

"That on and after the sixth day of October, 1890, unless otherwise specially provided for in this act, there shall be levied, collected and paid upon all articles imported from foreign countries, and mentioned in the schedules herein contained, the rates of duty which are, by the schedules and paragraphs respectively prescribed."

Then follows an enormous list of articles, together with their rates of taxation. The revenue or protective nature of these duties can only be ascertained by following them out in their practical effect. Now, as a protective tax is supposed to increase wealth, one may be excused for wanting to know exactly how it does it. Let us return to our factors.

Is there by reason of this tariff an increase in man's intellectual capacity? Will there be generated a single new idea, or additional fact brought to light and added to man's stock of knowledge that would not have been current had no such tax been levied? To these questions it is hard to conceive an affirmative answer. Does it add to or preserve man's physical vigor? No! Does it refine man's moral nature? No! Does it direct labor into more productive and hitherto unknown channels? No, for these forced channels, even after they have been thoroughly entered into, are quickly deserted when the protective tariff is withdrawn. To illus-

trate, there can be but little doubt that there are at present in the United States some rich mineral deposits which if worked would yield a maximum of wages. Why do we not work them? Simply because we do not know where they are. It must be freely admitted that if some power were to point out to us their location that it would be giving a great aid to production; but does any one for one moment suppose that such a revelation would be brought about merely by the adoption of a set of resolutions or the enactment of a restrictive measure by Congress? Hardly, for no governing body is wiser than the individuals that compose it, so that any fact that is concealed from or beyond the knowledge of such individuals cannot be brought to light through the instrumentality of a majority vote. Again, suppose that the new duty on tin plate quickens that industry in the United States, what will it signify? Does it mean that we have suddenly discovered some new and valuable field for labor? Not at all, the resources of this business have long been known and figured over. "Why," it may be asked, "have they not been developed?" Because, after repeated experiments it was found that it did not pay; that is, the daily product yielded did not equal that which labor could obtain in other industries. Should, however, because of a tariff stimulus, the tin-plate manufacture become established, then it will be found that if in the future the protective tax is withdrawn that labor will again flow into other channels, just as the wool-growers are even now threatening to do whenever their tariff is but glanced at by a hostile eye; and this, too, after having been protected for over a quarter of a century. All of this goes to prove that government does not here fulfil the function of a discoverer. Does a protective tariff improve the climate? No! Does it better the soil? No, for there it is, together with its contents, just as hard to utilize, and requiring the same amount of energy for its improvement as before the tariff was enacted.

In fact, a protective tariff adds nothing of value to soil or climate; it makes man personally not a whit stronger or wiser; it gives him no greater security or freedom to move about and choose that vocation for which he is best fitted; it nowhere or in any manner betters any factor that enters into production; how then is it possible to bring forth an increased product? And if there is no increased product, how are we to receive increased wages? Can they be conjured out of nothing. Does a tax of this kind possess supernatural power? What then does this tax really do? By excluding foreign products it impedes freedom of exchange, thereby dimin-

ishing division of labor which plays such an important part in economy of toil. By wasting labor in this manner it lowers product, and hence *lessens wages*.

This is the real standing of a protective tariff as an economic factor; not only does it fail to either directly or indirectly produce wealth, but it positively hinders its creation; as an aid to production it closely resembles that ancient way of improving the system by copious and incessant bleeding. If advocates of protection instead of skimming lightly through history, picking out this or that comparatively prosperous period, and claiming it, *post hoc ergo propter hoc* fashion as due to their course, would but endeavor to point out a single new or latent productive force that has been called forth by their acts of Congress, a hesitation to initiate further aggressive conduct would probably be a result. As it is there is still extant a superstitious faith in the creative power of legislative measures. One that dates from that period of civilization when even the brightest minds believed in the "Philosopher's Stone, the Elixir of Life and Perpetual Motion." It was then universally believed that it was possible to make something out of nothing, which led to that kind of policy in public affairs of which our system of commercial restrictions is still a surviving remnant. There is, however, one thing that a protective tariff does do and that tends to delude many people, namely, by lessening economy in effort it necessitates work, and which increased amount of toil is often mistaken for prosperity. It is reasoned that to obtain wealth we must labor, therefore, the more labor the more wealth. So a busy factory is pointed out with the comment that but for the shelter of a protective tariff it would not be in existence. The fact, however, is lost sight of that it is not at all the busy factory that is wanted but that which the factory produces. If the nation can obtain this product otherwise and at a less expense, then all this extra factory work is a waste. It is not work that is wanted but the results of work. Workingmen are to-day clamoring for reduction to eight hours and not an increase to twelve hours. Wages and amount of toil as before shown do not necessarily go hand in hand, otherwise by destroying our labor-saving machinery we could increase wages. This is clearly shown by Bastiat, in his satire called the "Candle-maker's Petition." As most students are familiar with this remarkable production, only a short extract will be here given:

"Petition of the Manufacturers of Candles, Waxlights, Lamps, Candlesticks, Street Lamps, Snuffers, Extinguishers, and of the Producers of Oil, Tallow, Rosin, Alcohol, and Generally of Everything Connected with Lighting."

"To Messieurs, the Members of the Chambers of Deputies."

"GENTLEMEN:—We are suffering from the intolerable competition of a foreign rival, who absolutely inundates our national market with light at a price fabulously re-reduced. He causes our customers to leave us and our industry to become stagnant. This foreign rival is none other than the sun.

"We, therefore, pray that it may please you to pass a law ordering the shutting up of all Windows, Skylights, outside and inside Shutters, Curtains and Blinds; in a word, of all Openings, Holes, Chinks, Clefts and Fissures by or through which the light of the sun has been allowed to enter houses, to the prejudice of meritorious manufacturers. We urge the following reasons in support of our request:

"First.—If you shut up as much as possible all access to natural light, and create a demand for artificial light, which of our French manufacturers will not be encouraged by it?

"If more tallow is consumed, then there must be more oxen and sheep, and consequently we will behold the increase of meat, wool and hides.

"If more oil is consumed then we shall have an extended cultivation of the poppy, of the olive and of the colewart. No branch of agriculture but will then exhibit cheering development.

"The same remark applies to navigation; thousands of vessels will proceed to the whale fishery, and in a short time we will possess a navy capable of maintaining the honor of France. But what shall we say of manufacturers of articles de Paris? Henceforth you will behold gildings, bronzes, crystals in candlesticks, in lamps, in lusters, in candelabra, shining forth in spacious ware-rooms compared with which those of the present day can be regarded but as mere shops.

"No poor Resinier from the heights of the sea-coast, no coal miner from the depth of his sable gallery, but will rejoice in higher wages and increased prosperity. In conclusion, we would say, as long as you exclude foreign fabrics in proportion as their price approximates to zero, would it not be inconsistent to admit the light of the sun, the price of which is already at zero during the entire day?"

Here is an excellent example of confused reasoning, a mistaking of toil for prosperity. Here we see planned out an immense amount of *work*, enough to keep almost everybody busy. Yet the whole scheme must strike one as absurd. And why is it absurd? Simply because all this energy has been diverted from useful channels in order to bring forth that light which could have been obtained for nothing. It was light the people needed and not candle-makers. Every particle of this much-extolled labor was a waste, and the more industries that were generated by this artificial stimulus the greater was the loss. As erroneous as will seem the reasoning of these candle-makers, it has its exact counterpart in every petition for a protective tariff. Our statesmen like Blaine, McKinley, Reed, Morrill, Hoar and Lodge are in this respect all "candle-makers." For they tell us that by shutting out foreign tin-plate we start that industry in the United States, and thus give employment to 15,000 men (about 1-5000 of our people). These men will require food, which will furnish a "home market" for the farmer (about three hundred farmers to every tin worker). In order to convey this food to the workers more railroad capacity will be called into existence. This increased business means larger dividends and better wages for stockholders and employes, who, in turn, will be better able to patronize the butcher, the baker, the tailor, etc. Every branch of business will then be given more work and "exhibit a cheering development." Now, what is the final outcome? Merely tin-plate. But this tin-plate could have been obtained from other sources at a less cost, therefore, the nation squanders, as in a sun-tariff, all of that labor represented by the difference in cost between the foreign and the local product. Work has certainly been increased, but product, which is the real object of work, has been diminished. All wages mean labor, but all labor does not mean wages.

The more carefully that the effect of this tax upon the factors of production be examined the more readily it will be perceived that there has been but a weakening. The conclusion must follow that as an economic element a protective tariff is minus and destructive. Every industry that depends upon such a tariff for its existence is a parasite upon the productive labor of the nation.

It is a noteworthy fact that every man no matter where found, whether he upholds "protection" or not, is a "free-trader" in his own business. He buys his wares in the cheapest and sells them in the dearest market his ingenuity can discover. His whole life's experience has taught him that it would be utter folly to endeavor

to accumulate wealth on any other principle. The very existence of such a thing as a protective tariff proves that it was necessary to use pressure in order to compel him to exchange with or start an artificial "home market." Had he been left to his own ideas of business these forced institutions would have been turned a cold shoulder. If, therefore, the individual can only accumulate a maximum of wealth under guidance of this principle of freedom, how is it possible for the nation, which is only all business men, to adopt an opposite policy and hope to be successful? Where is the wisdom of a directing power which compels the nation that is all of us, to act upon a plan that would be deemed folly in each one of us? Would not this be on a par with that wisdom which while recognizing that individuals can only quench thirst by a drink of some kind, yet would, nevertheless, maintain that if the nation as a whole would only eat salt herring that thirst would be lessened? Every day's practical experience, as well as theory, strengthens the conclusion that arbitrary interference on the part of the governing power with business transactions and business instincts must retain the nature, not of a help, but of an irritant.

The price of living is toil, care and the exercise of economy and self-denial. A hard and irksome one to pay, but, nevertheless, imposed by the unyielding conditions of existence. From time immemorial man has endeavored by all sorts of devices to obtain the objects of his desires in other than the normal way of personal exertion. The old faith in the efficiency of shrine worship and in petitions for special interventions of Providence has in a large measure given place to the more modern faith in the omnipotence of legislation. It is not realized that human beings in Congress assembled have at their disposition no power other than that possessed by those men, women and children who constitute the community, and which they are at liberty to wield for themselves. Therefore, when anything goes wrong we pass a law to make it right, and if this fails to mend matters we quickly pass another on top of it, and so on *ad infinitum* always hoping that a mysterious something will take the place of our own efforts and make good our deficiencies.

In past days as now there was much poverty; then as now it was considered an evil; then as now it was thought that it could be abolished by law. It was, for example, observed that in times of famine wheat was always unfortunately high, the remedy was not a careful inquiry into the real cause of the trouble, and then extra labor and economy to counteract it, but a passing of "Maxium"

laws which decreed that no one should, under heavy penalty, sell wheat above a certain price. The result is explained by St. Just to the Nation Convention:

"The various laws that you recently passed in reference to means of subsistence would have been good if men had not been bad. When you passed the law for a maximum the enemies of the people, richer than they, bought above the maximum. The markets ceased to be supplied, through the avarice of the sellers—the *price of provisions had been lowered; but the provisions were scarce.*"

Again, owing to high prices prevalent many were forced to suffer hardships. Then it was reasoned as follows: "We cannot get food and clothing because we have not got money enough; if we only had more money all would be well." Thereupon the Sovereign ordains that henceforth a given coin instead of being worth but four quarters shall pass current for five. At another time there was made of each good coin two bad ones. Money became more plentiful, but strange to say provisions were as hard to get as ever. Everywhere there was a failure to comprehend that provisions were high because they were scarce, and not scarce because they were high. When living is dear it means that some of the factors that enter into production have weakened and not that sellers are unusually avaricious. A thousand laws and quadrupling of the currency cannot make wheat grow faster or wool on a sheep's back heavier. Our modern Republican statesmen seem no wiser than ancient ones. They as freely indulge in those schemes, which in honor of that genius who tried to avoid the climbing of a fence, might properly be termed—boot-strap legislation. Noticing that a foreign nation can place a certain commodity upon the market at a less cost than we can, and then without ever supposing that there may be some valid reason for this state of affairs, some natural circumstance that prevents our labor from being profitably employed in this line—a *coup d'état*—is at once attempted. This measure is not to trust the removal of obstacles to the good judgment and skill of our business experts, which is in fact the only force that can be effective, but there is done just what our forefathers did in the famine case—a law is passed. It is fondly hoped that the prohibition against allowing the lower-priced foreign article to enter has offset and conquered a natural inequality. As well might a physician attempt to cure a violent attack of sea-sickness by the application of a gag. Affairs have in no way been improved. That loss, the fear of which alone deterred enterprise from engaging in these "developed" pursuits, has not been cancelled. It has not

even been shifted onto the foreigner as we would be made to believe. Those cries of distress which our protective measures draw from neighboring nations cannot be cited as proof that we have bettered our own condition. The benefits of an exchange are mutual and, therefore, the loss which arbitrary interference entails is also mutual. So long as statesmen fail to appreciate that it is not in the nature of things to get something out of nothing so long will they invoke the aid of these and kindred means.

Without entering upon the ethical side of this tariff question it may be well to say that for centuries the world has been struggling for religious freedom, and in a large measure the battle has led to success. Civil freedom follows closely in the rear and is gaining ground every day. It is pretty generally acknowledged that man has claim to his own ideas of right; also, that before the law all should be equal. It cannot be disputed that that which a man honestly earns is his own to enjoy after the manner his demands for living call for. It is his and his alone and subject to no draft that does not return a strict equivalent. No persons, no matter how wise or powerful, have a right to extract it from him for experimental purposes, even though he be the intended beneficiary. He is under no obligation to pay the cost of experiments in which he voluntarily bears no hand. If we believe in religious freedom, if we believe in civil freedom, then for the same reasons ought we also to believe in industrial freedom.

MARTIN A. GEMÜNDER.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

FORGET ME NOT.

FORGET thee! though the golden bowl be broken,
 The silver cord be loosed and cast off now;
 Forget thee, though the last sad word be spoken,
 The last kiss pressed upon thy clay-cold brow,
 I'll ne'er forget thee. Years may roll on ever,
 And other joys and fears may ease my pain,
 Still in my heart thy place is vacant, never
 Shall mortal image fill that niche again.
 As in some palimpsest, the ancient script
 Shows through the later, though with pains erased,
 Still in the volume of my soul though dipt
 In Lethe shall thy name be ever traced.
 Like some poor slave, who having found a jewel,

Of tint unrivalled and of purest sheen,
Sees it reft from him by a master cruel,
I mourn the gem that once mine own has been;
Has been, but never more may be, oh thought of sorrow,
That what was once may never be again.
That day once quenched in night the longed-for morrow
Comes in such stranger guise it comes in vain.
I know now what the worm that never dieth,
The fire that is not quenched of legend means;
For in my breast that worm forever lieth,
That fire still burneth in my fevered veins.
The deep regret that having found a treasure,
More worth than purest diamond of the mine,
Betrayed by thoughtless ease or idle pleasure
I bartered for vile dross the gift divine.
And now in cold obstruction thou art lying,
Thy loving heart quite still in death's deep sleep,
While I live on, and though I watched thee dying
Must still live on, still on this dull earth creep
And eat, and drink and laugh, though that is hollow
And has not now the ring of former days;
But rest is very near; I soon must follow
Thy steps to that abyss that mortal gaze
Can never fathom, thought ne'er comprehend,
But in whose depths mysterious all things living
Had their beginning and must have their end.
The triple womb of fertile nature. Giving,
Destroying and preserving; Three in one,
That is, and was and shall be still forever,
When space is vacant and the glorious sun
Extinguished and the stars illume us never,
And earth, and sea and sky their course have run.
But while I live thine image shall be holden
Deep in my heart of hearts most sacred spot,
And till death snap the last slight linklet golden
Of life's frail chain I will forget thee not.

FRED. LYTTER.

NEW YORK.

THE VINEYARDS OF CALIFORNIA.

CRISTOBAL COLON, whose name has been Latinized for the benefit of schoolboys, into Christophorus Columbus, and afterwards barbarized into Christopher Columbus, is said to have discovered America in 1492, but the real discoveries of America have been made continuously since then, and with accelerated velocity since the United States became a nation. California was hardly discovered at all until 1849, and is only half-discovered to-day, although she produces nearly as much grain as either Illinois, Ohio, or Indiana, nearly all the gold mined, and more than two-thirds of the wine made in the United States. It will be our pleasant occupation, in which we hope the reader will accompany us, to wander through the vineyards of this noble State, and add to the discoveries which we have already achieved.

The State extends from latitude 32:30 to 42, and its climate is so tempered by the Pacific Ocean, which forms its western boundary that the isothermal line is almost continuous from the northern to the southern limit. Were this the case on the Atlantic Coast, Albany and Charleston would have nearly the same climate; whereas the difference caused by the latitudes is such that you may sit at dinner in Albany and gaze through the windows at a snow squall, while you are eating green peas and strawberries picked two days previously near Charleston. On the western side of the Coast range of mountains, which extends northwesterly or southeasterly through the entire State, frost is unknown, and oranges, lemons and figs grow as luxuriantly and safely in Contra-Costa county, thirty miles east of San Francisco, latitude 38, as in San Diego county, 500 miles to the south.

Two parallel mountain ranges traverse California, the Coast range already mentioned, and the Sierra Nevada, which curves to the west and unites with the Coast range within two hundred miles of the southern boundary of the State. The valley between these mountains is watered by the Sacramento River from the north, and the San Joaquin from the south, which empty into the Bay of Suisin, an inland prolongation of the Bay of San Francisco, within a few miles of each other at a place called Antioch. This valley is of unsurpassed fertility, and will ultimately become one of the wealthiest agricultural and manufacturing districts of the world.

In fact, aside from the mountain peaks and a small tract of sandy desert in the southeastern part of the State bordering on Arizona, there is no waste land in California, unless we include those isolated patches of ground where the processes of hydraulic mining cover level surfaces with the arid gravels of the slopes, and ruin many square acres during a long future for the sake of a single crop of gold.

Until about the middle of the present century the only grape cultivated in California was known as the Mission grape. This grape is not an original seedling; it is a Spanish grape which was brought over in 1769 by the Franciscan fathers who established the first mission at San Diego. As mission houses were created from time to time to the northward, vineyards and orchards were created with them, and cultivated by Indian labor. The Franciscan brothers were an easy-going class who had no commercial instincts, and were satisfied with a prolific and palatable table grape, and with the inferior but wholesome wine produced. The juice pressed from fresh grapes not allowed to commence the process of fermentation in the baskets, and then fermented in casks without the skins and seeds, yielded a white wine of dull character, which when treated to a rude imitation of Spanish methods, by equable temperature in dry cellars, assumed a low grade sherry type. It was indeed poor but honest. Such was the Mission grape, and such was California wine-making until after the fiftieth mile stone of this century was passed.

Before dismissing the Mission grape we will mention a single vine in Santa Barbara county. It was planted by a Mexican woman about the year 1820, and has a diameter one foot from the ground of twelve inches, its branches covering an area of 12,000 feet, and produces annually from 10,000 to 12,000 pounds of grapes of the Mission variety (many bunches weighing six and seven pounds), the crop being generally made into wine. The old lady who planted this one-vine vineyard died in 1865 at the age of 107. Here is the commencement of a hopeful induction of facts tending to prove that regularity of life, abstinence from the social excitements of the cities and the free use of wholesome wine promote longevity.

At the period when the rapidly-increasing population of California began to look about them for other sources of employment and revenue besides gold mining, vineyard cultivation and wine-making received a large share of attention. It was readily observed that in all parts of the State grapes were a sure and

abundant crop, and since where there are grapes, and the fruit is sweet all the way through from skin to seed, that is to say not sugar sweet but free from the intense acid that lurks around the seeds of all open-air grapes raised on the Atlantic seaboard, there is always possible a production of wine, and since wine is always in demand, therefore it must be a safe and profitable venture to plant vines.

The errors in this conclusion, and there are few sequiturs in human logic that are not more or less erroneous, have been largely and happily counteracted by two subsequent events: one, the opening of the Eastern markets to fresh California grapes by the gigantic railroads that connect California with the Mississippi and Atlantic cities; the other, the development of the raisin industry, which although it is not so extensive to-day as the wine industry, is yet a more positive success. These constitute a partial solace of the disappointment that awaited the California vintagers and has since confronted them with the firm and inflexible step with which the operations of natural laws invariably march to their fulfilment. Wine is a crop, and generally a sure crop; and sugar is a crop; but while the tropical sugar-planter knows with almost absolute certainty that his canes will yield a certain percentage of sucrose, which when crystallized will be homogeneous with all other standard brown sugars, and will command a fixed price, in cash, in New York, London or Hamburg, it being nothing but oxygen, hydrogen and carbon combined in certain undeviating proportions from which there is no departure, the wine-grower in new districts is wholly at sea as to what his product will be and as to what price he shall obtain for it. Grape-juice is grape-juice as to making grape-sugar, but grape-sugar being an "invert sucrose" is in limited demand; and when it comes to a question of wine, nature plays such chemical tricks with her evolved ethers and flavors that the cultivator stands aghast, both at his own ignorance, and at his powerlessness to affect the conditions that thwart his efforts to accomplish certain results.

Thus when the earlier wine-growers made their plantations, and procured from the Rhine districts cuttings of the Riesling Traminer, Gutedel and other choice varieties; and from the Côte d'Or cuttings of the Pineaud (Pinot) or Gamay, and from the Gironde Sauvignons, Cabernets, Merlots and others, not to weary the reader with extended lists of names; and from Xeres the Palomino and Ximenes, and from Oporto the Bastarde and Touriga—they had, or thought they had, reasons to expect that the wines pro-

duced from the fruit of these vines by German, French, Spanish and Portuguese skilled labor would be indeed hocks, claret, sherries and ports of good and saleable quality. The results in all cases were that the wines proved to be not only inferior to the accepted average types of the above catalogue, but on a level with the inferior "Wines of the Country," in Europe, which the lower classes consume and which never come to market.

If exception is taken to this statement of fact, the objector must bear in mind that it is made with reference to a period long since passed. We shall see before we conclude that time and effort have somewhat improved the conditions of the industry.

The results were a disappointment in all parts of the United States. A great deal had been expected from California vineyards, and the expectations had been heightened by the extravagant promises that the growers had honestly made touching the wealth of palatable wines that was soon to overspread the land and drive out the foreign vintages. Instead of these the East was deluged with hocks that had nothing in common with hock except the color; clarets that would hardly suffice for the table of a peasant of the Garonne; sherries that had no show of flavor whatever, being merely a ropy, sub-acid vinous fluid, and ports that were only port after the definition of Dr. Johnson: "Sir: it is sweet, it is black, and it makes you drunk; do you want anything more in port?"

Of course the financial results of these initial experiments were discouraging. Many of the shipments to New York barely paid freight and cooperage. When the rieslings and clarets were bottled and cased they were distributed at two dollars per case. Since no bottler can bottle, label and case wine at less than one dollar a dozen it follows that the bottlers sold the wine in the bottle at fifty cents a gallon, and must have bought it at about fifteen cents in order to make a reasonable profit. In fact the trade know very well that large quantities of California red and white wines have changed hands at about fifteen cents per gallon, although this has never been a quotable market price. But market prices of commodities which are not staple are only a phantom. The perplexities and distress of holders who press undesirable goods for sale constitute a necessity that knows no law.

A greater loss than that of money was the loss of prestige. A loss of reputation is especially fatal to wine whose value depends so much on the good will of the consumers. The pecuniary loss may have been regained, but the damage to reputation has not

yet been fully repaired, although, as we shall see, the quality and methods of sale of California wines have lately been much improved. Some estimate of the damage of reputation may be gathered from a recent article published in the *Seco*, a wine journal of this city, under date of March, 1891, relative to transactions in 1889:

"Many of our large growers, becoming discouraged at the small offers obtained for their products in San Francisco, decided to ship them East. One of the largest shipments ever made we believe was that of the Gallegos Wine Company, which amounted to about 6,000 barrels. This was a shipment of only 300,000 gallons to a market which is now consuming between three and four million. After the goods had changed hands the net return we think did not probably pay much over the freight and cooperage. Mr. ———, of ——— county, finding no market, decided to try the same experiment, and shipped between three and four thousand barrels. Accompanying his shipment to New York, he felt confident that he would have no difficulty in selling his wines from the dock, as he claimed they were of a fine grade. Not being able to dispose of his goods for several months, he placed them on commission in the hands of an importing firm who began disposing of them in small lots. Had this method been continued, the returns would not probably have netted over five cents per gallon at the vineyard.

"Another shipment of a few hundred barrels was made by a grower to a commission fruit house. Not being satisfied with the progress they made in disposing of them, he came East, employed salesmen and worked the market himself. However, he did not make much success, as the bulk of the goods were sold to a firm at a price that would not more than cover cooperage and freight.

"These experiments should clearly prove to the grower that the opening of a market in the East for his product is an extremely difficult matter. Large and indiscriminate consignments from the California grower to the Eastern dealer will always result in failure."

"The Special Census Bulletin," No. 38, issued by the United States Government, furnishes certain data as to the price or market value of American wines which truth will not disregard. The facts are thus stated, under date of March 10th, 1891:

	American Vines in Acres.	Gallons made.	Market Value of Wine per Gallon.
California.....	200,544	14,626,000	0.19
Missouri.....	11,764	1,350,000	0.66
New York.....	51,000	2,258,250	0.50
Ohio.....	33,043	1,894,833	0.56

The market price of the California vintage is not so much lower because the quantity produced is so much larger, since the total amount is a trifle compared to the production of France, and much less than our annual foreign importation, but because this wine is not esteemed and not properly prepared for sale, in a degree of inferiority and faultiness which the public emphasize by the above figures.

It is not a supposable case that the enterprise, skill and capital now in employment in wine-growing in California will rest contented with such a result as this, which would be practically a confession that a body of men possessing in the aggregate better facilities for prosecuting an industry than their rivals in other parts of the Union would rest satisfied with a return of two-fifths of the amount per gallon earned by these rivals. Much wise and earnest effort is now being directed toward a speedy improvement of this unflattering condition of things, but before we touch on such effort we will endeavor to sketch the field of grape-growing in California, so that the reader may at least grasp its outlines.

The State possesses three grape-growing districts: First, the Coast district, which lies to the westward of the Coast range and includes those counties in which, owing to the same natural causes that produced the great bays of San Francisco, San Pueblo and Suisin, the Coast range breaks off and disappears. In this district is included Contra-Costa county which lies directly east of San Francisco, and is one of the most favored garden spots of the earth, where the same field produces the best quality of wheat and of oranges. This district also contains Sonoma, Napa, Alameda, Santa Clara and Santa Cruz counties. In this district the light wines of French and German types are produced in better form than in other parts of the State as a general rule. There are exceptional instances where vineyardists in other parts of the State have made specially skilful efforts to produce, and have produced, hocks and clarets of much excellence; but our general statement is true and is endorsed by the experts employed by the United States Government to report on California vintages. In these counties the champagne grape is also said to do quite well;

a noticeable amount of natural fermentation in bottle champagne is now made here, and since champagne wine does not depend upon bouquet or aroma for its attractiveness, but mainly upon brilliancy of color, lively and enduring *petillance* and agreeable natural vinosity, we may reasonably expect valuable champagne from the Coast district.

In Contra-costa county there are vineyards now cultivated on the slopes of the Mount Diablo range, of which the soil is almost identical with that of the most fruitful portions of the Cote d'or in France; and the proprietors promise us in time a wine that shall be as good as standard Pommards and Beaunes. If their promises fail it will be because the climate forbids their fulfilment.

The second district extends from the coast range to the Sierra Nevada in the valley of Sacramento as far south as the latitude of San Francisco. This district sends to the Eastern States enormous shipments of table grapes, and it also yields brandy in large quantities. One of its counties, Tehama, although its production in 1889 was only 400,000 gallons, is considered by certain capitalists to be one of the most promising parts of the State as to champagne and brandy. It has been recently stated in the public journals that Senator Stanford has invested largely in champagne manufacture in Tehama county. This county has the largest vineyard in the world, 4,800 acres, and there were in the distillery of this vineyard in April, 1890, 300,000 gallons of brandy and 1,000,000 gallons of wine. This district also makes an excellent raisin crop, and it is among the possibilities that clarets and white wines of choice quality may be produced on its eastern edge, on the foot-hills of the Sierras. That they have not been yet produced does not defeat the rational expectation that they may be, and especially in localities where the cold of winter should be sufficient to give the vines a sufficient rest during that season, and to overcome that tendency of the California grape, on which we shall soon touch, which in the opinion of many experts will forever destroy its usefulness in the direction of an evolution of choice wine.

The third district includes the entire grape-growing fields of Southern California. Here is the bulk of the raisin crop, and this is also the home of the sweet wines, the port, the angelicas, the muscatels and the heavy brandies. Competent experts do not predict for this section a noticeable production of choice wines, but the quantity of production is enormous. A writer in *Wines and Vines* makes the statement that the vines in this district often

yield two crops in a year, of which the second is nearly equal to the first. Fresno county in 1889 made 1,200,000 gallons of wine and 626,595 boxes of raisins; Los Angeles county 1,342,800 gallons of wine and 20,000 boxes of raisins; and the value of the vineyard plant in Los Angeles county in only exceeded by that of Sonoma, which is the banner wine county of the State.

It would be manifestly out of place to mention individual vineyards in this sketch of California grape industry, and thus lay ourselves open to the suspicion of endeavoring to promote private interests. Those who wish such information will do well to address the San Francisco *Examiner* for copies of their extra wine issue of early 1890. Descriptions are therein given of numerous vineyards, some of which are the most renowned of the State, and indicate the use of large capital and enterprise.

But we think it will neither be untimely or impertinent for us in our capacity of looker-on—having no interests to serve in the direction of wine-growing or vending, being absolutely without friends to serve or enemies to punish—to state certain opinions that prevail to a greater or less extent touching the California wine industry, and which appear to be founded upon a reasonably good knowledge of facts.

One of these opinions is that the climate of this splendid district forbids the growth of a grape that shall yield a wine of delicate bouquet and possessing the aromatic ethers which give the grand wines of the world their attractiveness.

What the flavor is in a grape no one knows, and *why* it gets there in the case of a Pineaud grape, for instance, raised on one side of the Clos-de-Vougeot fence, and doesn't get into the same grape that is raised on the other side of the fence no one knows; but all chemists agree that the flavor whatever it is, and however it gets there, has its habitat in the inner lining of the grape-skin, and not to an appreciable extent in the pulp. The pulp furnishes the juice, the inner skin furnishes the ethers after fermentation.

California soil and climate conjoined, and we think the climate is the chief partner, state to the grower, inexorably, as follows: "You may bring us the Pineaud cuttings, we will give to you therefrom in a few years an abundant yield of beautiful grapes full of luscious juice; but if you ask us for the tender lining of the skin from which proceed the delicate ethers which make a draught of Romanèe Confie or Chambertin not only ravishing in its descent upon your palate, but also an after-taste of delight, we will tell you

positively that we cannot give it to you." And in this respect they have always kept their word, and we are afraid they always will.

All grapes raised in California, without exception, protect their pulp by a tough integument with an imperfect boundary of definition between pulp and skin. An expert vigneron from the Bordeaux district once summarized the conditions to us in these words: "California grapes are pretty good eating, and they grow in big bunches, but they are tough, and a tough grape makes—what shall I call it?—a tough wine!"

We are inclined to the opinion that the same solar influences which give to all tropical fruit a tough covering, witness the rind of the orange, the skin of the banana and the thorny shield of the pineapple, operate in California to rob the grape berry of its chief value as a wine fruit. And since in Cuba or Jamaica you cannot raise strawberries or Duchesse pears, or bring lettuce to a crispy white head, and since in California all the delicate foreign grapes become tough-skinned and tend to assimilate themselves to the thick-coated fruits of the tropics, why or how can we hope to change the workings of the laws of nature. We cannot say of the Sauvignons and Cabernets of the Gironde:

"Cælum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

When they change their sky, they do indeed change their very soul, that which gives up in death the ænanthic ethers—at least when they come to California.

But we do not assert that such a change must necessarily be for the worse. The same grape that yields "Hochheimer" on the Rhine, yields "Bucellas" in Portugal, and "Sercial" in Madeira. No nobler wine than Sercial has ever been known on the planet. And if a radical departure from the parent grape, caused by change of soil and climate, has resulted in the development of a richer product in one instance the same result may follow in an infinite number of instances.

Another critic in the city of New York, who passes his days in buying, selling, bottling, and now and then, as occasion demands, tasting wines, gives his opinion as follows:

"Every fruit that grows in California gets elephantiasis. The pears weigh five pounds, and never a Duchesse d'Angoulême or a Bezi-de-la-Motte among them; not even a respectable Bartlett. Where is the musk flavor? Elephantiasis has killed it. There pumpkins are as big as hogsheads, and about as worthless for the kitchen. A choice claret or sherry from California, with a bouquet, is impossible. It cannot be; and that settles it."

Although the expert from Bordeaux and the expert from Beaver street have thus shut off debate by positiveness of assertion, still we prefer to hold our judgment in abeyance, and to ask our audience for a suspension of the popular verdict as to what may or can be. That which is, is sorrowfully admitted, and the United States has written over against it in characters that are only too distinct: "Nineteen cents per gallon."

This price, however, is an improvement upon that of some former years, and enables us to believe that the wine-growers of California are adopting better methods of sale. Each estate on which wine-making is properly managed should have its distinctive brand or trade-mark, and should make certain definite and as nearly as possible invariable grades of wine and should hold them for fixed prices. In no line of industry should we hesitate to adopt the methods that successful rivals use. The French proprietors know what kinds of wine they produce, and what they are worth, and the Bordeaux dealers know, and each class knows that the other class knows; and hence prices are well established and crops once matured are good bankable assets. All California vineyardists of sufficient capital and skill can employ the same methods. There are wine-makers now in California, whom we might name were it not that it might appear invidious to specify certain names to the exclusion of others, who market their vintages under classed designations, which they are careful to maintain at paying prices.

And when this judicious system shall have been generally adopted it is to be hoped that California wine-growers will forever abandon the practice of designating their wines by the names of French or German parishes and hamlets. The State is full of attractive names of localities; its counties have as pleasing titles as the provinces of France, and its townships and estates are as euphoniously named as the parishes and estates of France or Germany. But the chief and all-sufficient reason why the proprietor of the Cresta Blanca, or the Porvenir estate should not name his wine St. Julien or Pauillac, is that it is *not* St. Julien or Pauillac, and therefore it is false and fraudulent to style it so. And in addition it is ridiculous. Said Mr. Gradgrind, "It is immoral to play the lottery." "Certainly, sir," chimed in the charity boy, Bitzer, "and besides that it's ridiculous, because the chances are against the player!" And if this is so easily true of the lottery that a charity boy discovers it, why may not an intelligent California proprietor discover that it is not only immoral to label

Sonoma claret St. Julien, but also that the chances are against the success of the fraud?

There is no such grape as a St. Julien grape, and no wine at present raised on the Pacific slope resembles the clarets produced in the parish of St. Julien near Bordeaux; and therefore when a California vineyardist labels his bottling St. Julien; or for that matter, *Mèdoc*, or *Latour*, or any other of the numerous titles conferred upon French wines, he either attempts an impossible imitation or a clumsy fraud; and no industry deserves to be impaled upon the horns of such a dilemma. How much better for the proprietor of an estate at Mount Diablo to label his wine Mount Diablo, and make it so meritorious that consumers will ask for it! When consumers ask for it, dealers will ask for it, and the price will rise to more than nineteen cents per gallon. When his wine acquires reputation he can protect his interests by a trade-mark, which he could not do while masquerading his production as St. Julien.

We are inclined to believe the statement made by the well-informed dealers, quite unanimously, that the average quality of the wine product of California is equal to that of the ordinary and unclassified growths of France or Germany. It now remains to improve on this condition to the extent that her average quality shall be equal to that of the ordinary *and* the superior growths of those countries. Whether such a result can be attained or not is a question, but at all events it should be aimed at.

With present prices, and at the present yield of grapes per acre, the latter of which cannot be greatly augmented, the income of the California wine-grower is about \$18 per acre, which is not an adequate return for capital invested in land and plant, and skilled labor, especially since the crop is not cash as soon as reaped, like wheat, but must be carefully handled during at least a year while it draws no interest and is liable to meet with injurious accidents. California wines, at home, on the basis of the values of ordinary vintages of Europe, ought to yield the grower at least thirty cents per gallon. Then they would be a remunerative crop, but not unduly so, nor disproportionately so in comparison with other crops.

California brandy deserves fuller mention than our space will allow. An enormous amount of poor brandy has been made in the State under the mistaken belief that from bad wine a good spirit could be distilled. But the State can and does produce a really good brandy; much better than the bulk of the low-priced spirits that

are imported from the Charente (France), of which a large proportion is potato spirit. Brandy production in California must be experimental as to locality during a long period to come, but when the localities are found and established, and only the best descriptions of stills are used, the results will be of high quality, and after proper age is attained will rival the choicest spirits of Cognac.

CHAMPION BISSELL.

NEW YORK.

MURDER WILL OUT.

I.

ALL was dark and silent.

The house also gave out no sound, no light. Not a window could be distinguished; the darkness seemed to wrap its dark mantle around the whole group formed by the few old oak trees, the cottage snugly ensconced under their shades and the shrubbery that shrouded the grounds around the house. Only one side, all of a sudden, sprang into life and action.

A small door near the corner of the building opened upon a few steps leading into the garden, and here, on the small platform, a man was standing, wrapped up in a large, heavy cloak, and clinging so closely to the shallow recess formed by the door that it was difficult in the darkness to make out his carefully-hidden figure. He was apparently on guard, waiting for something. At last he became impatient. He stirred, very cautiously, inaudibly. He listened with his ear pressed close to the door. Nothing! He bent his head forward to look up at the window above him.

The window gave no sign of life. But suddenly he must have heard something in the house, for he made a step forward, so as to leave the door free.

A moment later a key was softly turned in the door. The man stepped back to it, and whispered: "Amélie!"

The door opened from within. A woman stepped forth hurriedly. "At last!" she said.

She seized the man's hand and was about to hasten down the steps with him.

"One moment!" he said in a low whisper.

She paused.

He turned back to the door that had been left open, he closed it, locked it and took the key.

"Why are you so cautious," asked the woman.

"We are all the safer for it!"

"Safer?" cried the woman. "I am free! Free at last! At last! And now away! Away from here forever! For all time to come!"

She sang it out aloud; for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." She embraced the man and flew down the steps with him. A short run, and they were surrounded by dense shrubs. Here the woman once more paused, drawing a tiny box from under her shawl, and giving it to the man.

"Here, Roland! Take care of it."

"What is in it, Amélie?"

"Our little fortune. No, yours! Is not all yours? There is a small sum of money in it and a few jewels of mine."

"Amélie!" said the man, hesitating, uncertain. Her large, dark eyes flashed fire through the blackness of the night.

"You think I am a thief?" she cried, haughtily. "It is all my own. It was all my mother's, my sainted mother's! It is not even all—I had not time——"

"Pardon me, Amélie!" said the man, putting the case in his pocket. As he was moving off she held him back.

"Stop, Roland! One word before we go. Do you love me?"

"Amélie!" the man said once more, but this time reproachfully.

"You are right, Roland!" she said. "But will you always love me. Do not answer yet! Do not swear! You mean to do it, I know, and you shall do it—my Roland! You shall swear that you will love me forever and forever, that you will never, never forsake me, come what may, happen what may—but first listen to me, my Roland!"

She was excited, teeming with passion. It was a fierce, a flaming passion, and yet there was something grand, something lofty in it. Her eyes were aflame, her face deadly pale, her bosom heaving. But no woman on earth could be fairer than she was, in spite of this excitement, this passion. Thus she shone like a marvelous image of transcendent beauty in the dark abyss of the night. And the eyes of the young man hung on the beautiful woman, "Drunk with that sweet food love." Then she went on:

"I love you, my Roland, as never woman can love you again. I had to be yours, you had to be mine, for madness would have seized and conquered me. I had to leave all else that was mine in this

life, and with it him whose I was. I had to do it, for I felt I must belong to you, to you alone. I have parted with all I ever knew, or loved or hated. With him also! He sleeps—I gave him the potion. I saw him take it, gulp it down; I saw him get drowsy, until his head sank on the table and the brutal tyrant fell asleep. Oh, Roland! Roland! If he should never awake again! But now, I am yours, yours for life, yours for all eternity! And yet, my Roland! If you should ever change, ever become indifferent, ever forsake me—Roland, as I think of it, as I utter the horrible words, my heart within me breaks, my thoughts dance wildly in my head! Swear to me, oh, swear to me, that your heart shall love me unto death, beyond death! Can you swear that, my Roland? If you cannot, then let me die here and now, while you still love me, in your arms, close to your dear, dear heart! Can you—will you swear."

"I swear!" he said as calmly as he could to soothe her rising passion; "I swear I will love you unto death, as I hope there is mercy for my soul on high!"

Then the fire of her passion once more seized her.

"Man, man! How I love you! Never in this world did woman love man as I love you! Never will woman love man again as I do!"

She put both her arms around his neck; she drew him close to her and pressed her lips on his; and the young man embraced the tall, slender and yet so matchlessly beautiful woman, and his lips were burning with the same fire as hers.

"And now off and away!" she exclaimed. "We belong to each other for this our earthly life! Nothing can part us!" She said this with calm grandeur, nobly. And yet he marvelled. Could this woman with her flaming, ungovernable passion, act with true nobility of soul? But he cast off the thought indignantly. It was heresy he told himself, it was sacrilege.

They did not go out at the entrance gate to the vast cemetery in which they found themselves. The long rows of white tombstones, the only silent witnesses of their flight, seemed to stare at them with their ghastly faces, quivering in the uncertain moonlight, and the two sought out the winding paths that lay mostly in deep shade. He was watchful, for they felt they were in great danger.

She was silent. She followed the young man. Once more they walked down the ghastly avenues of white tombstones, now under the deep shade of older trees and now in the pale light of the wan-

ing moon. "Do you know where the opening in the hedge is?" she asked at last, beginning to tremble and shake with steadily increasing fear.

"I made it myself," he answered, "to get into the inclosure unnoticed and to reach you. No one but an experienced man would notice it; some large lilac bushes are overhanging it, and there is no road nor path near it. The only drawback is the time it will cost us to reach it!"

"Your arm will support me so much longer," she said, drawing closer to his side.

She smiled sweetly upon him. She even laid her arm at once into his and more firmly than before. Thus they reached the lower end, and soon the white blossoms of the lilac shone electrically in the darkness. They were the only object that could be discerned in the double shade of the trees and the clouds on high. The place was so remote from any pathway that the deepest silence reigned all around. It was an uncanny place.

They went straight up to the lilac bushes. They saw the small opening in the hedge. They listened. Not the faintest sound could be heard. It was the stillness of death.

"Come," said the young man. He whispered involuntarily. She barely heard him. They passed the lilac bushes and were standing in front of the opening.

"You are trembling, Amélie!" said the young man.

"No!" she replied; but she did tremble, only she was so excited she was not conscious of it herself.

"One moment!" he said. "It seems to me I hear a sound!"

And that very moment the stillness was suddenly broken by a fearful heartrending cry—another—and still another cry! Unconsciously the woman clung close to the young man, hardly breathing. Man as he was, and many times as he had looked death in the face, he shuddered; the blood in his veins stopped of a sudden, and his heart felt a pang of ineffable pain. Steps, flying steps were heard, and the gallop of a horse on the hard turnpike, and the cry:

"The sergeant is dead!"

At the sound of these words the woman sank moaning to the ground, and her companion was so stunned by the suddenness of the terrific blow that he stood bewildered, and for a moment did not think of supporting her. Suddenly he heard a voice near him call out his name. Who was it? Who called him? He looked, and there she stood, his love, his all upon earth and for eternity! But

surely, that was not her voice, that was not her face? Those eyes were no longer ablaze with the fire of passion! Those features were still the same, matchless in their exquisite beauty. but they had all of a sudden hardened, until they looked like a face of snow-white marble. And once more that strange voice—he could not tell, was it an echo coming from on high, or was it a sound born in the lowest depths of the earth?—said slowly, sadly:

“Roland, I must see him!”

In vain he tried all his powers of persuasion, in vain he besought her by all that was dear to her on earth, by his own dear love, if she still valued it—she would not yield! With cold, impassive voice, in hard, metallic tones, she repeated: “I must see him!” and without another word, letting go his hand which she had seized to raise herself, she made her way resolutely through the dense shrubbery, until she reached the front of the house. Here a window was standing open, and just as the two conscience-struck lovers approached it an unseen hand within placed a poor little hand-lamp upon a stand by the side of a lounge. On this hard, much worn couch, lay at full length the massive form of an old man, who was evidently every inch a veteran soldier, a man who had “made others rise before his hoary head.” The stern features, hard as iron, had not had time to relax and there was wonderful vigor yet in every limb. A pious hand had closed his eyes—those eyes that used to blaze with fierce wrath, and wilt the poor, trembling wife by his side!

She was standing outside now, her eyes riveted upon the gruesome sight. In a moment it all flashed through her mind: the trim little cottage, in which her dear old mother was living with her and an only son, whom afterwards the war devoured. Then that night, when her darling brother had for the first time brought Roland to their home, and she had at once felt in her innermost heart that her fate was sealed for life! He had come again and again, ever welcomed with a kind word by the old lady, who soon saw that he came for the one pearl of great price in her keeping, and could not but feel glad in her heart, and thankful to the Father in Heaven, who had thus sent a friend and a protector to her child for the time when she herself should be gone. Oh, the castles in the air that were built in that cosy little room around the cheerful fire, when the two women formed plan after plan in their sweet ignorance of the world, and the two more practical men would knock them over, one by one, heartily laughing at the sad discomfiture of the builders! There was but one false

note, that now and then made itself heard during these happy winter months, and this was caused by the visits of Sergeant Winthrop, a Union soldier in the war, whose valuable services, though rendered in a subordinate position only, had been rewarded by making him keeper of the great cemetery at that place. Young Roland Blennerhasset was consumed with jealousy, although Amélie had long since left him no doubt as to the state of her heart. But what was hardest to bear, was to be taunted by the old soldier, who soon saw that the two young people understood each other, and delighted in dwelling upon the young man's well known poverty. "Well, Mr. Blennerhasset," he would say to him, "when will that great factory be built for that wonderful febrifuge, which is to make you a millionaire? Has the foundation been laid yet? By the way, do not forget that eight-ounce bottle of laudanum when you come to visit us next time! My wounds hurt me worse than ever, and if I did not get some little relief by means of that precious drug I would have long since applied to the Great Commander on High to be retired from the army of living men!" Roland looked as if the event would not have left him inconsolable, but said nothing. He was for the present assisting a druggist in town to support himself while completing his studies, and hoped before the year came to a close to write M.D. after his name and to make Amélie Mrs. Blennerhasset.

But alas! there came a day, a fearful day when toward night—no one ever knew how—the pretty little cottage was found to be on fire! Roland had been sent out on a collecting tour, and strangely enough had not been heard from for several weeks. Poor, feeble Mrs. Oliver could not rally from the nervous shock and sank rapidly. Like so many proud poor the Olivers also had not many friends, and the few they had did what fair-weather friends are apt to do—left them in the day of tribulation! When Mrs. Oliver had been taken to her last resting place, and all the debts incurred during her illness had been paid, Amélie was apparently left penniless. And as "one woe doth tread upon another's heel," the same week brought a letter from a Western town stating that there was a Mr. Blennerhasset lying very ill with typhoid fever at the hospital—a charitable institution—that little hope of saving his life was entertained, and that in his lucid moments he was constantly calling upon his friends at home. It was this that made the iron enter into her soul, and when soon after reports came that Mr. Blennerhasset had succumbed, she was utterly heart-broken.

Was it a wonder that the poor, forsaken child, having no home of her own, no kinsman to appeal to, no friend near her to advise and assist her, was utterly helpless and in despair. Was it a wonder that when Sergeant Winthrop came forward and with apparent disinterestedness offered to give her a home for life and to relieve her of all trouble and anxiety, she yielded to the urgent advice and almost impatient warning of the neighbors, that she must accept him or starve, and resolutely putting away her Roland's image, sacrificed her hopes of happiness on earth upon the altar of dire necessity?

But the sacrifice was greater than even she had anticipated. The sergeant suffered terribly from some of his badly-healed wounds and from lacerated nerves; he tried to subdue the almost unendurable pain and to secure at least short snatches of sleep by drinking heavily and, later, by taking opium. Soon his temper was such that his house became a very hell on earth. He treated his wife like a slave, making her perform the lowest menial services; in his passion he would beat and brutally illtreat her, and when her health gave way he became only the more furious, and often the poor woman had to seek refuge at the neighbors' houses to save her life.

But worse was in store for her. A letter came to her from Roland! Almost by miracle he had escaped with his life, and though still too weak to travel, he wrote, complaining bitterly of Amélie's silence, and pouring out the long pent-up wealth of his affection. Ah, the bitter tears the poor woman wept! How she felt that "there is no grief like the grief which does not speak," since she could indulge in it only in the privacy of her room. How she trembled at the thought of his return, which he announced in a short time.

At last he returned to find her married, the wife of a beastly drunkard! From the first moment when he saw her as Mrs. Winthrop he had angrily told her that she must leave the man. She refused, but every time they met his will grew stronger, her power of resistance weaker and weaker. As last, when the brutal husband had one evening actually fired a pistol at her and threatened to kill both her and young Blennerhasset, the two lovers agreed that she must flee. The young man instructed her carefully how large a dose of opium she might venture to give the old man in order to put him to sleep while she was gathering her little property, and to prevent his pursuing them at least for a few hours. She had faithfully obeyed his directions, but it seemed now as if she

must have given him, by mistake, too large a dose, enough at all events to kill him!

"Roland!" she said in that cold, lifeless voice, that pierced his heart, "I am a murderess. We must part!"

He was thunderstruck.

"Now answer me," she continued, "but honestly, upon your honor, your hopes of eternal life! Can you still love her who has murdered her husband? Can she still become your wife—ever?"

The young man was himself again. "Look into my eyes, Amélie!" he said. "The stars on that nightly sky will let you read what is written there. Do you see any feeling there, any thought, save the truest, deepest, heartiest love of the man for whose sake you have risked your own life. There has been no murder here! You never meant to kill him! Confess now, Amélie, do you not read in my eyes what my words are telling you."

He looked at her, overflowing with love. She read in his eyes the fullness of his love. She gave him her hand.

"You love me, Roland, I see it and we part!"

"Part? What do you mean?"

"Give me your arm, Roland! I am the feeble woman, you are the strong man—you must support me while you can. Let us go away from this! I will tell you on the way what I mean."

She took ~~his~~ arm, but it was in a listless, mechanical way. And yet he felt that without such help she would not have been able to stand upright, much less to walk. They left the dead man, as he was lying there, on his couch. They walked slowly up the avenues of gently waving trees, and the sighing of the night air in the tall pines sounded like sweet sympathy of nature to their overwrought senses. They had nearly reached the eminence that crowned the cemetery, and as yet no response to the fearful cry had come from town.

"Tell me, Roland," she said at last, "what will be done? The man will be found. And if I am there will they not charge me with the murder? Did they not all know how he treated me?"

She paused, waiting for his answer. He could not answer! She withdrew her arm.

"We must part, Roland!" she repeated. "Part forever! You cannot marry a murderess! We have committed a great crime. Now we must make amends, and there can be but one way of making amends for what we have done. We must sacrifice our love. No! Not our love, but the happiness of our love! We love each other as we have always done. You still deem me worthy of being your

wife—and I, oh Roland! you are still to me the best, the truest, noblest man on God's earth! But we must part—part forever! Only thus can we hope to be forgiven!"

"You know not what you are saying, Amélie! The excitement has been too much for you. You have committed no crime—you are not a murderess! You never thought of injuring the old man, you only meant to make him harmless for a few hours, so that he might not pursue you while you were seeking safety in flight. And you did it all in self-defence—to save your own life from imminent danger. It was he, you know, who threatened your life, he who——"

Suddenly he became aware—he knew not how—that she was no longer at his side, that he was speaking to the midnight air. Great God! What had become of her? Like a madman he ran up and down the long avenues, not daring to call out her name, save in subdued tones; he searched every copse and every shrub; he looked behind every turn of the hedge. In vain! She had vanished, utterly vanished. No trace was ever found of her!

II.

It was a beautiful plantation, at least to Northern eyes. The house, though originally only a log house, had been so enlarged, added to, and in parts raised a second story, that it looked both spacious and thoroughly comfortable. It was overshadowed on the southern side by a group of *Pride of China* trees, with their semi-tropical exuberance of foliage and rich coloring, while on the opposite side stood one of those kings of the world of plants, a colossal live oak, the grandest and noblest of all Texan trees. The world has no more majestic tree, filling the heart with a vague sense of awe and reverence, than one of these hoary-headed giants, with its silvery scales and long beards of gray moss which centuries have added to its adornment. To the east an immense cotton field lay in the loving embrace of the *Yacinto* River, bordered in its whole graceful curve with luxuriant papaws and grotesque but imposing sycamores. Before the house the boundless prairie stretched as far as the eye could reach westward, interspersed here and there with countless islands, as the copses of wood are called, that wavered and shimmered in the hot, transparent air, and between them, heads of cattle and of mustangs. Behind the

house, half-hidden under lofty trees, stood the farm buildings and a whole village of servants' houses. Over the whole brooded deep silence, giving to the plantation a somewhat dreamy, fantastic aspect, until the charm was broken by the fierce barking of dogs, who gave warning of the arrival of strangers.

At that instant an old-fashioned, sadly patched-up chaise appeared at the outer gate—two ladies got out, one an elderly woman, who with the skill of long practice unrolled a lasso that was wound around the horse's neck, and with deft hands forming a running knot, tied the animal to the post especially intended for the purpose. She was followed by a younger lady, very modestly dressed, with a broad-brimmed straw hat which overshadowed and partly concealed her features. So much only could be seen that she was young still and fair, but wore an air of ineffable sadness and deep melancholy. The new arrivals, in almost unbroken silence, walked slowly up the straight walk, formed of pounded oyster-shells, and lined on either side with bananas, orange and lemon trees, until they reached a second gate opening upon a kind of court-yard, full of poultry of rare kinds. As they opened this gate it set a bell in motion, and instantly an old, gray-haired servant appeared in the house door. He seemed to know the visitors, for he came down to meet them in great haste, and with profuse bows and civil speeches, invited them to "walk in and rest themselves."

The younger of the two ladies nearly fainted as she entered; she sank upon a chair, but stimulants were at once offered, and when the Alcalde, as the master of the house was universally called, entered the room, she had sufficiently recovered to return his cordial greeting and to accept his urgent invitation to spend the day at his house.

"My dear friend has not been quite well of late," said Mrs. Florence, the elderly lady, "and when I heard of your excursion to-day, I persuaded her to give the children a holiday and to come with me to join you in your picnic!"

"And certainly nothing more acceptable to all of us could you have done, than to come yourself and to bring our young friend, dear Mrs. Florence," said the old gentleman with grave courtesy. But the invalid could only look her thanks—which she did with such matchless sweetness of manner and such heartfelt gratitude in her eyes, that the Alcalde felt richly rewarded. Again he wondered, however, what could be the secret that kept this woman endowed with rare beauty, with uncommon grace of manner and a mind evidently well stocked with knowledge, in a state of

unbroken melancholy? In vain had her many friends, in vain had Mrs. Florence, in whose house she had now lived for years as governess, tried to fathom the secret. That there was a dark shadow cast on her life by some tragic event was easily seen, but although she had won the love of all and the reverence of those who knew her best, she had never yet raised the veil that covered her past.

"Pray, oh pray, do not ask me!" was the only prayer she returned when questioned about her former husband and her antecedents.

This reticence, combined with the fact that Mrs. Lismore, as the young widow called herself, received no letters, had at first created much doubt and even some suspicion. This part of Texas, almost entirely settled as yet by Mexicans, and only here and there showing signs of American immigration, had in its earliest days enjoyed no enviable reputation. So many fugitives from justice, so many lawless characters had at one time sought refuge at this place, which offered them a ready escape into the Mexican territory across the Yacinto River, that every newcomer was looked at with suspicious eyes. This had been Mrs. Lismore's fate also, in spite of very flattering testimonials which had been sent to Mrs. Florence by the principal of the most fashionable Ladies' School in New Orleans. There was, however, a charm about the fair widow which captivated all and promptly changed men and women alike into warm admirers. She was so wondrously unselfish, ever thinking of others and their well-being, and so conscientious in the performance of all the duties she had once assumed, that everybody, old and young, learned to love and to respect her.

But alas! all the love and all the attention she received seemed to be unable to dispel the clouds of deep sadness that constantly overshadowed her sweet face! As long as others demanded her attention she was all eagerness to show her sympathy and to render assistance; but as soon as she was left to herself she fell back into a state of deep melancholy, and many a time she was surprised by the merry children or friendly visitors in some remote retreat, where she was sitting alone with her mysterious grief and seeking relief in floods of tears.

And the worst of it was, that Time, instead of soothing her grief, seemed only bent upon increasing it, until "sorrow concealed did burn the heart to cinders." She was apparently succumbing to the burden she could neither cast off nor learn to bear in humble submission. It was this which made Mrs. Florence less surprised

than she would otherwise have been, when once her unceasing friendly efforts to coax Mrs. Lismore into confidence were suddenly met with the declaration that she had determined to make an open confession of her guilt and pay the penalty. She implored her thunderstruck friend not to thwart her, but, as a true friend, to assist her in thus recovering her long-lost peace of mind. When the first amazement was over, the two ladies settled upon the only feasible plan by which this extraordinary fancy could be gratified. Mrs. Florence drove over to her life-long friend, the judge of the local court, here generally known as the Alcalde, who, after long hesitation and with the utmost reluctance, at last gave his consent to the proposed plan. It was in consequence of this arrangement that the two ladies had to-day come to his hacienda.

When they entered the door of the hospitable house they were surprised to find a number of men assembled within. A most extraordinary group of men it was, white, yellow and black men, while without stood all kinds of steeds, from the three-quarter bred of the Alcalde, to the puny little *burro*, on which his youngest child, a lad of nine, was proudly seated, and of dogs such a selection as no dog-show in Madison Square Garden in New York could have easily equalled. Mrs. Florence watched with great anxiety the effect which this, her first outing, would have upon the fair widow. At first those classic, impassive features remained unmoved; she gazed with shy, almost fearful eyes at the strange men, and visibly shrank from the encounter. And when with inbred courtesy, upon the Alcalde's rising to welcome his fair visitors, the whole assembly arose with one impulse, the shock was too great and she sank fainting into her companion's arms. Of course all was at once done that human ingenuity, prompted by the warmest, kindest sympathy, could suggest to restore her and to prevent any bad effects.

But once more the sufferer refused to give any explanation. All she would say in reply to her friend's anxious questions and prayers was, that now more than ever she felt she must make a public confession, that people might see what a sinner she was and on whom they had lavished their kindness.

"But, my dear, dear Mrs. Lismore, what can you mean? You are as pure and innocent a woman as ever lived!"

"You may be sadly mistaken in me, dear friend," was the reply. "The burden of my sins is literally intolerable to me. I can bear it no longer. I feel in my innermost heart that I shall never have

peace on earth until I have openly done penance. I feel all the time that I am an impostor!"

"But, dear Mrs. Lismore, how can you cherish such sickly, unnatural thoughts? Who is as universally loved as you? Who as deeply respected?"

"And yet, that is exactly my misfortune. I feel how unworthy I am of all this kindness. If they knew all they might think very differently—even you, my dearest, greatest friend, might shrink from me and shudder at having confided to my care those precious, dear children of yours!"

"You are too excited now by the horrid scene we were forced to witness. Try to lie down and rest awhile. After that things will look different, and you will abandon, I trust, your somewhat fantastic project!"

"Never, dear Mrs. Florence, never! There is no way, I am convinced, in which the burden can be taken off my shoulders, but by an open confession made before God and man. Of God's forgiveness I have a sure and perfect hope, and it may be, that men also will forgive me. But the Avenger! Alas! He will pursue me to the brink of the grave, I feel it—he is unforgiving——"

"But, my dear Mrs. Lismore, who do you think is this Avenger, as you call him. You must surely know that there is no such person, that he is the mere creation of your over-excited imagination!"

"No indeed! I wish it were as you say! God knows what a relief it would be to my heart, could I think so. But ever since you sent for me, and have made my life in this beautiful country as happy as it can be for one like me, he has haunted my steps by night and by day! I see him everywhere, morning and evening, winter and summer, on foot and on horseback. Even to-day, while I was shuddering at the awful scene we were made to witness, I saw him near the trunk of that dreadful tree, looking at me with those wistful, tearful eyes of his, as if my sight caused him the greatest, the most heartfelt distress!"

"And how does he look. Like one of us, or like a Northern man—or perhaps like a being from another world?"

"How can I tell? He never comes near me! He wears a Mexican sombrero that overshadows his face, and a poncho that hides his features. A heavy black beard conceals the lower part of his face, and completely baffles any effort to discern his features! But now, dear Mrs. Florence, please go and rest, and then beg the Alcalde to do what he kindly promised—to assemble a jury

of trustworthy men, to whom I can make my confession, and who may decide if I may continue to live here or must seek a new home."

Her kind friend promised to do so, and as soon as their host returned from the picnic she conferred with him about the strange wish. After a long and anxious consultation the two agreed that after all—even if it were only the offspring of an overwrought nervous system—it might be better to humor the poor woman, and thus perhaps to restore her to health and to happiness.

At the appointed hour a strange crowd began to assemble in the large sitting-room of the hacienda. Men, mostly in hunting shirts, firmly knit and well-seasoned figures, looking solemn and almost defiant, all armed with rifle, revolver, and old-fashioned bowie-knife, with the half-horse, half-alligator profile of the early Kentuckian, and a strong addition of thunder, lightning and earthquake. Those were still the men who a generation before had rested Texas from the hands of the Mexicans. There was something imposing in the quiet dignity with which they threw the bridles over their horses' necks, cast their hawk's eyes upon everything, while they affected not to notice anything. After awhile the Alcalde came into the room, and shaking hands with them all, he invited them to the sideboard, where a substantial and very tempting luncheon had been laid out, with an abundance of decanters, bottles and tumblers.

Now only it became clear that these men were considerable personages in their way, the members of the *ayuntamiento*, or district court, of San Felipe; two were *corregidores*, one *procurador*, and the others simple *buenos hombres*, or good men, owners of a landed estate. Solemnly and silently they stood around in a circle, while the Alcalde was briefly explaining to them the purpose for which they had been called together. With wonder in their eyes, they looked at each other, but only nodded when he had finished.

Then they silently filed out of the room. At the door stood a servant who offered to all who chose a last stirrup-cup, and then they mounted their horses and set out on their strange errand.

The place chosen for the purpose was visible afar off, in the vast, almost boundless prairie. It was one of those gigantic live oaks, so characteristic of that part of Texas, and so grand in its matchless proportions as to have earned far and near the name of "The Patriarch." And a real patriarch in the kingdom of plants it was, producing even at a distance, a feeling of awe, a sense of mournful majesty in all who beheld the monumental mass of

foliage. For this colossal marvel of nature had nothing of common plants about it, the huge fabric seemed to belong to a higher, a supernatural world. Many hundred feet in circumference, this immense mass of vegetation rose to a height of a hundred and fifty feet or more, showing neither trunk nor branches nor leaves, but millions of whitish-green scales with countless long beards of silver. And this uncouth monster shone in subdued splendor under the protecting shade of hosts of long streamers, slowly waving too and fro, as if belonging to so many hoary heads, brooding deeply over thoughts too deep for man. These pendants of lustrous moss hung in such vast masses, some forty feet long, around the trunk that several men had to get down and with their machetes cut the mossy beards asunder to open an entrance. As the men entered one by one the immense, cathedral-like space within, a sense of deep awe and fluttering terror fell on them all. The bright sunlight of the prairie could but faintly pierce the dense foliage and the masses of moss; besides the rays of the sun entered in red and green, in blue and yellow hues, as through the stained windows of a medieval cathedral. All stood in silent admiration, gazing at the gigantic trunk in the centre that rose some forty feet in unbroken grandeur before it sent out huge branches to enormous distances, and trying with a great effort to pierce the dim twilight in which the whole interior seemed to be shrouded. But all of a sudden they were recalled to the stern realities of the world by a faint and confused murmuring that rose from the other side of the mysterious structure. The Alcalde frowned and dispatched a messenger to clear the inside of the mysterious hall. Then at a gesture of invitation the men once more arranged themselves in a circle silently and solemnly, lit their cigars and waited. All that was done was perfectly simple and informal, and yet there was a certain dignity, a kind of patriarchal grandeur about them, which was almost imposing. After a pause, and looking around in the dim twilight, he began:

"Men!"

"Squire!" came the reply.

"*Hombres!* We are assembled here for a purpose, so strange and so remarkable that in the annals of our courts there is probably no case like it on record. A person comes to us voluntarily, free as the air we breathe, offers to go to prison and asks to be tried by us for—murder!"

"Murder!" echoed twelve voices.

"I said murder," continued the Alcalde, unmoved; "and—which makes the case more remarkable still—murder by the hand of a woman!"

"A woman?" repeated the twelve again.

"I said a woman! I have refused to hear the story, for my sake, for your sake, *hombres*, for we are simple folks out here, far from cities and city ways; we can hardly conceive such a thing as murder committed by a woman. But I have been pursued, and urged and prayed, by day and by night, until I could not excuse myself any longer, and had to yield. This woman—I must first of all tell you—this woman, who talks of having killed a man, has won the hearts of old and young, of rich and poor, of every living soul, in fact, in these *sitios*, and all seem to be anxious to please her and let her do as she pleases. And I can assure you, *hombres*, when she came herself to see me, old, hardened sinner as I am, I felt the tears run scalding hot down my old cheeks that had not seen any since I lay a baby in my mother's lap, she just turned my heart inside out, until I had promised to do all and everything just as she wanted!"

"And what is it just that she wants?" asked one of the brighter-looking men.

"If I understand her right—for women have always been a peg above me—she wants to make, in open court, a frank and full confession of something she says she has done, and we are to tell her, after that, if she may or may not continue to live in our midst!"

"*Caramba!* Did you ever hear such a thing?"

"Only a woman could hatch such an egg!"

"My daughter Carmencita told me the Yankee school-ma'am was possessed!" added a third of the members. "But that beats all I ever heard!"

"I will beg you to bear in mind, Colonel Whyte, that the lady, so far from being a Yankee, is of good Virginia blood—none better in the 'Mother of Presidents'—and that we are not in the habit of calling well-bred and refined ladies school-ma'ams."

"All right, Judge! No harm meant! I make my apologies to whomsoever they be due!"

After this little by-play all was silence again. The men smoked and chewed—all looked anxious. Men who had been at the Alamo and at Goliad, who had faced death many a time without shrinking, now sat like statues, bracing themselves for the strange duty they were asked to perform.

Two shadowy figures, both dressed in black, glided into the room almost inaudibly, and at a sign from the Alcalde took the two chairs by his side. One was Mrs. Florence, the wife of Gen. Florence, the great Austin's nephew, and one of the leading men of the State. The other, deadly pale, and evidently in a state of high nervous tension, was her unhappy friend, Mrs. Lismore, who had innocently become the cause of this weird assembly. The men looked at her with sharp, piercing glances, but stealthily, taking good care not to be caught in their efforts to read that marvelously beautiful face.

"Mrs. Lismore," began the Alcalde, with a slightly unsteady voice, and speaking with an effort, "you have wished to see us; officially we are ready to hear what you may desire to tell us."

The widow, an image of grief and deep suffering, timidly seized her friend's hand, as if to draw strength from her presence, and spoke thus:

"Gentlemen, I wish you to advise and to judge me. I have committed murder—" Here her voice sank so low that only those nearest to her could hear her. "And the burden of my crime has become unbearable to me. You have all been kind to me—never did child have a sweeter mother than I have found in dear Mrs. Florence, never have grave and reverend men been kinder to a poor little woman than you have been. But the greater your kindness was, the more deeply I felt my unworthiness. My conscience tortures me, giving me no rest by day or by night. I can neither eat, nor drink nor sleep in peace. I am an impostor, a cheat; my life is a lie! This must come to an end, or I shall lose my mind!"

She paused, and all, carefully avoiding to look at her, waited in silence for her to continue. As she sat still, her head resting on her friend's shoulder, the judge at last said: "Would it relieve you in any way to tell us how you came to—to act as you did?"

"Thanks, Judge! You are truly kind—how shall I ever thank you as I ought to do? My sad, sad story is very simple: I was a mere child, barely sixteen, when God called my father to Him, to come home. He left mother and myself alone and almost helpless in the world. Poverty was added to our sorrow, and we suffered as only those can suffer who have known better days and are ashamed to beg. My poor, dear mother succumbed, and I was left alone in the world. What I then suffered no words can express. I felt as if I had been forgotten by God, and forsaken by man. Those days passed as a dream, and when I awoke I found myself the wife of an old man, whose life had been

spent in the ranks of the army. The wounds that bore evidence to his valor in the late war had procured for him the well-paid place of keeper of one of the larger cemeteries of the United States army. But they had also impaired his health to such an extent that he drank and took large quantities of opium to deaden the pain. This unfortunate habit undermined his temper; he became tyrannical, brutal, unbearable. God knows that I tried my best to serve him and nurse him as a faithful wife—but it was all in vain. My sufferings grew, until self-preservation seemed to demand that I should try to escape. A friend, whom God had sent me in this emergency, prepared everything for my flight. He consulted two physicians as to the strength of a dose of laudanum that Mr. Winthrop might take with impunity, used as he was to the drug, and procured me the phial. All went well until the last moment. I wanted to take one more last look at the house in which I had so grievously suffered. The window to the sergeant's room was open. I looked in and saw—! He was dead! The dose had probably, after all, been too strong for him! I had killed him! Once more there came days that were a dream, until I found myself thousands of miles away from any home I ever had, but, thank God! usefully employed, and surrounded by such love and affection as but rarely falls to the lot of man! But oh! my friends, my conscience! my conscience! There is a worm that ever gnaws! There is a voice that ever cries: 'Thy husband is dead! Dead by thy hand!' And there is that gruesome, weird shadow that ever pursues me! Out on the prairie I see him, Sundays and week days, at church I see him! When I am alone I see him afar off; when I am surrounded by friends he is watching me! It is the dead man's avenging shade I am sure. He is unforgiving. He is hunting me into my grave. What, oh what can you do for me I ask you, to let me expiate the horrible deed; to be once more at peace with myself?"

"And your friend, who had aided you in your flight?" asked the judge.

"I have never seen him again. When the—the thing happened we agreed we must part. We did part, and have never met since."

At that instant a great commotion was heard at the outer door. Several men on horseback were dashing up through the garden on that side of the house, and as the servants rushed out to take their horses and bid them welcome, loud voices were heard eagerly asking questions and receiving but confused answers from the

astonished negroes. One voice seemed to dominate the others, and Mrs. Florence noticed that when its masterful tones first fell upon their ears in the sitting-room the poor little woman had convulsively started and trembled all over.

The Alcalde was on the point of rising, when one of his servants entered and handed him a note accompanied by a small package of papers tied together with unmistakable official red tape. Solemnly he opened the letter, read it, and with radiant joy he looked at the widow.

"Mrs. Lismore!" he said, in a voice of great sweetness and deep feeling combined. "You believe in God, and know that his wisdom is above our knowledge as the heavens are above the earth! Almost presumptuously you have complained to us, your friends, that He has laid a burden upon you which is intolerable; you have even rashly hoped that death might come and end your troubles. Listen now, and hear how He has done all things wisely and well! This letter just received by a common friend of ours, brings the news that your former husband, Sergeant Abraham Winthrop, of the Grand Army of the Republic and keeper of the United States Cemetery at Passamaquoddy, did not die until two years, six months and ten days after you had left him! When he was reported dead, and the rumor terrified you so that you left the house and the country, he had taken an overdose of laudanum, but recovered after a few hours. But, great God!" he suddenly interrupted himself; "What is the matter?"

Mrs. Lismore had gently and without uttering a sound sunk to the ground, fainting. Her friends and Aunt Dinah, Mrs. Florence's maid, who had accompanied her mistress mainly from curiosity, were at once busy chafing her hands and bringing her to again. Fortunately happiness never kills, and she was soon able to listen again, while the judge repeated the precious words, and thus relieved her of her burden in a manner for which she was little prepared.

"Mrs. Lismore," he said, when he saw that she had fully recovered, "if you will be pleased to step into my office you will find an old friend there I am told, the gentleman who sent in these papers!"

With beating heart and vague wonder she did as she was bid, and there literally fell into the open arms of Roland.

"My Amélie at last!" he cried and held her close.

"Was there ever such bliss known upon earth and vouchsafed to a poor mortal being?" she asked herself. "Can I really find a

resting place at last with him I love, and no sin or sorrow shall ever sever us again."

"At last, at last, my own, my Amélie!" he repeated again and again. "If you knew how I despaired when you fled from me so suddenly! But the Almighty put my despair to shame, by showing me that He still cared for me. First came that money which my old uncle, whom you knew, left me so unexpectedly, and which enabled me to devote my whole time to the search after my darling fugitive. Then, one by one, came little trifling notices which put me on your track, now here, now there. At the same time the money helped me to ascertain all the facts and to secure the proofs of your innocence, when I had at last discovered your hiding-place in this remote part of the world; for never did mischievous will-o'-the-wisp lead human being more provokingly about than your new name did me, on a wild goose-chase, over well nigh the whole Union!"

"And when you had found me, my Roland——?"

"Then I suffered new agony, seeing you daily and yet not venturing to show myself, watching over you by day and by night, while I had to remain unknown!"

"What, Roland? You were the 'ghastly form, cheering the hounds of conscience to their prey?' You the avenging shade of the murdered—and yet living—sergeant? Why you dear, dear Roland, will you ever be the same dear old Roland to me you were at home?"

"Yes, and something more my darling," he whispered into her ear. "Your Roland and if God wish, your husband."

META DE VERE.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

LONGFELLOW'S CRITIC.

IN the March number of BELFORD'S MAGAZINE there are two papers, each of which suggests, in its own way, the familiarity of the author with the writings of Edgar A. Poe.

The story entitled "The Tree of Death" will at once remind an admirer of Poe of that most imaginative and powerful tale "The Fall of the House of Usher;" not that there is in the former anything at all in the line of servile imitation of manner or style, or that the stories are, in construction or plot, in the smallest degree similar, the resemblance is indistinguishable, and proves merely, to the careful reader, that the author of the recent really admirable story is a faithful admirer and student of the author of "The Raven."

The other paper to which I refer is the article headed "The Poet Longfellow." The present writer was a "Harvard boy," and among my most vivid memories of those early days are the glimpses I had of that famous poet and professor. My recollections of Longfellow as an instructor are slight; I recall but two occasions when I came directly into his sphere as a teacher; it is as, perhaps at that time, the most eminent citizen of the old university town that I chiefly recall him.

Especially do I remember at this moment an occasion of historic interest in which the famous professor of *belles-lettres* at Harvard was a prominent figure.

I refer to the official and popular reception of Charles Sumner, on his return from Washington, after his narrow escape from instant death at the hands of the brutal and drunken P. S. Brooks. It will be remembered that this was a demonstration in which the aristocracy of Boston—especially its mercantile magnates—took neither interest nor active part.

As the procession, with its brilliant military escort, passed through Beacon street, it was greeted only with tightly-drawn blinds and significant silence. The people, however, of the Northern metropolis received their great Senator with acclamations as sincere as they were vociferous, and the literary culture of "the Modern Athens" was represented in the long array by more than one of its most famous devotees. Among them I recall with pecu-

liar distinctness the figure of the Cambridge poet, then in the prime of life, and at the height of his renown.

Mr. Longfellow rode alone in his own open carriage, or *barouche*. He was elegantly—even fashionably dressed; his chestnut hair, and full side-whiskers—the latter tinged deeply with red—even carefully arranged, and his face fairly beamed with satisfaction at the honors heaped on the head of his old friend, the junior United States Senator.

The next public occasion on which I saw Longfellow was on the memorable 23d of May, 1864, at Concord, Massachusetts, when the most illustrious company that ever—in America at least—gathered about the bier of departed greatness, followed Hawthorne to his quiet grave under the murmuring pines of Sleepy Hollow.

Alas—how great the change! The chestnut locks white as snow; the flowing, snowy beard and deeply wrinkled face, showing all too plainly the inroads and ravages of bitter sorrow, rather than of age.

That was well-nigh twenty-eight years ago, and it is a full decade since the poet, dear to unnumbered households and hearts, joined his college-mate, and a host besides of loved ones passed on before on the further side of the mysterious river.

It is indeed true, as the critic of whom I write says, that: "Of the dead one may speak regardfully, yet freely;" it is my purpose here, in few words, to inquire if our critic has spoken altogether fairly.

It would be manifestly unjust to accuse him of either the malice or the bitter envy which are such conspicuous elements in many of Poe's characteristic attacks on his literary contemporaries, especially in the case of Longfellow. The writer in BELFORD's is far from being either abusive or intentionally unjust in his critical judgments; yet there is, running through the entire paper, an unmistakable suggestion of the brilliant author of the "*Literati*." Did my mind run at all in the direction of the hazard of the wager, I would venture something on the chance that the author of the Longfellow article in question is at home somewhat south of Mason and Dixon.

Our writer opens his decorous assault on the New England poet with the declaration that we often "*encounter conventional poems, some of which catch the ear, but fail to nourish the understanding*;" and he especially instances, "The Rainy Day," "The Psalm of Life," and "The Lifting of Peter;" and adds that "*verses like Catawba wine read unlike poetry and resemble newspaper advertisements*."

It is not by any means necessary to agree with the writer in this somewhat dogmatic expression of personal opinion in order to thoroughly disbelieve that the highest mission of poetry is to "nourish the understanding;" is it not rather to give most effective and appropriate expression to thoughts and images of beauty? But apart from that, I think many readers will agree with me in the belief that, with all their simplicity and lack of decorative imagery, there are few stanzas in the language that have appealed more directly and beneficently to sorrowing hearts and struggling lives, than these two youthful poems: "The Psalm," and "The Rainy Day."

As regards the familiar lines in the former, quoted by our critic:

"Still like muffled drums are beating, etc., etc."

And,

"Art is long and time is fleeting."

To suppose for a moment that so accomplished a classical scholar as Prof. Longfellow was unaware of the fact that these ideas and images were embodied in various languages, by many authors, long before his day, is absurd; and it is greatly worse than ridiculous to believe that our poet could by any probability have attempted to foist them on the reading public as his own. A far more national, as well as charitable theory is thus expressed by Mr. Lowell: "*How pleasant it always is to track poets through the gardens of their predecessors and find out their likings by a flower snapped off here and there to garnish their own nosegays.*"

It is, perhaps, a little late in the day to quote Miss Fuller's literary judgments, and as regards Poe's brutal allegations of overt and dishonest plagiarism, the warmest admirers of the latter are content, when they approach the subject of his literary criticisms, to admit with a sigh that he may have been a little luscious and a trifle erratic, and so resign him to the tender mercies of Dr. Griswold.

It is interesting to trace the varying tastes and tendencies of the readers of poetry—of prose too, as to that—as evinced in their differing and often discordant comments and criticisms thereon. Thus, in the "Wreck of the Hesperus," one of Longfellow's early ballads in which countless readers have found abundant sweetness and pathos—our critic straightway discovers occult resemblances to certain negro melodies and to Dr. Holmes' droll story of the "Fisherman's Daughter." This, however, is rather a matter of taste than of serious critical review.

The reader of the article in BELFORD's will perhaps be somewhat surprised to notice after all the poems selected for criticism are from the very earliest of Longfellow's published volumes. To this "The Bells of Lynn" may be a single exception, wherein the only line adduced for judgment is most evident quotation from the Psalms which calls upon the floods to "clap their hands," so it is really David's image and not the modern poet's to which our reviewer objects.

Moreover, it is scarcely in any instance that any more important subject of critical denunciation is offered than the simple fact that the critic personally disapproves many of the poet's comparisons and figurative utterances; really, after all, only a difference of opinion between Prof. Longfellow and Mr. Weidemeyer. I cannot help believing that a large majority of the lovers of the old poet and his sweet and wholesome verse will continue to put their poetic faith in their old friend, despite the homely simplicity of some of those youthful stanzas.

It is to us that in Longfellow's voluminous writings there are many instances of faulty rhyming, and the same is true of every great modern poet in the English language; perhaps no other of our own illustrious singers has been so persistently addicted to this error in construction as Mr. Whittier; even Tennyson himself is far from perfect in this regard. In one of the noblest poems in "Demeter"—recently published—*North* is made to rhyme with *forth*; and *warms* with *alarms*; it is fair to say, however, that the poem, "The Progress of Spring" was written some fifty years ago, although but recently published; but many of the Laureate's later productions are open to the same charge. I think we must all agree that these are a multitude of constructive misdeeds and metrical short-comings far more serious and blameworthy than any ever laid at the door of him—

"Whose famous name, than Homer's heroes worse,
Spurns the smooth harness of heroic verse."

Here is the critic's latest, and doubtless most serious dictum:

"Our poet's gravest error lies in this, that he has not at all times been sufficiently self-exacting or patient to await the coming of his muse."

I think our critic's "gravest error" in his paper in BELFORD's is this: in a somewhat severe criticism of Longfellow—often sufficiently just, also often trivial and manifestly unjust—the writer has, as we have seen, confined his strictures exclusively to the

poet's youthful or early productions, a fact which he leaves the reader to discover for himself.

We can, however, pardon him much in view of the fact that he has brought to our notice two or three lovely poems, written by Longfellow years ago, and buried hitherto in the columns of old magazines and annals.

Despite Longfellow's wide and enviable popularity—in England no less than in his own land—even his illustrious friend and college-mate, Hawthorne, would never have employed in reference to him the term implied to Tennyson: "This one great poet." There is scarcely in the annals of American song anything more touching than the characteristic verse wherein the author of "Evangeline" lays at the feet of the great English singer the tribute of his own honest admiration and fealty:

"Not as a knight, who on the listed field
Of tourney touched his adversary's shield
In token of defiance, but in sign
Of homage to the mastery which is thine
In English song."

Yet, after all, is it not a great thing—possibly the greatest—to stand acknowledged the best—beloved among contemporary masters of English verse? And this amiable and enviable distinction the Cambridge poet may fairly claim as his own.

Our poets, like our writers of prose, are many, and their gifts are diversified and varied, but to how few among them all may we fairly attribute the divine endowment of genius! It is scarcely too much to affirm that in this regard the author of "The Minister's Black Veil," and the "Scarlet Letter," in degree at least, stands alone.

In the voluminous writings of Longfellow there may be occasional gleams and glimpses of the "flame divine;" but let it suffice to claim for him the high distinction that he, of all our poets, best knew how to incarnate in sweet and musical verse our common aspirations, and loves and hopes, and was thus pre-eminently the people's poet.

IRVING ALLEN.

NORWICH, CONN.

ONE OF MY WAR ADVENTURES.

ABOUT February 1st, 1863, I began operating on the out-posts of the troops belonging to the defence of Washington that were stationed in Fairfax and Loudon counties, Virginia. I had with me a detachment of fifteen men from the First Virginia Cavalry, which Stuart had allowed to go with me while his cavalry corps was in winter quarters. As I had camped several months in Fairfax the year before, and done picket duty along the Potomac, I had acquired considerable local knowledge of the country. By questioning the prisoners I took, separately and apart from each other, I had learned the location of the camps and the headquarters of the principal officers. I had been meditating a raid on Fairfax Court House, where I knew there were many rich prizes, when fortunately Ames, a deserter from the Fifth New York Cavalry, came to my command and supplied all the missing links in the chain of evidence. Whenever we made any captures the prisoners were sent under guard to Culpepper Court House, where Fitz Lee was stationed with a brigade of cavalry. Stuart was then in the vicinity of Fredericksburg. I have heretofore related the affair with Major Gilmer and the first Vermont Cavalry, which occurred on March 2d. As it was necessary to make a detail from the men serving with me to guard the prisoners that were sent to Culpepper, I had to wait several days for them to return before undertaking another enterprise. Gilmer's expedition into our territory had been so disastrous that the Union cavalry seemed to be content to stay in camp and let us alone. On the afternoon of March 8th, the anniversary of the day that my regiment (First Virginia Cavalry) had the year before crossed Bull Run as the rear guard covering the retirement of Johnston's army to Richmond, twenty-nine men met me at Aldie, in Loudon county, the appointed rendezvous. My recollection of events is refreshed by my report to Stuart, written three days afterwards, which is printed in the official records by the Government. I did not communicate my purpose of making a raid on the headquarters of the commanding general at Fairfax Court House to any of the men except Ames, and not to him until we started.

The men thought we were simply going down to make an attack on a picket post. It was late in the afternoon before we left

Aldie. There was a melting snow on the ground with a drizzling rain. All this favored my plan. The darkness concealed us, and the horses treading on the soft snow made very little noise. We started down the Little River turnpike which runs by Fairfax Court House to Alexandria. From Fairfax Court House another turnpike runs easterly by Centreville, seven miles distant to Warrenton. At Centreville there was a brigade of infantry with artillery and cavalry. This was the extreme out-post. From Centreville there was a chain of out-posts extending in one direction, by Fryingpan, to the Potomac; and to Union Mills and Fairfax Station in the other. Near the junction of the two turnpikes, a mile east of Fairfax Court House, there was a brigade of cavalry in camp; the railroad from Union Mills to Alexandria was strongly guarded.

At Chantilly, on the Little River pike, there was also a strong cavalry out-post. The two turnpikes that connected near Fairfax Court House and the picket line from Centreville to Fryingpan thus formed a triangle. I found out where there was a gap in the picket line between the two turnpikes and determined to penetrate it. I knew that if we succeeded in passing the outer line without alarming the pickets we might reach the generals' headquarters at the court house in comparative safety, as we would be mistaken for their own troops even if the enemy discovered us. The headquarters were so thoroughly girdled with troops that no one dreamed of the possibility of an enemy approaching them. In justice to Stoughton, the commanding general, I must say that he had called the attention of the out-post commander to the weak point in his picket line. But no attention was paid to it. He did not conceive that any one had the audacity to pass his pickets and ride into his camps. The commander of the Union cavalry at that time was Colonel Percy Wyndham, an English adventurer, who, it was said, had served with Garibaldi. He had been greatly exasperated by my midnight forays on his out-posts and mortified at his own unsuccessful attempts at reprisal. In consequence he had sent me many insulting messages. I thought I would put a stop to his talk by gobbling him up in bed and sending him off to Richmond. Ashby had captured him in the Shenandoah Valley the year before. When we got to within three miles of Chantilly we turned off to the right from the turnpike, and passed unobserved through the picket line about midway between that place and Centreville and reached the Warrentown turnpike about halfway between Centreville and the court house. I was riding by

the side of one of my men named Hunter, and at this point I told him where we were going. He realized, or I did, the difficulties and dangers that surrounded us. I told him our safety was in the audacity of the enterprise. We were then four miles inside the enemy's line and within a mile or two of the cavalry companies. We could no doubt have marched straight into them, or challenged and brought off a lot of men and horses. But I was hunting that night for bigger game, and knew that Wyndham did not sleep in the cavalry camp, but at the court house a mile beyond. I also know that General Stoughton's headquarters were there. To a man uninitiated into the mysteries of war our situation, environed on all sides by hostile troops, would have appeared desperate. To me it did not seem at all so, as my experience enabled me to measure the danger. Proceeding a short distance on the pike towards the court house, we turned off to the right, flanked the corps directly in front of us, and came into the town unmolested at two o'clock in the morning. It had been my intention to get there about midnight, but our column got broken in two at one time in the darkness; the rear portion remained standing still for some time, thinking the whole column had halted. We had gone a considerable distance before it was discovered. So I had to turn back in search of the missing. The rear, after standing still some time, moved on, but could not find our trail. They were on the point of going back when by accident we came upon them wandering in the dark like Iris in search of the lost Osiris. This involved considerable delay. With the exception of a few drowsy sentinels all the troops in the town were asleep. Nothing of the kind had ever been attempted before during the war, and no preparations had been made to guard against it. It is only practicable to guard against what is probable, and in war, as everything else, a great deal must be left to chance. Once inside the enemy's lines everything we discovered as easy as falling off a log. There was not the slightest show of resistance. As the night was pitch dark it was impossible to tell from our appearance to which side we belonged, although all of us were dressed in Confederate gray.

The names of all the cavalry regiments stationed there were familiar to us; so whenever a sentinel halted us the answer was: "Fifth New York Cavalry," and it was all right. Of course we took the sentinel with us. All of my men except Hunter and Ames were as much surprised as the enemies were when they found themselves in a town filled with Union troops and stores. As I had never led them into a place from which I was not

able to take them out there was not a faint heart among them. All seemed to have a blind confidence in my destiny. Hunter was at the time a sergeant in the company to which he belonged. I explained the situation to him as we were riding along, as I looked to him more than to any of the men to aid me in accomplishing my design. He showed great coolness and courage, and fully merited the promotion he soon afterwards received. He is now a citizen of California.

I had only twenty-nine men—we were surrounded by hostile thousands. Ames, who also knew to what point he was piloting us, rode by my side. Without being able to give any satisfactory reason for it, I felt an instinctive trust in his fidelity, which he never betrayed. When we reached the court-house square, which was appointed as a rendezvous, the men were detailed in squads; some were sent to the stables to collect the fine horses that I knew were there, others to the different headquarters, where the officers were quartered. We were more anxious to capture Wyndham than any other.

There was a hospital on the main street in a building which had been a hotel. In front of it a sentry was walking. The first thing I did was to send Ames and Frankland to relieve him from duty, and prevent any of the occupants from giving the alarm. Ames whispered gently into his ear to keep quiet—that he was a prisoner. A six-shooter has great persuasive powers. I went directly with the larger portion of the command to the house of a citizen named Murray, which I had been told was Wyndham's headquarters. This was not so. He told us that they were at Judge Thomas's house, which we had passed in the other end of the town. So we quickly returned to the court-house square. Ames was sent with a party to Wyndham's headquarters. Two of his staff were found there asleep, but the bird we were trying to catch had flown—Wyndham had gone down to Washington that evening by the railroad. My men indemnified themselves to some extent for the loss by appropriating his fine wardrobe and several splendid horses that they found in the stables.

The irony of fortune made Ames the captor of his own captain. He was Captain Barker, Fifth New York Cavalry, detailed as Assistant-Adjutant General. Ames treated his former commander with the greatest civility, and seemed to feel his great pride in introducing him to me. Joe Nelson saw a tent in the court-yard; he went in and took the telegraph operator who was sleeping there. We had already cut the wires before we came into the

town to prevent communication with Centreville. Joe had also caught a soldier who told him that he was one of the guard at General Stoughton's headquarters. This was the reason I did not go with Ames after Wyndham. I took five or six men with me to go after Stoughton. I remember the names of Joe Nelson, Hunter, Whitescarver, Welt Hatcher and Frank Williams. Stoughton was occupying a brick house on the outskirts of the village belonging to Doctor Gunnell.

When we reached it all dismounted and I gave a loud knock on the front door. A head bobbed out from an upper window and inquired who was there. My answer was, "Fifth New York Cavalry with a dispatch for General Stoughton." Footsteps were soon heard tripping down-stairs and the door opened. A man stood before me with nothing on but his shirt and drawers. I immediately seized hold of his shirt-collar, and whispered in his ear who I was, and ordered him to lead me to the general's room. He was Lieutenant Prentiss of the staff. We went straight up-stairs where Stoughton was, leaving Welt Hatcher and George Whitescarver behind to guard the horses. When a light was struck we saw lying on the bed before us the man of war. He was buried in deep sleep, and seemed to be dreaming in all the fancied security of the Turk on the night when Marco Bozzarris with his band burst on his camp from the forest shades:

"In dreams, through court and camp, he bore
The trophies of a conquerer."

There were signs in the room of having been revelry in the house that night. Some uncorked champagne bottles furnished an explanation of the general's deep sleep. He had been entertaining a number of ladies from Washington in a style becoming a commanding general. The revelers had retired to rest just before our arrival with no suspicion of the danger that was hovering over them. The ladies had gone to spend the night at a citizen's house; loud and long I have been told were the lamentations next morning when they heard of the mishap that had befallen the gallant young general. He had been caught asleep, ingloriously in bed, and spirited off without even bidding them good-bye. As the general was not awakened by the noise we made in entering the room, I walked up to his bed and pulled off the covering. But even this did not arouse him. He was turned over on his side snoring like one of the seven sleepers. With such environments I could not afford to await his convenience or to stand on ceremony. So I

just pulled up his shirt and gave him a spank. Its effect was electric. The brigadier rose from his pillow and in an authoritative tone inquired the meaning of this rude intrusion. He had not realized that we were not some of his staff. I leaned over and said to him: "General, did you ever hear of Mosby?" "Yes," he quickly answered, "have you caught him?" "No," I said, "I am Mosby—he has caught you." In order to deprive him of all hope I told him that Stuart's cavalry held the town and that General Jackson was at Centreville.

With a look of agony and despair he asked if Fitz Lee was there. I told him "Yes." "Then," he said, "take me to him—we were classmates at West Point." "Certainly," I said, "but I am in a hurry—dress quick." He had the reputation of being a gallant soldier, but a fop, and dressed as carefully before a looking-glass as Sardanapalus did when he went to war. When we got to the front door Frank Williams handed him his watch which he had left in the hurry of departure. Whitescarver and Welt Hatcher, who had been left to guard the horses had not been idle while we were in the house. They had surrounded some tents, and captured seven headquarter's couriers, besides several fine horses which we found bridled and saddled. I was determined to bring off the general, even if we had to abandon all our other captures. So I would not let Stoughton hold his bridle-reins, but told Hunter to ride by his side and hold them at all hazards. I knew that Hunter would stick to him closer than a brother. Lieutenant Prentiss also started with us a prisoner, but as I let him hold his bridle-reins he left us in the dark, and never even said good-night. When we returned to the court-house square all the squads had collected there and duly done their work. There were twenty-nine men with me and we had about one hundred prisoners and horses to guard. It was so dark that the prisoners did not know my men from their own. In the town there were several hundred soldiers, but there was no concert of action among them. All was panic and confusion. Each man was in search of a safe hiding-place. Just as we were moving out of the town a ludicrous accident occurred. As we passed by a house an upper window was lifted and a voice called out in a peremptory tone and asked what cavalry that was. It sounded so funny that the men broke out in a loud laugh. I knew that it must be an officer of rank; so the column was halted, and Joe Nelson and Welt Hatcher were ordered to search the house. Lieutenant-Colonel Johnstone, of the Fifth New York Cavalry, was spending the night there with his wife. For some reason he sus-

pected something wrong when he heard my men laugh, and immediately took flight in his shirt tail out of the back door. Nelson and Hatcher broke through the front door, but his wife met them like a lioness in the hall, and obstructed them all she could in order to give time for her husband to make his escape. The officer could not be found; but my men took some consolation for the loss by bringing his clothes away with them. He had run out through the back-yard into the garden and crawled for shelter into a place it is not necessary to describe. He lay there concealed and shivering with cold and fear until after daylight. He did not know for some time that we had gone, and he was afraid to come out of his hole to find out. His wife didn't know where he was. In squeezing himself under shelter he had torn off his shirt, and when he appeared before his wife next morning, as naked as when he was born and smelling a great deal worse, it is reported that she refused to embrace him before he had taken a bath. After he had been scrubbed down with a horse-brush and curry-comb he started in pursuit of us, but went in the opposite direction from which we had gone. I started with my prisoners and booty towards Fairfax Station just to deceive the enemy as to the route we were going to retreat. After going back half a mile we wheeled around at right angles, and made for the pike that leads from the court house to Centreville. Our safety depended on getting beyond the lines before daylight. We struck the pike about half-way between Centreville and the court house. Stoughton remarked to me as we were riding along: "Captain, you have done a bold thing, but you are sure to be caught." He was certain every moment of hearing the hoof-strokes of his cavalry coming in hot pursuit. The fact was that everybody at the court house seemed to have lost his head; no one seemed to have the presence of mind to try to rally the troops to the defence of the place. We had spent an hour there, raiding all the stables and headquarters, and came away loaded down with prisoners and spoils without even firing a shot or having one fired at us. I knew though that they would collect their senses after they found out we were gone and would come after us. After reaching the Centreville pike the principal danger was in front. Although we were rapidly getting away from the danger behind us we were still approaching another, and had to pass by Centreville before we would be safe. Before going out on the pike I halted the column and told Hunter to close it up. Some of my men were riding in the rear and some on the flank to keep the prisoners from running away. It was so dark

however that we lost a considerable number. I rode out some distance in advance to reconnoitre along the road. Wyndham's cavalry corps were then a mile behind us. No sound disturbed the deep stillness of the night. No hostile form was there to intercept us. I called to Hunter to come on. We were then about four miles from Centreville. I ordered Hunter to go forward at a fast trot; with Joe Nelson I staid some distance in the rear. Hunter was ordered no matter what happened to hold on to the general.

No doubt Stoughton thoroughly appreciated the interest I felt in him. Nelson and I frequently stopped to listen—nothing but the hooting of owls could be heard. Every moment my heart beat higher with hope. I am sure that Caesar was not more oppressed with anxiety, nor felt higher aspirations on the eventful morning when he gave the order to the legions that changed the history of the world. My fate was then trembling in the balance. If we should get caught it would end my career as a partisan; everybody would say that I had tried to do what I ought to have known to be impossible. The camp-fires on the heights around Centreville soon become visible through the darkness. I had begun to feel pretty safe from pursuit, but the chief peril lay in flanking the troops at Centreville without running into hostile camps not far away on either side of it. It was as difficult a problem to solve as steering between Scylla and Charybdis. Yet I was cheered by the knowledge that if I succeeded an adventure so full of romance would strike a deeper impression on the imagination of men than a battle. Nelson and I rode up at a gallop to overtake the column when we saw that it had halted. When we caught up with it we could see a smouldering fire by the pike about a hundred yards ahead of us. It was evidently a picket post. I rode forward alone to reconnoitre. No one was about the fire; the post had just been deserted. I called to Hunter to move on. We were then about a half mile from Centreville, and the gray dawn was just beginning to appear. We passed the picket post and then turned off to the right to go over the forts at Centreville. It had been the habit to establish a picket there every night and withdraw it early in the morning. The officer in charge concluding that there was no danger in the air had returned to camp and gone to sleep just before we got there. The camps were all quiet; no signs of alarm; we could see the cannon bristling through the embrasures of the redoubts not more than two or three hundred yards away, and heard the sentinel on the

parapet call us to halt. But no attention was paid to it. I was riding down a short distance ahead of the column when I heard a shot. Turning around to see what it meant I saw Captain Barker dashing towards a redoubt.

One of my men, a Hungarian named Jake, who had fired the shot was just about giving him another when Barker and his horse tumbled in a ditch, which spared Jake the necessity of shooting again. He was soon extricated and mounted, and we marched on. I asked Barker if he was hurt. He replied, "No." All this happened in full view of the enemy's camp, which was in gun-shot of us. As there were more prisoners with me than I had men no doubt the sentinels mistook us, as we came right from the direction of the cavalry camp, for a body of their own cavalry going out on a scout.

Nothing so far as they knew had occurred during the night to break the monotony of the cry—"All quiet along the Potomac to-night." We were not long in getting around Centreville. Soon after we passed outside the enemy's lines we got to Cob Run, where a new danger confronted us. The stream was swift and so swollen from the melting snow and rain that we either had to run the risk of swimming it, or turn back. But in full view behind were the white tents of the enemy at Centreville, and the cannon pointing at us. I did not deliberate a moment, but plunged into the raging torrent and swam to the other shore. The current was strong, but so was my horse. Stoughton followed next to me. As he emerged shivering from his morning bath he said: "Well, Captain, this is the first outrage that I have to complain of." It was a miracle that not a man or a horse was drowned, although many were swept down in the stream. When all were over I knew that we were comparatively safe, and that no cavalry would attempt to swim after us. As we had to make a circle to get back onto the Warrenton pike, which passes through Centreville, there was danger of a cavalry force being sent from there to intercept us. So again putting Hunter in command of the column, in company with George Slater I galloped on to see what was ahead. We passed Sudley and came on the pike at Groveton. This was the very spot where Fitz John Porter had met such a bloody repulse from Stonewall Jackson the year before. We rode off on a high hill from which we could see the road all the way back to Centreville. No enemy was in pursuit, and in a few minutes Hunter appeared in sight. We were safe. Just then there was a glorious sunburst. In the rapture of the moment I said to Slater: "George,

that shines as glorious to me as the sun of Austerlitz." I felt that I had drawn a prize in the lottery of life, for

4

"Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold
The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb?"

When Stoughton saw the Union camp seven miles away on the heights around Centreville he lost all hope of being recaptured. He was young, a professional soldier and ambitious; having been captured in a way that would subject him to ridicule his pride was deeply touched. It is reported that Mr. Lincoln, when he heard of it, remarked with cynical humor that he didn't care so much about the general, as he could make another in five minutes, but that he hated to lose the horses. Stoughton's mortification deeply excited my sympathy. When he cast a despairing look at the Union camp behind him it recalled to my mind the pathetic story of Boabdil when he turned to look back on the towers of Granada and breathed "The last sigh of the Moor." At Warrenton men, women and children came out to give us an ovation. I was as proud of it as a Roman general when the the Senate had decreed him a triumph. Stoughton had been there before. At West Point he had been a classmate of a young man named Beckham, whose home was there, and he had spent a vacation with him. We stopped at his house a short time, and he was kindly received by the family. Early the next morning I reached Culpepper Court House with my captures: one general, two captains, thirty privates and fifty-eight horses. I remember Fitz Lee's look of surprise when I introduced his old classmate to him. During the day Stuart arrived from Fredricksburg. He came to attend a court-martial. I met him at the train and shall never forget the delight with which he heard my story. Only two months before we had parted at his tent when I started off to seek for adventures. He announced in flattering terms in a general order my exploit to the cavalry. Praise from Stuart was all the reward I wanted. Stoughton's reputation as a soldier was blasted; he was soon exchanged, but never returned to the army. Wyndham was relieved; his successor had no more success in suppressing my depredations than Wyndham, and soon had to relinquish his command. Colonel Johnstone did not survive the ridicule he incurred by his selection of a hiding-place and appearing stark naked at headquarters. Major Gilmer, whom he had put under arrest a few days before for making a fool of himself when he came after me,

now had the laugh on him. He too made his exit from the stage. I was never able to duplicate this adventure; it was one of those things a man can do only once in a lifetime. The Northern cavalry got too smart to allow the repetition. My calculation of success was based on the theory that to all appearances it was an impossibility. It was charged at the time that citizens of the place were in collusion with me, and had given the information on which I had acted. It was not true; I had had no communication with any one there. Several men, and also a young lady at whose house Stoughton's guests had slept that night, were arrested and sent to prison in Washington. They were all as innocent of the charge of complicity in the act as Mr. Lincoln. The young lady got her revenge by marrying the provost-marshal. The following dispatch, sent soon after we left Fairfax Court House, tells the story of the night's adventure:

PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE,
FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, VA.

MARCH 9th, 1863, 3:30 A. M.

Captain Mosby with his command entered this court at 2 A. M. They captured my patrol horses, etc. They took Brigadier-General Stoughton and horses and all his men detached from his brigade. They took every horse that could be found, public and private, and the commanding officer of the post, Colonel Johnstone, of the Fifth New York Cavalry, made his escape from them in a nude state by accident. They searched for me in every direction, but being on the Vienna Road, visiting out-posts, I made my escape.

L. L. O'CONNOR,
Lieutenant Provost-Marshal.

P. S.—All our available cavalry forces are in pursuit of them.

JOHN S. MOSBY.

SAN FRANCISCO.

THOUGHTS ON MATTERS LYRIC AND DRAMATIC.

If any curious critic wants to fix a local habitation and a name for the omnipresent "Tara para boom deray" let him seek it in the roundelays of the Nova Scotian French and their descendants the 'Cadians of Louisiana, in which communities the catching little tune rings merrily.

It is interesting to notice how often the successful songs of our days are reproductions merely of the ancient ballads of the people, trimmed and tuned to modern taste, and often vulgarized in the process.

I remember, as a child, being sung to sleep by my nurse with a pre-historic melody that in later years I discovered as "The Sweet Bye and Bye," psalmodized and shorn of its flourishes and cadences even unto baldness.

I remember once, many years ago, a friend of mine brought me a copy of verses which he had tried to set to music, but the Muse had failed him at his need after he had incubated the first bar.

In his trouble he came to me and begged me to finish the air. I consented, and not being in an inventive mood I simply turned the old tune "Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, Bonnie Lassie, oh!" upside down, and putting it to the words, handed it to my friend.

Soon afterwards I went to Australia, and remained in the under world for some years.

On my return I happened into the music-room of the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, and saw lying on the table a song.

It looked familiar. I picked it up, and lo! my topsy-turvy Kelvin Grove. This time, however, it went under the alias "Baby Mine," and I am credibly informed that my friend had made twelve thousand dollars by the sale of it.

I see that our critics have taken to calling Mozart's opera "Don Giovanni" archaic!

If that be so then is Shakspeare's "Hamlet" archaic, and Milton's "Paradise Lost," and Scott's "Waverly."

I wonder if these sapient souls know the true meaning of the word? or do they confound it with "classic?"

To be archaic truly means to be crude and rugged in form, by

reason of lack of artistic culture and refinement; to be out of date and unsuited to fastidious modern taste.

If Mozart be archaic, what must Wagner be?

Crude and rugged, not for lack of culture indeed, but for contempt of symmetry and daring of innovation.

Out of date, because repugnant to present ideas and modes of expression, and looking to the future for appreciation.

Unsuited to modern taste, in that we have not, as yet, learned to prefer the body to the soul, the garment to the man.

Perfection can never be archaic, for perfection is of all time—past, present and future.

But what the critics mean by archaic is merely that which comes not within the narrow bounds of “fad,” “cult,” or whatsoever name they call their own cramped fancies by. Gluck was archaic to the Piccinists, no doubt, and Handel to the admirers of Buononcini, something beyond their ken, and therefore to be contemned.

Sometimes they called it “revolutionary,” as when Carl Maria von Weber’s “*Der Freischütz*” startled the tie-wigged musicians of his era, but, archaic or heterodox, it meant something they did not understand, and which, for that reason must be wrong.

Can these people not perceive that there is good in all schools. That the light of genius, like that of the sun, has shone in the past as in the present, or even as it will in the much be-praised future, and that there is good in everything, even in Wagner, or in his literary counterpart Browning!

Shall we not enjoy the good and shun the evil, or must we pin our faith to a “cult,” and sink or swim with it.

Miss Annie Pixley has come, at last, to her proper line of business—comic operetta. She is far too good a singer for such plays by which she has made her fortune, and is so much a better actress than any of her semi-operatic rivals that she must succeed in her new field; if she provide herself with good material.

It is such a comfort to see a singer who can act.

The vehicle she has chosen for her adventure is lively, bustling and funny, but not witty nor musical; in fact the music seems to have been snatched from a grab-bag.

It is safe to assert that there is not one original phrase in the whole score. Nay, not a phrase that rises above the merest banality. Nor is the dialogue much better.

With admirable opportunities in the story, Mr. Gunter has

brought down the action and the conversation to the level of a variety show.

The plot is taken from a story by Mr. A. Curtis Bond, published some years ago in the Baltimore *Ladies' Home Journal*, under the title "Back in Athens," and the scene was laid in modern and ancient Athens, first in our own time and then in the era of Perikles.

In the original the tale is bright, witty and satirical. Modern doings, political and social, are hit off with a diamond-pointed pen. In the travesty they are clubbed with a policeman's billy.

The things that approach nearest to merit are the numbers "A million suns must rise," and "We are going back to London;" both these are of a tuneful jingle and have some fun in them.

Next to Miss Pixley comes Mr. Alfred C. Wheelan, whose imitation of Henry Irving, in the part of "Hamlet Malvolio Brown," is clever and provocative of laughter.

I would gently suggest that the Italian word "Scudo" is not pronounced "Scuddo" by the natives of sunny Italy, but "Scoodo."

I would also suggest that a band should not gallop over and annihilate the singers. Lowitz is not Wagner, by a long chalk.

Milloecker's operetta is admirably done at the Casino, where, for the most part, everything is done well whether it be worth the doing or not. In this case the work of the composer is lively but trite, that of the librettist, so far as the clumsy adaptation lets us judge, clever and rather witty, and that of the performers of fair and equal merit, which is just what an operetta needs. There is no star to twinkle, but also there are no mists to obscure.

That of the band is perfect, as the Casino band is wont to be.

The way of the critic is hard, if perchance he be honest, for instance:

The musical critic of a weekly paper, which professes to be the voice of Truth herself, and which, in recognition of the goddess, lives in a well of obscurity, had the daring to say that the adaptation of the "Child of Fortune" was clumsy, as indeed it leaves much to be desired in the way of pure English. He was forthwith jumped on by the musical magnates of this town, of which clique the adapter is an honored and influential Teutonic member.

The critic was obliterated. He has learned that "It is vain to kick against the pricks," and that Truth is of no avail against the Steinway-Tretbar influence.

In future he will sin no more, by independence, but will bow to the inevitable, and say naught but good of the powers that be.

That most delicate and delicious of all pastorals, "Acis and Galatea," by George Frederick Handel, was given lately at the Carnegie Votive Hall, as well as could be expected when it is considered that neither singers, instrumentalists nor conductor had the faintest glimmer of the Handel traditions, which alone can make such music comprehended of the people, and which exists alone in England and Ireland, where they have been reverently handed down from generation to generation.

Even in the composer's native Germany his works are not given as he intended. Only at the great festivals the at Exeter Hall oratorio and at the Antient concerts in Dublin can Handel be heard.

Nevertheless it is praiseworthy of Mr. Walter Damrosch to present the work of the giant of music, even according to his limited lights, and in the teeth of the asinine criticasters of whom one, he of the *Recorder*, had the impudence to headline his idiocy thus:

"Handel's *Quaint* music and *Archaic* story." Acis and Galatea archaic? Great Scott!

The most exquisite of Sun Myths—the prettiest of pastorals—Handel's story? I wonder if the daily critic ever reads? he writes, of course, and writes far too much; but study: oh! that is archaic. The modern critic never reads. If he did he would know that Acis and Galatea was written, as a serenata, by John Gay, the English poet, set to music by George Frederick Handel, and produced at the Haymarket Theatre A. D. 1732.

Our daily critics are also weakly.

Herr Emil Fisher's singing, as "the giant Polypheme," was creditable musically, but his accent made it positively funny.

Fancy the effect of his great song pronounced thus:

"Oh! rootier dan de jerry,
Oh! schveeder dan de perry,
Oh! eyes as pright wie mondlicht night,
Oder, giddlinks plite and merry."

As I remarked before, "Great Scott!!!"

FRED. LYSTER.

NEW YORK.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

JAMES MCCARROLL.

THE last of the genuine Bards of Inisfodhla, the latest of the Seannachas of Eirinne, who held in their grasp the learning and the poetry of their nation, has left us for the Tir-na-n-oge—the land of the young. James McCarroll, the poet, the musician, the inventor and the scholar, has departed.

He leaves us, full of years and honor, at the ripe age of seventy-seven, and hardly shall we behold a man of such varied gifts and accomplishments, and of such a genial, wholesome nature.

To the last he was a bright, spirited boy. Age had no hold on him. His mind was as elastic and receptive at seventy years and seven as at twenty, and his happy, sanguine temperament had no smirch of senility, no rust of time.

James McCarroll was a type of the best class of Irishman, than which the world can show no better.

There is no middle class of Irishmen. Nobles or serfs are the sons of Inisfodhla, and McCarroll was of the nobles. A Thier-naugh was he, and a bard, and also a minstrel, as all who have heard his sterling performances on his flute will bear witness. He has played with the greatest artists of his day, and in no second place.

As a poet he has written many lyrics that would not be unworthy of Moore or Clarence Mangan. His verse is as flowing as his native Shannon and clear as a fairy well.

As an inventor he has brought to light many secret things, notably a means of doubling the light of gas while halving the quantity used; "A consummation devoutly to be wished" in these days of elongated gas bills.

His model for an improved elevator is also a triumph of ingenuity, and will one day be better known and of great value, and his wire-gauze fire-proof invention has in it wonderful possibilities, and will before long be in universal use.

His researches into antiquity, historical and archæological, are characterized by originality of thought and depth of insight, while his conclusions are mostly just and sagacious.

But it is as a friend, as a comrade—always kind, always sympathetic—that James McCarroll's memory will be kept green in the hearts of all who knew him. He was a man of mirth, and of meaning, sincere and honest.

James McCarroll was born in Lanesboro, County Longford, Ireland, on the 3d of August, 1814, and emigrated to Canada in 1831, since which time he has been a noted figure in Canadian and American politics and literature:

As a critic he was straightforward and unbiased. As a musician he was sound and well schooled. As a poet he was tuneful and full of imagery—as most Irish poets are, and as a man he was sterling and honorable.

For a long time James McCarroll was intimately connected with BELFORD'S MONTHLY, to which he contributed many valuable articles and much intelligent editorial work, and endeared himself to his proprietor and his fellow-workers as a brother laborer in the field of literature and a true Irish gentleman of the old school.

ONLY ONE THING TO DO.

THE time has come, with the National Democratic Convention only three weeks away, when the members of the party, as well as the party itself in its organized capacity, may well conclude, so far as the pending political canvass is concerned, that there is only one thing to do and that is to nominate Grover Cleveland for President, on a platform affirming and emphasizing the importance of the tariff reform issue. Then should follow a campaign, bold, vigorous, clean, clear-cut, conducted by men who know what politics is and how to carry on a canvass upon principle.

Never in the history of this country has any political party had marked out for it so clearly the path in which it must tread. When Mr. Cleveland wrote and sent to Congress the historic message of December 6th, 1887, he raised an issue that can never be settled until it is settled right. In the canvass which followed this message there was not time to convince the mind and conscience of the country that he was right, and that he was not only right, but that he was politic. All the interests which for many years had been drawing tribute as the result of our Federal laws

were able to combine for the purpose of purchasing the electoral vote of some of the States. That such a result would have come, even if Mr. Cleveland had never written and sent this great message, may readily be assumed. During the past four years he has been criticised a good deal by the unthinking, who have charged that he raised this issue prematurely, but if any of those persons will take the pains to read what he said upon the tariff question in the message of the previous year, that of 1886, they will not only find that his views were none the less clear, but that he expressed them even more radically than in that paper, which was entirely given up to the tariff question.

It must be borne in mind that the Democratic party had returned to power by a narrow vote after twenty-four years of exclusion. It had given the country an administration radically different in every way from any that had been seen during all this period. With all the bad tendencies of a party filled with the lust of power and based upon an entirely different conception of government from that which had always characterized the Democratic party it was only natural that, to a certain extent, there should be something of a reaction at the end of the first four years of an attempt to change these bad conditions. Thousands upon thousands of men, while they had affiliated with the Democratic party, had not been able either to understand its principles or to believe in them fully and heartily. Bad principles and the practices that naturally follow them had been persisted in so long that many of the best men of the country who did not believe in wrong-doing, or in such principles, or in dangerous policies, had not been able to convince themselves that a radical change, brought about during the short period of four years, should be attempted instead of an endeavor to root out many such evils; naturally many men were willing to temporize. They thought, mistakenly, that it was possible to do a little repairing here and there, still leaving the great fabric erected upon the protection system absolutely undisturbed.

While the administration of Mr. Cleveland had been thoroughly conservative in every way, it had at the same time been based entirely upon principle. If a bad tendency had found lodgment even in the minds of many Democrats, this constituted no reason with Mr. Cleveland why he should fail to assert the real principles of his party and attempt to carry out those just and safe policies of government, based upon these principles and upon the traditions of his party.

Consequently, after three years in office, Mr. Cleveland became

convinced that the one evil that included and created all others was the high protective tariff, and having concluded this he at once made a most courageous and determined assault upon it. It was, perhaps, only natural that those timid Democrats should let their natural timidity and cowardice show itself in the resulting canvass.

But all these conditions have passed away. The campaign of education has now been carried on persistently for nearly five years, and in almost every State in the Union, and especially in the manufacturing States of the North, there is no longer any fear of tariff reform. There is no longer even any fear that tariff reform will be too radical, or that its supporters will be too bold, and if here and there some one of them should be found whom the general public would be likely to think over-bold this fact would not tend to arouse any fears for the result or to induce any considerable number of men still affiliating with the party to withhold their support. The cowards and the selfish among the Democrats who feared that the message of 1888 was too radical have long since gone to their own, the Republican party, or if they have not been able to take this final step, they have at least left no power to do harm.

In 1888 the tariff question was presented with remarkable ability in both houses of Congress. Later in the campaign, these men, Senators and Representatives, together with a comparatively small contingent of trained political speakers who were ready for the contest, carried on a remarkable canvass through all the Northern States. But the number of these was too small. Accustomed for nearly thirty years, as the country was, to the doctrine that a protective tariff was necessary as well as right, it has been a long and tedious process, that of educating the men who could be depended upon to educate the public. So, to-day the Democratic party formally attached to this one great doctrine, its masses thoroughly convinced that there is no other principle that needs assertion or vindication at the present time, counts its hundreds of trained orators and writers where it had only its tens in 1888. It is, therefore, ready and eager for the contest now about to open. With reformed ballot laws in most of the States of the Union it has comparatively little to fear from the cohorts of bribery and corruption.

Scarcely was the election of 1888 over when the great mass of the party firmly resolved that its duty in 1892 was clear. With each recurring month this duty has become still more plain, not

only as to the issue involved, but as to the man who should represent and personify that issue. However closely attached great masses of Democrats are or may have been to any single statesman with a local reputation, however strongly ambition may have impelled some men to push themselves to the front, whatever the manipulators of the party machine may have thought possible, there has been no time since November, 1888, when the Democratic heart did not turn to Grover Cleveland as its candidate for the present year. A great many of the politicians and a few of the newspapers have attempted to encourage the aspirations of other men, but the great mass of the party has not able to see them. All they could see was the great cause, and back of the cause stood the one man who represented it.

The result of this popular feeling has found expression from time to time during the past two months in the State conventions that have been held, and that, too, without organization, without literary bureaus, without any serious attempt on the part of political managers in the individual States. These conventions have not only been declaring themselves in favor of Mr. Cleveland's nomination, but have been instructing and binding their delegates. This has been done in spite of the fact that, by a perversion of the machinery of the Democratic party of the State of New York, the sentiment in that State for Mr. Cleveland was not permitted to assert itself. It was naturally supposed by the men who were able to bring about this premature and untoward result that such an example would alarm his friends in other States and induce them to surrender their preferences; but an effect just contrary to this has been produced. Since the Albany Convention not a single State or district in the Union has instructed its delegates for the candidate chosen by that untimely body. On the contrary, almost no delegates have been chosen who were not heartily in favor of the nomination of Mr. Cleveland or who were not instructed to vote for his nomination in the Chicago Convention.

It might as well, therefore, be recognized, first as well as last, that the nomination of Mr. Cleveland is not only inevitable but, from the present condition of things, an absolute necessity. Public sentiment has never so strongly marked out a candidate for either party at any time in our history, and never has any man had such a strong popular support. This support is not to be found merely in localities, but is everywhere the country over. Entirely regardless of his opinion upon the silver question, those States

which it would be expected would have some attachment to the free coinage of silver as an issue are none the less attached to Mr. Cleveland than are the people of those States in which this principle is looked upon as a dangerous political heresy. In fact, so far as the issues are concerned, every other except the tariff has been lost sight of. And as Mr. Cleveland thoroughly personifies and represents this one dominant, overwhelming issue, so the people insist that he shall represent and embody it as the official and recognized standard-bearer of the party which believes in tariff reform as the principle.

No man can measure the disappointment of the Democrats of this country if Mr. Cleveland shall not be made the candidate of the party at the Chicago Convention. They recognize, both individually and collectively, that to do anything else will practically be a surrender of the cause for which battle has been waged. Men of the younger generation cannot recall the public feeling that existed in 1864 when, during the darkest days of the war, a considerable number of ambitious or impatient men thought to defeat the renomination of Lincoln. Even these men themselves now see that if this had been done the defeat of the Republican party at the polls would have been accomplished twenty years before it finally came. So, too, if Mr. Cleveland is alive and in good health when the Chicago Convention assembles, the Democrats of the country, nine out of ten of whom favor his nomination, will practically give up the cause as lost if his name is not chosen to head the National ticket. With this sentiment as it exists there would not be time to educate the country up to any other candidate, however excellent his character or commanding his abilities. The question would ring from every stump upon which a Republican orator could be found, and echoed from every Republican newspaper office, "Well, if you are in favor of tariff reform, why did you not nominate the man who represents it; the man who made the issue for you?" To such a question there would be no logical or convincing answer; there would not be time to convince the people of the country that measures, not men, were to be considered, when the truth is that both measures and men are absolutely necessary in order to insure Democratic success during the present year.

So, therefore, if Mr. Cleveland is alive and retains his present position as the recognized leader of a great party, there is nothing else to do but to nominate him; not because he asks it, not because he will willingly accept again such a formal leader-

ship, but because the sentiment of the country is so pronounced that no other man can safely take it, and because the party cannot safely give it to another. If there are ambitions with which such a public determination seems to clash, it will be well for the men who have them to recognize the force of this and bow to the inevitable. If there are elements in the party which look more to spoils in case of a probable success, than they do to the assertion of Democratic principles in the case of a certain one, they should be given short shrift and taught that the Democratic party, now re-established upon the basis of principle, has no possible intention of sighing again for the "flesh pots." This done, there can be no doubt whatever of the result.

The more Mr. Cleveland has become known the more he is honored and respected. The more Mr. Harrison has become known—who is almost certain to be his opponent—the smaller he appears. To enter a campaign not only with a live issue like tariff reform, but with a great administration like that of Mr. Cleveland's, from 1885 to 1889, against a party which has become little more than an organized appetite, and with a candidate who has made an administration as petty as that conducted by Mr. Harrison, the result cannot be doubtful.

HOW A NOMINATION IS TO BE MADE.

THERE seems now to be no serious question about the nomination to be made by the National Republican Convention, on the 7th of June, in Minneapolis. It would indeed be a curious thing if any such doubt did exist, because the man who now holds the office of the President of the United States began almost as soon as his inaugural ceremonies were over to bring about this result. There has never been an occupant of the White House who did this thing with so much system or persistency as the incumbent.

From the very beginning appointments were made solely with reference to this end. The interests of the country were almost entirely lost sight of. The question, "Is this man efficient?" seems seldom to have been asked. So many of the old-time holders of offices have been reappointed that it would have been a great deprivation to them had they been unable to carry out their old practices and manage the primaries and conventions of their party. It is very difficult for men who took place originally under the old order to understand that things are not

now what they used to be. The carrying of primaries and the manipulation of conventions, the going to State and National conventions as delegates—all these were the principal duties of federal office-holders under the old régime.

So it is, therefore, not an occasion for surprise that these men, many of whom have returned to public life under the Harrison administration, have deemed it their duty to keep up the old policy. This is especially true when the President himself has set the example. His capacity for using or manipulating spoils has always been very large. When he was a member of the United States Senate he made it a rule to look out for his relatives with a great deal of system, and if any of them had failed to get a place when he retired from that body it may be assumed that he was either out with them, or that the failure to provide for them at the public expense was no fault of his.

Mr. Harrison, during that part of his Presidential term which has passed away, has used the patronage of his office for the purpose of insuring his renomination; he has even been willing to use some of the most dignified places in his gift for this purpose. Then, too, his office-holders have been active at all times. During the last three years they have crowded into State conventions, many of them as delegates and others of them as manipulators. The federal patronage has been a most potent influence in Republican politics during the past three years. It is true that its use in this way has promoted the formation and growth of factions, and that, as a whole, the party has suffered rather than benefited. But the president, who is willing to use the public patronage for political purposes, and the men who become his tools, or use their little patronage for their own purposes, are never able to see this until the day of defeat has come. They are never able to understand why it is that a party out of power, deprived absolutely of federal patronage, can enter upon a canvass and defeat a party which both has and uses these elements. The spoilsmen of both parties cannot see this, yet nothing is better understood by the intelligent citizen who has kept his eyes open.

The President's own State of Indiana is as good an illustration of this as can be found anywhere. He carried it by a small majority in 1888, under the operation of the "blocks of five" system, suggested and carried out so well by Colonel Dudley. The very next year the Democrats carried it by a good majority, and in 1890 they swept the State overwhelmingly, until practically nothing was left of the Harrison machine except the officers. So,

too, the President has carried the conventions in his own State, both county and general, by the application of the same method this year. He has a united delegation in Minneapolis, but it is not such a delegation as a man of independent mind would care to have from his own State. It is his, however, because he has bought it and paid for it with the federal offices and out of the public money that goes to pay their salaries.

Therefore, the verdict at Minneapolis, which seems now to be settled, is the result of official dictation and manipulation. A good many office-holders have been chosen as delegates, and a great many more have participated actively in the preliminary primaries and conventions. This being the case, it is proper to wish the President joy on his renomination. He has reduced his party to such a position that it has almost no alternative but himself, and when a party comes to this with such a man as Harrison it is in certainly pretty hard lines. In spite of the attitude of some of the professional civil-service reformers in 1888, and of the profuse promises made by the President himself, it is clear that he has not now and never has had any regard for the question of civil-service reform. Not only is this the case, but he has never shown for a single moment anything like a knowledge of it. That there is such a problem he has perhaps heard. That he has any adequate idea of its importance, neither his administration nor his character give assurance.

The Democracy of the United States must, therefore, recognize the fact that the way of the spoilsman is hard. If it is wise it will condemn with as much severity the policy of the Harrison administration, in its treatment of civil-service reform, as it will the operations of the McKinley Bill. If this is done and the pretensions of Mr. Harrison and his advisers are properly exposed, there will be no opportunity this year to gain votes from the civil service reformers or from any of their sympathizers.

REPUBLICAN LOVE FOR THE NEGRO.

THROUGH the press and on the platform, in Congressional debates and other discussions, for the last twenty-five years, it has been the invariable custom of Republican writers and speakers to assert the abounding interest, the disinterested love which the members of that party have for the negro. If repeated assertions were the only proof needed to establish their case it would be settled; but, unfortunately for them, it is not. The claims put forth as to emancipation, suffrage, office-holding, etc. for the negro, while

very plausible, will not bear the test of critical examination. Admitting that the Abolition or Liberty party, which acted with the Republican, was sincere and practical in its professions, it remains that it was a small minority, and did not shape the Republican policy.

First let us consider the Emancipation proclamation. It has been the custom to think and speak of it as an act of mercy and justice, and of its author as having been actuated by the most exalted motives, thankful for his opportunity to set free the oppressed; but we apprehend it can be shown such was not the case. The Emancipation proclamation was declared purely and simply as a war measure, and was never considered by its author in any other light. Lincoln's object was to restore the Union by the suppression of the rebellion. He would restore it *with* slavery if he could, or without slavery if that was the alternative. An opportunity was afforded of crippling the Confederacy by declaring free the slaves of the revolted section, and it was done. It was long debated between Lincoln and his advisers with reference to the affect it would have on the people of the border States, who were to some extent supporting the Federal Government; but never was the question considered from the humane point of view. Nearly all are now agreed that emancipation was justifiable on other grounds than of a war measure; that it was a tardy act of justice towards the righting of an outrageous wrong.

But the bestowal of the suffrage cannot be defended on such grounds. Such of the freedmen as had reached middle age could never become qualified for the ballot, and it was neither his due nor to his advantage that it was conferred on him. The amendment to the Constitution, whereby the freedmen were invested with all the rights and duties of American citizens, was a partisan measure, through which the Republican leaders saw, or thought they saw, a way to secure the votes of the Southern States, and thus complete control of the country.

The next step in this scheme was the invasion of the South by a horde of political adventurers, hungry for office and spoils, which they hoped to, and did secure by means of the negro vote. Then followed for a dozen years the era of Carpet-baggism, when corruption and misgovernment were upheld at the South by means of Federal bayonets. Whatever may have been the sins of the Southern people in relation to the institution of slavery, their revolt against the ignorance, fraud, and misrule of the Carpet-bag period was amply justified. Notwithstanding the failure of the Carpet-bag scheme the Republican managers have never ceased to

make the negro an issue in National politics. This constant effort to force the negro into positions for which he is unfitted, to govern intelligence by ignorance, has been next to slavery, the worst treatment he has received. But for the unwise, irritating tactics of the Republican leaders, the Southern people, both white and black, would have divided on the lines drawn between the two great parties, to the benefit of all and avoidance of twenty-five years of sectional strife.

The last attempt of the Republican party to show its love for the negro in an organized form, was the "Force" Bill, by means of which it hoped to carry the election of 1892; but the nation having "sat down" on that proposition, possibly the negro question will be allowed to adjust itself according to the mutual needs and relations of the two races. To set the oppressed free was the rightful act of civilized government; but to attempt to force him into official and social stations is outside the sphere of government, and should be left to the slow process of evolution. It by no means follows that because a people are entitled to freedom they are entitled to the right of suffrage. This in the Democratic South. How has it been, how is it to-day, in the North, mainly Republican? Has the negro been shown such favor here as corresponds with the interest manifested for his Southern brother? Certainly not. Office-holding by negroes is very rare, and there is no sentiment in favor of it. If the negro population were greater, so that their political support would be a sufficient object, no doubt greater love would abound. If there is less ostracism here than at the South, it may be answered that the former relation of master and slave is lacking to intensify bitterness; and further, the negro is not numerous enough to endanger political or social supremacy. But there is enough of prejudice and intolerance to prove that if white supremacy were endangered violent measures would be resorted to to uphold it. To expect a superior people to be governed by an inferior is to expect a thing neither desirable nor possible. We have known scores of ex-Federal soldiers, and in this section of course mainly Republican, but no words of praise or kindness have they for the negro. "The d—d niggers," is the usual form of speech. Separate churches, lodges and associations prove conclusively that the color-line at the North is no mere fancy, but a reality. Plainly, then, this race animosity is that of the Caucasian looking down upon the African, and essentially the same in all sections of our country. In the interest of peace, prosperity and progress, let us hope to hear less of Republican "love for the negro."

TO THE GENTLEMEN OF THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION :

“WHAT are we here for?” is the question each of you must answer satisfactorily to your own conscience before balloting for the man who is to be the next President. Do your duty. Dare to be independent. Who are the chiefs of your party to-day? Men who dared to act on their own judgments. Each of you has that opportunity to be as great as the greatest. Do what is right, nominate the man the overwhelming majority demands. Defeat by doing so protectionism—unnecessary and unjust taxation. Do not listen to parasitic politicians who are in it for the boodle. Take their champagne, if you like it, but not their advice. Act for yourself and vote for that man who can win on the line of the least resistance. Who? He is, as you know, the logical candidate—GROVER CLEVELAND. Your candidate cannot be too honest, too stubborn for good government and pure methods. Those who oppose Cleveland cannot work him. Each of such opponents draws to our ranks a score of our enemies. Remember the independent voter is the thinking being, and that the party lash never scars his back. It is he who decides elections. The ex-President commands that vote. We want a man elected who will take “the pot” if he wins. Cleveland certainly can. No more Tilden fiascos. Illinois, Iowa, Indiana instructs for Cleveland, and will bury his opponent. Wisconsin, headed by Vilas and Peck, is sure if it is Cleveland. Michigan, led by Dickinson, will do what she has never done before—go with us. Don’t worry about New York. She’s all right. The people *en masse* are for Grover Cleveland, as they were once before, when his plurality was 192,000. The Mugwump did it then, and he will do it again. Just think for one instance why should the voters of New York be less enthusiastic for Cleveland than those of Pennsylvania, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Massachusetts, etc? No other State can be so benefited by Grover Cleveland’s re-election to the Presidency as New York—the great

gateway of traffic. Don't be humbugged by paid advocates of politics for the money that is in it.

Experience mixed with common-sense demonstrates we cannot compete with the Republicans in boodle politics. To win we must offer and deliver to voters something better. Let it be freedom to trade—to buy in the cheapest market. Freedom from centralization and exemption from everlasting interference in what concerns not a government. Let us give them greater individual rights, and therefore more happiness. And all through Grover Cleveland.

It is not the man, but what the man represents, we want. Certainly he is a plain man like yourself, and in many ways, not a whit better; but he represents all that is good in Democracy; he is honest; he is a statesman in the broadest sense; he possesses the courage to do right; politicians cannot move him if he is acting for the best interest of the whole people; he shall help Democrats instead of Republicans, but not rascals masquerading under that glorious old banner. Grover Cleveland can manage nicely without the office—wouldn't you swap a Presidency to be in his domestic slippers?—it is the people who cannot do without him. We cannot honor him more. He has been on top, and there is no higher going in this world. Therefore the nominating—which is an election—of Grover Cleveland is a duty you owe sixty-five million people. He will represent them all, impartially. What other man can you bank on as you can on this tried Chief? In a case of doubt take the safe side.

Democrats! the plutocrats, celerped Republicans, have their fingers in our pockets and are garrotting us while you read this. Oil, sugar, iron and now coal! Four years more of Republican rule and another—the greatest republic—joins the ranks of those that have made history. Think of billion-dollar Congresses, of billions indirectly wrung from the poor, of the very partial and unjust monetary system of to-day; of Force Bills and the slimy monstrosities growing out of the cursed idea of legislation for everything on top of earth, and beneath it too, on the waters and under them. Think of it. Such is what we have with us now.

But it is Heaven compared with what the United States will be should you fail in your duty and let the plutocrats purchase the Presidency. There is no scare in this. It is fact; mortgages are more plenty and money scarcer than three years ago. Taxes are higher. Crops unprecedentedly good and wheat 80 cents. And 80 cents of wheat worth only 50 cents of grub and clothes. Three millions just added to the laborer's coal bill for one year. A mere trifle. Alliance cranks with Utopian wants, Socialists wanting the earth and the running thereof; Anarchists wanting annihilation of all except their own fool selves; and money fanatics who think something can be made out of nothing, grow and flourish alongside of plutocrats and monopolists. Caused truly by unjust taxation, and pampered and favored by our Government for the rich and cunning.

Grover Cleveland and a Democratic Congress can do much to remedy all this, any way they can prevent further growth of these evils. The one great hydra-headed iniquity, out of which springs most of the lesser ones, is the tariff tax that deprives the consumer—everybody—of 40 per cent of his earnings. Who so eminently fit to have this tax properly regulated as the man who staked his re-election for the Presidency on it. He was beaten by boodle and want of knowledge. Now there are ten tariff reformers to one then. Tens of thousands of Republicans will vote for Cleveland, not because he is a Democrat, but for his courage and consistency in fighting the condition that is making paupers of all honest men and thieves rich.

It is your plain duty to vote for a man that it is a moral certainty can win, and when elected will reform the abuses now so burdensome and growing daily larger and more. That man is Grover Cleveland.

We heartily endorse the above sentiments:

(Signed) *New England, The Whole South, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Connecticut, New Jersey, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, and—(we couldn't wait for the others to sign).*

PASSING NOTES.

JUDGE ALTGELD has been nominated by the Democrats of Illinois for Governor. It is a good selection. The judge is an upright, learned man, of no mean ability. He made an excellent judge and is a lawyer of wide reputation. Few men have been so fortunate in securing, by hard work and close application, as large an income as has Mr. Altgeld. The judge is gifted as a forcible writer, as the pages of BELFORD's shows. In the prime of life and full of enthusiasm for the betterment of the people are noble prerequisites for a governor. There is no truer Democrat in Illinois nor one more fitted by nature and nurture to be a leader of Democrats. His friends claim that he can carry Cooks county, and consequently be elected. Mr. Altgeld believes in the great issue of tariff reform, is sound on all other national questions and has always been outspoken and candid in advocating what he thought was best for the country. Illinois should see that he is Governor Altgeld.

The silly absurdity of the cranks who are attempting to have the World's Fair closed on Sunday and the prohibition of alcoholic liquors and smoking from the grounds would be laughable, if not serious. These intemperate, narrow-pated bigots are often honest in their intentions; but they descend to dishonest methods to gain their ends. An instance is the stuffing of petitions with bogus names. The Fair managers are able, clear-headed business men, respecting, no doubt, religion and morals, but being sensible men they will not for one moment consider such petitions even were they signed by every woman in the land. And it is no exaggeration to say that an honest canvass of the women of the country would prove that a large majority were opposed to such meddlesome interference in the peoples' rights.

It is not a question needing discussion. The grounds must be opened on Sunday, subject only to the laws of the country.

William Dudley Faulke, (he should drop the Dudley) of Indiana, who is chairman of the special committee of the Civil Service Reform League, has been unloading himself regarding Mr. Wana-maker and the President. He says the former gentleman is worse than incompetent, that he is "ridiculous," and that the latter is afraid to bounce him for some occult reason, and suggests it must be the

raising of the celebrated \$400,000. Mr. Faulke ought to know. But it is not news to us, still verification of our statements about these worthies, from such a source, is important.

Mr. Faulke believes Mr. Harrison will be nominated, and opposed by Mr. Cleveland. Showing that Mr. Faulke has a discerning head-piece on his shoulders. And, furthermore, he says, "Harrison cannot carry Indiana." He can't! Sam Morse told us that a hundred times and more, and he knows more about Indiana than Civil-Service Faulke. Yet it is pleasant to record these confirmatory remarks.

Well, the coal barons have boosted coal a little. Not much, merely \$2,500,000 on a season's output. These God-fearing-psalm-singing-
knaves of course will increase the poor devils wages who mine it, and the railroad hands who bring it to market? Ugh! not this season, and it is a house and lot to a cookey that there will be a ten per cent reduction in salaries in the coal-fields and on the *Reading* before the year is run. Keep right on, gentlemen, you will just put one straw too much on, and then those left will wonder how it happened. Evolution is slow, but it is dead cock-sure. Would a course of history hurt any of you? A few selected works on the French Revolution might suggest the necessity of polishing your spectacles so that the imperial purple of your noses obscure not your vision.

The fake newspaper has a cock-in-the-bull story of Senator Vilas and ex-Postmaster General Dickinson skipping over the country, coaxing, persuading, bulldozing and threatening Cleveland's supporters to drop the ex-President and take up Chief Justice Fuller. It is needless to characterize the yarn, still print is print, and too many think where there is smoke there is fire, if they read it. For these good souls we will say in common, everyday parlance, it is a confounded lie, meaningless, mischievous and mendacious. For while it was being concocted Mr. Vilas was in convention in Wisconsin, which convention resolved to vote as a unit to nominate Grover Cleveland for President, and Don M. Dickinson was similarly engaged in Michigan.

Dr. Robert A. Gunn, of New York, in his work, "The Truth about Alcohol," enlightens us about the word "Alcohol" and much more

besides: "The word 'Alcohol,'" he says, "is derived from two Arabic words, *Al* the, and *Kohl* antimony; and the term was applied to that metal reduced to an inpalpably fine powder, which was, and still is used by ladies in the East to color their eyebrows and lashes. Hence, because the spirit of wine was as fine and volatile among other fluids as the Arabian cosmetic was among powders, the same name, *alcohol*, was given to it by Europeans."

Dr. Gunn shows quite conclusively the necessity of alcohol as a food, and that without it life would be a "demnition grind" not worth living. He perorates in this way: "In short, even vegetable and animal life are dependent upon its production. Remove it, and organized bodies of every kind would cease to be, and this earth would become a desolate chaos." The learned doctor of course strongly denounces, as he should, excessive use of alcoholic stimulants, but who wants to be a disorganized body going through this veil of tears, or assist in making the world a "desolate chaos" merely out of respect to some crank's whim just by refraining altogether from imbibing a "wee drop" occasionally. Most sensible persons now knowing how it stands will sooner sacrifice themselves than cause such deplorable results. We know there are a great number of things which make good food, and, though the Irishman insisted that there were no poor whiskies, he reluctantly admitted some were better than others; therefore, it is desirable to learn which whisky is the most desirable as a wholesome food. We have the testimony of many Kentucky physicians and of the public generally that the purest and safest whisky made is "The Belle of Nelson," of world-known reputation. For ourselves we cannot speak with any degree of scientific accuracy as to its merits as an alcoholic food, but we shall not engage a Kentucky colonel to bespeak its praise as a beverage.

Minister Charles Emory Smith, editor of the *Philadelphia Press*, the leading Republican newspaper of that city, is home. Mr. Smith has a way of his own of letting the people know of his return. He announces that the Republican party has put a half million of dollars in Matt S. Quay's pockets. That it has paid him \$40,000 a year as chairman of the national committee. Emory, you should have remained at home. Your party needs a few such men as yourself. But, in the name of good fellowship, why do you remain with such a gang? *Your* Republican party has been dead long ago.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Tess of the D'Urbervilles: by Thomas Hardy. (Harper & Bros).—A somewhat curious and contradictory book this; unquestionably strong in incident and in opinion—abounding in graphic word-painting and full of the richness of the soil, the scent of the clover and the sweetness of the breath of cows.

As a faithful picture of English dairy life and its surroundings in the loamy valleys of the Midland counties the book is as true to nature as White's *Selborne*; as a description of dairy folk and English gentry it is as far from reality as an Arabian tale.

The heroine Tess is a figment of the brain, not an English country lass; even the mythical blue blood cannot account for the physical vigor and mental ultra refinement, and the author's taste in building up a mortal angel only to hang her by the neck in the end is, to say the least, doubtful.

It has been said by a wise man of old: "The worst end you can put a man to is to hang him." Surely it is still more repulsive to good taste and human feeling to hang by the neck a creature of love and beauty, guiltless of all crime save the killing of a reptile who had stung her—a reptile—human in form, but none the less a reptile.

The hero, "Angel Clare," is a cad—pure and simple, whose dense selfishness would not let him see his own way to happiness.

Of course being a selfish fellow, all the girls love him unselfishly, as is the wont of girls who mostly worship at the shrines of false gods.

The only redeeming quality in this particular false god, is that like Mrs. Jarley's mermaid he is represented as "playing beautiful upon the 'arp."

Angel Clare is a very fallen angel indeed.

The dairy girls—Izz Huett, Retty Priddle and Marian—are ladies playing at milkmaids, not at all real milkmaids, as all who are familiarly acquainted with real milkmaids will see at a glance—nay I doubt if such refinement of feeling and extremity of generosity could be found even in the ranks of the upper classes of society; certainly not in the coarse-grained fibre of bucolic lass-hood.

The only realism in the story is the loose morality of the people, which is true to nature in the class from which most of the charac-

ters are taken, the farm laborers of Great Britain, among whom female chastity, off the stage at least, is an almost unknown quantity, owing to the vile poor-law system which makes a "luve choild" or two a source of income to the family—an advantage rather than a detriment.

The tale, however, is interesting and well told, but with a tang of lingual pretension that savors of pedantry. The style is more journalese than literary. The author revels in polysyllables and wallows in Johnsonian sloughs of words, indeed when they fail him in the dictionary he does not hesitate at inventing them to suit his taste, in so much that a glossary would be a desirable annex to the work.

The best portraitures are those of "Sir John" and "Dairyman Crick," although being simple and natural, the author loves not to dwell upon them.

There are many shrewd observations scattered through the book, and, as a bucolic romance, treating of an impossible state of things, but emotional and intense of action, the tale is worth the telling.

The publishers have put it before the public in very attractive guise.

FRED. LYSTER.

NEW YORK.

Wordsworth's Grave and other Poems.—The Cameo Series of English poems (F. Stokes Company) contains one notable book, the one with the above title. Mr. William Watson, the author, is a poet as yet little known to fame, and, in fact, before the present thin volume appeared, might have been said to have been wholly unknown. But, if I am not greatly mistaken, he will be better known to our grandchildren than he is at present to us. Not only has he imaginative power of a very high order, but his artistic sense is of the keenest. No poet of the day knows better than he the value of words. It is, perhaps, in his case, that the critic faculty has been rather too strong and has repressed the natural and spontaneous utterance of the poet, smothering the enthusiasm which breathes fire and color into the poem. Beyond this it is hard to find fault with Mr. Watson. The poem which gives name to the book is elegiac and is almost as flawless, from an artistic point of view, as Gray's famous "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." But—and this seems like temerity—I would claim for it as *poetry* a higher place than the work of the

earlier poet. Gray, with all his taste and refined sensibility, was, as he himself says, "a pismire of a poet." His imaginative power was not of the highest order; there are no sun-bursts of song such as we meet with in the work of a score of other English poets. Mr. Watson, though keeping a severe rein on his fancy, has at times this faculty, which, if it is not pronounced enough to provoke wonder, is at least able to excite admiration. The limpid clearness of his style, remarkable in an age of verbal contortion, is to be commended, for if he errs through undo repression, he errs in a good cause. He is not open, as he himself accuses certain others of being "a word mosaic artificer." Yet you feel in reading him that any but the word that he has chosen would wholly destroy the effect of his verse. His simplicity has no smack of the pedant, but belongs to the clarified strain of the great masters whom he has so assiduously studied. As an example of how finely the poet and critic are blended in his verse, I will cite these lines from "Wordsworth's Grave:"

- "A hundred years ere he to manhood came
 Song from celestial heights had wandered down;
 Put off her robe of sunlight, dew and flame
 And donned a modish dress to charm the town.
- "Henceforth she but festooned the porch of things,
 Apt at life's love, incurious what life meant;
 Dextrous of hand she struck her lute's few strings,
 Ignobly perfect, barrenly content.
- "Unflushed with ardor and unblanched by awe
 Her lips in profitless derision curled;
 She saw with dull emotion, if she saw,
 The grandeur of the glory of the world.
- "The human masque she scanned with dreamless eyes
 In whose clear shallows lurked no trembling shade;
 Unkennd by her the stars might set and rise,
 Unmarked by her the daisies bloom and fade.
- "The world grew sated of her sterile wit,
 Herself waxed weary on her loveless throne;
 Men felt life's tide, the sweep and surge of it
 And craved a living voice, a natural tone.
- "For, not the less, though song was but half true,
 The world lay common, one abounding theme,
 Men joyed and wept, and truth was ever new,
 And love was sweet, life real, death no dream.
- "In saddened strains the rugged scholar sage
 Bewailed his toil unvalued, life uncheered,
 His numbers wore the vesture of the age,
 But 'neath it beating the great heart appeared.

- "O'er dewy pastures, uplands sweet with thyme,
A virgin breeze freshened the faded day;
It wafted Collins' lovely vesper chime,
It breathed abroad the frugal note of Gray;
- "It fluttered here and there, nor swept in vain
The dusty haunts where futile efforts dwell,
Thence in a cadence soft as summer rain
And, mute from Auburn voiceless, drooped and fell.
- "It drooped and fell, and one 'neath Northern skies
With southern heart who tilled his father's field,
Found Poesy a-dying, bade her rise
And kiss quick Nature's hem and go forth healed.
- "On life's broad plain the ploughman's conquering share
Upturned the fallow fields of truth anew,
And o'er the formal garden's trim parterre
The peasant's team a ruthless furrow drew.
- "Bright was his going forth, but clouds ere long
Whelmed him; in gloom his radiance set; and those
Twin morning stars of the new century's birth,
Those morning stars that sang together, rose.
- "In elfish speech the DREAMER told his tale
Of marvelous oceans swept by fateful wings;
The SEER strayed not from earth's human pale,
But the mysterious face of common things
- "He mirrored as the moon in Rydal Mere
Is mirrored when the breathless night hangs blue;
Strangely remote she seems, yet wondrous near
And by some nameless difference born anew."

The last stanza is exquisite in conception and artistically perfect. The whole quotation is a masterly condensation of poetic criticism vivid with the light of genius. But no selection can do justice to this noble poem, replete as it is with grace of diction and rich though restrained fancy. I have not space left to quote from the sonnets which are equally noble and class with the best modern examples. They are mostly political in character and have a pureness of tone and elevation of style all their own.

The epigrams which follow are a carcanet of jewels. Each is symmetrical as a star. Here is one:

- "The statue, Buonorotti saith, doth wait
Thralled in the block for me to emancipate;
The song, saith the poet, wanders free
Till I betray it to captivity."

Here is another equally fine on "Shelley and Harriet Westbrook":

"A star looked down from Heaven and loved a flower
Grown in Earth's garden, loved it for an hour;
Ye who have traced his orbit in the spheres
Refuse not to a ruined rosebud—tears."

These quotations are sufficient to show that a new "star" has dawned on the literary horizon. They prove conclusively that the poetic faculty is as virile as ever, though for a time its light may have been obscured.

C. L. BETTS.

BROOKLYN.

The Sabbath in Puritan New England: by Alice Morse Earle (Charles Scribners' Sons, New York).—This is a book which will delight the historian and the archeologist, as well as the casual reader. It is easy to see, even if she had not told us, that Mrs. Earle in writing this book was to the manner born. It also shows extensive research and the use of original material new to many who have read the more pretentious histories dealing with New England life. The style is clear and not too dignified, without a touch of pedantry and little self-opinionativeness, save where the writer is on sure ground. Much quoted matter is in the book, as is natural to the subject and much of the material is an acquisition to history of the highest importance.

The work opens with a description of a New England meeting-house, depicting minutely its fitting and furnishing both outside and in—the horns, drums and shells by which the worshippers were summoned to service. The old-fashioned pews, the foot-warmers, the pulpit, the old psalm books and much else of curious, quaint and forgotten lore. It tells of the "noon house," now a thing almost unknown to us even by name. It has amusing chapters on the functions of the minister and deacon and the important "tithingman," whose duty it was to wake the sleepers and chastise the irreverent and impressible boys. It gives delightful little anecdotes of roystering parsons and stiff-necked deacons who *would* persist in lining out the hymns after fashion had declared against them, and how men were punished for kissing their wives on a Sunday. All this is told with a racy flavor of narrative and yet with a secret sympathy in the writer, who shows clearly her belongings. Perhaps the most important chapters are those on the New England psalm book.

In them are corrected several statements made by former experts in this line, Mrs. Earle being ample proof to back up her opinion. About one-fourth of the book is taken up in the exposi-

tion of the church music of the Puritans, the last quarter being devoted to an account of the pastor. I will give the quotations to show, although briefly and inadequately, the exactness of the material drawn on and the pictorial charm of Mrs. Earle's style. It is a passage from the chapter called "The Tithingman and the Sleepers." It begins with a quaint record:

"June 3, 1646.—Allen Bridges hathe bin chose to wake ye sleepers in meeting. And being much proude of his place, must needs have a fox-taile fixed to ye ende of a long staff wherewith he may brush ye faces of them yt will have napps in time of discourse, likewise a sharpe thorne whereby he may pricke such as be most sound. On ye last Lord his day, as he strutted about ye meeting-house, he did spy Mr. Tomlins sleeping with much comfort, hys head kept steadie by being in ye corner, and his hand grasping ye rail. And so spying, Allen did quickly thrust his staff behind Dame Ballard and give him a grievous prick upon ye hand. Whereupon Mr. Tomlins did spring vpp much above ye floore, and with terrible force strike hys head against ye wall; and also to ye great wonder of all, prophanlie exclaim in a loud voice, 'Curse ye wood chuck;' he dreaming, so it seemed yt a wood chuck had siezed and bit his hand. But on coming to know where he was, and ye greate scandall he had committed, he seemed much abashed but did not speak. And I think he will not soon again goe to sleepe in meeting.'

"How clear the picture! Can you not see it?—the warm June sunlight streaming in through the narrow, dusty windows of the old meeting-house; the armed watcher at the doors, the Puritan women in their sad-colored mantles seated sternly upright on the hard, narrow benches; the black-gowned minister, the droving murmur of whose sleepy voice mingles with the out-door sounds of the rustle of leafy branches, the song of summer birds, the hum of buzzing insects and the muffled stamping of horses' feet; the restless boys on the pulpit stairs; the tired, sleeping Puritan, with his head thrown back in the corner of the pew; the vain, strutting tithingman with his fantastic and thorned staff of office; and then—the sudden, electric wakening, and the consternation of the whole staid and pious congregation at such terrible profanity in the house of God. Ah!—it was not two hundred and forty years ago; when I read the quaint words my Puritan blood stired my drowsy brain, and I remember it all well, just as I saw it last summer in June."

There are scores of such passages as this; indeed every chapter

abounds with them. Mrs. Earle is to be congratulated on the manner in which she has told her story of the Puritan Sabbath, and her success should encourage her to persevere in a department of letters for which she is both by education and temperament peculiarly fitted.

C. L. BETTS.

BROOKLYN.

The American Slang Dictionary is compiled and published by James Maitland, of Chicago. It embodies all American and English slang phrases in common use, with the derivation and philology—at least, if not all, six thousand of them—about enough to make up a modest man's vocabulary. Of course no one volume should be expected to hold all the slang words and phrases of our people. That's asking too much. Americans invent slang as easily and rapidly as they do locomotives, sewing-machines and things. Therefore, to say we miss some rude but familiar companions from the pages of Mr. Maitland's faithful work is no reflection on its excellence. Indeed it is astonishing that any man possesses the patient labor and ability to compile this book. In the making of dictionaries there is no limit, but the ordinary dictionary holds out the temptation to the maker of pecuniary gain. The compiler of *The American Slang Dictionary* certainly had no such incentive to lure him along in his labor. To him then the more credit. It is a work every student, literary man and editor should have. May be, not to learn any more slang but to show how much of their English Mr. Maitland says is slang. There seems to be but a thin line of demarcation between some bad slang and some good English. Another proof evidently that all things are merely relative.

As this is the only decent slang dictionary ever published, it would be troublesome to make comparisons. It is easily therefore the best, the most complete and trustworthy. The fact is there are other dictionaries of the kind, but most of them are marred by indecency. The only one worthy of comparison in any degree is Mr. J. C. Totten's, published in London five and twenty years ago. It omits all that makes Mr. Maitland's work valuable—American slang.

The book is printed on hand-made paper, from beautiful type, making it a veritable *édition de luxe*. The printers and binders, too often neglected of their meed of praise these days, deserve with Mr. Maitland the thanks of every lover of good books well made.

R. J. B.



BELFORD'S MONTHLY

VOL. IX.

JULY, 1892.

No. 2.

THE SEA WOLVES' LIGHT.*

BY EMILY READ AND MARIAN C. L. REEVES, AUTHORS OF "PILOT FORTUNE;" "A LITTLE MAID OF ACADIE;" ETC.

I.

"Look at her well, Dr. Rhodes, and tell me if you have the heart to break in on her peace with a mere hope? which is all you have to offer her."

"I am looking at her well, Ted," the older man said dryly. "Perhaps I am looking a little deeper than you. I fancy you will find that for the mere hope which is all I mean to offer her the girl will be glad enough to fling away the place you set so much store by for her."

Ted Sylvester was resting on his oars, letting the dory drift with the tide. So calm it was that the two men had instinctively lowered their voices so as not to break in upon the silence of the sea. There might be another reason also: the girl yonder, half-sitting, half-lying on a ledge of rock that seemed, like the dory, idly drifting with the tide.

This bit of an island, a mere jumble of dark ledges, might from this point almost be taken for one of those great Bay-of-Fundy timber-rafts breaking up and floating on the sunny reach of waters. They pulsed so tranquilly about it that it too appeared

to heave upon the swell. Only that out of the midst of it a solid, tall white lantern glittered in the noontide blaze, as if already kindled, the Sea Wolves' Light, to warn the sailors of the cruel fangs laid bare at the waves ebb.

That is all the warning now; but even on calm days like this when the strong, sandy tide rises there will be strange, fierce sounds about the place; hollow threatenings; sullen plunges in and out of the pools; suggestive rather of the English version of its name than of the "*Loups Marins*," the harmless seals after which the first discoverers under Champlain called it. There is seldom a brown seal found on its ledges now, though there is a small brown figure basking there as the boat drifts near enough for both men to do as Sylvester recommended—look well at the girl.

A small brown figure; brown head, pillowed on the arms flung upon the rock behind her; small face upturned to the clear noon, as a sunflower that would drink in the light.

Only this sunflower face is of that rosy fairness which sun and sea-wind agree to spare. It had a faint expectant flush on it, and the girl raised herself to a sitting posture, turned towards the boat as it grated against a jutting ledge.

"What are you doing there, Ailsie?" one of the men called out to her.

"Waiting to help you ashore, Dr. Rhodes. With all your eyes—two pair, you say—you know you can't get the dory in as well as I."

"What made you sit up as if you were receiving company, little one? Neither Sylvester nor I said one word after we came within ear-shot."

"Ah, but the sea told on you! Didn't you hear the tinkle of the ripples at the prow?"

Sylvester turned with a triumphant air to his companion. "There! can any added sense improve on that?" he said in an undertone.

Dr. Rhodes was paying no attention to him. "Well, but you have not answered my question, Miss Ailsie. What were you doing?"

A wistful change came over the small face.

"I was trying to see the morning," she said, simply. "It is bright, isn't it? Maybe I'd have got out through the dark to it," half-petulant, half-laughing, "if you hadn't called me back. When I lie in the sun so I fancy I might get out through the dark after awhile. There must be light, even for me, beyond."

It was the old doctor's turn to look at the young one; he did it with the triumphant air intensified.

"What makes you think you can get through the dark, Miss Ailsie, to the other side where there is light? You don't mean *light*; you mean *warmth*. You can't see; light is something to be seen."

The speech was almost brutal as she strained her blind face towards him. But perhaps the tone said more to her than the words, for she smiled.

"I feel it, then my face feels for it and finds it. No, I don't mean warmth, Dr. Rhodes. There is warmth when I sit beside the big stove in the winter, and hear the storm, hear the howling wolves; more warmth than this. But this is different."

Dr. Rhodes nodded to his companion in the boat; but he did not speak again until he had scrambled ashore; not too heavily considering his rather massive figure and his weight of three-score years.

The rock-weed pelting with its yellow-green bladders the black ledges made them a little slippery; perhaps he needed the hands the girl held out to him on hearing his tread beside her.

"My dear, the blind don't see; that goes without saying. They may feel the warmth, but they have nothing in the world to do with light. Light doesn't shine for them."

Ailsie put up her shoulder with an impatient shrug.

"These people who have eyes they think they know everything. Why, in my darkness I could tell you more. If you had been me sitting on the rocks here, Dr Rhodes, with your eyes shut, or your back turned, would you have known that a boat was coming in?"

"No, that he would not, Miss Ailsie," said Sylvester, speaking for the first time.

There was an eagerness in his voice to array himself on her side: the two young people against the old one.

The turn of her head showed that she placed him exactly where he stood below her.

"Thanks, Dr. Sylvester," she nodded to him, coolly, "but I can confound him too easily to need help. Who was it steered the boat straight to the cove yesterday, eh, Dr. Rhodes?"

"That rogue of an Oliver Disbrowe had the oars," remarked Dr. Rhodes, dryly. "I heard you say you never went out rowing without him. He rows a clear stroke as an accompaniment to the rudder."

She bit her lips with vexation; she would have snatched her hands away.

But he still held them fast.

"Yes, yes, you can do many things little Ailsie. What you cannot do is to see light, being blind."

She tried to draw away from him like a passionate child.

But he repeated his words again, with still more emphasis:

"What you cannot do is to see light, *being blind*——"

She stopped struggling at once. She turned her startled face full on him.

Her lips moved; once, twice, but without a word.

But every line in her face, the very posture of her little young body, were eloquent beyond the need of words.

"Speak——" they said, as plainly as if she herself had spoken.

"This strange new thought—what does it mean?"

And, as if she had spoken, Dr. Rhodes was answering:

"It means—just the merest, slightest chance perhaps, Ailsie—your seeing light at all means that you are not *properly* blind."

"Not blind!"

She stood transfigured before them. She flung up her arms as Dr. Rhodes loosed his hold of her, and clasped her hands behind her head, lifting her face to the sunshine.

The sunshine beaming out of it was brighter than the sunshine beaming on it.

There was a half-angry, reluctant glow of admiration kindling in young Sylvester's glance.

His lip curled slightly at himself that he should be gull enough to be caught by a bit of a fisher-girl, nearly as wild as the sea-birds nesting on the rocks. He with the world before him and his way to make in it. Now, if he were a rich man like his old guardian yonder, and could afford whimsies which are never ridiculous in a rich man——

"Not blind!" At the thrilling voice again Sylvester forgot himself for the moment, glancing reproachfully at Dr. Rhodes.

"This for a mere chance—the merest chance; and if it fail!"

It had not needed this low-voiced suggestion to bring a troubled look into the benevolent old face. But he spoke out with determined cheerfulness:

"I don't think you quite understand me my child. What I said was not *properly* blind. To point out whether there is the slightest chance of your ever seeing more than the difference between noonday sun and midnight blackness there must be a care-

ful examination of your eyes. You would have to go home with me, for instance—away from here—for that. Then if the examination gave good hope there would be the operation and the tedious treatment, two or three months, perhaps, shut up in a darkened room."

She did not seem to be listening to a word he said, though afterwards it appeared she had heard.

"Not blind!" she said again, rapturously. "Not blind!" and then, "Oliver—I must tell Oliver."

She broke from them before they could stop her, putting out her hand to the nearest bit of broken rock-wall and groping her way so rapidly that it was really impossible to believe she walked not by sight, but memory.

The two men she left behind stood looking at each other blankly.

"You have done it this time, my dear sir," Sylvester said, with a slight shrug, not unlike the girl's own.

"No, my dear boy; I have but just begun it," Dr. Rhodes declared stoutly, smiling, though but gravely.

"Begun it!" The younger man threw his hands up with an expressive gesture. He had conquered his momentary weakness; but self-preservation urged to flight, and there across this bit of an island he could see the masts of Dr. Rhodes's yacht idly rocking against the blue when they might spread white wings there to carry him out of temptation's reach. If only old Rhodes could be made to take a common-sense view.

"Maybe you know what it is you have begun; I confess I don't," said Sylvester. "Only it seems to me as limitless an outlook as this one under our eyes. You put that poor little thing adrift upon an ocean of doubt and of uncertainty, and where is she going to drift?"

"I beg pardon, Ted, my boy, but I do nothing of the kind. I steer her little bark straight for her until she can see to steer it for herself."

"And suppose she never can see?"

"You are right. I am bound to suppose that too, although I by no means believe it. As I was about to tell you just now when we were afloat—until you bade me look at the girl instead—our good friend, 'Jack-o'-lantern' as you call him, has given me one way or another a deal of information about his little sister's eyes. It seems that the loss of sight was gradual; although it all came upon her during the two first years of her life, so that she really

couldn't remember seeing at all. One doctor's opinion seems to have been enough to confirm the family in the hopelessness of the case; and just about this time old Mackenzie moved here in charge of the lighthouse, to which post his son, our taciturn friend, succeeded. The child being shut up here with her brother has grown up very much alone."

"You forget Oliver."

"I do not forget Oliver. I was going to say except for the lad from Grand Manan. From all I can make out she owes the lad for everything she is."

"And would pay him with everything she is if you let her alone."

"Eh, what is that?"

Sylvester linked his arm affectionately in the old man's.

"Come, come, dear old Father Jupiter, if you must needs be a *deus ex machinâ*, be it to join two young loves, not to separate them. If you take the girl away and give her eyes you must intend her to use them, and using them, she can hardly be expected after one look at life to come back to the dreary death-in-life which will await her here. Figure it to yourself, *mon ami*, as our friend Madame Laurier would say: these are the last days of August—September, October, November spent in Baltimore, until her eyes shall be fit to use. A Merry Christmas and New Years spent there also; or you would not have her leave until you were sure beyond a peradventure that the recovery was complete. Then what follows? A long three-month's winter and more upon this rock. Would any girl not wish herself blind again that she might shut her eyes to the contrast? To come back to this after one glimpse of life."

"What is life?" Dr. Rhodes asked, much as a certain Pilate before him had questioned. "What is truth?"

Like Pilate he did not stop for the answer. He went on:

"It is the true physician's duty to cure. As to what may follow on the cure——"

"You would not to heal the lungs deliberately bring on heart disease? No, don't trouble yourself to explain that it could not be done; it is a mere figure of speech. And besides, my dear old friend, there's another feature of the case you seem determined to overlook."

"And that is?"

"That neither you nor I should be considered the proper persons to carry off a young girl out of reach of all her friends and actually into a foreign country."

"Bah! a man old enough to be her father?"

"There is an ecclesiastical law against a woman's marrying her grandfather, showing at least the possibility of the union," Sylvester said, dryly. "Besides, we must not overlook Madame Grundy, alias Laurier. Do you think the pretty little French widow will be silent? She is young herself, yet it was evident enough last season that she would have found the difference in years no inseparable obstacle between you if you had asked her to become *Mrs. Rhodes*."

The good old doctor laughed a little, hugging himself in an amused fashion that showed he did not disdain the soft impeachment. Then he stopped abruptly.

"Well, well—but there are hospitals——"

"A cage for this wild sea-bird to beat her heart out against! A fine condition her eyes would be in to operate upon."

"That is true enough."

A meditative pause. Presently:

"Then my best course——"

"Is to abstain from making any offer yourself in the matter," his young adviser replied, concealing his eagerness under a fine air of carelessness. "The impossibility of getting to Baltimore, and all that, will soon put the thing out of the girl's head—with her Oliver's assistance. Later on, if you should see any practical way open—I confess I can't just now; but one can never say what time may not bring forth—you can easily communicate the fact to Jack-o'-Lantern. Or, better still, young Disbrowe, if meantime the situation here is not meddled with, will be bringing his bride to you for your advice upon the subject. As *Mrs. Disbrowe* the whole question would take on a very different aspect and be easy enough to deal with. Look at that and say that I am not right."

The two men had turned an angle of the rocks and a wider view of the islets lay before them than from the point where they had landed, for there are seven islets in the group; some mere reefs and fangs, but all of them showing the same basaltic formation which, in some old volcanic age, made a half-submerged and broken Giant's Causeway across from the Nova Scotian shore to Grand Manan. It would take the giant of the seven-league boots now to cross from one to another bit of pavement or shattered arch that still stands itself up through the forty miles of surging tide at Fundy's mouth.

Not a handful of earth mortars the masses of rock together; not a blade of grass creeps out through the closely-fitting blocks and

triangular-wedged slabs. In their midst the lighthouse stands up, white and glittering, and here and there, within high-water mark, moss-colored tufts of kelp make a mock at vegetation and yellow and white barnacles jet the bases of the columns standing about in the water. A long, low sand flat divides the main islet in two at high water; but now at low tide forms a road between two piles of rock. Out from it, like the brown meshes of a net stretched between the two, the fishing-weirs on either side bristled up with their ragged, interwoven boughs to trap the herring swimming unsuspectingly into them. But there was something larger than herring floating there now; it was a boat with two people in it and a load of brushwood between.

Neither Dr. Rhodes nor Sylvester could hear a word of Ailsie's; but they could see the eager air with which she leaned forward to say:

"Now, Oliver, do let the mending of the weir alone! I don't want you to do anything just now. I have something to tell you, do you hear? How can I speak if you keep rustling those old branches all the while?"

"And how can I catch any herring with the next tide if I don't mend my sein, eh, Ailsie? And all my trouble in bringing this boat-load of brush from Grand Manan? This great gap, now—only go on with what you have to tell me. I can work and listen at the same time; my ears are not in my finger-tips."

"Like my eyes, Oliver! Oh! Oliver! if they were not! He says—just think of it! he says I am not blind!"

There was silence enough now to satisfy her utmost requirements.

The lashing of the waves among the rocks; that was the only sound, except to young Disbrowe's own ear. To that it seemed as if the hurried beating of his heart must make itself heard.

"Oliver, why don't you speak?" the girl said, petulantly, at last.

"I don't know what to say," he answered, simply.

"You don't know how to tell me you are glad beyond everything in the world that I may have my sight?"

"It is the doctor from the States who has told you that?"

Oliver's eyes had turned from the girl's shining face, and caught sight of the two men walking together towards the lighthouse.

It was at the younger of the two men, the one walking behind, bareheaded, the sun shining in his yellow hair while he sauntered

by with that negligent swing of his as if the place belonged to him, Oliver thought—it was at the younger of the two men that he was looking as he put his question:

“It is the doctor from the States who has told you that?”

“The doctor from the States—an angel from heaven! What does it matter who it is that comes to bring me into a new world—a world which must be paradise?”

The thrilling, exultant voice; the face so full of rapture that it seemed already lifted up into the light of paradise.

Suddenly a cloud swept over it. She lifted it no longer, but stooped, the chin resting on her clasped hands, the sightless eyes roving restlessly as if she had lost something and she was seeking it.

“He does not care!” she said under her breath. “He does not care!”

She spoke so low that Oliver could not catch the words, and asked her hoarsely what she was saying.

“Put me ashore. I must tell brother Jack. I will see if he too thinks it makes no difference whether I am to be always blind or not.”

“No difference!”

The boy's face had flushed scarlet. He gave the boat a vicious push that sent it crashing through the broken weir.

“No difference! I tell you Ailsie it will make this difference: you will be marrying the American doctor.”

“What both of them?” asked the girl, with an angry laugh. “Do take care what you are about, Oliver! That last jar went near to upsetting the boat. You'll have enough work now to mend your weir. I wish you would set me ashore. If I am to marry my doctor as you say——”

“Ailsie!”

She did not understand the hoarse, suppressed voice; it needed to explain it the passion of his face. Hardly a boy's face any more. Manhood had come with a shock to Oliver Disbrowe.

With his lips set and a dull flush on his cheek he had rowed the boat up into the bit of cove below the lighthouse. The same instant he lifted her ashore.

“Go up to the house, Ailsie,” he said unconsciously, in a tone of command. “I shall be in presently, when I've finished the weir, and you will tell me all. I must have a moment first to think it over.”

She stood where he left her. She did not stir to go in-doors.

but remained motionless, listening to the dip of his oars as he went.

Suddenly she smote her hands together with a hard-drawn breath.

"A moment—a moment first to think it over—to find out whether it is worth his while to be glad for once that I am to be taken out of outer darkness! Oliver—Oliver!"

There was only anger in her voice as it broke over her old playmate's name. What she took for his indifference had touched her to the quick. She was rather pale with the hurt of it, and her color did not come back, as a voice said behind her:

"What of Oliver? Have you two children been quarreling?"

She put up her shoulders impatiently.

"He didn't give me the chance. But I shall tell him what I think of him yet. Fancy, Dr. Rhodes! he was not one bit glad when I told him what you said about my eyes!"

"Perhaps he was afraid."

"Afraid?"

"Of the change that your sight might bring about. Everything will seem different to you——"

"Not Oliver. Nothing could change Oliver to me. We have been friends almost ever since I could remember anything, ever since the Rector first brought him over here with him from Grand Manan, and told us the wolves too were in his fold after a sort."

The dimples had come back about her mouth and the color to her cheeks; she was smiling over childish memories merry and tender.

Dr. Rhodes looked at her gently; perhaps after all that boy Sylvester had not been so far wrong.

"Would Mr. Disbrowe—the Rector I mean—would he approve of your going away to try to recover your sight?"

"The Rector? Why should he approve or disapprove?" She spoke with a little offence in her voice, explained by her next words: "What the Rector approved of was that brother Jack should send me away to a blind asylum. I just would not go. And I was right, for what could I have learned there more than I have learned now? I can cook—when brother Jack and the boys will let me—I can redd up the house; I can knit the socks and hook the mats in the long winter; and when the summer days like these are come I can be out all day long on the rocks in the sunshine. Could the blind asylum do better than that for me, shut up in its horrible brick walls?"

"How do you know anything about its walls—or bricks either, for that matter?" asked the doctor, laughing.

"Oliver," she said, simply; adding: "How do I know anything about anything, except for Oliver? He has been my eyes."

"Perhaps, then, you should not wonder if he should be jealous of being superseded? Suppose we do not try to supersede him. Suppose we have a little patience, and wait until he can bring you on to the States himself to have your eyes treated——"

"Until he can bring me?"

Her sightless eyes, full and clear as they were, could tell him nothing as she turned her face around on him; but that mobile face and her swift gesture were eloquent of surprise. "Until he can bring me! why should he bring me?"

"You should be able to answer that question better than I," Dr. Rhodes said, dryly.

"I? But I cannot imagine why he should bring me. He never would think of such a thing. And the Rector would not hear of it. Why, the Rector thinks, I fancy, that Oliver loses too much time here at the Sea Wolves, as it is, though he has his herring weir to attend to. But Oliver is reading with his father for the university. He goes there very soon now, and he has no time to waste. Why should he take me to the States?"

"Of course, if you can see no reason why he should, why then he shouldn't," rejoined the doctor dryly again.

There was not the faintest trace of consciousness in face or manner; her smooth brow had a pucker of puzzled thought on it.

"I wish he could indeed! or that brother Jack—but of course brother Jack could not leave the lighthouse. Would there be any difficulty? Would it be quite easy to get me into the blind asylum in Baltimore?" she asked suddenly after a pause, as if the question of ways and means had just occurred to her. "The Rector long ago offered to use his influence to get me into one of ours; but perhaps in the States it would be different?"

When Dr. Rhodes did not answer at once her color died away so utterly that at first he was alarmed, and put out his arm as if to support her.

She knew nothing of it, and after an instant he saw she had no need of support. Pale as she was, her voice was quite steady as she went on after that pause of breathless suspense:

"There is something in the way! Tell me what it is. I will hear anything rather than this being kept in the dark. In the dark!"

She repeated her figure of speech; this time as one suddenly aware of its full and literal significance.

White to the very lips, with "a horror of great darkness"—of darkness that may be felt—she put out her hands with a groping gesture.

She flung back her head; but a cloud had passed over the sun. There were no direct rays to shed down upon the upturned, seeking face.

"In the dark."

The groping hands were taken into a strong, firm grasp. They were trembling now; clinging to Dr. Rhodes, as if he had the power to hold her back from the black gulf; to lead her into light.

"Is it so dreadful, little Ailsie?" he asked, with a world of compassion in his quiet voice. "So dreadful! and would you trust me utterly to help you out of it? For, as matters stand, I see but the one way."

"One way? Any way! What does it matter? Any way to see! To get out of the dark—out of the dark!"

She was clinging to him, straining against him, her bosom panting, her breath coming flutteringly, as of one who flees in terror from some pursuing phantom. If the dark had taken on itself some dreadful form pressing down upon her she might shrink and shudder so.

"Dear little Ailsie, what is it?"

The girl was as swift and unexpected in her change of moods as the fitful seas that had rocked her childhood as they rock the sea-birds in their nests. At the very sound of his voice of pity she had choked down her sobs, had controlled herself with a strong effort, and gently drew her hands away.

"You must not fancy I am often 'so,' she said, steadying her words and speaking slowly. "Only sometimes the dark pushes against me—hems me in—suffocates me——" She thrust her hands out, as if she were pushing away from her something that pressed on her, cumbered her. "Not often—only sometimes in the winter when the sea wolves are howling in the storm——"

She stopped, determined not to break down again.

But the water stood in Dr. Rhodes's eyes. He took off his glasses, rubbed them, and readjusted them to see more clearly into the matter. And after all he looked over them, surveying the girl from head to foot, with a comical expression of doubt and dismay.

It would have been comical to any bystander, but the whole

thing was serious enough to him. His voice was as solemn as possible when he took her hand in his.

"Little Ailsie, could you trust yourself to me to lead you out of the dark into the light?"

"Trust to you? I could not help trusting you, Dr. Rhodes."

"You know me so little, Ailsie."

"Know you so little!" She repeated the words scornfully. "I don't know how it is with you people with eyes; but with us a voice tells everything, always. At least, almost always——" she added, reflectively. "I'm not so sure about Dr. Sylvester. I don't quite know him by his voice."

"His voice! Why you ought to know his as well as mine, for we came here together. The same stormy wind chanced to blow us both into this port."

"Yes, yes. But I didn't say I don't know his voice; only I don't know *him* by his voice. I don't see what he is like by it. Now, you——"

"Oh, I'm the heavy father sort, little one, while Ted's a handsome young fellow enough. Don't you take up a prejudice against Ted because his pipe has a somewhat uncertain sound."

She put up her shoulder impatiently; a trick she had.

"How else am I to judge? But I won't say it again, Dr. Rhodes, since it displeases you."

He patted her hand gently as it still lay quiet in his.

"Nothing you say or do displeases me, my dear. If I had ever been anything but a crusty old bachelor, little Ailsie, I would have chosen to have a daughter just after your pattern. As I have never been married——"

"Why don't you get a wife after the same pattern, Dr. Rhodes?" she retorted, with a careless laugh.

"That is just what I have been thinking of, my dear Miss Ailsie."

He laughed too; but there was an embarrassment in the usually hearty ring: the difference in which the blind girl detected at once.

She couched her head in a listening attitude, with a puzzled line on her brow, waiting for more.

More came, with the effect of puzzling her still further.

"I am old enough to be your father, Ailsie." He might almost have said her father's father; but that did not occur to him. "But your brother does not seem to be satisfied with that, and perhaps Mrs. Grundy—well, well, I'll not trouble you with all that," he broke off, rather incoherently, with a deepening of the

color in his hale old face. "I hope it will be many a long day before you'll care to listen to Mrs. Grundy."

"Mrs. Grundy? I don't know her at all, Dr. Rhodes."

"I don't doubt that, Ailsie. Only she'll know all about you and me and all of us the very minute we do anything she disapproves of. And the only way to keep clear of her is not to do anything she disapproves of. Your brother, Ailsie, does not know Mrs. Grundy either; but he has just refused to let you go with me to Baltimore."

"Refused?" in a faint little, despairing voice.

"Refused. But don't you think you and I could put our heads together and find some way to set him and Mrs. Grundy at defiance?"

He spoke gaily; but the girl's face did not brighten.

She shrugged her shoulders again at Mrs. Grundy; but she said:

"I couldn't defy my brother Jack. He is the only father I can remember."

"Then would you be willing to do what he is willing you should do in this matter?"

Her face was so blank that he hastened to explain:

"To recover your eyes; to trust yourself to me; to go away from the island with me as my own little Ailsie?"

"Oh, yes, yes!"

She was stretching out both hands to him eagerly.

He did not take them until he had explained hurriedly:

"There is only one way, my dear. I am afraid you will not like to take it. But I don't just see how it can all be managed, unless you would have your old friend the Rector over from Grand Manan, and marry us here, and come away to Baltimore with me as my little wife. Then I could myself guard against any failure in the operation that is to give you back your sight."

She stood spellbound at those last words. Presently she repeated them slowly, as if they were the only ones in the long speech which had made any impression upon her.

"To give me back my sight!"

Her whole face was one glow of rapture, all but the blank eyes, that for all their beauty of color and shape were still so dead and cold.

"To give me back my sight!" Then, wistfully: "This for me, Dr. Rhodes; but for you?"

He understood her. This child made no pretence to a love which

she not only did not feel, but did not know. She had heard of it, perhaps, in some story or poem which Oliver had read to her, but such hearing only made her add again, wistfully:

"But for you?"

At the honest question he laid his hand confidently on her shoulder.

"I shall have my little Ailsie, who will be even better than an adopted daughter to me, because no one can take her away."

* * * * *

It was the first time in his life that Oliver Disbrowe had failed in thinking over a thing better while at work than at rest. But now he rested absolutely on his oars when he had shot into the circle of the river. There was never a poor herring more hopelessly entangled in that maze than he in the net-work of his bewilderment.

Ailsie! He had often thought of going away himself; but Ailsie! Yes, it was different. He knew now—he must have known it all along, he was sure, however vaguely—that he should have come back to Ailsie; for Ailsie.

But Ailsie would never come back. Not his Ailsie. They would make a fine lady of her there in the States, and this handsome young doctor, he who walked as if the world belonged to him, he would marry her.

At this point Oliver turned his back on her, wheeling his boat around in the weir. He need not look; but she would go her own gait whether he watched or not. That was wilful Ailsie all over. And why not? What could he, Oliver, do for her? She might be the very light of his eyes, but he could not give her sight.

Little Ailsie.

He turned again to look at her, and saw her clinging to Dr. Rhodes. Softly he laid down in the bottom of the boat the oar with which he had been sculling, planted his elbows on his knees, his face framed in his hands. He did not try to think his way out of the tangled net-work any more.

As for the actual maze about him; when the tide came sighing into it he must have mechanically taken up his oar again. For after awhile he was brought to himself by hearing his own name:

"Disbrowe! Hallo! Disbrowe!"

He looked up with vague eyes.

"You want to be upon the rocks!" It was Sylvester's voice. "An inch more and that great wolf's-tooth would have jagged a hole in you. Take me aboard, will you, and ferry me over to the yacht? I left our dory on the other side of the island."

Oliver's answer came promptly, if the boat were the answer Sylvester sought. But there was nothing responsive in the young fellow's set, stern face. At the fiery glance he gave the debonnaire doctor the latter need not have been surprised if the boat were overturned in the dizziest of the eddies they were presently shooting across.

But the debonnaire doctor, if less debonnaire than usual, had no thought of the eddies. He was looking across at Oliver, who had taken both across now.

"So you've heard the news?" he said, abruptly.

When he had no answer, not so much as a glance:

"The news I mean. I got you to bring me out here that I might tell you. I don't know how you've heard it already. But she must have told you—though how she knew herself then——"

"Look here, Dr. Sylvester."

The two men seemed to have changed places somehow; it was Oliver who was speaking steadily, with the cool assurance of a man of the world. "What she chooses to tell me or not to tell me lies with her. We will not discuss that, if you please. As to your part in the matter——"

"My part!" After his first start of surprise Sylvester gave a short laugh. "You are altogether out in your reckoning," he said. "It is the old doctor she is to marry, and be off with him to the States to have her eyes tinkered at. That is if no one interferes," he added, significantly.

Oliver did not seem to hear the last words. He was pulling swiftly through the water, putting all the fierce strength within him into each deep stroke of the oar. That he had heard however his abrupt words showed, as now the yacht was neared.

"Who should interfere? She knows her own will best. If light-keeper Mackenzie approves——"

"Oh, brother Jack, of course he approves! No doubt he has viewed the matter from every side and knows the doctor has been summering in these waters in his yacht, by way of building himself up after a slight attack of paralysis in the spring. Of course brother Jack approves, since it was he who put it into the old gentleman's head in a way. Trust a canny Scot——"

"Here you are, Dr. Sylvester," Oliver interrupted shortly, sheering suddenly alongside the yacht. "Bundle up with you, will you? I must be off. You've got the yacht's boat to come ashore in."

"And you've got the start of me ashore you think, my fine fel-

low," Sylvester was saying to himself as he grasped the man-rope and reached the gangway.

But Oliver was thinking: "She must know best what she wants." What could he, Oliver Disbrowe, do for her? She might be the very light of his eyes, but he could never give her sight.

When Sylvester stood and watched Oliver's boat, with baffled face, the mast that had been unstepped was in its place and the red sail was swelling in the wind for Grand Manan Island.

II.

"Mr little Ailsie! No one can take her away."

Dr. Rhodes repeated it to himself, drawing the girl's hand in his arm as they stood together on the deck of the yacht *Good Hope*, and he watched the Sea Wolves' Light receding from sight.

The lantern-tower was ablaze in the early sunshine, as if it had been lighted up for night. The sea in the level beams was all one broad and roughened reach of molten silver, and the waves that broke against the Sea Wolves, rushed up the black ledges, and swept down again in miniature white-foam cascades. If Ailsie could have seen her old home this morning, wild as it was, and desolate, would she have had no greater pang in leaving it than the tenderness that could hardly be called regret with which she strained her blind face towards it, fluttering her handkerchief for the last time before she let it fall?

She smiled a little when the wind snatched it out of her hand, as if it meant to carry it back with a last message.

"Do you see them all, Dr. Rhodes? And what are they all doing?"

Dr. Rhodes drew his brows together, re-adjusting his glasses.

"I—I am not sure, Ailsie."

A shade of disappointment crossed her brow. Oliver had always been sure; his eyes had never failed her.

"They seem to be dispersing, Mrs. Rhodes," said Ted Sylvester's voice at her elbow. He had made a private grimace behind his old guardian's broad back before coming forward. What had an old fellow like that to do with making pretence at being eyes to a slip of a girl? Sylvester liked to fancy this grimace, took the girl into the secret of his ridicule as she was facing him. "They seem to be dispersing, Mrs. Rhodes. Your brother is standing at

the open window of the lighthouse lantern polishing his glasses, if I may judge from something flashing like a star from his hands as he leans out this way. I should say Sandy and Dugald were drying their nets on the rock-platform beyond the house, and on this side the gentleman who has just had the making of my old friend's happiness—"here he laid his hand with cordial pressure upon Dr. Rhodes's shoulder—"seems to be striding about impatiently, blessing his tardy son, who brought him to the lighthouse over night with a promise of coming back for him betimes in the morning. By the way, Master Oliver must be rather blasé in the matter of weddings to have run such a risk and lost this one of this morning."

Dr. Rhodes shook his head at the young mocker, with a glance askance at the bride. But she stood unconscious of the innuendo in the words, repeating the one among them which she did not understand.

"Blasé? I have no idea what that means. Only nothing unkind if it means Oliver. I don't know why he couldn't stay last night; but I'm sure—" with a tremor in voice and lip—"he would have got over in time this morning if he could. If we might only have waited——"

"'Time and tide wait for no man,' my dear little Ailsie."

Her grave doctor was patting her hand on the rail consolingly. "The September storms would soon be lying in wait for us; it would not do to risk losing to-day's steamer from St. John. After awhile, when I bring you back to see your friends, really to see them, you know——"

"Ship ahoy!" called out Sylvester gaily just then.

Dr. Rhodes had not been looking in that direction, but for some little time past Sylvester had been watching a small fishing-boat that caught the morning sun in its red sail. It was making its way after an uncertain fashion, here and there among the waves, as if, though heading for the Sea Wolves, it was in no haste to reach them.

Suddenly, just before Sylvester spoke, the red-winged boat turned and darted straight for the yacht.

"Ship—ahoy!" Sylvester sang out, and Ailsie, with a little cry, hung over the rail.

"Isn't it Oliver? Oliver!"

It was as if she must see him as he ran alongside, deftly managing his *Bonnie Ailsie*, while he looked up at the pretty craft's namesake.

"Yes, it is Oliver. I couldn't come to the wedding, Ailsie; but I've come to say good-bye."

He did not see any one but the girl; he had taken no heed of any other greeting.

"How hoarse you are, Oliver! What a cold you have taken! The Rector did not tell us you'd been ill. But I might have known; you've been so little over at the Sea Wolves."

He did not answer; only looked up at her, with all himself in his eyes, which Ailsie could not see.

Ted Sylvester was watching him curiously. He was sore enough himself, and angry and disappointed to boot. If the old fellow had not been fool enough to marry, what more natural than that Ted Sylvester himself should have come in as his heir in due course of time? And to marry this young thing, whom it had cost Ted an uncomfortable wrench to forego.

He had put a good face upon it all; but Oliver was making no such attempt. There was no doubt about the wretchedness of his face as he turned it up to Ailsie. But then she could not see it.

He had managed to control the tell-tale voice; he spoke to her cheerfully enough.

"If I am too late for the wedding I am not too late for the wedding gift. Only a bunch of flowers from the old home-garden, Ailsie."

"Oh, Oliver! you must have known that I was looking for them only just now. But that is like Oliver," she said, turning softly in the direction whence her old doctor's voice had come to her a moment ago. "Do you know, Dr. Rhodes, I never had a flower in my life but what Oliver brought me from the rectory garden at Grand Manan?"

Dr. Rhodes might have promised her a green-houseful, but not just then. He stood looking down at the big stiff bunch on the bench beside Oliver.

"Aren't you coming up on deck, Oliver? Are you there in your boat still?"

"Can't come up, Ailsie," the young fellow said, bravely. "Hold your little hands out together, I want to throw the flowers to you. Catch!"

"Pity to risk spoiling the bouquet," Sylvester said, keeping the mockery out of his voice. Fasten it to your pole there, Disbrowe, and I'll make a long arm for it."

He had obligingly swung himself over the rail in readiness. But Oliver, looking rather grim, managed to send the great bunch flying over him. straight into the girl's outstretched hands.

She received it with a glad little cry.

"Oh, Oliver, how sweet, how sweet they are!"

The wall-flowers and the thyme and mignonette made fragrant all the mass of bleeding-hearts and bridal-wreath as she bent her face down on them.

Oliver had sheered off his little *Bonnie Ailsie* already.

"You'll like to have the flowers, Ailsie, and you'll think of me as long as they live. And you'll promise to remember—Ailsie, never forget—that if ever you want me——"

The hoarse voice was half lost in the flapping of the *Bonnie Ailsie's* sail, as it veered in the wind, Oliver bringing her round recklessly.

The girl turned her poor blind face to meet the sound.

"Oh, Oliver! And you've caught *such* a cold! But if you'd tell brother Jack; there's some good fresh oil I've just been rendering for Sandy against winter-time. He doesn't hear! And he's gone?" she asked, piteously—"gone without even saying good-bye!"

Her face was buried in her flowers. They had been carried far enough that morning for the dew to have drained from them. They were wet when she lifted her head, as Dr. Rhodes spoke to her pleasantly, cheerily:

"See, little girl—I mean—here is a sprig of white everlasting tucked away in your bouquet; it never dies, you know. When I bring you back to see the Sea Wolves and Grand Manan, we'll have it out with our young friend for binding you to think of him forever."

But Ted Sylvester had sauntered away to the wheel, and was having a look at the compass.

"Live and learn! Old Rhodes will be adding it to his pharmacopia—'Cod-liver oil for the heart-ache!'"

III.

"You don't mean to be present, Dr. Rhodes?"

"Ted, I—I just can't. No use to urge me, my boy. It's not a 'Poor Miss Finch' business; nor am I, happily, the Blue-Faced Man. But for all that, I'll have my little Ailsie know something of what seeing means before she catches sight of me. I'm thinking of making a feast for the decrepit from the *Old Men's Home*, and having her preside at it, before I put in an appearance at all.

Then she'll be prepared to consider me quite a young fellow by comparison."

"But, joking apart——"

"Joking very far apart, Ted. I am as grave and sad a man as you could find in the whole city of Baltimore on this November day. I never expected the little witch would take such a firm hold of my heart-strings as she has, and I would have supposed they were old and tough enough to stand any sort of a wrench upon them."

Sylvester put a patronizing hand on his former guardian's shoulder as he sat at his study-table.

"Ah, bah, my dear sir; *your* heart old? It will be young—and green——" but the last two words muttered—"stout heart-of-oak as long as you live. You've kept it sound, you know, and safe from the wear and tear that most of us go through. That's youth. What's a wrinkle or two, or a gray head?"

Dr. Rhodes raised his with a sudden gesture; Sylvester, following it, saw he was looking straight into the mirror built into the wall over the mantle-piece.

The two figures in it were strongly enough contrasted. Sylvester was quite as vividly aware of that as Dr. Rhodes could be. Perhaps the young man distrusted his own eyes, for a certain twinkle of amusement, that was not always easily suppressed, gleamed in them, for he turned his back upon himself, as it were, leaning his elbow on the mantel as he stood on the hearth.

"Come, come, my dear sir! Mrs. Rhodes will need your support."

"She knows she will always have it whenever she needs it," Dr. Rhodes cut him short, a little brusquely. "She also knows that I am not coming into the room when she makes the first trial of her eyes and why I am not. The child"—a half-smile came into his troubled face—"she does not agree with me; she declares she should not like it as well at all if my hair and beard were black as they used to be; she likes everything white. I'm no better than a vain, fine lady; I've a great mind to bleach all this," he said, with rather a mirthless laugh, thrusting his hands through his thick grizzled hair.

"And meanwhile——"

"Meanwhile your distinguished colleague is waiting, and what is more little Ailsie is waiting. *She* will understand, but you must make some excuse to him. Tell him I am out. So I will be; I'll take the circuit of the square until the experiment is over and her eyes safely bandaged again."

"Well, if I must, I must I suppose."

Sylvester turned away with a show of reluctance. But, there was a quick throb of pleasure at heart. "Fortune, that bountiful blind woman," was giving him his recompense for all his care and thought for the blind girl during those long and anxious weeks since the operation had been performed on her eyes. It was Dr. Sylvester who made a speciality of the eyes, rather than his older partner, and though the actual operation had been performed by the oculist referred to by Dr. Rhodes as "his distinguished colleague," every one must concede—and Ailsie did so gratefully—that the management of the case was Sylvester's. The success might almost be claimed as his; the failure might be shifted to Dr. Law's shoulders.

But then Sylvester was not afraid of failure. And that he should secure the first grateful glance of little Ailsie's new-formed eyes! it was enough to thrill him with triumph.

But he bethought himself, and turned half-back again to lay his hand patronizingly on the broad shoulders bowed over the reading-desk.

"Cheer up, old man. You do look rather seedy. It will be better for us all when this is over."

It was a familiarity he had been used to from Ted, ever since the lad had climbed up on his knee in the early days of Ted's orphanhood, when the doctor had undertaken to be guardian to his friend's son, with an ample inheritance of debts—most of them "debts of honor." But it was easy to see that particular phrasing of the familiarity jarred on Dr. Rhodes just now. He winced under the light touch; the eyes were haggard that followed the supple, careless young figure out of the room. Sylvester inadvertently dragged the portière half-across the open doorway as he went out.

Dr. Rhodes sat absently leaning forward, straining towards that strip of darkness framed by the crimson drapery. A strange look came into his eyes; a look as if the soul had gone out, although the body was there awake.

Suddenly through the house came a wild, ringing cry:

"Dr. Rhodes! Dr. Rhodes!"

The old man started to his feet.

"Yes, yes, Ailsie—I am coming——"

The sleeping blood flew to his forehead at her call. The glazed eyes turned still towards the screened doorway. With a blind, groping movement, he took one step forward.

"Yes, yes, Ailsie, I am coming," the thick voice muttered again. But he had fallen a huddled heap on the floor at the foot of his chair.

IV.

"DR. RHODES! Dr. Rhodes!"

Ailsie was standing in the middle of the floor transfigured. No longer the careless little water-sprite of the Sea Wolves, but a creature all fine and light, instinct with life to the very finger-tips of the hands she flung out with that piercing cry:

"Dr. Rhodes! Dr. Rhodes!"

She stood radiant with triumph, calling upon her best friend to share her triumph with her. The wonderful smile upon her face, the glad bright color, the strange new look in her eyes, which, though still keeping something of dimness, shone through that faint mist with a light which irradiated her.

Sylvester stared at her as if she were a revelation to him. Until, with the slight forward movement she made, her glance fell on him.

She stopped with a low cry:

"Dr. Rhodes! Oh, I knew, I knew! Hair white; white like the light——"

Her step forward had taken her into the sunshine that streamed warm upon her outstretched hands. She might not have known what it was by the sight of it; but the familiar feeling she recognized at once. And if light was white, as she had often heard, Sylvester's hair, that shone like the sun basking down upon her, must be white too. This process of reasoning flashed through her mind while Sylvester still stood composed, hardly quite understanding her

She took two or three eager steps towards him; but tottering, as a child just beginning to walk.

"I—I can't tell where you are, Dr. Rhodes. You seem so near—so close against me—yet I cannot reach you."

It was piteous; but there was no pity in Sylvester's face. He stood still, with a look in his warm, blue eyes straight into hers, as if he would, as if he must, draw her on to him.

Only for an instant.

The other doctor had stepped somewhat brusquely between them with the bandage in his hand.

"Dr. Sylvester you will be good enough to go and see if Dr. Rhodes has not returned, while I replace the bandage, if Mrs. Rhodes will allow me."

Ailsie stood passive. The smile had died out of her eyes; they turned wildly, like the restless eyes of a child just learning to see and not knowing how to fix themselves steadily on any subject.

"Come, Mrs. Rhodes, you do not wish to overtask your sight," said the doctor to her, soothingly. "Let me put on the bandage. When next we take it off your husband will be here, and——"

"Yes, yes, put it on!" she cried, closing her eyes hastily, and coming directly towards the kind and now familiar voice. "Put it on. But tell me, Dr. Law, is not light white? I thought I would know white!"

Her bitter tone of disappointment rung in Sylvester's ears as he passed out of the room. He hurried down to where he had left Dr. Rhodes. A rage against fate was consuming him. As if he could escape from it he almost flung himself down the broad staircase until he reached the library door, and drew the portière aside.

He could have laughed out his scorn while he did so; thrusting his hands through his sunny hair, as he remembered Dr. Rhodes had through his grizzled locks. White hair—and Ailsie! Ailsie, so marvelously prettier here, in her civilized surroundings, than she had ever been in her rough flannel frock upon her sea-lashed rock; Ailsie, whose new, wonderful eyes had actually dimmed with disappointment when she found *he* was not Dr. Rhodes; Ailsie, who, now that she could see, could never love that old man.

Sylvester had pushed rudely into the room, and there he lay. The old man—the man who had been a father to him—Ailsie's husband!

No, he was no woman's husband now.

The face, as he lay huddled together on the floor, was hidden from Sylvester. But the gray hand clutching at the hearth-rug, stiffened in the clutching, was the hand of death.

Was it not?

The question did not come into Sylvester's mind quite at once. There was time first for a curious pang of awe; a thrill of almost exaltation, that this man who had everything but youth; this man who had Ailsie, lay here at his feet, despoiled of everything.

Ailsie! This Ailsie; this young and perfect creature unwooed of any man, but who to the man who might win her now would

come with such a widow's jointure as must make her one of the best matches of society.

It cannot be said that Edward Sylvester argued out all this in that brief moment of time, which meant an eternity for him, while he paused in the doorway.

Nevertheless, as one instantaneous flash of lightning cleaves the black night asunder and reveals ugly depths that have yawned unsuspected in one's path, so this thought pierced the veil which had been hiding Sylvester from himself. The impression was almost physical at first; the reeling sense of insecurity, as if he must lose his footing on the edge of those perilous depths.

He put his hand over his eyes. Then, as a man plunges forward, he took the step which was irretrievable; which turned him from a weak man—as all of us mortals are weak—into a villain.

For he walked straight out of the room without another backward glance, and drew the portière behind him as if no one had entered.

Let some one else find Dr. Rhodes there.

Too late?

Well, how did he know it was not surely too late already?

There was no one in sight as Sylvester went out cautiously, peering up and down the hall. The drawing-room door at the other side stood open; but as there was no sound he was not aware of the turbaned head that was thrust out admiringly after him as he passed up the stairs, and Mammy Dilsey went on with her dusting.

* * * * *

Less than half an hour later Dilsey, still at her dusting, saw him coming down with Dr. Law.

"To-morrow," Dr. Law was saying "that will be quite time for her to begin to learn to see. For to-day it is well she has been willing to go quietly to her room and rest with the pleasant thoughts of a restored sense. But I should have liked to speak to Rhodes."

"Perhaps he has come in."

There was a subdued thrill of excitement in Sylvester's voice. It may be—who knows?—it may be not yet too late to recover those lost moments of inaction.

"Perhaps he has come in since I was in the library looking for him," said Sylvester.

Dilsey's turbaned head shook negatively as the gentlemen, Dr. Law in advance, disappeared behind the library portière.

"Nobody ain't come in since Mars' Ted a bit ago. Couldn't miss seeing anybody pass, so dusting right here. Mars' Ted—but maybe his old mammy better go tell him——"

A startling interruption cut short her soliloquy. Awed voices from the library. The bell clanging——

* * * * *

Mars' Ted's old mammy was mistaken. Death had come in.

But when? And how was it that Mars' Ted hadn't found Dr. Rhodes there the first time, but hurried out with that queer look on his face?

Dilsey shook her head; but she shut her lips too. Mars' Ted never liked her to speak of his doings only to himself. But she would ask him what it meant; and why, if the old doctor was dead the first time he went in—and Mars' Ted certainly came out looking like he had seen a ghost—why he had not given the alarm?

Poor Mammy Dilsey! she was a wise old woman: but she had yet to learn that silence is golden.

V.

WITHOUT Sylvester's being "priest that lacks Latin, or rich man that hath not the gout," in Rosalind's exposition of the gait of Time, it has ambled gently enough with him since last we saw him in Baltimore two years ago. Now he is walking up Connecticut avenue in Washington, having the street very much to himself. He is glad of it; glad that there are no salutations, no puerile gossip to bring him down to the dull level of every day. Heaven be thanked! There is in every life an oasis where the feelings and high possibilities are green and luxuriant. Sylvester's life was not of the highest, and he was capable of sinking even lower; but his love for Alison kept one sweet, pure spot in it, to which he yearned, travel-stained as he might be.

It might be supposed that the thought of Alison, linked as she was with the guiltiest moment in his memory, would tend to the desert not to the oasis. But Sylvester had long ago persuaded himself that that guiltiest moment was not so very guilty; death had come at once to the old man, and besides, Sylvester had already repented and was hurrying to his help. Just a moment—no more than a moment, he assured himself—a moment of temptation must not blast a man's whole life.

His life had been by no means blasted. Two years had gone by pleasantly. There was not only the legacy for him in his guardian's will; but a trust also. He was to be in truth the guardian of the young widow; a temporary office which gossip was sure would end in his shouldering the responsibility for life. Indeed, it appeared probable the old doctor, in making his will, had had that end in view.

Meantime the rich young widow's two years of mourning could not be better spent, her quasi guardian thought—and Alison agreed with him, though from different reasons—than at school; the more secluded the better. And so:

"Will you please give my name?" Sylvester was saying, raising his hat, and presenting his card to an invisible person behind the grating of Mount de Sales Convent.

It was visiting day—the day after examination, and as Alison's guardian he had a right of entrance. So he was only detained a few minutes.

Then the door was opened to him, and a sister stood inside waiting. She greeted him kindly, and bidding him follow her, glided down the long, silent corridor.

At the door of one of the many empty rooms the sister left him. A great room without furniture but lined with book-cases, through the locked doors of which Sylvester read a few familiar names. But books and authors were nothing to him just then, except for the little touch of the common humanity they gave. But Sylvester's eyes and ears were strained for other sights and sounds.

It seemed impossible for even an angel to pass down the long, bare corridor without the sound of a foot-fall, much less the sister whose turn it was to wear a pair of shoes many sizes too large. She was followed quickly by Alison, eager to meet her old friend.

The girl looked very lovely as she stood there in the great bare room, herself the only bit of warm, bright life, even the sunlight being subdued, not by a curtain, but a cloud. Sylvester, who had a quick eye for beauty, as well as for the winning card, stood spell-bound. She had not really grown more beautiful since his last visit, but her eyes were brilliant with the excitement and the expectation of the future, of which Sylvester was the herald and forerunner. For now the convent episode was to drop out of her life.

So she came in breathlessly eager, blushing and shy; one instant offering her hand, then withdrawing it hastily, fearing to be too

bold, whilst the sister who attended her greeted him quietly and kindly, and then seemed to let them both pass out of her memory.

"You are not half glad to see me," Sylvester asserted, reproachfully. "And I—I have lived for a month on this meeting."

"Rather a poor diet," she said, mischievously. "Worse than fast-day and *soupe maigre*. But then, perhaps, we have a second Daniel coming to the judgment."

His Biblical lore was not sufficient to follow her, and he was half-offended by her cheerfulness. "You can laugh," he said, "you who have the world in a sling; whilst I, poor dog——"

"Wish to be patted and coaxed into good humor. And after all, I am the one to show a little temper. Why did you not come to the examination? Half the world it seemed to me was here, and everything was quite splendid. There were any quantity of fathers, brothers and guardians, and I alone seemed to have no one."

"And you really cared? Really missed me? If I had only known! But I thought you considered the whole thing a bore and wished to have it well over. If I had only known."

"Since you did not we will let it pass. But I'm glad," she added, a little eagerly, "that you did not know how much we counted upon our friends coming. Sister Frances said that you did not care; and also that all men forget."

"Hang Sister Frances! She should talk of what she knows, and that evidently is not men."

But Alison made a quick motion to check him; and Sylvester glanced a little hurriedly towards the nun. However, she stood quite calm and self-possessed; not a shade of higher coloring hinting that she was not deaf.

"I beg her pardon," he said in a whisper to Alison. "I suppose most of them take vows because they have met with what is called a disappointment——"

"Not at all," she interrupted, with decision. "That is a great mistake. They come because they have a vocation. I thought at one time I had, and I tried very hard to keep up the impression. But it was a delusion."

"Thank Heaven for that!" said Sylvester, with emotion. "Fancy you, you with all your young life before you, immured in this prison-house! The very thought is simply shocking. And I tell you distinctly, as your guardian, I would not allow such a thing. I forbid you even to mention it," he added, sharply.

"I should be so safe, I thought, and besides would give no one any trouble. And the old life has gone from me so utterly. The boys never would write, and you know I don't hear from brother Jack now."

Sylvester did know; having taken some pains to bring about that result to further his own plans.

"So I would have given no one any further trouble," she said. "Would you care very much?" she asked, with a little thrill of pleasure as she caught sight of the look of actual pain in his face.

"Care! What do you take me for? And yet I am afraid you will think me very selfish, for I almost wish to keep you here always."

"Why?" she asked, with curiosity.

"Just as a miser wishes to keep his gold for his own delectation."

"But I," she said, gaily, "am very anxious to get a glimpse of this world, even though Sister Frances warns me that it is most unsatisfactory. But then she fears for me because she loves me; naturally we think much of what we love."

"Ah, do we not!" he said, quickly. "Cannot you see how natural my fears are for you?"

She turned to him with wide-open eyes of astonishment, then dropped the lids in embarrassment at what she saw.

He knew he had been hurried on far more quickly than he intended, and feared he had injured his case by his precipitancy, and had perhaps frightened her. But it was too late to draw back.

He could see no other way open to him but to go forward and take by storm the heart he so greatly coveted.

"Alison—" he came nearer to her, speaking in a low, rapid voice, as if he feared to be overheard, "I am a fearful coward. I can't trust you to go into the world where I may lose you. Here I always find you, though I see you but seldom. There, I say again, I may lose you utterly."

"Is the world so very large?" she asked, trying to speak lightly, yet evidently held in thrall by his great earnestness, that half-pleased, half-frightened her. "I am not so ethereal that there is danger of my vanishing. To tell the truth, I shall be much happier if I feel you are near to protect me——"

"Will you?" he interrupted, eagerly. "Would you feel a little common gratitude for what you please to call my protection?"

"Do not call it common," she said, hastily. "I sometimes think gratitude is the strongest feeling I am capable of."

"And you feel it for *me*——" he broke in hastily.

"Surely you know that. Only think how much I owe you." Then seeing he had drawn a little from her, she added, hastily: "You cannot understand that that day was as a new birth to me. The anguish of the fear and uncertainty, the bliss of afterwards—and your face was the first thing I saw."

"Gratitude—but that is not what I want, Alison. I am like the man who bought a field in hopes it might contain the pearl he coveted. I would buy you, dear, in hopes to find, by carefully searching, the pearl of your love for me."

But the word buying suggested another idea to Alison, that was as firmly welded into her thoughts as her gratitude. Her money. She always thought of it with shame, as if by her marriage she had robbed Sylvester of a lawful inheritance. If she could only give it back to him! She did not care for it; perhaps did not understand the worth of it, as she would be sure to do some day when the world had been her school-mistress.

She began a little hurriedly to express her wish that he would at least divide the money between them.

"Do you think I would touch it?" he asked. "Besides, it is so tied up that even if you marry again your husband could only spend the interest. How paltry it all is when weighed in the balance with my love for you! Oh, Alison, can't you understand it is not your gratitude, not your money that I want; but you yourself! They call me worldly and extravagant; but I would risk beggary to feel your hand laid in mine, and hear your dear lips say, 'I love you.'"

He stretched out his hand across the table to her as he spoke.

A hand white and nervous as a woman's, and seemingly as clean from all contamination—a hand she thought strong to hold and to help.

Both of hers hung limp and empty by her side. Would it have been better for her to fold them as Sister Frances was doing in prayer?

It was an odd love-making. Sylvester pleading in almost a whisper, not to disturb the good sister, or cause her suspicion; Alison listening shyly; half-won, half-fearing.

"You, so young, so fair, so hard of heart—can neither gratitude nor any love for you turn you? Are you strong enough to live a lonely life? To go out into the world as so few women do, no one really to protect you? For you understand I can do nothing for you. A young woman like you is out of a single man's reach, even

for a common kindness. Ah, my dear, I can but tremble for you. Other men will love you. I can only hope you will be wise in choosing, and find another heart as true to you as mine."

She did not move, but stood there listening; not seeming to see his hand still stretched out towards her.

"At least you will say good-bye? At least you will shake hands with me?" he said.

She put out her hand quickly, perhaps to hasten the leave-taking. But he held it fast, placing his left hand over it, as if loath to free her.

"Shall it be?" he said. "If I let you go it must be forever. If I hold you fast——"

She glanced up at him, intending no doubt to urge some of the many soft platitudes that ought to satisfy him—glanced up to catch the same look in his eyes which was there when she first saw the first face she had ever beheld—his face.

The look held her far more strongly than the hand-clasp; touched her more than his pleadings.

So her hand lay no longer cold and passive in his hard grasp. Then he stooped and kissed it, as a subject might his queen's.

And Sister Frances finished counting her beads, surreptitiously made up the number of prayers to be said as penance for a few hasty words. She saw the two friends taking leave she thought, when in fact it was two hearts pledging themselves to cleave together for better or worse until death part them.

VI.

"TILL death us do part."

The words had taken up a trick of repeating themselves to Alison Sylvester, over and over and over again. "Till death us do part, till death do us part!" in a sort of rhythm that followed her down the aisle of the quiet, almost empty church, on this her wedding-day, and kept up with her in the clatter of the train, the puffing of the engine, and now the rattle of passing carriages, as she is sitting alone in her window in this Baltimore hotel.

For, somewhat contrary to their plans, the bridal-party of two have stopped in Baltimore a couple of hours ago.

Their plans were for Saratoga and Niagara; Europe after these, if by that time Alison did not think she had seen enough with

those young eyes of hers, which were yet so new to the world beyond the convent walls.

But on the train outside of Washington some one had stepped up behind Sylvester and tapped him on the shoulder. A man, but what manner of man Alison could not tell, with so hurried a start had Sylvester got up and gone away with him into the smoking-car.

When he came back it was with an ill-concealed change in that frank, debonnaire manner of his. Alison noticed it at once by asking him bluntly what was the matter.

The two were quite alone in the front of the car. She was none the wiser for the supervision in which Sylvester's acquaintance was holding them from a seat near the rear door. But perhaps Sylvester was, for he suppressed a shrug of annoyance and kept his face to the front.

"Matter! It was a message—I would say, a note from a friend. I should like you to read it. He is in such trouble, poor fellow! Confound it—I beg your pardon—but where could I have put it."

He was emptying his pockets in haste without however finding the letter.

"What could I have done with it? Not lighted a cigar, I hope."
"I shall be using banknotes for that ignoble purpose if I am not more careful. But really I am sorry about Jack's note, for I know you would be interested. Poor fellow! we were boys together; still coupled and inseparable, in fact, a pair of wild geese, if not Juno's swans. My old Dilsey fairly brought us up together. His name is a sort of household word."

"Jack does not convey very much," remarked Alison. "Your friend had a patronymic?"

"Of course, did you ever hear of any one but 'a person of color' who hadn't it?"

"And your friend?"

"Jack, do you mean? Of course he has a name. How absurd to question it; though perhaps you may think it common—Jack Robinson."

"You seem to have lost the charm of the name," Alison said, laughing. "'As quick as Jack Robinson' is quite a proverb."

"It is unlucky when a man has a proverbial name. I once knew a John Frost, and really his name threw a chill over everybody, poor Jack; but for *this* Jack, who is actually in a terrible strait, and his wife ill," he added, coming back to the matter in hand, "I should at any other time have stopped over in Balti-

more to see about him. Of course he only wants a loan, for Jack is as honest as the sun and fearfully proud. Perhaps he would not like my mentioning his trouble, even to you."

"I am so sorry——" began Alison.

"Yes, it is exceedingly distressing. No end of children, and his wife away."

"I thought you said she was ill."

"So she is; at some asylum or water-cure, or something frightfully expensive. And, poor fellow, he has no one to turn to for help."

Alison's fingers clasped and unclasped themselves over the long leather pocket-book which had come to her from the modiste's as one of her traveling-dress accessories. Sylvester could not but observe the nervous little, eager, hesitating movement, and he took advantage of their distance from other passengers to cover hand and purse for an instant in a grateful clasp.

"No, no, child; not quite that! But if this should make me short afterwards? For I cannot see how I can possibly refuse him. You are such a warm-hearted little thing, so sympathetic, I am afraid this story of poor Jack's would quite prey on you if we should push on and leave him in the lurch. How would it do to wait over in Baltimore for an afternoon train to New York? Of course it would be only a loan for a few days," he went on to say. "Jack will be all right by that time, and he is the very soul of honor."

"Oh, yes, that will be just the thing!" said Alison.

So it was that Alison was waiting alone at her hotel window, a glimpse from which, at a close carriage passing, gave form to a certain longing growing stronger and stronger within her.

She was going far away, probably even as far as Europe. Life was opening before her, a fair, broad land of promise. Had she no farewell first for the narrow house of the dead where rested the old man who had made all this fulness of life possible to her?

In all haste she twisted up a bit of a three-cornered note for Sylvester, on the improbable chance of his returning before her. Five minutes later she was speeding out to Greenmount Cemetery.

The June day was drowsily warm; Alison, leaning back in her corner of the close carriage must have fallen uncomfortably asleep. Her head moved restlessly upon the cushions.

In her dream she is walking a swaying, slippery plank, in the midst of a dazzle of waters, and while she totters on the uncertain way Sylvester holds out his hand to her. But just as she reaches

the middle he lets go his hold, and she falls, down—down into a swirl of cold waves, howling like the Sea Wolves through the winter nights.

VII.

ALISON awoke with such a start as one has from a fall in dream-land, and sitting upright in the carriage saw the gleam of marble through the trees that must mean Greenmount.

She had driven there with Dr. Rhodes the day before the operation on her eyes.

Alison walked slowly through the place, her thoughts stilled by the stillness around her. Ah, well, must not all end just here? A little more gladness, a little suffering, and God's great patience over all.

But her grave should never be in such a quiet city of the dead, but where the wild waves would boom continually, and the storm break, and the fogs shut down—and Oliver's father lead the Church of England burial-service over her. She had had the Church of England marriage service to-day. And "till death us do part."—"till death us do part——"

She broke from her refrain with a start of surprise. She had reached Dr Rhodes's grave, and stooping over it was a woman in the act of placing a far greater proportion of flowers on it than her modest basket could supply.

Alison watched her with a feeling that her own place was taken. Dr. Rhodes had no near relations, and if he had, there was no one who had a better right here than she who had borne his name; who had loved him as his child.

And then she felt ashamed of her ill-timed jealousy, for a second glance told her that it must be one of the doctor's poor patients, who was pouring out her thanks-offering over his grave.

At the sound of her step the woman turned, showing in the depths of the old-fashioned black poke bonnet the startled face of Dr. Sylvester's old nurse.

"For the Good Master's sake! Miss Ailsie!"

There was absolute fear in her cry, and in the round, staring eyes. But Alison missed it. At the first tone of that voice she had shut her own eyes, after a trick of hers still lingering sometimes from her blind days. She could recall a voice better so.

This one with its old manner of addressing her was easily

enough recalled, though Alison had not heard it since the death of Dr. Rhodes.

Alison opened her eyes suddenly.

"So it is you, Mammy Dilsey! Where have you been all this time? Why do you look as if you were trying to steal away?"

Dilsey, detected in her intention of vanishing while Alison stood there with her eyes shut, put on an injured air to have the matter out.

"Pears like you didn't like to look at me, Miss Ailsie, the way you snap your eyes to keep from seeing me."

"No, no, Dilsey; only to recognize you the better by your voice. You know you went away before I was able really to use my eyes, so it is no wonder that until you spoke I did not know you."

For a moment the woman still shrank back, as if caught in some wrong doing. Then she drew herself up from her stooping attitude.

"The old doctor was fond of flowers, Miss Ailsie. And, honey, they'll do him no harm. He's safe in glory, praised be the good master, and he's singing with them angels on the golden harps. It's the grave that nobody takes care of that sets many of them walking. And, honey, if only for your sake, I'd like to keep the old gentleman quiet. It's nothing else that keeps me coming and going, and spending the money on flowers, Miss Ailsie, for graveyard damp isn't good for old bones and the rheumatis."

Alison observed the signs of withered flowers that hinted of former visits, and said with irritation:

"Do you think your miserable flowers keep the dear old man quiet? Dilsey I am ashamed of you! When you know he is happy to think he would want to come back! If he could do you think he would have stayed away when I missed him, oh, so much!"

"Don't talk that away, honey; for pity's sake, don't! He'll be sure to come back if you do. And if he does you don't know what trouble he'll be sure to bring. Let him be; you don't know what grudge he may have against Mars' Ted."

"Against Ted!"

Alison, not following the rest of the woman's remarks, was repeating with a sort of shy tenderness the childish nickname Dr. Rhodes had been fond of, but which she herself had never used.

"He could have nothing against Ted."

Then with a sudden blush at the remembrance of what most men would consider a wrong, she added hastily:

"You don't think the dead carry any such grudges into paradise, where there is no marrying nor giving in marriage? Nor if there were a grudge—a grudge, the kind old man!—it would be for me who killed him? For me, for whom he felt so much anxiety that it brought on the fit. He would never have objected to the marriage. All his life he had loved Ted. He could bear him no grudge."

She was speaking to herself rather than to the ignorant old woman, who, she did not observe, was watching her strangely.

"Miss Ailsie——"

Alison looked up,

"Yes, Dilsey."

"You—oh, for the Good Master's sake! Miss Ailsie—was it marriage you said?"

Ailsie nodded, blushing.

When the old woman said nothing, but only rocked herself back and forth, crouching as she was upon the ground, and staring straight ahead of her, with that peculiar livid hue to which a black face bleaches, Alison waxed angry.

"You should have been a little quicker if you wished to forbid the bans, Mammy Dilsey."

"That was why then—that was why, Miss Ailsie——" the old woman was evidently trying to compose herself. "Don't you tell him, honey! Don't you tell him that you saw me here!"

"Nonsense, Dilsey. Why not?"

"Because he sent me away, Miss Ailsie."

"Not very far it would seem," Ailsie said with a laugh.

"I went, only you see, nows and thens I'm bound to come back here. You can tell him, Miss Ailsie, I remember all he said, and I'm sure to keep to it. But I had to come here once more. Be sure to tell him, honey, that on no account must the old doctor be disturbed, or he may work a power of mischief."

Ailsie turned on her wrathfully; then checked herself. There was no use in combating such superstition.

Instead she asked:

"You said Dr. Sylvester sent you away. Why did he send you away?"

She put the question incredulously, for Dr. Sylvester had told her very differently. In the long, gloomy days after the funeral, while she was still shut up in a darkened room, she had asked for Dilsey, because Dr. Rhodes had always been kind to her. Sylvester had accounted for her absence by a story of the old

woman's superstitious dislike to the house of mourning. A story which Ailsie, who was not sufficiently familiar with the race and their love of funerals to wonder at, and which had silenced her once for all upon the subject of ungrateful Dilsey. And now Dilsey was declaring that he himself had dismissed her.

"Why did he send you away?"

"Well," Dilsey answered, warily, "you see, the old doctor was dead, and Mars' Ted's movements uncertain. So he wanted me to go down to the old home."

"The old home? Is that where Jack Robinson and your Mars' Ted used to be so much together?" Alison asked, innocently.

But Dilsey hardly heeded the interruption.

"Jack Robinson? I never heard of any but 'Quick as Jack Robinson.'" Having disposed of whom, she went on: "Mars' Ted he promised to buy the old cabin and an acre of ground, and just to make things comfortable, if I'd go straight away. But," discontentedly, "I wasn't so sure, even then, that I cared to go back. It's not the old times, when old mistress was alive and looked after things. The new folks don't care if you die or live."

"If you did not care to go back why did you not refuse?" asked Alison, coldly.

"Refuse! Like to know how Mars' Ted's old mammy could refuse him? If he told me to fetch him the moon I'd try to reach it. And if he wants me to stay in the old cabin I'll make shift to, though it needs a heap of patching to keep the water out."

"But why should Dr. Sylvester have said that you *would* go, and now you tell me——?"

She meant to prove the old woman false, however true her story had sounded. She was startled by the effect of her own words.

Dilsey was shrinking back, with a crafty glance sidelong at her.

"Me, Miss Ailsie?" she said, breathlessly. "No, no, I don't tell you anything. Mars' Ted he knows best, of course; I'm not come here to meddle. Never you say it to me, honey—you just listen to Mars' Ted——"

Crafty falsehood was in every quavering tone now, as simple truth before.

Alison could not but hear it; could not but see it.

And Edward Sylvester's story was not true!

Why had he told it to her?

The old rugged life at the Sea Wolves was, after all, the life that had moulded Alison. There was nothing to conceal there. Every-

thing was bare and open to the day. Prevarication, evasion, divergence from the simple truth—these had no other name for Alison but a lie.

Yet there was one possible explanation.

"Dilsey—" she said, turning blindly on her, laying two heavy hands on the stooping shoulders, "answer me truthfully, as you would the Great Judge himself. Why did Dr. Syl—your Master Ted, I mean—why did he send you away when Dr. Rhodes——?"

Her voice broke over the name. She could not have explained the panic that seized her; the sudden, over-mastering, instinctive terror. Something was wrong, something mysterious.

Perhaps it was Dilsey's frightened look that unnerved her. Her grasp tightened on the old woman's shoulders.

"Law, honey, how strong you are!" Dilsey said sensibly. "How could I tell, me an old woman, and Mars' Ted a great doctor? Fits ar' uncommon hard to deal with; they're just in the Good Master's own hands. I've seen a baby with no more life in it than a blind kitten pull through, and a strong man go without the show of a fight. It's just as it's going to be, and you can't help it."

In Alison's grasp the old woman was quivering with the swift trembling which shook the young one from head to foot.

"Dilsey! you saw Dr. Rhodes die? They told me no one saw him; that he died alone. But you saw him. That is what it means."

But why should Sylvester have sent her away for that? Was there some story of the death-agony—some story of terrible suffering at the last which Sylvester would have spared her.

"You saw him die? He suffered——"

"No, no, Miss Ailsie," she hastened to say soothingly. "He couldn't have suffered. He passed away so quiet like, I didn't even hear him just in drawing-room where I was dusting. So quiet, that if it hadn't been for Mars' Ted's face as he came out of the library I'd never have suspicioned nothing whatever."

"He came out of the library and called you in?"

"Maybe he would if he'd known I was there."

"But he called for help?"

"How could he, honey, with you waiting up-stairs——"

She stopped herself so suddenly that the sharp pause told Alison far more than words could.

But she would have the words too. She would have the whole truth now.

"That is what you told him that night afterwards, and that is why he sent you away," she said, quietly.

Dilsey stole a frightened glance at her.

"What makes you say that, Miss Ailsie?" she asked.

"Because I know. Dr. Law sent him down for my husband, and he found him dying in the library, and he left him there to die—he killed him."

"It was the Lord that sent the fit," the old woman said trembling. "It's all in His hands—and its just as its going to be. Its not for Mars' Ted, nor for any of the doctors to make people live——"

"But did he try?"

Dilsey kept a dogged silence.

"I don't understand," Alison was saying aloud, though to herself. "I cannot understand! When nothing was changed—everything was going on as it had always gone on——"

"There'd been a heap of difference now, though, if the old doctor had lived, and Mars' Ted aint no fool," Dilsey said, piqued into forgetting her caution.

Alison stared at her a moment with wide-open, wondering eyes—then she shook the old woman with a passion she would not have thought herself capable of a few minutes before.

"Go!" she said, releasing her hold on her, and stretching out no helping hand, though she saw the old woman totter and preserve herself from falling only by an effort. "You are a worthy nurse of a worthy master. When you see him tell him what I said—and did."

She stooped and brushed away all the flowers Dilsey had laid so carefully upon the grave. Her own she had let fall, and she trod them down into the path as she passed back to the gate where the carriage waited for her. What were a few paltry flowers now but an insult from the woman who was Sylvester's—his murderer's—wife?

VIII.

OLD DILSEY, if frightened by Alison's violence, yet waited without moving until she was out of sight. Then Dilsey stooped, and replaced the flowers carefully upon the mound, muttering to herself as she did so:

"Go tell Mars' Ted! No, no, dassn't tell Mars' Ted! I'd sooner trust *him* to forgive me than tell Mars' Ted. Mought look different in that other land. Anyway, I never loved *him*, and raised him from a baby—his anger wouldn't hurt the same. No, no, Miss Ailsie. I'll not say a word to Mars' Ted. If he wants a friend he better come to his old mammy that nussed him than to the biggest white lady in the land."

* * * * *

But afterwards Alison knew that she herself must tell him.

Yet she must not see him. Through all her dizzy and bewildering thoughts this one was clear and insistent—that she must never see him; so clear and insistent that it guided her like an instinct. She stopped the carriage at the first stationer's, and asked for paper and permission to write a letter at the counter. .

It was not much that she wrote, standing there.

Perhaps if she had been alone at her own desk the letter might have been difficult.

Here, with a clerk looking on, carelessly inquisitive, and a couple of school-girls chattering over the latest thing in monograms, Alison, her eyes half-blinded, though not with tears, her hand shaking, breathlessly drove the pen across the paper:

"I have seen Dilsey, and she has told me everything. No, not everything, only you could do that. I cannot think you so lost to shame as to confess the whole truth. You would try to cover it up in some way. I cannot. He was so good, so kind, to you as well. How could you murder him? It was murder to leave him alone to die.

"I have gone home to the Sea Wolves. All I ask is that we shall never meet again. If I have perjured myself to-day; but death does part us—the death of my murdered husband.

ALISON."

To seal and direct this to Sylvester at Barnum's Hotel; to drop it into the letter-box at the corner; to bid the hackman drive to the Union Depot; to take the train presently leaving for New York. All that one could do by instinct in some horrible nightmare.

Afterwards——

There was no afterwards to Alison; there was only a past. The past of the old doctor's tender care for her. The past wherein he was murderously abandoned to die, and she had locked hands with his murderer.

IX.

THE waters of oblivion are not all pent up between the banks of that cold, black under-world river of Lethe. There is a place in the rushing sea to sweep trouble away aft, in the swing and sway of the great Fundy tides, the sun-sparkle broad on the far blue, the wind in the spray driven over the dory's bow.

"Well, Alison?"

Alison started and looked up from her gaze deep into the Fundy tide that bore the dory on.

"What is it, Sandy?"

"What's the use of my bringing you out rowing if you never tell me a thing? Jack says you're not to be worried."

"Jack is kind."

"But it shouldn't worry you. Here you've been most all summer, and we know no more than when we used to talk you over——"

"Talk me over!"

"Do you suppose, in the long winter storms, when we've little better to do than just to talk—and nothing's ever happened since the wreck March before last—we never mentioned your name! And now it's but right you should know what folks are saying."

"I do not care in the least what outside people say," began Alison, hastily.

"But its the house-folks I mean: Brother Jack and Dugald," interrupted Sandy.

"And Master Sandy? Well, go on."

"Jack," lowering his voice, "Jack doesn't care for anything but the lighthouse."

"Happy Jack!" said Alison under her breath.

"But then, you see, he is not as young as he was; he'll be thirty-five this winter."

"Thirty-five this winter," repeated Alison. "If she lives to be thirty-five on yonder rock—she who is barely twenty as yet!"

"Dugald says, for all you won't spend any, you've lots of money and could send him to college if you pleased. He says you could set up a steam launch if you wanted to. But perhaps you're not listening!" he added, in deep disgust.

"Yes, I am. What is it you want? A steam launch?"

"No. What would I do with such a thing? I want to go away—

not to college like Dugald, but to see something else than water and rocks, and to get a bit of pleasuring."

"Pleasuring is like eating sweets, Sandy; one never knows when one has had enough until one's appetite is gone," Alison said, with a laughing affectation of experience.

"One must enjoy a lot first then. And you begrudge even telling me about it!"

"And you all have been expecting something and are disappointed?"

"If we have where's the harm? And you our own sister!"

Sandy, in the interest of this forbidden subject, was coming on without any particular heed as to where he was going. As for Alison, her knowledge of steering was exceedingly limited, but yet she knew better than to be heading straight for certain treacherous smooth patches on the water, if before her had not suddenly loomed up with Sandy's word those "clouds of evil days" pressing back upon her out of her past.

She was recalled to her present—though not to her steering—by Sandy.

"Jack says—" the boy began hastily, knowing he was treading on forbidden ground. "Jack says we must never mention the old doctor before you; and that as you are so young you will in time forget."

Alison's hands clenched on the tiller; her breath came fast; the blood burned in her cheeks; hot tears of shame sprang to her eyes. Was she living a lie? yet how could she bring herself to name Sylvester's name?

She had been very sorry for Sylvester. She had given herself, together with her money, since she could not give him the money alone. In her girlish ignorance of love she had even fancied she loved him. But when her eyes were opened at the grave of the old man who had not only been good to her, but had been Sylvester's benefactor as well, Sylvester stood out sharply to her, not a weak and erring mortal who had yielded to a moment's swift temptation; but a murderer, the thought of whose hand stretched out to her filled her with horror of blood. It should never draw her back into his life.

How could she tell Jack anything of him? If less than the whole truth, Jack would urge her to return to him. And that she would not—no, that she never would, she said sharply under her breath.

As she looked up now she caught Sandy's eye, seeming to call her to account. He promptly seized his opportunity.

"Maybe there were debts? Dugald says there must have been debts. But I think you weren't to have anything but just your schooling till you got to be twenty-one. You're not that yet, you know."

Alison sat very still, gazing out on the sea, facing that future to which until now she had shut her eyes; only simply coming home to Jack, praying him to ask no questions of her yet, but just to take her in to his hearth as if she had never gone away from it.

It was a strange thing to expect: how strange she saw now through Sandy's eyes.

"No, I can do nothing before I am twenty-one. Now listen, Sandy, and tell Jack please, for I do not care to speak of it again. There are reasons why I must do nothing until I am of age. And—" speaking more rapidly, "as it is between my husband and myself I choose to manage it. After awhile I shall be able to arrange——"

"Sandy! Sandy, you fool!"

Clear and sharp the call broke in.

Sandy lay on his oars to listen; then found to his amazement that he had not checked the progress of his little craft, but in the rush of the current it was hurrying on. His back was turned to the boat's course; so he did not see, as did Alison—now too late—where the treacherous smooth patches in the water eddied and whirled and twisted, a dizzying network of ensnaring lines, and where the white lip of the tide upcurled against the hidden rocks.

But he guessed the danger, and pulled manfully to get clear of the current, into the safer, rougher-seeming waves of the rising Fundy.

Poor boy, what was his strength to wrestle with that current rushing with the swiftness of five knots an hour to make its thirty feet of high tide on the rock-bound coast?

To Alison the unseen power that grappled with them was resistless, hopeless. Woman-like, she shut her eyes, unable to look the boy in the face.

Poor Sandy! so young, and only a moment ago so eager for what he considered the good things of life! She did not think of herself; only of Sandy.

Once again the voice startled them; this time quite near.

"Can you catch a rope?" it called. "Not you, Sandy; row for your life, boy! for your life!—do you hear?"

Alison opened her eyes to do his bidding. She saw the small

coil of rope hurled through the air and caught it, holding it fast.

Whether the rest happened in a moment or an hour, she could never tell. She heard short, rapid orders given to Sandy, who certainly had recovered his wits. And she did as she was bidden, holding on to the rope, though it cut into her hands until they bled. She heard the grating of the dory on the rock, felt the water rushing up to her knees. Then an iron boat-hook grappled the dory, and it was drawn out of the tide-rip's clutch.

"I think I can get you on board without your going into the water. Give me your hand—so—hold tight! Come, Sandy, bundle in! We'll save your boat if you look alive. Your hand, please. Yes, the right one. Good Heaven, it is blood!

He had gotten her safe on board; Sandy also had scrambled into the rescuing yacht, and the wrecked dory dragged on heavily astern, submerged to the gunwales.

"There, take the tiller," the new captain ordered Sandy, "and give the rocks a wide berth. What were you thinking of, not to know the reef, where the current runs like a mill race? Jack will not trust you with a boat again, much less a lady."

While he trimmed sail himself he was watching lest his little craft prove refractory and disobey her helm. At first she obeyed but lazily; then with a shudder she turned tail and worked away from the danger, as if she were human and knew what she was fleeing from.

Alison, not observing his anxiety, was defending Sandy.

"Please don't scold him," she said, softly. "The poor boy has been frightened enough, and it was my steering. You'll help me out with Jack?"

"If you promise not to risk yourself with Sandy again."

He spoke with a certain authority, this man in the rough blue fisherman's shirt, with his strong, brown throat bare, his strong, brown hands deftly easing off the sheet, even while his brown eyes hardly seemed to heed the sail. They were looking down into Alison's with something in them which she did not understand. Her skirts, as she sat on the bench, somewhat to one side, to be out of the way of tiller and sail, clung dismally wet about her, and as he came and leaned beside her his glance had told her he was sorry for her discomfort, though he wisely said nothing to add to it.

"If you promise not to risk yourself with Sandy," he said again.

"You do not know how much you are asking," she returned, quickly. "You do not know how much our jaunts are to me."

"I don't mean to curtail your pleasure-trips—but please show me your hands."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," she declared, hiding them amongst the scant folds of her skirts. "Tell me how you chanced to see us."

"But it *does* matter, for there is blood," he said, ignoring her question. "Let me see them, please."

She held out her right hand, a good deal cut and lacerated with the rough new rope.

"Have you a handkerchief?" he asked.

But hers was stiff with blood, and he negatived her proposal to wash it in the bay; the salt would make the cut more painful. So he brought out his own white linen cambric to bind up her hand. She sat still and patient under the process, wondering where he had learned to be so skilful and gentle.

Indeed, she was wondering who he was. Fine cambric handkerchiefs were not common articles among the fishermen. She looked at Sandy, hoping for a word or a gesture to help her out.

But Sandy was but too happy at finding the tiller of the *Nautilus* in his hands. The *Nautilus* being his idea of the greatest good in life, to steer her, to make her obey him—of course he had no eyes for anything else.

Alison watched the process of having her hand bound up, shrinking a little with an odd feeling of shyness.

"Do I hurt you?" he asked.

"No, you must be accustomed to bind up wounds."

"A little—that is, when there is anything of the kind to do I am called upon. I sometimes think a very respectable surgeon was spoiled by my being a lobster-canner."

"Then you are Oliver!" she cried.

"Did you not know? But I forget my voice, by which alone you would recognize me, is so hoarse. And you, too, I might not have known you at once, if it had not been for Sandy."

"It is not difficult to account for my not knowing you on sight. But you——" she broke off, in a hurt tone.

"You can't imagine what a difference your eyes make. They alter your whole face."

"I should think they must alter far more than my face," she said, suddenly, "when my old friend Oliver has forgotten not only my face, but me, myself, all these long weeks."

She had turned the eyes in dispute upon him, with a little flash

in them for all their wistfulness. He was not looking at her; but far away over the sea instead.

Over yonder the *Bonnie Ailsie* had dashed up alongside the larger craft that bore away the wedding-party. Oliver had taken farewell forever of the bride. He had meant never to see the bride again; nor yet the widow.

Why should she too be thinking of that day? She had followed the direction of his gaze. Grand Manan lay like a far-off purple wall to the south, and to the east and northeast were the distant varied crests of the New Brunswick and Maine hills and islands. Eastport, where she had taken the steamer that day, lay somewhere hidden behind there.

The flash died out of her eyes.

"Do you remember?" she asked, softly, as if the same thought must have come to him, as in truth it used so often in the old, old days. "I have a spray of your flowers yet, Oliver. He—there was a bit of white everlasting in the posy."

He, Dr. Rhodes, had told her so; but she checked the words upon her lips.

It was the thought of Sylvester standing by that dory upon the schooner that checked them; the thought of Sylvester that turned her lips suddenly white.

Oliver had glanced round at her. How much was she recalling? Did she keep that hand of hers hidden in the folds of her dress because of the wedding ring upon it?

"I heard you were at the lighthouse when I came home," he was saying. "I have been away on business. And since my return—" with some hesitation—"I have been prevented from coming over."

"Business?" she repeated, slowly, smiling in an absent way; for she was thinking how much he looked as she expected him to look, and yet how different.

"Partly business," he said, curtly. Then, changing the subject: "But tell me, how does it all appear to you here? Just as you knew us? or do we disappoint you?"

She looked up at him with the old confidence in his understanding her.

"At first I was like a ghost astray in the sunshine. It was all so glaringly bright—and I——"

"Over-brightness is not the complaint usually made of us," Oliver said in her sudden pause. "To be sure, we have had wonderfully little fog."

"But oh, Oliver! the fog is so beautiful!"

"When it is not a wet blanket."

"When it is a shifting cloudland, a dreamland—I used to dread the fog when I was blind; it seemed to shut me doubly in. But now I love it—the right kind that is—with the sun shining behind and above it. And the sea——" Her face flushed, her eyes brightened, as she turned to him. "It is here that I belong. The wild sea-birds that fly against the wind on setting out in the morning, just naturally drift home on the wind of the evening."

"It is so far yet till evening, Ailsie."

Presently she added, lowering her voice:

"There is one thing different from my expectations. I have been struck with the decided worldliness in both Jack's and Dugald's faces. And Sandy, here, nearly ran us on the rocks in his zeal for worldly sights and scenes."

"I am afraid you will think us all bitten by the sin of covetousness. I—after all my high aspirations—have degenerated into the proprietor of a canning establishment."

"The occupation is nothing if it is honest," Alison asserted.

"But it need not necessarily be honest. For instance, in a neighboring town, though herring do not grow in the woods, purchasers are supposed not to know the difference between a down-east baby-herring and a high-toned French sardine."

"How little honesty there seems to be in the world!" Alison said, mournfully.

"I am afraid it is at a discount. But what do you know of the world?" he asked her, smiling down upon her confidently. "Your convent walls must have shut it out as completely as the sea does here."

Her face was turned aside, but the color had rushed in a flood over it. Then it fled away and left her pale enough.

"Honesty! that includes straightforwardness and frankness? Not passing off one thing for another, like your baby-herring!" she added, with an effort at carelessness.

Something in her manner jarred upon him.

"I think it does," he said, gravely.

She turned on him with a sudden vehement protest.

"We ought all to be baby-herrings then—cold-blooded things without feelings when we are hooked and netted—and even they are permitted to be mute!" she added, with a harsh laugh.

Oliver tried to meet her eyes; but she was leaning over the gunwale again, staring straight down into the hurrying water.

After a moment: "Here we are at the Sea Wolves," he said.
"Poor Sandy! Oliver, come and help us out with Jack."

X.

PROVERBIALY it is only the first step that costs. After this scarcely a day passed that Oliver did not visit the lighthouse, as in what Alison was wont to call the olden time. Generally he had an excuse sufficient to blind at least his own eyes and Alison's. Sandy's lobster-traps among the rocks became wonderfully productive. Before the quarrelsome cargo is carried back to Grand Manan in the *Nautilus* there is usually a friendly sail for Alison. Jack is glad she should have so cheap a pleasure, though since the loss of the dory he does not trust Alison with Sandy, or he gives that impression which amounts to the same thing. So the *Nautilus* puts off from the Sea Wolves with but two for crew, whilst Sandy stands on the rocks, enviously watching for some windy day to bring about that paradox of requiring a boy to man the boat.

"Cannot we run over and pay our respects to the Bishop?" Alison proposed one morning.

It sounds an eminently proper thing to do; though the Rector's son is as well pleased that the "Bishop" in his pulpit is a rock at the head of Grand Manan, where the waves do the thundering for him, as well as for the Friar standing like a Baptist in the water near the opposite end of Campobello Island. With sail set, and a steady wind, Oliver came aft, and seated himself by Alison, watching her hands, still soft and fair after the summer's outing, folded on the tiller.

A plain gold ring shone on the left hand. Oliver took a superstitious pleasure in observing that it fitted her loosely, and there was nothing to guard it.

After all, Alison Rhodes—she had never named the name of Sylvester—was not so changed from blind little Ailsie Mackenzie. A rose cannot go back and be a bud again; but this poor little bud, rudely blown open by a harsh wind, was now gathering its ruffled petals together, and blossoming out naturally, unconscious of itself.

The *Nautilus* sped merrily on, with this part of the bay all to herself. Like white-winged gulls the mackerel-fleet hovered far

up the blue channels opening among the islands, where the Fundy narrows into Passamaquoddy Bay. Towards Grand Manan, if Oliver had looked, his experience might have warned him of a lurking danger. But just now he had no eyes but for that ring upon her slender finger.

Alison's eyes were furtively engaged in eluding Oliver's, which were slowly rising to the level of her own from the hands in her lap. When at last she looked straight ahead of her, Oliver was startled by her exclamation, "Can it be fog?"

There was no need for affirmation on his part, for they had run into the fog-bank, as they might into a stone-wall, except that instead of resistance, the soft, insidious mass had wrapt them up completely.

"How suddenly it has come! And what could we have been thinking of not to have noticed it?" Alison said, in the subdued tones one naturally falls into from a sudden fright that does not amount to terror.

"The wind is dying out," Oliver told her, reassuringly. "The tide will soon be running to drift us homeward towards the Sea Wolves."

He did not care to mention the other possibility—that they might on the same tide drift out to sea.

He was busied for awhile in changing the course of the yacht. Then having nothing more to do, he came back to her.

"Are you well wrapped, Ailsie? These fogs are chilly and penetrating."

He was about taking off his coat, when she stopped him with a hand upon his arm.

"Please don't. My jacket is very warm. I will tell you if I grow chilled."

"I can depend upon you?"

He captured her hand as he spoke, detaining it in his grasp, and, with the whole world blotted out in the hazy twilight sphering them in, the touch of warm flesh and blood was not without its comfort.

Yet Alison bravely kept from showing her dismay. Taking it lightly when to Oliver's blast on his great horn there came no answer but the monotonous moan of the Loug's-Eddy fog-whistle, just beginning to warn vessels from the dangerous cliffs of Grand Manan, and too far away to guide the course of the *Nautilus*.

It would not do to let that boding moan be the only thing to break the silence. As usual, the old blind days, with their "light

that never was on land or sea," came up with endless associations and discussions between these two. Perhaps Oliver hardly heard what the girl was saying, for after awhile, suddenly:

"If I could I would always remain as I am!" he said, hardly above his breath.

"Would not that be a little uncomfortable?" she asked, mockingly. "The *Nautilus* is scarcely a boat in which to take passage for life."

He did not speak at once; then, when the silence seemed so long unbroken that it oppressed her, he said:

"Alison I do not think you could have a better test. There is no position, where if you speak the truth from your heart, I can better learn what I wish to. Will you not do it if I ask you?"

He could not see the anxiety, near to terror, in her eyes. The thought flashed upon her that he had heard something—something about her second marriage, and wished to hear from her own lips the rumor denied. Denied! but she must confirm it.

"Mind—" he said, with a little laugh that betokened anything rather than an expectation of pain, "I have your promise that you will tell the truth. Ailsie, my old friend and playfellow, do you love me? Have I frightened you, dear? was my test a little cruel? Remember, I have brought it all on myself. It is but a simple yes, or no, to a seemingly simple question that every woman has to answer. And you have promised a true answer. Do you love me?"

The swift whitening of the face, the strange dilating of her eyes, the hurried breath, almost a gasp, shook all the hope her tender looks unwittingly had given him.

Unconsciously he drew away a little from her as he awaited her answer.

She was on her honor to tell him the truth. She said, with bitterness, "Yes."

He missed all the bitterness, however, in the sweetness of the triumph.

"Ah, my dear, have I tricked you into the truth? You would never have said that little 'Yes,' if you had not been put on your honor!"

He felt her hand tremble as he drew her towards him. But she freed herself, dropping the tiller, and pushing him from her. Her hat had fallen back, and his lips just grazed her hair instead of her cheek.

"Do not touch me!" she cried. "Have you no honor? I—I who am another man's!"

He was startled, angry, mortified. He forgot, in his indignation at her violence, how he had cornered her into a confession.

"I did not know that a dead man could hold you so fast. If you had not said yes I would not have offended you."

She made no answer, but fell into bitter weeping, covering her face.

And Oliver sat there—one could not say watching her. The head bowed upon her hands was all he could have seen, and he did not raise his eyes to the level of that. But he sat there sullenly listening to her sobs, doing nothing to comfort her.

They had both forgotten where they were, and the tiller swung loose, the *Nautilus* going her own wilful way. When suddenly the sound of oars—the first hint of a boat since the fog rolled in—startled both into looking up.

The fog was breaking off into rifts and light trails across the water. Here and there it wavered and shut down again; but not too soon to show looming up, large in the refracted light, the row boat from the lighthouse. Sandy, on a visit to his lobster-traps on the outlying reefs, had also been befogged.

"Is that the way Alsie steers?" he called out, seeing that both her hands were empty. "She'll not learn much at that rate."

"What is the use of steering when we are at home?" Oliver asked, quietly. "What a fog it has been! And—what o'clock is it? My watch has stopped."

XI.

"I THINK her chief desire is to avoid me," Oliver said, with bitterness.

"Not you, old fellow, but your love-making," returned Jack, to whom Oliver had gone in search of aid and comfort in the weary days that followed. "I'm no fist at love-making and never was. But I think I know how to manage this small craft I'm left in charge of. The girl's got some high-flown ideas of her obligations to the old doctor. Don't run foul of them; just stand off a little, and she'll be tacking to fetch you."

But there are more love-speeches than ever are entrusted to the tongue to utter; and as Oliver came and went about the lighthouse Alison felt not only miserable but guilty.

So it happened, that while still the Fundy was as calm and gentle as so wild and rough a thing could be, Alison's soul was storm-tost to and fro. Until one morning, in sheer desperation, she said to Sandy: "Are you free to-day? And if so, will you take me out? No, not to row, but to sail. I want to see Oliver, and to go to the lobster factory."

Now when one is asked a favor, it is well to make it clear that it is one, accordingly:

"I don't see what good it will do you," Sandy declared. "You have no reason to think Oliver will be there. He was here yesterday. I don't know why you should go to find him."

"Nevertheless, I am going," Alison, said with decision. "And if you do not wish to go you have only to say so."

"Which means no holiday at all. I must say, to be one's sister you're just as hard as they make 'em."

"Be patient, dear Sandy," said Alison, beseechingly. "Let me to-day have my will——"

"Which means I am to sail with you to the factory? Very well, then; but you'll stay long enough, when once you're there, for me to get to the heath for a mess of bake-apples! I'll be sure to gather one good ripe mess at any rate, and maybe a lot of raspberries besides. Grand Manan's got *everything* on it. Its none of your bare rock-like this. Now, if Jack had the keeping of the Swallow-tail Light there; or somebody else was to choose to live in a fine bow-windowed house at Grand Harbor, not too near the lobster-factory; with a balm of Gilead and a yellow brick cornering it, and the big bush of bleeding-heart leaning up against the doorstep—oh, ho, all the pitch is in the fire now!" he broke off in alarm for his promised holiday, as Alison with hot cheeks and blazing eyes scuttled out of the room, to use Sandy's own expression.

But her cheeks were cool and white enough half an hour later, when Sandy hoisted sail, and she held the tiller in her firm hands.

She must steer a straight course now; there must be no more tacking and catching.

The northeast wind sweeps the Fundy clear of fog and sets the waves dancing under a sunny sky, which elsewhere northeast winds have a habit of clouding over. The sea is a green-gray under a fleecy sky just flecked with blue; the breakers on the rocks are gray-green, save where the foam lashes them white. Farther out the blue deepens and broadens; all is a-glitter with the sun-sparkles on the tide, and the flash of a lifted oar, as the

dories hover after the trawling-schooners, like black fish-hawks in the wake of white-winged gulls. The great, steep, purple cliffs of Grand Manan receded to the north, as Sandy skirted the island's lower shores to the southeast. For there curve the habitable coves and harbors, with here and there a group of lesser islands for a break-water. Grand Harbor is the most secure of these.

Alison, leaving Sandy to secure, first the boat, and then the desired "bake-apples" growing on their native heath, made her way along the wharf and into Disbrowe's lobster factory.

Alison would fain have lingered. She had tried not to face her errand until this moment. But now there was no help for her; and in trepidation akin to fear she made her way to Oliver's office.

When she found it empty she dropped into Oliver's great office-chair with a sense of reprieve.

There was a pile of unopened letters on the desk, showing that the master had not been there that morning. Also the morning papers unopened, the New York *Herald* being on the top and most conspicuous. Alison took it up and idly unfolded it. Read the last report of the yellow fever at Jacksonville, without taking in the meaning; some political news, and glanced at—"A startling death; accident or suicide?"—but only read the heading.

Alison was still holding the paper in her hand when Oliver entered. He looked a little surprised, but none the less pleased, when he saw her sitting there.

It had long been his dream to have her come in and out of his office; to find her sweet presence everywhere. This was the first time his dream had been realized. So he advanced with both hands stretched out to welcome her, his heart too full to let him speak at first.

It fell to her part to speak, and explain, if possible, the reason of her visit.

"Are you surprised to see me?" she asked, trying to look at ease. "Jack said I might come. Are you very busy? Am I taking up your time?"

"Oh, no, I have plenty of that commodity," he said, with haste. "Do you really want to speak to me? or shall I order out the *Nautilus*? It is a perfect morning for a sail."

"Oh, no, please let me speak to you here. This is no pleasure-trip," she added, with a little shudder.

But he did not observe it, flushed with pleasure as he was; and eagerly hurried into the hall to put "No Admittance" on the door for a safeguard.

He took a seat opposite her, in a chair that turned uncomfortably on a pivot. As he moved in nervous pleasure in it it struck him that she too was by no means at her ease. She had begun to place the paper in folds as it lay on the desk, each fold being in exact proportion, as if she were doing a necessary work. Oliver sat watching her white fingers fluttering over it, the gold of her wedding ring flashing out. The old wonder whether if she married again she would discard that ring tormented him.

The silence between them had grown oppressive. Ailsie was the first to notice and also to break it. She stopped suddenly in her aimless task, crossed her arms on the desk, the paper under them, and resting her chin on her hands, looked up at Oliver.

"Of course you know I would not have come if I had not something especial to say," she began, in a measured tone. Then failing utterly, she cried out, as child might in sore distress: "Oh, Oliver, how can I tell you! One thing is true: You love me——"

"You do not doubt me, Ailsie," he said, half-rising.

But she motioned him to keep his seat, saying hastily:

"As a sister! Oh, I am sure of that—as a brother does a sister."

"No, Ailsie," he said, gravely. "We must not deceive ourselves. I don't love you as Jack or Sandy does; that you must know very well."

"But I don't wish to know it!" she said, wildly. "For if you do not care for me as they do we must part. And oh, Oliver! I am too poor in love to give you up. If I cannot hold you as a brother——"

"You cannot, dear; I love you as a lover. True, strong, bold. A love that can hold, but must indeed let you go if you cannot say the same—true, strong, bold—until death do us part."

She shuddered as he spoke, and he mistook her meaning.

"Ailsie," he said, quite calmly, "do you not take the words all wrong? I am one of the last to ask you to be ungrateful. But do you not think that in that higher world, where even a groveling man must find a high desire—that he, who was your husband, would willingly give you up to a happier life? There is said to be no marrying nor giving in marriage there."

"And you think, judging by your own feelings, that having entered that higher life you would willingly have me the wife of another man?"

He winced at this; but said: "I think we know nothing of the other life and should be contented with this. You owe no allegiance to a dead man——"

"But what if he were living?"

"What do you mean?" he asked sharply, even roughly. "Do you mean to say his death and burial were a fraud?"

"Everything else was a fraud," she broke out, bitterly. "Everything else! Oliver, if there was another marriage——"

"Alison!" came sharply: "What are you saying?" If any one else dared to insinuate such a thing——"

"I thought you said I owed no allegiance to a dead man?" she said, wearily. She was so weary; even this misconception of Oliver's gave her a moment's space to breathe before she must make all clear.

"And I maintain it. Ailsie if you loved me with but a tithe of the love I bear you you would not torture me as you do. Not willingly—I cannot think you cruel. But nevertheless, I suffer."

She looked up at him with a gasp, as if she were choking. Tears gathered in her eyes and fell in heavy drops on the paper her arm rested on.

"I am cruel," she said. "Sin is always cruel."

"But you! One could never think of you and of sin in the same breath. I believe in you as in goodness and purity and truth, and——"

"And unless I am all three you cannot love me?"

"I did not say it. I never said it. But I who know you——"

"You who know me! you who *think* you know me! yet I am an utter stranger to you. You think my life, like the page of this paper here, lies open before you and that you can read the whole truth?"

She did not stop to notice his assent, but went on quickly: "What if it is all a lie?"

"Be careful, Alison," he said, sternly. "Even you shall not traduce yourself to me."

"Truth never traduces," she said, more calmly. "I do not mean to be irreverent, but that good old man—'like as a father pitieth his own child,' so was he good to me. And in return, I'd not unearth his ashes. Let him rest in peace, with a great grave-stone over him to say how good and noble he was. That much for my gratitude. If I were free I would stand here yours, and only yours. But oh, my poor Oliver, there is no such thing in store for us. No doubt you will think me weak, foolish—but I was not wicked. I was his wife, there is no doubt of that—and now——"

"Alison—dear Ailsie, what are you saying?" Oliver cried, in alarm. He feared for her reason, she was talking so far from the

mark, so very wildly. "Every one knows you married old Dr. Rhodes for gratitude. And no one, certainly not I, ever thought of blaming you. But gratitude should not always hold you. Once married——"

"Say twice," she said, distinctly.

"Once a widow," he went on, not heeding her interruption.

"But twice married," she insisted; this time in a whisper.

She wondered if he heard her. She dared not lift her eyes to see the effect of her words. She had an odd doubt of her own sanity; a strange sort of wonder if it were really she, Alison—God help her, what really was her name? Sylvester—Rhodes?

Her brain was whirling. As if to steady it she began to read at random from the paper on which her elbow rested.

She read the article steadily, yet not taking in the idea to be conveyed. In a dazed way she began it over again.

Only a ghastly sort of notice which she had an odd dull feeling that she had seen before. "A startling death; whether accident or suicide?"

"It happened on the Newport steamer. The electric lights were ablaze, the gangway was crowded, the jostling passengers could not tell how the man went overboard. Only"—the account said, with that love for the minute so common in newspaper articles—"he had taken off his boots, which showed he did the act with deliberation, and had left them in his state-room with a valise in which were some articles of clothing and a few letters, one unaddressed, but evidently written to his wife. It called her 'Alison'; and there was some allusion to having once been blind."

Alison was conscious of a growing confusion in her mind. Another Alison, and blind! Another Alison; and Sylvester—it was no common name—Sylvester, down there in the printed column.

The name was accompanied by much that hardly reached Alison's bewildered brain at all, though she stared down at it. Comments on the promise of a young life ruined, hints of gambling-debts and speculations, wild as any gambling; a rumor that the wife in the unaddressed letter had been a fair young widow whose fortune Sylvester had held in trust, which fortune was supposed to be swallowed up in the crash, sudden and devouring as an earthquake.

The black letters had gone off in a strange dazzle under Alison's eyes. She was no longer here in the small, quiet office,

with Oliver seated opposite her. The place had widened, darkened.

She had come here by way of Newport when she left Sylvester, and as if by a flash of those electric lights in the blackness the whole scene there was before her now.

She could see it all; she could hear it all. She put her hands swiftly over her ears, as if to shut out that dull thud in the water. Then she let them fall despairingly.

It was a shock that pressed home to her as almost something that she had had a hand in bringing about. A shock which, it was well for her, broke in a great flood of tears.

Oliver was at his wits' end. Here was Alison, her head bowed on her hands in an agony of weeping, and he could make nothing of it. He could not give old Dr. Rhodes's ghost the benefit of such excessive anguish, much as he was secretly pained by Alison's morbid sensitiveness in regard to the old man's memory.

It was a long time before he could calm her enough to learn the cause of her evident grief, and it was somewhat hard for him to take in the facts.

They were hard facts to Oliver. "Twice married," she had said. Once had been bitter enough. The old doctor, old enough to be her grandfather; even that thought had been more than he could bear. But Sylvester, handsome and careless and debonnaire!

What was she saying? Little Ailsie, helpless little Ailsie, whom he had always loved and always would love.

No wonder Oliver was slow in taking in the truth, which Alison had come here to-day to tell him. There was so much that was startling, new and strange. So much that was painful in her being here, as it were, under a name not her own.

It might have been still more difficult for her to tell, if Oliver had not drawn closer to her in sheer sympathy. He did not turn away from her, and there was no Sylvester to come between them. Ah, well, it was only a confession of an episode over and done with.

XII.

"I AM going with you, Oliver."

"No, Alison."

Her gesture stopped him. He could see in her eyes that she would take no refusal.

The two were standing in an angle of the outer lighthouse wall, pressing close against the building to keep clear of the wind, which snatched their voices away whenever they turned their faces seaward. Oliver had a pair of oars slung over his shoulder. Alison had followed him out, her rough ulster buttoned up to the throat, her eyes looking very bright and determined under the soft little cloud of hair blown over the edge of her seal-skin cap.

"Jack cannot go," she said. "His broken arm still keeps him helpless; and you will need—Oh, what a pity!" she cried out, wringing her hands, "What a pity both Dugald and Sandy were storm-staid at Eastport last night!"

"Then I should not have been storm-staid here. No, no, Ailsie; the Mackenzies are not to have the monopoly of all the life-saving on the coast. Fifty years of it from father to son; a hundred and seventy-three shipwrecked wretches saved from watery graves by the Mackenzies, at the risk of their own lives. Is not that the way the record runs?"

He spoke lightly, but there was a ring of tender pride in his voice, as he took her two hands in his, looking down into her face, for what he knew might perhaps be the very last time in his life.

She had lifted her face to him.

"I too am a Mackenzie," she said.

"Yes, you too are a Mackenzie, sweetheart."

It was the first lover's word that Oliver had spoken to her since the day when she came to him in his office to tell him of her past, and found the very end of it awaiting her there. The shock was still too recent, and words indeed were not needed between them.

Her color rose a little now.

"Jack is here to tend the light. He is able to do that. And you and I——"

"And you and I?"

Oliver repeated her last words questioningly.

"You and I," she clasped her hands over his arm, "will be together, Oliver—wherever we may be."

There was awe in her face turned seaward; but no fear.

But Oliver wrenched her hands apart, kissing them passionately as he put her away from him; turned sharply from her, without one backward glance, and hurried down to the boat.

If the wind had not been blowing from him he must have heard her pursuing step, light though it was. Before he knew she was seated in the stern, as he bent to push the boat out into the water.

He raised his head. "Ailsie!" he said, hoarsely.

"Yes, I am here."

Her voice had a cheerful ring in it, which made itself heard above the moan of the sea upon the ledges.

"Ailsie, I will not go until you leave the boat."

He had lifted himself, folding his arms resolutely.

She leaned forward, her hands knotted together on her knee.

"Oliver—then I am not to be faithful to one man?"

The wind flung him the words with their bitter emphasis.

He shot her a fiery glance. He attempted to deny her no more; but shoved the boat well out, springing in after.

Out there on the reef the water was blowing in gusts. They swept like peering rain clouds, momentarily hiding even the masts of the small schooner hedged among the rocks.

She had crashed on to them, her bows flung high, her stern so deep that every sea washed over it, as if each must engulf it finally. The fore-mast was splintered; the raffle of broken spars and cordage hung over the sides, and tore at and lashed the helpless thing with every lurch she gave. The angry white water raged in and out among the black fangs of the Sea Wolves, flinging up wild showers of foam that well might hide Oliver's little boat, tossed like a plaything from one billow to another.

Yet it was seen. Two men in yellow waterproofs, and two or three dark figures between, were grouped together, watching in the bow where the crash of the waves was least. There was another man crouched to leeward of the companion, sheltered from the flying water.

One of the yellow figures stood up holding on with one arm, while he waved the other to the approaching boat, which one minute the sea held in the hollow of its hand, the next flung up to the crest of the surging, overtopping mountain beyond.

When in the gray cold morning light Oliver glanced across at Alison there were two spots of red burning on her white cheeks, and her lips were set in one scarlet line of decision.

After that one glance he feared no more for her part in all this; whatever the rowing might be, the steering would be steady and true.

Her whole resolute soul was in her eyes that watched the send of the boat on the sea as she headed it for the wreck.

The schooner had struck the reef bow on, and run up it; the starboard bulwarks lay so nearly over into the water that a leap from there to the rescuing boat was not impracticable.

It was the best hope. With the sailor's readiness of eye they all saw that.

Presently Oliver, burying his oars to check the swiftness with which the veering waves would have swept his light craft past, gave the word of command. One of the men made a spring and fell huddled together in the bottom of the boat. The next instant he had grasped the spare oars he found there, tugging at them manfully without a word.

It was well there were two pair of strong arms to struggle now, for the changeful eddying waters pouring through these pools among the rocks, strove first to fling the little boat straight on to the half-submerged hull, and then to snatch it away past all hope of help.

But now with one brave struggle, then another, and another, all were safe—except the last man.

The last man—he who at first was lying in the lee of the companion—had staggered forward to the rail, waiting for the boat.

As he clung there, Alison, with her eyes intent upon the waves, saw but the vague outline of the sailor in his steaming waterproof, the yellow sou'wester pulled down on his brow.

But Oliver saw his face, and a strange look came into his own, as of one who sees a ghost. His eyes were full of the horror and the doubt of it.

The man still left on the wreck was gazing as if spell-bound, with an unearthly stare at Alison in the small boat's stern. Staring so that he missed the signal as the boat turned for him, the men backing water.

Missed it; and swinging himself forward too late, as the boat was swept away past, he struck the water wide of the mark.

That same instant Oliver had thrust his oars upon the next man, and grasping a coil of rope, flung himself into the sea.

He was a strong swimmer, and the floating mast that had threatened the small boat an instant ago was now like a helping hand outstretched.

He flung himself across it, catching it.

"Sylvester! For God's sake! Sylvester!"

As Sylvester came up again, struggling with the water, his eyes turned with a strange glazed stare in them in search of Alison. It was that mere point of time when all in life sweeps away past before the drowning gaze.

The days yonder in the shelter of the lighthouse—little Ailsie in her blindness—the tall girl so fair and rosy in her widow's weeds,

in the bare convent parlor—the simple unsuspecting bride of the short summer morning—the indignant, startled woman who had flung him over for the sin of one rash moment——

Ah, yes, he would fain have taken time to repent him of that one rash moment; beginning a better and an honest life—by just one crowning act of dishonesty—away from all his past, save Alison; carrying Alison—and her money, most of which he had managed to save out of the crash—safely away beyond reach of all the old associations. It was for that he had shrewdly laid his plans had; made that feint of being lost one dark night off the Newport steamer. It was for that he had shipped in disguise for the Provinces, meaning to make his way to the Sea Wolves—to Alison.

To Alison. He thought he called her name aloud, but it was only the water gurgling in his throat as Oliver clutched him.

* * * * *

When the sailors dragged the two, locked together, into the small boat, it was Oliver who was conscious, supporting Sylvester, whose head fell forward upon Oliver's shoulder.

"Dead!" said one of the sailors in a low voice, lifting him in.

Oliver, exhausted as he was, had presence of mind to make a hurried sign of caution, with a glance towards Alison.

Dead! Yes, with those glazed, wide-open eyes, and the strange rigidity in every line of the set features.

Oliver covered the face, spreading his coat over it, as they laid the body down in the bottom of the boat. Then he stumbled feebly aft to Alison, not so much to be near her as to make sure she could not see that body lying yonder. She could not. But indeed, she could have seen nothing but Oliver just then, and the furious waves which threatened Oliver's safety.

For one breathing space she forgot that she was steering, and looked up at him as he stood over her, with all her soul in her eyes.

That was a strange look he gave her in return. A look so full of pain, that her pale and quivering smile of welcome for him from yonder very gates of death froze on her face, and left her scared and white staring up blankly at him.

A heavy sea striking the unsteered boat recalled her to herself. But one of the rescued sailors gently took the tiller from her.

With the lurch Oliver had fallen heavily into the bottom of the boat.

To Alison that blank, unanswering look upon his upturned face meant death. It was well her hands were free, and another held the tiller; she had no thought for any other life than Oliver's.

And it was gone! But she could not let the dear head rest on the hard boards. She crept down to the bottom of the boat and made her lap his pillow. She did not shrink from looking at him, she could never shrink from him—from Oliver, her playmate, her friend, once her eyes—now, she whispers over him, her life! She holds him gently, not with the passion wherewith he would have held her, but with a half-benumbed sense of pity for herself, as one who has lost all that makes up life.

She can only crouch there, lifting her tearless, hopeless eyes now and again from the deathly, unresponsive face, to the gaunt pile of rocks ahead, the land drawing too near. Oh, if that dreary, bleak, wild sea between the boat and the Sea Wolves' Light could stretch out miles, and endless miles on miles, and leave her drifting here with Oliver!

Something makes her glance up. It might be a sailor stumbling over her; she does not know. Only she looks up, and sees, lying some distance from her, the man whose life Oliver had tried to save.

For a moment a fierce spirit of resentment seizes her. Why has she lost her love, her life, her all for this man who is nothing to her, yet who has, she believes, cost her everything?

Oliver had not even succeeded in saving the stranger's life. He has thrown away his own, and her happiness, for nothing, for a dead man. The thought overwhelms her; such a priceless price for nothing.

Slowly she puts up her hands, wrung together, covering her face. Why should she remember Sylvester now? But she is shuddering at the thought; if Oliver, like Sylvester, had refused to help the drowning man! In her simple creed every man has to obey the royal law of love to his neighbor. To have disregarded the cry—even the mute appeal for help—were a crime that never could have tarnished Oliver.

She glanced over at the figure lying there. It has a strange fascination for her: the desire to see what manner of man he was; he who cost her Oliver's life.

But she had a strange feeling that it would not be well for her

to remove the coat that Oliver put there; to undo this his last work of screening the poor dumb face from idle curiosity. Oliver has a right over this dead man, for shall he not stand before the Great White Throne with him as his trophy?

The thought brings tears into Alison's eyes—the first that have come there, and they fall in slow, heavy drops upon the upturned face on her lap. She sees them with dismay; then searches for her handkerchief to wipe them away. There is a quiver of the eyelids; a movement about the tight-drawn lips holds her in wild suspense.

She hangs over him, forgetful of the sailors—(the one who relieved her at the tiller is watching her with interest) forgetful of the living and the dead man lying yonder, screened as it were by the mantle of Oliver's charity. Mindful only of this one soul, hesitating on the boundary of life and death.

She stoops and kisses him; not once or twice, but many times, as if she would kiss him back to life. And as she lifts her pale, tear-stained face a painful flush crimsones it—for Oliver's eyes are open, looking at her.

* * * * *

"Name of Wood," the sailor who is steering says to Oliver and Alison, when the boat is gliding into the smoother waters of the Sea Wolves' tiny harbor. "He'd been hanging around Point Lepean for a day or two, seemingly looking for a boat to hire. Boats all out; so offered him a passage across to Grand Manan with us—poor chap!"

"Poor chap!" Alison repeats the homely words of pity softly, under her breath.

Oliver, sitting on the thwart beside her—nothing now to part them forevermore—puts up his hand to shade his eyes as he gazes back over the sea.

Perhaps it is only the dazzle of the sun in them for the sun has burst the clouds at last, with promise of a better day, and the wind and waves are growing calmer under it.

"You were going to Grand Manan, then?" he says. "Well, and *he*, too. That is my boat at anchor yonder; we will go aboard for Grand Manan as soon as we have put the lady ashore."

He has turned to Alison with the last word, and adds a re-assuring one in answer to the alarm in her eyes:

"There is no danger. Trust me, it is better so. In the quiet graveyard at North Head, with my father to say the service. Trust me, Ailsie."

How could she do anything but trust him? though indeed it seems to her no one has any right to be consulted but Oliver, who nearly died that this poor body might lie at rest in holy ground.

Beside him, in that hillside God's Acre, over one grave there is a long lettered board:

"Here lie the remains of twenty-one seamen, of the ship *LORD ASHBURTON*, wrecked January 19th, 1857."

Over this other wrecked man, laid there thirty years later, when Alison shall sometimes come to lay her handful of flowers, bleeding-heart and mignonette from about her own house door, she will be glad that the simple cross that casts its shadow on his breast is not quite nameless. "Wood"—that is so little; but it is all that Alison will ever know of him.

* * * * *

But this is to look into futurity while in the present. The light-house boat is reaching the point of harmless rock where Jack stands waiting, his rugged features aglow like his gaunt lantern in the time of need.

"Take care of her for me, Jack," Oliver says, lifting Alison hastily ashore.

But he has kept her hands in his an instant longer than need be and with a closer pressure.

It is not until he has sprung back into the boat and pushed off in it for the *Nautilus* that Alison knows why.

She stares down on her un-ringed left hand.

There is a swift, glittering flash; it might be a mere sun-sparkle in the water at the prow of the boat where Oliver is standing.

It is the one bit of revenge he has seized for himself, as he stands over the dead body of his enemy, for whom he freely offered his life.

After all there is something of the savage in every man, though Oliver stands there now with bared head in reverence for death.

But Alison has not stirred: still staring down on her left hand until Jack throws his left arm, the whole one, across her shoulder.

"You are a Mackenzie, child," he says, half-bitterly! "A Mackenzie, every inch of you. No Mackenzie when men were drowning within reach ever stood by—until now."

He tries to move the broken arm, chafing impatiently against the disability.

But Alison clasps her two hands gently over his sound arm, leading him towards the lighthouse, while she tells him—as far as she herself will ever know it—the story of the morning. That rigid, muffled figure, outstretched in the little boat that just now gains the *Nautilus*, has already told him much of it.

"Yes, I am a Mackenzie—" she begins. "I am Ailsie Mackenzie. Only little Ailsie Mackenzie of the old days, Jack. We have saved a hundred and seventy-eight poor chaps!" She breaks off softly under her breath as the wrecked sailor had.

THE END.

"BY THE WORD OF GOD."

God spake, and from the Central Throne
Slow swelled the deep, reverberant tone:
Encircling waves of mighty sound
Rolled out into the void profound.

So potent was the Word and clear
That trembling worlds came forth to hear:
And formless, empty, cold and black,
Swept out upon their destined track.

And still the Voice in tones intense
Rang out its awful eloquence:
And still, forth-starting at the word,
World after world the summons heard.

High surged the waves: in rapid beat
Their music glowed to passion heat:
And all around, beneath, above
Is wrapped in life-imparting love.

Caught in the wild storm's awful arms,
The ravished worlds yield up their charms,
Their wombs grow quick with seed of tree,
Plant, bird, and beast and man—to be.

As rose the glowing anthem higher:
The seething universe took fire,
And blazing orbs, symphonic, bright,
Together chanted songs of light.

As thrilled and glowed the chorus grand,
Light burst its earth-restraining band,
And, radiant, passed from sensuous ken,
Shining henceforth to souls of men.

Its shattered form, dissolved in air,
Dying, gave birth to colors rare,
And arched God's realm with rainbow bright,
The crown of music, fire and light!

ANOTHER OF MY WAR ADVENTURES.

IN December, 1863, the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia went into winter quarters on the opposite banks of the Rappahannock River. The battle of Fredericksburg had been fought and Burnside had met a bloody defeat. There was no prospect of further active operations until the spring opened and the muddy Virginian roads became firm enough to permit the marching of armies. The river formed such a barrier between the two armies that there was not much need of the cavalry for picket duty, and it was mostly sent to the rear. During the first year of the war I had been at first a private and then the adjutant of the First Virginia Cavalry. In the early period of the war it had been commanded by J. E. B. Stuart, who was its colonel until he became a brigadier-general. At the time I refer to, viz., the winter of 1863, I was serving at his headquarters mostly as a scout. It is well to let the unprofessional reader know that a scout is a soldier who reconnoitres enemy's lines in arms and uniform; not a spy who goes in disguise. From the beginning to the end of the war I was always in uniform. When I became an officer I always wore the insignia of my rank. The fact is that mine was the best uniformed command in the Southern Confederacy. As the cavalry were not doing much in their camp in rear of the infantry, I got Stuart, who loved adventure, to detail a squad of fifteen men from my old regiment to go with me to Loudon county on the Potomac.

With this detachment I began partizan operations on the outposts and communications of the Northern army. As we dealt in night attacks and surprises we were for a long time uniformly successful. Once on a dark night, when it was hailing, raining and sleeting, and the trees were bending under the weight of their icy boughs, I approached a strong out-post on what is called the Lawyer's road in Fairfax county. It was past midnight, and I called at a farmer's house near by to ascertain the exact position of the picket. He told me he had been there about sundown and that there were one hundred cavalry there waiting for me. He asked me how many men I had. Now I had come to make the attack with no expectation of finding more than twenty or thirty at the post. But the frequent alarms had caused them to send out a strong reinforcement in anticipation of a night attack. I had

traveled twenty-five miles through the storm and did not want to return without some captures. The farmer asked me how many men I had. I answered, "*Seventeen.*"

"You are not going to attack one hundred men with seventeen, are you?"

"Yes," I replied, "they will think there are a hundred of us."

There was no way of flanking the post, besides I thought the boldest the safest course. So we started straight down the road, knowing that we would run against them very soon. We had not gone far before a vidette halted us. The answer was a wild cheer that could be heard above the howling storm. No time was to be lost, and we dashed forward. We got upon the main body almost as quick as the vidette. They had built a fire and gone asleep in an old school-house, for they didn't think a coon would put his head out of his hole on such a night. They hadn't time to buckle on their arms before we were upon them. They were so panic-stricken that not one of them fired a shot, every man was for taking care of himself. Nearly all escaped in the darkness and thick pines. A few were made prisoners. They seemed perfectly willing for us to take their horses, that were all standing tied to the trees ready for us to unhitch them. During the whole performance I was roaring with laughter; there wasn't a bit of danger, and it was the most farcical scene I ever witnessed. The only real danger was in our horses falling and breaking our necks in charging down a steep hill. I had started in front, but one of the men, Joe Nelson, got ahead of me. A few days before that a deserter came to me from the Fifth New York Cavalry, which was then camped at Fairfax Court House. The men distrusted him, so I took him along with us, but without arms. He rode by my side in the charge. One of the cavalymen got out of the house in time to mount his horse; but Ames swooped down upon him. I heard the fellow begging for mercy, and riding up to him found Ames thrashing him with the carbine he had taken from him. We never doubted Ames's fidelity after that. I never understood why he deserted, and did not have a more faithful or braver follower. He was a powerful man with a heavy black beard. When riding headlong in a charge he was the very picture of Byron's Giaour—

"Who thundering comes on blackest steed,
With slackened bit, and hoof of speed."

Ames had already been subjected to another trial. When he

came to me I put him through a long cross-examination about the number and distribution of the corps of the Union troops in Fairfax. I had been in the habit of examining all the prisoners that I took separately and apart for the same purpose. During the first year of the war I had done picket duty along our front on the Potomac, and had become familiar with the country. By comparing all the evidence that could be collected in this way I got a very accurate idea of the posts occupied by the Northern troops. The popular notion is that I had lived before the war in this section of Virginia, and so had in the beginning a thorough knowledge of the country. This is not true. I lived in a distant part of the State, and was never in that region until I marched there with Stuart's regiment to join Beauregard on the day before the first battle of Manassas. There were a number of regiments of Northern cavalry that came to Virginia about the same time, and remained until the close of the war. They learned just as much about the country as I did. In Northern Virginia there were a great many settlers who came from the North. They generally sympathized with, and many took an active part on, the side of their native section. They generally acted as guides for the Union army. The Southern man loved the land of his birth better than he did the whole country; so did the Northern man. I always thought that a man who could love a great continent more than the spot on which he was born could also love everybody else's wife and children as much as his own. The attachment of Virginians to their soil is not due to any peculiar political theory. It has its foundation in the universal heart of man. The Greek who fell at Marathon and the Virginian who met the storm of war on the border were inspired by the same instinct of humanity. But to return to Ames. It happened that on the day he came to me a young man named Walter Frankland also came to join my band. He had no horse. I asked Ames if he was willing to return to his camp and bring out some fine horses. He was ready to go; Frankland volunteered to go with him. The camp of the Fifth New York Cavalry was near Fairfax Court House in a pine thicket. Ames and Frankland managed to pass unobserved after dark through a gap in the picket line and reached the camp before midnight. When they got there they saw from the noise and bustle that the men were getting ready to leave. It appears now from the war records that Major Gilmer had been ordered to go out that night to Loudon in search of me. Ames and Frankland quietly strolled about unsuspected in the

shadows of the pines until Gilmer mounted his detachment and started on what turned out to be a most inglorious and disastrous ride for him. It was his last ride after me.

After he had gone Ames and Frankland saddled and bridled two of the finest horses and rode off in full view of the unsuspecting guard. He no doubt thought from their cool assurance that the horses belonged to them—as they did *jure belli*. Ames still wore his blue blouse, but Frankland was in full Confederate uniform. Gilmer became the hero of one of the most ludicrous adventures of the war. He didn't find me or any of my men as he expected—he might as well have been hunting a lot of coons. When returning to camp next day he met on the turnpike a squadron of Vermont cavalry going in quest of adventure where Gilmer had been. When Major Gilmer came in sight of them he took them for my men and thought that we had cut him off from his camp. He turned off from the pike almost in despair and started full speed for Centreville, where there were some Union camps. It was March, the snow had just melted, and there was no bottom to the road. At every jump the horses sank to their saddle-girths in the mud. He left a great many of them sticking there. He had not captured any soldiers, but he took with him a lot of veterans, some of whom were almost old enough to have been with Washington when he crossed the Delaware. They were mounted behind the troopers. The horses with two riders broke down first. This set the old men free—there was no time to pick them up. They went down several feet in the mud, and they had hard work pulling themselves out. A negro woman at Middleburg had begged the major to take her back with him to the land of freedom. He ordered a trooper to take her up behind him; other troopers took charge of her pickaninnies and seated them on the front of their saddles. The soldiers thought from the speed with which the major was running that death or capture by guerillas was almost certain. The darky having crossed the Rubicon in search of liberty was resolved, if possible, not to turn back. She hugged the trooper as close as if he had been a brother. But the trooper did not return the embrace; he wanted to get rid of the load to save himself.

It was a case of *tabula in non fragio*—the table was a horse—if he had had a kingdom he would have given it for a fresh one. Forgetting all the traditions of chivalry he let her drop, and left her standing on her head in the mud. The pickaninnies were scattered all along the road. Major Gilmer had been running away

from an imaginary foe. The Vermont cavalry who saw him turn off at full speed from the pike as soon as he got in sight of them could not account for his conduct. They did not know that they had frightened him out of his wits. A lieutenant riding by the side of Gilmer suggested that he had better halt and close up the column. "Better lose a part than the whole command," replied Gilmer, and dashed his spurs into the flanks of his panting steed. I had collected seventeen men, and went in pursuit of Gilmer down the pike, hoping to catch some of his stragglers, and knew nothing about the Vermont cavalry that was coming up. I was riding in advance of my main body, with five or six men, when about a hundred yards off we saw two or three cavalymen in the road. As Gilmer had just come from that direction it never occurred to them that there was any enemy behind him, while I supposed the cavalry I saw were a part of his rear guard. We darted at them, but had not gone far before we discovered a large body of cavalry dismounted and feeding their horses at a mill. I tried to stop, but I was riding a high-mettled horse that I could not control, who carried me right among, or rather through them. But just beyond and not a hundred yards off was another body coming up, and I was going full speed right among them. I did not know that they were going to run away, so to save myself I jumped to the ground; my horse kept on. This second party happened to turn their backs to me just as I leaped from my horse. They went flying down the pike and never looked behind to see that nothing but a horse without a rider was chasing them. They didn't halt until they got back to camp. So while Gilmer was running at full speed down the Braddock with nothing but a phantom behind him, the Vermont cavalry, on a parallel road about a mile off, were flying to camp with my horse close at their heels. On the part of the Union cavalry the day was a comedy of errors. The surprise of the body at the mill was complete—they thought of course that overwhelming numbers had come down upon them. Each tried to save himself—some hid in the wheat-bins and some got in the hopper. As the mill was grinding they would have suffered a worse fate than being shot if we hadn't pulled them out. Our trophies were twenty-three prisoners, including two captains, with their horses, arms and equipments. One of my men was wounded. The following is the story as told by the other side:

"FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, March 2d, 1863.

"SIBS:—Fifty men of the First Vermont Cavalry, from companies H and M,

under Captains Houtoon and Woodward, were surprised in Aldie while feeding their horses by about 70 (17) of the enemy. Both captains captured and about 15 (21) men. They saw no enemy but the attacking party. Major Gilmer has returned with the scouting party that left last night. They were to Middleburg and saw nothing but one rebel. * * *

“ROBERT JOHNSTONE.

“Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding, Etc.”

Major Gilmer's fate was a sad one, and should be a warning to all men in search of adventures. At that time Major Gilmer was as anxious to catch me as the Knight of La Mancha was to recover the lost helmet of Mombrino. But he was not able to explain when he got back to camp why he ran away when he thought that he had found the very thing he was looking for. In his race against time to Centreville he had broken the record, also broken down his horses, and thought he had made a wonderful escape in getting back to his camp. He had scarcely got there and recovered his breath before the fugitives from the Vermont detachment came dashing in with my horse close behind them. He then found out to his mortification that he had been running away from his own people. Colonel Johnstone put him under arrest and preferred charges against him of drunkenness and cowardice.* Johnstone little imagined that in a few days he himself would be the hero of another comedy in which I would play a part. Major Gilmer was tried, convicted and dismissed from the service July 23d, 1863. It was a just retribution. At Middleburg he had strutted his little hour after the style of Bombastes Furioso when he hung up the boots:

“So have I heard on Africa's burning shore,
A hungry lion give a grievous roar;
And the grievous roar echo'd along the shore.”

JOHN S. MOSBY.

SAN FRANCISCO.

* * CHARGE: COWARDICE.

“SPECIFICATION.

“In this, that Joseph Gilmer, a major in the Eighteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, he then being in the service of the United States, upon the second day of March, 1863, did permit and encourage a detachment of cavalry, in the service of the United States, and under his command, to fly from a small body of the First Vermont Cavalry, who were mistaken for the enemy, without sending out any person or persons to ascertain who they were, or what were their numbers; and that the said cavalry under his command, as above stated, were much demoralized, and fled many miles through the country in great confusion and disorder. * This near Aldie, in the State of Virginia.”

DAWSON'S WOMAN.

Want to hear about Jim Dawson? he's a littled tetched, you know;
 Somethin' ails his upper story—kinder cracked—he's harmless though;
 How it sends the chilly shivers up an' down my spinal bone,
 Freezes up my very marrow, when I think how Dawson's gone.
 We hain't allers picked persimmons—me an' Marthy an' the gals,
 We hain't snored on beds o' posies—hain't had angels fer our pals.
 Sence we come here to Nebrasky, nearly sixteen year ago,
 Stranger, you kin bet your pile we've had a durned hard row to hoe.

But we hain't the ones to holler; since the Dawsons come, we just
 Squared right up to Madame Fortune, told her she could do her wust.
 Man alive, we're made o' gristle—that's the way we've held our own,
 That is how we weathered through it—what ain't gristle's mostly bone.
 But about that Dawson fam'ly: Jim, he come in eighty-four,
 Took up land and built a shanty, batched it fer a year or more;
 Jim was such a jolly feller—such a bang-up clever one,
 That we liked him, an' we used to ask him over, an' he come

Purty often; Marthy wondered if he'd took a shine to Cad—
 She's our oldest gal, and handsome, if she does look like her dad;
 But Jim didn't do no courtin' 'round our gals, an' soon the boy,
 Blushin'—awkward, told my folks he'd got a gal in Illinoy.
 Then he got more confidential after that, an' said that he
 Would be married in September, said her folks was farmers; she
 Had been teachin' school a little, so's to help her folks to hum;
 Said she made hand-painted picters, and could play pianer some.

Wal, he brought her in September, phew! but she was purty though;
 My gals couldn't hold a candle to her, and yet they ain't so slow:
 My two gals hev got the muscle, they kin plow an' use the hoe,
 But 'long side o' her, for beauty, my gals didn't stan' no show.
 An' you'd ort to see that shanty blossom out when she got there—
 White lace curtains at the winders, ingrain carpet on the floor,
 Drapes, an' lambrquins an' tidies—ribbon bows just filled the air!
 Lots o' things I never heard of Dawson's woman brought out here.

Bunch o' cat-tails in the corner—painted chromos everywheres,
 Little bags o' scented cotton hangin' on the backs o' chairs;
 An' a standin' in the corner, on a kind o' crooked rack,
 Was some painted jugs an' vases—think she called 'em bricky-brac.
 That ranch paralyzed the natives here; some on 'em used to swear
 That it looked like Heaven ort to, with a angel hov'rin' there;
 I kin tell you, mister, that it wa'n't exaggeratin' things
 Very much, fer Dawson's woman was a angel, bar the wings.

Ez fer Jim—wal now, you couldn't tech him with a ten-foot pole,
 Used to stay to hum on Sundays; ez a man she called Jim "whole."
 She wa'n't no shakes at housework, said she never hed no luck;
 So Jim washed an' scrubbed the kitchen floor, an' helped her cook the chuck.
 She told Marthy, confidential, when they'd got enough ahead—
 Built a house with foldin' doors, an' porch an' winder blinds, she said
 They'd go back to see her mother, and she told her, too, that day,
 When they got rich, they was goin' back to Illinoy to stay.

Their hard time begun that winter, for the blizzards they raised Ned—
 Froze the horses in the stables, froze the cattle in the shed;
 Folks took lots of exercise, you see, the temper'ture was low,
 An' fuel high; we went without some necessaries, too.
 Then the crops played out next season, for the rust got in the wheat,
 Dews an' sunshine done the business, an' our hailstorms can't be beat;
 Hail—an' hearty too, I reckon, for they pelted at the corn,
 Till they drove it out o' sight, and let no second crop be born,

We're used to it, ez I told ye, but we got downhearted some,
 Waitin' for that summer's harvest, which it never, somehow, come;
 Dawson's folks got clean discouraged, never seen 'em smile, till—wal,
 That there mornin' Jim come over, grinned, and said they'd got a gal.
 Somewhat later, Dawson's woman piled the chromos in a heap,
 Packed up all the fancy truck around the ranch, just made a sweep;
 She brought out all the bricky-brac, an' took the curtains down,
 Loaded up the one-hoss wagon, took the kid, and broke fer town.

I saw her comin' up the road, an' hollered, "What's to pay?"
 She said: "Why debts, of course," then laughed and turned her face away;
 She said they didn't need the things at all—then tried to cough;
 She said she'd take 'em up to town an' try to sell 'em off.
 I noticed that her eyes was red, but she went on to say
 How the shanty was so crowded that the baby couldn't play.
 She sold the traps an' paid the bills, an' hed enough, she did,
 To buy a coat fer Jim, an' shoes an' dresses for the kid.

I think Dawson's wife got homesick; don't believe she liked the West;
 Guess she didn't like the sandstones, ner the Injins at their best;
 Never'd seen a lively Injin till she come here, an' they used
 To skeer her some, likewise the cowboys, prowlin' 'round the roost.
 Then a cyclone blew upon us, when the spring was gittin' green,
 Struck us right, an' left an' forwards, till it shaved the country clean;
 In a quite emphatic manner lifted all we hed to spare—
 Splintered shanties, barns and fences—kindlin' wood whizzed through the air.

Dawsons went to town that day, or else I don't know where they'd b'en,
 They camped with us a week or two till they'd built up again;
 We was boardin' in the cellar, with a hay-stack fer a roof,
 Which that breeze had kindly put there, an' we thought it good enough.
 Crops was more than alim that summer, for we hed a little drouth
 Clean from April to September, not a drop to wet yer mouth
 From the sky; we kep' from chokin' at the river, till it slid,
 Then brought water by the quart an' counted it by drops, we did.

How the sun swooped down upon us! how it scorched and cracked the land!
 How it parched the fields o' grain an' cooked the taters in the sand!
 Sucked up all the cricks an' rivers in Nebrasky, an' I'll bet
 It raised a row aloft at night because it had to set.
 After that we hed the prairie fire—November, eighty-eight;
 If you want to see the jaws o' Hell a-gapin' at you straight,
 With a million hissin' tongues o' flame, an' see them risin' higher,
 An' you hain't got no ranch to save, just watch a prairie fire.

Miles away we heard it crackle, all the sky was blazin' red;
 Tumble weeds as big as hay-stacks helped to take the flames ahead;
 All the land was just like tinder, and the wind was blowin' hard,
 So the flames got mighty frisky, seen 'em jump two hundred yard.
 Wal, we done some heavy plowin' 'round the Dawson ranch that day,
 An' the wind just took a friendly freak, an' drew the flames our way;
 We saved our lives by managin', I might relate just how,
 But I'm tellin' Dawson's story, an' my own ain't nowhere now.

As we crawled to neighbor Dawson's when the fire had gone that day,
 We saw a bundle, which it 'peared the wind had blowed away;
 It was lyin' in the gumbo near the road, and partly hid,
 An' I hope to holler, stranger, if it wasn't Dawson's kid.
 She hed wandered from her mother, in the midst of smoke and flare,
 She was little, so the hungry flames forgot an' left her there,
 Lyin', smothered by the roadway; so we took her to the home
 Where she'd furnished all the brightness through so many days o' gloom.

Dawson's woman never held her head up after that they say—
 Teased for Jim to take her home; he set an' watched her every day
 Till the end, an' told her soon as he could git enough ahead
 They'd go back to Illinoy; "An' take the little one," she said.

* * * * *
 No lone mounds are over yender, on the banks o' Dismal Crick,
 Mongst the gumbo gaass and cactus, an' the sand burs growin' thick;
 But that stream still murmurs softer, an' the birds sing in the air
 Just a little sweeter, for the sake o' them that's sleepin' there.

Dawson's got some lunny notions; he told Parson Gibbs, one day,
 That he didn't b'lieve in God, no matter what the preachers say—
 Seid if there was such a bein', that he wouldn't hev the cheek
 To handle folks so rough, when he hed made 'em poor an' weak.
 Settin' by them grave mounds yender, 'mongst the burs an' prickly pear,
 Dawson spends a heap o' time; he says he's 'feared they're lonesome there;
 Says it ain't no place to keep 'em, an' he told me just to-day,
 If he ever could he'd take 'em back to Illinoy to stay.

WILSON MILLER.

ROCKFORD, ILL.

LA FONTAINE: A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY.

THE PHENOMENON OF CO-EXISTENT IDIOCY AND GENIUS IN THE SAME MAN.

JEAN DE LA FONTAINE was born at Château Thierry, in France, on the 8th of July, 1621. He was of gentle birth. He received a liberal education notwithstanding a very apparent and striking stolidity of intellect, and when nineteen years old he joined an ecclesiastical and learned congregation called the Oratorians, for the purpose of enlarging his stock of knowledge, and, perhaps, to test if he had any qualifications to become a member of that order. But he soon discovered that he was the most unfit of men to submit to the rules and practices of any religious institution, and his connection with the Oratorians did not last more than eighteen months.

At the age of twenty-two the concealed genius which subsequently made him one of the greatest poets of France was still slumbering, when accidentally an officer who had taken his winter quarters at Château Thierry, happened to declaim in his presence one of the Odes of Malherbe. It was a spark of fire penetrating to combustible materials through a thick crust of clay. On that day La Fontaine had a sort of vague or half-unconscious revelation of his poetic genius, and his career was shaped for the future, for he resolved as far as he could resolve on anything, that it should be a literary one. He prepared himself for it by closely studying the best ancient and modern models. Of the writers of antiquity those he admired the most were Plutarch and Plato, although he read them only in feeble and imperfect French translations, for he did not know one word of Greek, his studies of the dead languages having been confined to Latin. He seems, however, when unknown to fame, to have been admitted into the society of Racine, for it is reported that he frequently visited that illustrious man for the purpose of having all the sublime beauties of those authors laid out before him in a style worthy of the originals.

His father was keeper of the woods and forests of the Duchy of Château Thierry, having also official jurisdiction over all its rivers and water-courses that were reserved for public use. He was exceedingly fond of poetry, and, contrary to the disposition of most parents, his ambition was that his son should be a poet; and, as

he prudently thought that poetry was not reliable to make the pot boil, he transferred his charge to his son. The son, to please his father, occupied that post for a long while, but without troubling himself with performing its duties. He even never became acquainted with any of the technical terms of the avocation to which he had been called.

Also, in compliance with his parents' desires, he married Marie Héricart, the daughter of a lieutenant-bailiff of La Ferté Milon. She was neither lacking in beauty nor in mind, but she was of a domineering and exacting temper, and it is generally believed that she was the original of Madame Horesta, whose portrait La Fontaine drew so graphically in his poem of Belphegor. What is certain is that he did not live long with her. It was not she to whom he took an aversion but the chains of matrimony. He abhorred restraint of any kind, and was for an easy life.

One would suppose that a man of his temperament would have been free from all jealousy, and so he was, in the strictest sense of the word. But on one occasion he was made to act as if he was susceptible of such a feeling. He had a friend named Poignan, a captain of cavalry on the retired list and living at Château Thierry. Some busybody asked La Fontaine why he permitted Poignan to visit his house every day?

"And why not? He is my friend."

"It is not," answered the charitable busybody, "what the public says. The general rumor is that he goes to your house only to see your wife."

"The public is wrong. But what must I do?"

"You must ask satisfaction of the man who attacks your honor."

"Very well. I will demand the required satisfaction."

The next day at four o'clock in the morning there was a loud knocking at the door of the captain.

"Who is there?" said a voice within.

"I, La Fontaine. Open to me."

Poignan jumped out of bed, dressed himself hastily and admitted the early visitor. "Take your sword and follow me," said La Fontaine.

"But what is the matter?"

"You will know it in due time."

Poignan, in amazement, did what he was bid. As soon as they were out of town and had reached a field, "My friend," said La Fontaine, "we must fight."

"Fight! and for what motive? Besides, you are not my match; the contest would be unequal. I am an expert swordsman, and you have never fenced in your life."

"No matter. Public opinion, it seems, demands that I fight you."

And he drew his sword. Poignan did the same, and instantly La Fontaine's weapon was sent flying ten feet from his unskilful hand. The novice in the gladiatorial art stood defenceless.

"Now," said Poignan, "will you explain to me this mystery? Are you insane? What does this mean?"

"The public pretends that it is not for me that you come every day to my house, but for my wife."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Poignan, "I never should have suspected you of such a crotchet, such a fit of jealousy! Well, I promise, in order to tranquilize you, that I will never again set my foot inside your house."

"On the contrary," replied La Fontaine, with much warmth of feeling and grasping his friend's hand, "having done what the public required, now I must insist on your coming to my house as often as you please. Otherwise, I must fight you again for my own satisfaction."

La Fontaine had a son by this marriage. That son was intrusted to the care of Mancroix, a canon of the cathedral of Rheims, and La Fontaine's intimate friend, who educated him until he grew up to be fourteen years old. At that epoch the boy was placed under the protection and special care of M. de Harlay, the king's attorney-general, who subsequently became president of the highest judicial tribunal of the kingdom. This powerful personage assumed to provide the youth with a career.

Paying a much greater attention to poetry than to his private affairs and to his conjugal household, careless of the present and of the future, La Fontaine was vegetating obscurely at Château Thierry, when the Duchess de Bouillon, a niece of Cardinal Mazarin, was exiled to it. Whilst she was residing there La Fontaine was presented to her, and she immediately appreciated the talent of the young writer, although he was intensely dull in conversation. The Mancinis, as the Duchess de Bouillon and her three sisters were called, were known to be absolutely free from all prudery. The Duchess invited him to compose something in the sportive style, and even permitted him a considerable latitude of conceptions and expressions. This is, it is said, the origin of his licentious tales.

Recalled from her exile, the Duchess de Bouillon took La Fontaine with her to Paris. In that city he found an uncle of his wife, named Tannart, who was the favorite of Fouquet, superintendent of the finances of the kingdom, and his substitute in the office of attorney-general. Introduced by him to the superintendent, La Fontaine pleased that personage, and soon felt the effect of his habits of extreme liberality. He obtained a pension from the omnipotent minister of the young monarch Louis XIV, and in return for this favor, playfully engaged to pay him "a pension in verse and in quarterly installments." When Fouquet fell, and was incarcerated, La Fontaine implored the royal clemency in an elegy addressed to the nymphs of Vaux, the favorite country of the unfortunate prisoner. To venture on such a public expression of gratitude to a man who had incurred, not merely the displeasure, but we may say, the hatred of an incensed despot, required a great deal of moral courage.

Not satisfied with the publication of this elegy to the nymphs of Vaux, La Fontaine addressed an ode to the king. He contrived to have a copy of it delivered to Fouquet for the purpose of obtaining his approbation. Fouquet, full of fortitude and dignity in his deplorable adversity, expressed the opinion that the poet had solicited for him, Fouquet, in too servile and humble a manner the grant of what was, after all, but of little value—life! La Fontaine replied: "It is I who speak, not you; it is I who sue for a favor dearer to us, your grateful friends, than to yourself. There are no expressions too humble, too pathetic and too pressing for me to use on this occasion." The grief of La Fontaine, caused by the misfortune of Fouquet, was not transient. It lasted all his life.

In consequence of the fate of Fouquet, Tannart was exiled to Limoges. La Fontaine accompanied his wife's uncle to that city. On his way to it he stopped at the Château d'Amboise, which had been, at first and for some time, the prison of Fouquet, and applied for permission to visit the cell in which that personage had been incarcerated. Having been refused what he solicited, he remained the whole day before the door, and wrote to his wife: "Night alone could tear me away from the spot."

He had not yet become unmindful of his wife, and he wrote to her a description of that journey in four letters of mixed prose and verse. He said: "Whilst writing to you these long epistles I wonder at my complaisance and courage. To be lazy and to sleep is to me supreme happiness, and yet I employ the hours,

which are in this respect most precious to me, in addressing to you the relation of the incidents and impressions of my journey! Now, let no one speak to me of the husbands who have sacrificed themselves for their wives. I surpass them all."

It seems that the wife of La Fontaine had not the solidity of character which he would have desired. The following passage in a letter to her shows it: "You neither know how to divert yourself, nor to work and occupy yourself with your household affairs. Outside of the gossiping company which your female friends grant to you from charity, you take no interest in anything except in reading novels. Consider, I pray you, of what utility it would have been to you, if, in a manner that would have been amusing, I had accustomed you to the perusal of history, either as to localities or persons. It would have been a resource against *ennui* all your life, provided, however, you had read with the intention of not remembering anything, and particularly of never making quotations, for it is bad in a woman to know much, and still worse to strive to appear learned."

At that time he does not appear to have forgotten his son as completely as he did afterwards, for he says to his wife in one of his letters: "Make many recommendations of good conduct to our marmoset, and tell him that I may bring from this place (Limoges) some beautiful small chaperon to play with him and keep him company."

From and after this correspondence there is not to be found in all his writings one solitary allusion to his wife. His relations with her became relaxed and rare, and finally ceased altogether. His tastes and the charms of the society into which he had entered in Paris had made him take root in that city, and he never returned to Château Thierry, where his wife continued to reside, unless to sell from time to time some parcel of his patrimony. He did not know how to administer it, and used to say "that he found it more easy and convenient to convert real estate into capital and to eat both capital and interest at once and at the same time. Boileau, Racine, Chapelle and other friends would in turn accompany him in those short visits to Château Thierry. It seems that, on one of these occasions, he was not pleased with the reception given to him by his wife, and for several years he never called on her.

At last Boileau and Racine severely reproached him for this prolonged indifference to the performance of his conjugal duties, and shamed him out of this neglect of his wife. Having promised

to them to change his conduct, he took a seat in the public coach for Château Thierry. On his arrival he went to his house and asked for "Madame de la Fontaine." The valet did not know who he was, and told him that *Madame* was at church. Whereupon he went away without declaring who he was, and called on a friend. There he took supper and passed the night. After having been entertained two days by that friend he returned to Paris in the same coach which had brought him to Château Thierry. When he was interrogated about the result of the projected reconciliation, he replied. "Well, I assure you that I called on my wife, but she was not at home; she had gone to church."

La Fontaine, being of noble birth, had been given an official position to which were attached some emoluments in the household of that fascinating princess, Henrietta of England, Duchess of Orleans, whose charms he has so gracefully celebrated in one of his odes. The princess having met with an early and sudden death, La Fontaine, who had no longer any portion of his patrimony remaining to be sold, found himself in very strained circumstances. Louis XIV, who was so generous a patron of men of letters, neglected him. Perhaps the monarch did not forgive La Fontaine's attachment to Fouquet. In one of his pieces of poetry the disregarded writer, good-naturedly and with charming modesty, said of the king, in connection with his not having obtained any mark of the royal favor: "It is not such verses as mine that he deigns to greet, and it is not for the like of me to importune the gods."

But he did not hesitate to apply for relief, with the utmost ingeniousness, to demi-gods, whose exploits and merits he sang without flattery, for they deserved the praises which the poet bestowed upon them in such beautiful language. They were the illustrious Prince de Condé, the two brother Princes de Conti, the Duke and the Grand-prior de Vendôme. But their liberalities were not of long avail to him. La Fontaine, to use his own expressions, looked "upon money as a thing little necessary," and as a "superfluity, even an incommodity," for he parted with it as hastily as possible. The fact is that he was as incapable as an infant to provide for his own wants. He was to be sheltered somewhere by Providence, taken care of, and not left to himself.

A woman, who was a lover of literature and philosophy, Madame de La Sablière, offered him an asylum in her house and supplied him in the most delicate manner, without this strange absent-minded and semi-unconscious man seeming to be aware of it, with

all the necessaries of life. She watched over him and endeavored to teach him to behave himself, for he was incapable of having any conception of the decorous exigencies which preside over social intercourse, and he was constantly forgetting what had been sought to be impressed on his mind about it. For instance, he was made to understand by Madame de La Sablière, that it was proper for him to dedicate one of his works to M. de Harlay, who had generously assumed the charge to provide young La Fontaine with what was then called: *un établissement dans le monde*—"an establishment in the world." He took the hint, but he had the awkward simplicity to declare in his versified dedication to that personage, "that he paid this compliment in obedience to the will of Madame de La Sablière," and what is more extraordinary, he could not be made to comprehend the blunder of which he had been guilty.

La Fontaine acknowledged and repaid the kindness of his benefactress in his own way—by loving her with a grateful heart, and by, as he quaintly said, "building for her a temple in his verses," and also by submitting to her perusal, in preference to any other of his friends, the first fruits of his genius. Thus having sent some verses to Racine, he wrote: "I beg you not to show them to anybody, because they have not yet been seen by Madame de La Sablière."

Provided with everything, free from all the ordinary troubles of life, in the house of Madame de La Sablière, La Fontaine abandoned himself to the delightful carelessness of a dreamy sort of existence, and to that occupied leisure which probably enabled him to give to his verses that polish—that perfection of style—which cannot exist in works composed and under the spur of the necessity of labor to satisfy wants.

He dwelt nearly twenty years under the roof of Madame de la Sablière. He had become an indispensable fixture in the house, and almost a thing which belonged to it. One day that Madame de La Sablière had dismissed all her servants, she said jestingly to a friend: "I have kept only my three pet animals: my dog, my cat and La Fontaine."

The death of Madame de La Sablière was a heavy blow to La Fontaine. He again found himself without a nurse to take care of him. At that time he was anxious to become a member of the Academy, and expressly declared himself a candidate. His competitor was Boileau, who had made to himself many enemies by his satires. La Fontaine was elected after having very near been

rejected on account of his licentious tales. The king who, having grown old, had become devout, and who regretted that Boileau had not been preferred, pretended that the election of La Fontaine was due to certain intrigues and to a cabal in the bosom of the Academy.

He refused during six months to give his sanction to the result of the election; but another having occurred subsequently to fill a vacancy, and Boileau having been chosen, the king, being pacified at last by the success of his favorite poet, said to the Academy: "You may now receive La Fontaine into your body. Besides, he has promised to behave better for the future."

Whilst in this state of suspense due to the royal displeasure, La Fontaine had addressed to Louis a ballad, in which he repented of having indulged in sportive compositions offensive to the austerity of certain pious minds and pledged himself not to venture again on the perpetration of such improprieties. As to this ballad, it is related that La Fontaine, wishing to deliver it in person to the king, was brought to the royal presence by one of the principal magnates of the court. But the absent-minded poet ransacked in vain all his pockets in search of the manuscript. Great was his confusion when he discovered that he had left it at home. He felt that he was making the king actually wait—that same king who, on a certain audience he had granted to his parliament, had said to that body: "Gentlemen, you have almost made me wait." On this occasion, however, the haughty monarch said with much kindness of manner and tone: "Do not trouble yourself any longer, M. de La Fontaine. It will be for another time."

One day, dining at the house of a friend, and getting tired of the company, he arose from the table.

"Where are you going?" said the host to him.

"To the Academy," replied La Fontaine.

"But it is not yet time."

"I know it; but I will take the longest road." It was impossible to say more clearly that he was intolerably bored. Nevertheless, it is questionable whether he could have been made to comprehend that he had been rude.

La Fontaine was on terms of the most intimate friendship with Molière, Racine, Boileau, Chapelle, Chaulieu, Lattarre, etc. He cherished them and they cherished him. They appreciated all his good qualities, and perhaps they became much attached to him on account of the very peculiarities of his mind and heart, and particularly because of the childish simplicity that made him

the butt of their squibs and jokes, which were sometimes, it must be admitted, carried much too far. However, he never took exception to these liberties.

Probably the shafts flung at him punctured his skin without waking him up to the perception of such slight scratches. He never alarmed the jealousy of any one of these literary men, and perhaps for this reason their attachment for him was more expansive and affectionate.

"La Fontaine during his life was only looked upon," writes the son of the great Racine, "as a mere manufacturer of fables, and those fables had not procured for him the fame which they did in the course of time. There had not been discovered in them, at first, those hidden graces which contribute every day to the increase of his reputation, because every day it is discovered that they possess new beauties." Among his contemporaries Molière alone had the presentiment that the ridiculous, uncouth and half-idiotic simpleton, at whose expense they amused themselves and sharpened their wits, might turn out to be recognized as a man of genius. On one occasion, when Molière had at supper with him Racine, Boileau, La Fontaine and Descoteau, one of the most celebrated musicians of the epoch, La Fontaine plunged, more than was his wont, into one of his habitual fits of absorbing reverie, during which he became completely unconscious. Racine and Boileau, to draw him out of this species of lethargy, began to tease him with their sarcasms, and went so far that Molière interfered and said: "Let us not make fun of the *bonhomme*. Simple-minded as he is, he may outlive us all in the memory of posterity."

Molière and La Fontaine, who as poets are so full of originality, who paint with colors so true and so vivid, who both are looked upon as being *inimitable*, and who deserve this epithet, must have had a reciprocal appreciation and a consciousness of their own genius, with the presentiment of their immortality. La Fontaine was one of the first and earliest admirers of Molière, and one of those who, at the début of the great comic writer and actor, had been struck with his talent. Returning from Vaux, the famous country seat of Fonquet, where the comedy of "*Les Facheux*" (the Bores) had been performed, he wrote to one of his friends: "This comedy has charmed the whole court. As to myself, I am thrown into a state of estatic admiration. Molière is my man."

Another anecdote will show him off more strikingly in his habitual intercourse with his illustrious friends. Dining with Molière, Boileau and other literary men, La Fontaine endeavored

to demonstrate, in opposition to the opinion of Molière, the absurdity of the *aparte*, or the *aside* on the stage—the speaking of words which are intended for the most distant spectator in the theatre, and which are supposed not to be heard by the person nearest to the actor. When he thought that he had carried his point, he shrank within himself, and closed his mind to the perception of all external objects. He fell into one of his well-known lethargic fits. Then Boileau shouted in his ears. “Zounds! It must be confessed that La Fontaine is an unmitigated rogue—an intensely impudent rascal”—and he went on in this way for some time, exhausting the vocabulary of abuse without his being noticed by La Fontaine. At last the loud laughter of the company, elicited by this ridiculous scene, woke up the dreamer. “Well,” said Boileau to him, “how can you condemn the use of the *aparte* on the stage, when you have not, and you alone here, heard what I have spoken at your side and against you?” This argument *ad hominem* was nothing but a jest, but it is not improbable that La Fontaine, constituted as he was, may have been, at least momentarily shaken by it in his conviction.

After the death of Madame de la Sablière La Fontaine fell into the greatest destitution. Accustomed for so many years to be provided for in the most bountiful manner and with feminine delicacy, he was in his old age less capable of supporting himself than ever. The Duchess de Bouillon, his first protectress, who now was residing in England with her sister the Duchess de Mazarin, undertook to persuade him to come to that country, and several Englishmen of distinction seconded her efforts. La Fontaine listened favorably to the tempting propositions made to him, and began the study of the English language. But he was soon discouraged by the difficulties which it presented and he gave it up in disgust. Besides, the liberalities of the young Duke of Burgundy, who came to his assistance, probably at the instigation of Fènelon, the preceptor of that prince, induced him to remain in his native land. It would have been a shame for France if one of her greatest poets had been compelled to seek a livelihood on a foreign soil.

La Fontaine fell dangerously ill towards the end of the year 1692. By the advice of some friends he sent for a priest to confess his sins. The priest exhorted him to give alms and to recite the prayers usually prescribed by the church as preliminaries to confession. “With regard to giving alms,” replied La Fontaine, “it is impossible; for I have not a centime that I can call my own.

But a new edition of my tales is soon to appear. I am entitled to one hundred copies from my publisher. I give them to you to be sold for the benefit of the poor." The confessor, who was as simple-minded as his penitent, and who had not the slightest idea of the nature of the gift, consulted a casuist to ascertain if he could accept this peculiar donation. It would be something new to see a priest selling licentious tales for alms to the poor! The answer of the casuist may easily be imagined.

But another ecclesiastic, who was a man of wit and learning, and whose father was on a footing of intimacy with La Fontaine, had himself introduced to the patient by a common friend, and concealing at first the object of his visit, gradually and insensibly gave a religious turn to the conversation. La Fontaine raised some objections to one or two of the dogmas of Christianity, which his visitor answered with the skill of an expert theologian who, as such, is bound never to remain without an answer.

"For some time past," said the sick man, "I have been reading the New Testament. I assure you that it is a very good book—yes, upon my word, it is a very good book. But there is in it a passage to which I have not been able to give my assent—the one which announces the eternity of punishment. I cannot comprehend and cannot admit as true what clashes so much with the infinite mercy of God." However, after some discussion he gave up his opposition to that terrible dogma. "But," said he, "I may be permitted, I suppose, to hope that the damned, in the course of time, will accustom themselves to their condition, and that they will in the end find themselves in Hell as comfortable as fish in water."

After twelve days of theological conferences, La Fontaine, being convinced, or rather as Father Poujet expresses it, "being argued out of all his objections and reduced to silence," consented to make a general confession, "provided," as he said, "that he could succeed in getting through an achievement about which he had considerable doubt." But, before confession, the priest exacted that he should do two things:

1. That he should make to God the sacrifice of a comedy which he had recently written.

2. That he should publicly, as much as circumstances would permit, express his repentance for the composition of his tales.

On the first point La Fontaine consulted the Sarbonne, which was the greatest theological school of France, having supreme jurisdiction over all religious questions. The answer of that tribunal being in conformity with the decision of the confessor, he

burnt his piece. With regard to repenting for his tales he consulted nobody, and made a stout resistance to the priest's request. He declared that it had never come into his head that his tales could have a pernicious effect on morality. "If there is anything," he said, "that can make a fatal impression on the soul it is not the gayety of these tales. They graze over the surface of the heart and do not penetrate. I consider as much more dangerous the amorous and vague languidness, the dreamy and nerveless dejection of spirits in which the reader may be plunged by the most chaste and modest novels that rapidly develop the sentiment of love, as a flower whose growth is hastened by the atmosphere of a green-house."

La Fontaine did not limit himself to declaring his belief that the licentiousness of his tales was without danger; that it would not mislead the moral sensibilities of youth, and that it would not entrap innocence into extravagant and abnormal passions conducive to misery and shame. He went so far as to maintain that his poems, called licentious, would to some degree exercise a salutary influence. In their defence he said in verse, which I thus translate in humble prose: "I enlighten the fair sex and teach female innocence to guard itself against a manifold diversity of snares. A silly ignorance will cause a thousand women to slip for one whom my tales would harm."

One not thoroughly acquainted with La Fontaine's intellectual organization would not take this poetical apology as serious in its meaning. But it would be an error. La Fontaine was thoroughly in earnest, although manifestly wrong. It was the true expression of his convictions; he was always as sincere in verse as in prose, and to use the very language of his confessor, "as simple and candid in his evil as in his good propensities." In the end he was persuaded that he had committed a very great sin by composing his tales. He promised to ask publicly the pardon of God, and then he was permitted to make a general confession. It was during these theological disputes that the nurse of La Fontaine said to the priest: "Father, do not torment so much this poor devil; he is more stupid than wicked. God will never make up His mind to damn such an idiot."

His illness having increased, he invited a deputation of the French Academy to come to his chamber and witness his declaration of repentance for having published his tales. After that the viaticum was administered to him.

On the day of this sad ceremony the Duke of Burgundy sent

him, fifty louis d'or, with an excuse for the smallness of the sum.

La Fontaine recovered from this attack, but died two years after. During his sickness Mr. and Madame D'Hervart had lavished upon him the most tender and assiduous attentions. Their friendship was alarmed at seeing the simple-minded man, more than seventy years old, committed to the care of a mercenary attendant in the frigid atmosphere of a rented room, for the securing of which his means of payment were rather uncertain. After consulting with each other they resolved to offer him an apartment in their own house. Mr. D'Hervart, being on his way to accomplish this mission, met La Fontaine tottering in the mud of Paris and exposed to a chilling rain. The old poet informed his friend that his furniture had been seized and himself driven out of shelter.

"Well," said Mr. D'Hervart, "come and stay with us."

"Of course," replied La Fontaine. "It was to your house that I was going."

There is in this anecdote a beautiful simplicity which requires no comment.

Madame D'Hervart was for La Fontaine another Madame de la Sablière. Like her predecessor, when she noticed that he needed new clothes she had them spread on his bed, and he put them on without being aware of the change, except when complimented on the improvement of his apparel. It is remarkable that among his protectors the most affectionate and generous were women, against whose sex he had pointed so many of his sharp-edged shafts. But they seemed to have attached no more importance to these idle ebullitions of almost unconscious satire than to the innocent prattle of a child, who uses words which he does not understand. His genius excited their admiration, and his utter helplessness appealed to their heart. He was considered a simpleton who was hardly responsible for his actions—a strange compound of idiocy and intellect—an idiot in the ordinary practices of life and a genius in his writings.

Nothing is known of the last moments of La Fontaine, except that he saw the coming of death with resignation and predicted it with accuracy. He wrote to one of his old cronies: "The best of your friends cannot rely on more than fifteen days of life." He died in Platrière street, at the age of seventy-four, and was buried in the cemetery of the church of St. Joseph at the very spot where twenty-two years before his friend Molière, who was only one

year older than himself, had found a resting-place. Some time before his death he had subjected himself to the most severe austerities, and when his body was to be dressed for the tomb it was discovered that he had been wearing hair-cloth.

This circumstance has been beautifully alluded to by Louis Racine, the son of the famous poet of that name, in the following verses:

“ Vrai dans tous ses écrits, vrai dans tous ses discours,
Vrai dans sa pénitence à la fin de ses jours,
Du maître qui s'approche il prévient la justice,
Et l'auteur de *Joconde* est armé d'un cilice.”

“ Sincere in all he wrote, sincere in all he spoke, sincere in his repentance at the end of his life, he anticipates the justice of the approaching master, and the author of *Joconde* arms himself with the shield of contrition, under the hair-cloth garment of penitence.”

The same Louis Racine describes the physique of La Fontaine and the singularities which characterized him in social intercourse with the world. He says: “The great fabulist was naturally amiable and gentle in temper, but rough and disagreeable in society from his want of manner and from utter ignorance of its usages. He never cared to contribute to the pleasure of the company he was in; and on my sisters, who, in early life, had frequently met him at my father's table, he had produced no other impression than that of his being a slovenly and tedious man. He spoke little, or if he spoke at all it was about Plato.”

This description is corroborated by another from the pen of *L'abbé D'Olivet*, who had the fullest opportunity of being well informed on the subject. He says: “The physiognomy of La Fontaine gave no indication of his talents. It would have been impossible for the most sagacious to guess at their existence. His smile had a silly expression, his countenance was heavy and dull, his eyes were deadened, and no sign of even common intelligence was apparent in his face. Rarely did he engage in conversation, and when drawn into it, often it was with such absence of mind that evidently he did not know what it was about. He fell into a sort of intellectual somnolence. If he had been interrogated on what he had been dreaming of he could not have told. If, however, when he happened to be with intimate friends, the conversation became animated and controversial, and if, in taking a part in it, he warmed up on some point in dispute, then his dull eyes

sparkled with an unusual light, and for a little while the blockhead disappeared and the man of genius was revealed."

Another writer of the epoch paints La Fontaine with the same colors. He represents the poet as being fond of accepting invitations to dinner, as eating with voracious appetite and in obstinate silence, notwithstanding the efforts made to draw him out. Even Madame Cornuel, the famous wit, several times struck with her keen and flashing blade, without being able to elicit a spark, the rough, unpolished rock within which there was concealed so much intellect. He was in the habit of taking along with him when he went to some convivial entertainment one of his friends named Gaches, and when he was invited to recite some of his fables or tales he invariably answered with the awkward air of a silly boy that he did not remember a single one, but that Gaches did. Gaches always accepted graciously the substitution and acquitted himself marvelously well of the part imposed upon him. Meanwhile La Fontaine withdrew into the tortoise-shell of those reveries, during which he became unconscious of all external objects.

On one of the three days in the Holy Week, when the tenebræ are sung in all the Catholic churches, Racine took him to witness that religious service, and perceiving that he gave signs of impatience put in his hands a volume of the Bible. La Fontaine opened it at random, and fell on the prayer of the Jews as recorded in the Book of Barruch. It excited his intense admiration.

"What a genius that Barruch was!" he said to Racine. "Who was he?"

The next day, and for more than a week afterwards, whenever he met anybody, he never failed to say with much enthusiasm: "Have you read Barruch? He was a great genius." It was thus his habit to take suddenly a violent liking to something or other and to harp upon it incessantly. On such occasions it was impossible to call his attention to any other subject.

It was his hobby to praise Rabelais and to put him above all other writers, modern or ancient, profane or sacred, except Plato. Two singular associates by the by! La Fontaine happening to be at the house of Boileau with Racine and other persons, one of whom was an ecclesiastic, when the conversation turned on Saint Augustin listened a long time with the air of a man who evidently did not understand one word of the discussion. At last, waking up as it were from profound sleep, he asked the ecclesiastic with gravity whether he thought Saint Augustin had as much

wit as Rabelais. The priest looked at him from head to foot, and his answer was: "Allow me, M. de La Fontaine, to call your attention to one of your stockings. It is put on wrong side out;" and it was true. La Fontaine did not understand the sarcasm, and wondered what there could be in common between a stocking wrong side out and Rabelais compared to Saint Augustin.

It is truly astonishing how unconscious the fabulist was of the proprieties of life! Once he wrote a tale in which a monk played an unbecoming part. He took it into his head to dedicate it to the famous and austere Arnould, of Port Royal, the friend of Madame de Sévigné, Laroche foucauld and other distinguished personages. Arnould had praised the fables of La Fontaine, who wished to show his sense of gratitude by the dedication. Boileau and Racine, to whom he mentioned his intention, were at great trouble to persuade him that his tale was impious, and that his intended dedication was an extravagance to say the least of it.

There would be almost no end to the long list of anecdotes relative to La Fontaine if we attempted to recite them all. Probably many were invented and added to the original stock, which is certainly rich enough. But a few more, which are not undeserving of being related, are of an authentic character. For instance: Being at the country seat of one of his friends, and having gone out early in the morning to wander about, according to his custom, he returned long after the dinner was over, notwithstanding the warning which he must have received from his ferocious appetite about the flight of time. When he made his appearance he was asked where he had been and what he had been doing. "I come," he replied, "from the funeral of an aunt. I followed the procession to the cemetery and accompanied the family back to their home."

One morning the Duchess de Bouillon, going from Paris to Versailles, saw La Fontaine under a tree, where he seemed to be plunged in one of those reveries which made him insensible and unconscious. On her return in the evening she noticed La Fontaine in the same place and in the same attitude, although it was very cold and it had been raining the whole day.

There are two anecdotes which are not to his honor. He had for years lost sight of his completely forgotten son. One day he met in one of the salons of Paris a young man who seemed to attract his attention by his deportment and conversation. The youth having taken leave and retired, La Fontaine praised him for his taste, wit and erudition.

"I am glad to inform you," said one of the company, "that this accomplished gentleman is your son."

"Ah!" exclaimed La Fontaine, "I am quite glad of it," and he thought of something else.

On another occasion, La Fontaine having paid a visit Mr. Dupin, a theologian of considerable eminence, the latter, on the departure of his visitor accompanied him to the head of the stairs, where a young man was ascending at the same time.

"Sir," said Dupin to the new-comer, "you find yourself here in familiar company, for this is your father whom I am waiting upon." The young man bowed with grave formality and passed on.

"Who is he?" said La Fontaine.

"What!" exclaimed Dupin, "you have not recognized your son?"

"Ah," replied La Fontaine, with a vacant stare and an expression of dreamy listlessness, "I believe that I once met him some where."

When the congregation of the Augustins resolved to resist a judicial decree against them and to barricade themselves in their convent, into which an entrance was to be forced, one of La Fontaine's friends met him running in that direction. He was asked whither he was going in such haste. He replied with the utmost composure: "I am going to see the killing of the Augustins."

This series of anecdotes is strikingly illustrative of La Fontaine's idocracy. The following is the last which we shall mention:

In 1861, at the first representation of his opera, "*Astrea*," he was seated behind two ladies who did not know him. As the piece went on, he from time to time exclaimed: "This is detestable!"

"But, sir," said one of the ladies who lost patience: "This is not detestable. The author is a man of taste and talent. It is *M. de La Fontaine*."

"Well, ladies," continued the unknown, "I assure you that this piece is not worth a sou. This La Fontaine whom you praise is a stupid fellow. It is himself who has the honor of addressing you." This is a specimen, among others, of his originality and modesty.

He went out after the first act and entered a tavern, coffee houses having not yet been established. Sitting down in a retired corner, he composed himself to sleep. One of his acquaintances, happening to resort to the same place for some refreshment, woke him up and expressed astonishment at seeing him anywhere else than at the theatre where one of his dramatic pieces was being acted for the first time. "I have just come from that representation," said La Fontaine, with a prolonged yawn. "I stood the first act bravely, although it bored me exceedingly. But then I thought

that it was time to run away and save myself from the infliction of the second act. I admire the patience of the Parisians."

He was an enthusiastic lover of sleep, and could have said with Sancho Panza: "Blessed be he who invented sleep!" He eulogizes its happy repose and its still happier dreams in his poem entitled: "*La Papimanie*"—that country "where supremely reigns true sleep, of which we have only the semblance."

" Ah ! Par Saint Jean, si Dieu me prete vie
Je le verrai ce pays ou l'on dort.
On y fait plus; on n'y fait nulle chose
C'est un emploi que je recherche encore."

"Ah! by Saint John, if God should prolong my life I will visit that country where man enjoys long sleep, and where, which is still sweeter, he does nothing in his wakeful hours. This is the kind of employment of which I am still in pursuit." To sleep had become to him a passion.

He had been throughout his long career completely indifferent to any kind of religion. It seems that Nature was the only object of his worship. He lived in accordance with what he conceived to be her laws. His conscience must have addressed to him no reproach when he wrote these two lines:

" Quand le moment viendra d'aller trouver les morts,
J'aurai vecu sans soins, je mourrai sans remords."

"I have lived an easy life and shall die without remorse when summoned to the habitation of the dead."

This was before he had, in his old age, subjected himself to painful austerities, to a systematic mortification of the flesh and to the wearing of hair-cloth on the skin.

To complete this biographical and psychological sketch of *La Fontaine* it would be necessary to review to some extent his literary works, but it would compel me to transcend the limits assigned to this article. I will conclude it by a few general remarks on the peculiar mental organization of this celebrated character.

There is in man an external and visible life, and an internal and invisible one. Some of our species live more within themselves than outside, being by temperament more addicted to meditation than to action. *La Fontaine* belonged to this latter class, and carried this natural disposition to an excess. He had cultivated and indulged it to such a degree that he had become almost in-

capable of meeting efficiently the obligations, the realities and positiveness of human existence, particularly when its exigencies and wants are infinitely increased by civilization. His imagination was the enchanted palace of the fairies where he loved to revel, after having bolted all the doors and windows to exclude the intrusion of all that was not ideal. No knocking from without was answered, and it is no wonder, for he was not willing to be disturbed. In this internal world of his own, which was as thoroughly hidden as if it had been buried in the bowels of the earth, he felt himself transformed, and no longer the heavy clod of clay, the simpleton, the dotard, who was laughed at in the prosaic habitations of his fellow-beings. In the diamond-studded-halls of his own creation he would become the embodiment of taste, wit, sound sense, judgment, refinement and delicacy. There he conversed with gods and goddesses and all sorts of supernatural beings, and was ravished into ecstatic beatitude by the harp of Apollo and the songs of the Muses. There he was in communion with all the heroes and noble spirits of ancient and modern times. He summoned them to his presence and they came. He gave audience to animals, birds, fishes, insects, trees and plants; he understood their language and he drew under the titles of fables, tales and other names, in a sort of *proces-verbal* of all that occurred in his realm of fancy, whilst now and then half-opening a window of his magic dwelling, he flung out with a careless hand a few inspired sheets for the delight of mankind. Whenever he came out of these celestially-illuminated halls which he had built for himself is it strange that he felt dazed, that he talked as if suddenly dropped from the moon, that he acted as if out of his senses and as belonging to another world? In fact, he did belong to another world, to which he hastened to return as fast as possible. Hence his frequent and long fits of abstraction, during which he was perfectly unconscious and impassible. His body—that lump of mortality—remained behind, whilst his immortal spirit had gone to parts unknown and to the companions of his predilection. Thus, when he suddenly was recalled from these wanderings, the incoherence of his speech, the strangeness of his behavior, and his oblivion of the wants, exigences and proprieties of civilized life produced sometimes a startling effect. On some occasions he seemed to partake of the nature of the brute and to be guided by instinct rather than by reason. But this was only the outward crust, the coarser material. Within this rough-skinned dreamer was a genius as polished and bright

as a Damascus blade. To his contemporaries he was an incomprehensible problem, and they called this phenomenon an "inspired idiot." He was also surnamed "*Le bonhomme*." This characteristic designation was given to him by his friends, by those who knew him best, and who considered him the most harmless and helpless of men. "*Le bonhomme*" La Fontaine is an appellation which will attach to him forever.

CHARLES GAYARRI.

NEW ORLEANS.

BY THE ROADSIDE IN IRELAND.

PART II.

RAMORE HEAD, behind which the little village of Portrush nestles quiet and safe from the winter storm, is almost the northern cape of Ireland, looking out both upon the western ocean and towards the Arctic seas. As we stood upon its giddy height on a sweet summer evening the gentle whispers of the ripples seemed to tell us that they were nearly exhausted by their efforts to reach the shore. But the fierce spirit of winter rouses them into an angry strife, when forgetful of their summer dalliance they multiply into tumultuous waves dashing with fury upon the precipitous cliffs in which they gully out the dark caverns that echo with their roar.

Nothing could be more beautiful than Ramore Head as it presented itself now, nothing more sublime than the scene it would present in a wintry storm. It was but a few miles from here that the unfortunate steamship *Cambria* some twenty years ago struck on a sunken rock, and was lost with all her passengers excepting one stupefied wretch who, unable to give any account, of the accident or the fate of his companions, was picked up by a passing vessel and soon died. But poor pussy, the ship's cat, drifting that night for miles on a bit of wreck, was landed at the door of a lady who told us the story of that scared, scarred and battered heroine of the storm.

Portrush is a fashionable watering-place. No, it is not. It is a much frequented watering-place. From all parts of Ireland, from England and from Scotland, whence it is distant but a few hours by steamers, hundreds of people are daily arriving for the benefit

to be derived from its sea-bathing and its invigorating breezes. The women on their part do not realize the first grand idea of an American watering-place, nor do the men appreciate it on theirs. Dress parades, balls and matrimonial speculations are not supreme with one sex, nor are billiards, cocktails and dinners everything with the other. On the contrary, they all go to the seashore for quiet, and settle down for recuperation instead of driving about to make more waste. Hence at Portrush there are no palatial hotels like the great caravansaries of Newport and Coney Island, the largest one here being smaller than the least of those. Excellent as it is, few people remain in it more than one night. Their first business in the morning, if they propose to stay for even a week, is to settle themselves in "lodgings." Lodgings are the little homes that Englishmen find when they are away from home. Truly, "there is no place like home" for them anywhere, and so they make it wherever they go. The Englishman is not happy unless he can shut himself up in his shell, and the Englishwoman is miserable if she cannot do her own marketing and carry about her bunch of keys.

Portrush is full of these temporary homes, and little is therefore seen of visitors except at the evening promenades on Ramore Head and in bathing hours when, at variance with our custom, women have a separate part of the beach assigned them and, like the men, go into the water for the sole purpose of bathing. There is no driving on the beach for these hardy islanders of both sexes. They imagine that their legs were made for walking, and they travel off for miles in a style that would astonish American ladies and gentlemen.

The distance to the Giant's Causeway is eight miles, and although an electric railway has been constructed, it is little patronized. Noticing that the hotel was full of tourists I was up betimes in the morning to secure a carriage for our party; but I found that we could have our choice, for everybody else had already started to walk and return. Indeed, they did return before us with appetites better than our own. The carriage route to the Causeway by a road sometimes bordering on the high cliffs, at others cut through the limestone rocks, affords a grand and romantic view. About two miles from Portrush we passed the ancient castle of Dunluce, now in ruins. It is on the very edge of one of the steepest cliffs, Tradition tells the story of a great feast that was being held in the banquetting-hall at the time of a furious gale. That part of the castle which contained the kitchen suddenly crumbled and

fell into the sea, carrying the cooks and servants with it. Whereupon the grateful old chieftain was moved to thank Almighty God for his abundant mercy in sparing the dinner, as that was already on the table, and he could get on without any more cooks or cooking.

The Causeway is certainly one of nature's most lively freaks. Man is always trying to imitate her, but here she has imitated man with most astonishing success, and surpassed all human ingenuity in cutting out these thousands of basaltic columns and dovetailing them together in a way that defies the competition of art.

It was not the first time that we had gazed with wonder upon this stupendous structure, a work of too much seeming system to be classed among convulsions. This was the third time that I had seen it and that I had listened to the story of our guide to whom the credit is due to say that he sticks to his text with very little variation. In reading it it is well to bear in mind that the curious basaltic formation is peculiar to this one spot on the north coast of Ireland and to the opposite Scotch shore on the island of Staffa.

"Ye se, sor, it was Fin McCoul, the big giant himself that ouned all the property hereabouts that's in this part of County Antrim, and a divil of a sthrong chap was ould Fin. But there was Scotchman beyant there that sez, sez he, 'It's mesilf that can lick Fin McCoul, and if it wasn't for the wettin' uv me fut, I'd jist stip ouver to Ireland and do that same.'

"'An' wud ye, me honey?' sez ould Fin. 'Wud ye!' sez he, for it was powerful voices they had the pair uv 'em, an' they hollered across to aich other. 'Niver fear wettin' yer fut. I'll build ye a bridge if ye loikes to thry it.' 'Build it,' sez he 'an' bedad I'll come.' So Fin turns to an' hev in the rocks, and moighty pretty an' rig'lar he did it, as ye may see by the two inds that's left. Then sorra the excuse did the Scotchman have. So ouver he comes, an' at it they wint till Fin was loike to bate the life out uv him. But he let him up, and sez to him, sez he, 'Ye're a dacent boy for a Scotchman,' sez he, 'an' I'll not let ye go home at all, at all. It's me darter ye'll marry, an' ye'll have to be contined here, for I'll sink the bridge to the bottom uv the say.' And so he did, as I just tould ye sor, and ye may see the two inds uv it to this day. An' thin they was married, and swate Ellen McCoul played at her own widdin' on the organ ye see built up there. Whin the wind howls o' the winter now she comes down o' night an' plays on it ag'in. Many's the time I've heard her at it."

In truth the tall columns to which he pointed do resemble the pipes of a mammoth organ, and we may readily believe that although Ellen may not be there in spirit to touch its keys, the spirit of the storm may sweep over them with its wild melody.

Our adventurous little party was not to be satisfied with a walk over the Causeway, but we embarked in a boat which was brought alongside the rocks at some risk. Watching the chances some of us jumped into her, and the ladies were tossed by one boatman into the other's arms. From the offing we had a better view of the great work itself and of the caverns in the cliff, into one of which we pulled as far as safety would admit amidst the breakers that roared around us and echoed from the vaulted roof.

As we made our landing again upon the rocks the storm that had been gathering all the afternoon burst upon us. The thunder rolled through the skies and then came down to earth rattling among the pillars of the giant's home and reverberating from the dark caverns of the cliffs. The tide was at its full, the waves lashed by the gale beat upon the shore and sent up their salt spray to mingle with the rain that poured from above. Evidently the storm was bent upon making a night of it, and of giving us a taste of what it might do in the wild winter weather when Ellen comes down to play her wondrous accompaniment on the great basaltic organ. So, after waiting a while in vain for the fury to subside, we drove home to Portrush, our way illumined by the electric lights of Heaven that danced along the shore from Pleaskin to Ramore Head, followed by crashes of thunder making revelry again amidst the forsaken towers of old Dunluce.

It was on a Saturday afternoon that we left Portrush, in a jaunty car, intending to pursue the coast route to Ballycastle, Cushendall and Glenarm, a distance of about fifty miles. The first part of the route is the same that we had already traveled in the direction of the Giant's Causeway, and the whole line of shore is beautiful beyond description.

There is a shorter cut from Portrush to Ballycastle, than that we had proposed and bargained for, close by the seaboard. Some little progress had been made upon this by our faithless driver before our suspicions were aroused by the appearance of the country, but the day was too far advanced to make it worth our while to turn back. "An' what for wud ye be goin' all the way round be thim ould rocks, wid the dirty, noisy, wet say a baitin' ag'in' em?" said Mickey.

"Because the view is so much better," we ventured to reply.

"The view is it, yer honor? Whist! wait a bit till ye's a mile beyant this, an' I'll show ye the purtiest pate middows in all Ireland, where they gits all they coal the burns in Portrush and Ballycastle." And so we had the promised view of acres of gloomy, desolate bogs instead of the "wet say." But we soon discovered that Mickey had on another object beyond shortening his distance and affording his passengers the cheerful prospect over the "middows." "D'ye see that purty house beyant?" he exclaimed. "Yes, I see a house; what of it?" "Arrah, yer honor, there's a power too much whisky in it, an' it wud be all the better for drawin' off a dhrap."

As by this time we were in a state of unconditional surrender, the thirsty driver was allowed to stop for refreshment as often as he pleased, and the result was such acceleration of speed that the balance of our sixteen miles was rapidly accomplished, and at nine o'clock we rattled down the main street of the dirty little village of Ballycastle escorted by a troop of ragged children, from whom we took refuge in a very comfortable inn. Katy—pretty, but, alas, somewhat untidy—Katy spread the cloth and brought in toast, tea, buttermilk and broiled salmon, after which we were shown to our quarters for the night.

"But, Katy," said I, as we examined critically the linen, "are these clean sheets?" "Sure they are, yer honor, just as Father M'Talloch lift 'em the morn." "Well now, it would be a pity to tumble them, so take them off and keep them for his reverence till he comes again, for he wouldn't like that Protestants should use them." "Bedad, I don't believe he'd mind it," replied Katy; "but if ye's afraid of it I'll put on some clane ones altogether." And Katy thought we were wonderfully considerate of the priest.

The dawn of Sunday did not give a very favorable impression of Ballycastle or of its people. The town is a miserable collection of hovels, sufficient with the well-known Irish capacity for family stowage to contain two thousand inhabitants. It boasts of "having seen better days," and indeed gives evidence of it.

Whatever favors fortune may have once shown to Ballycastle in times past she has left as her only source of income the salmon fishery, in which all her people who do not occupy themselves in looking on appear to be engaged. The McDonnells of Dunluce once owned a castle in this place, but it has been long in utter ruin. It was occupied about three centuries ago.

Even the ocean seemed to have withdrawn from the attempt to improve Ballycastle, for it has actually receded on this part of the

coast, and the little harbor is a grazing ground for goats and pigs. We attended the "established" church, where on hard seats and a filthy floor a dozen or two hearers listened to a jeremiad upon the prevalence of Catholicism and Presbyterianism.

After dinner, having no prospect of further edification, we took a car and drove partly along the coast, which abounds in picturesque scenery, and partly through a very pretty country to Cushendall, a distance of fifteen miles. We crossed the Glenarm River on a high-arched viaduct, truly a work of great beauty and a fine picture in the landscape.

There is not enough of Cushendall to be wretched like Ballycastle. Apparently it has never seen any better days in the past, nor does it look for any in the future. It is just a quiet little village of some two hundred inhabitants, nestled away under a high hill protecting it from the sea, which may be reached in a walk of five minutes from the inn. And so we spent the evening, walking upon the beach and listening to a sermon from the waves, yeasty but not frothy like the discourse of the forenoon.

Early on Monday morning we were again seated on a jaunting-car, upon our way down the coast. Do you remember the drive from Naples to Sorrento? Not the scenery of orange groves upon your left, but that far down upon your right—that lovely water, blue, purple and green, until at last it curls its long white fringe upon the beach.

Such was our drive from Cushendall to Glenarm, by the side of a circling bay, over a road scooped out by wonderful skill and labor from the vast overhanging limestone cliffs. The warmth of the sun had qualified the atmosphere to the exact degree for enjoyment by its combination with the gentle breeze that swept over the great expanse of water. Nothing could be nearer perfection than that day.

Shortly before reaching the village we passed beneath the castellated villa of Lady Londonderry. This noble and beautiful residence is built upon a projecting crag, around the base of which the road winds to the sea-board, the tower of the castle seeming like a continuation of nature's rough handiwork. At the very point of a sharp turn to the right the rock presents a smooth, flat surface like the side of a monument that in ages past lacked only the inscription. And thus, in deeply graven letters, has the want been supplied:

"Frances Ann Vane, Marchioness of Londonderry, being connected with this province by the double ties of birth and marriage,

and being desirous to hand down to posterity an imperishable memorial of Ireland's affliction and England's generosity in the years 1846-1847, unparalleled in the annals of human suffering, hath engraven this stone.

"Fair tablet, fashioned by the Almighty's hand
To guard these confines of the sea and land,
No longer shalt thou meet the stranger's sight
A polished surface of unmeaning white;
But bid him ponder on the days of yore
When plague and famine stalked along the shore,
And pale Ierne veiled her drooping head
Like Rachel weeping o'er her children dead;
Tell him that to assuage their pangs and fears
Britannia gave her bounty with her tears;
And bear this record, though in phrases rude,
Of England's love and Ireland's gratitude.

"OCTOBER 23D, 1849."

No more appropriate place for such an inscription could have been selected than this spot, where Ireland steps into the sea at the nearest point to her sister isle. When curses, and hatred and revenge have died away this touching story of gratitude and love will recall the memory of the noble lady who conceived the beautiful sentiment engraved upon this stone.

It is the last and most pleasant remembrance we have to chronicle of the Green Isle of the Ocean and of its people.

JOHN CODMAN.

NEW YORK.

SUMMER IDYL

QUIVER of heat o'er the meadow's breast,
Glimmer of gold where the Reapers rest—
The drooping leaves hang breathlessly;
Vaporous clouds in the azure blue,
Radiant light where the sun shines through—
The silver stream flows noiselessly.

Stir of the wind in the quickened leaves,
Billows of gold in the unbound sheaves—
The rippling rill moves restlessly;
Dash of the rain in the Reapers' eyes—
Lo! with the rainbow across the skies
Our thoughts melt in eternity!

APPLETON, WIS.

LIBBIE C. BAKER.
Digitized by Google

PHYSICAL CULTURE

PART V.

WALKING FOR INSTRUCTION.

ONE of the first things for the incipient walker is to provide himself with a cabinet for the storage and safe-keeping of his "finds" while prosecuting his trips. This is, at first, not likely to be a very elaborate affair—two or three plain boards suspended one above another, and hung against a wall, or the shelves of an ordinary closet, fully answering the purpose. It is an easy matter to enlarge the receptacle as the accumulating treasures increase. Intrinsically the deposits may in time become very valuable; or they may, as is not unlikely to be the case, consist mainly of rubbish; but they are at all times more or less curious, and to one party—the collector—they are certain to be precious. They are reminders of pleasant and wholesome experiences in the field and forest and by the sea, and may have been productive, more or less directly, of substantial results. The writer recollects of seeing in such a seemingly worthless accumulation of chips and trifles, that owed its existence to the roving propensity of a local scientist and specimen-hunter, a piece of rock about the size of a man's ordinary shut fist, and in appearance nothing unusual, that had a most interesting history. The fragment had probably been stumbled over by hundreds of feet and possibly been observed by as many eyes. It was picked up in a public highway and showed the marks of passing wheels. How long it had been kicked about nobody knew, when one day it arrested the attention of the stroller referred to, whose mind happened to run somewhat to geological studies, and was carelessly transferred to his pouch or his pocket, and thence to his *omnium gatherum*. The locality chanced to be one where a large public building was about to be undertaken, and a contract for it had been awarded under the impression that the stone of which the walls were to be constructed could only be found at a distance and obtained at heavy expense. Luckily the inquisitive tramper thought he detected a similarity between a sample of the prescribed material and his discovery, and that led to the finding

in the near neighborhood of a quarry of the very article that was wanted, to the no small advantage of several parties. Rarely, indeed, have the time and labor devoted to these cabinets been wasted, when the health and enjoyment of their owners are considered. It is a significant circumstance that many of those that have fallen under the writer's observation owed their existence to parties who had at some past time in their lives been invalids, and the dates of their inception went back to that period. In such cases, in the discovery of healing fountains among the groves and hills, and the rehabilitation of wasted forms and shattered lungs, something more valuable than stones and bones and memorable relics was found by the fortunate hunters.

The cabinet collections invariably run to specialties. They may consist of stones, of seasoned flowers and leaves and plants, of curious woods (in one instance in the form of canes), of bugs, of moths, of shells, of eggs, of birds that have been taxidermitized, of birds' nests, of flies and insects, of reptiles and creeping things, of bones—one in particular was a conglomeration of all sorts of petty skeletons—or of this or that variation of nature's bric-a-brac. One of the most attractive that ever came under the writer's examination was an assortment of butterflies sufficient to fill several cases. All the colors of the rainbow were there. What racing up and down hills and across lots and what rare feats of huntsmanship that accumulation represented! It made my blood leap to look at it. I was a boy once more, in spite of more than fifty summers past and gone, and felt like scampering away for a chase in the nearest meadow.

A glance at the contents of a trumper's cabinet will tell the direction his fancy has taken in the course of his wanderings. Probably his reason has had but little to do with the choice. It is more likely to be a matter of taste, and a slight or even accidental circumstance may give it the moving inclination. It is fortunate that any one of fair intelligence who walks much in the country soon develops a passion for the study of some department of natural science. It may run to geology, to botany, to ornithology, to the stars, or to bugs. A young friend of mine who had been persuaded to try walking when in delicate health, and who in time became an enthusiastic trumper, took such an interest in birds that he furnished two papers on their nests to a scientific journal, embellished with illustrations copied from specimens in his possession. Another, at last accounts, was preparing a treatise on poisonous insects.

It is not always that the collector's preference runs to inanimate things. I have known several fine museums of living creatures gathered in the manner indicated. In one instance the menagerie was quartered in the owner's study; in another in his sleeping apartment. I once had a young friend of tramping proclivities whose taste ran to snakes. After several years of occasional wanderings he had equal delight and pride in exhibiting his assortment of living serpents, all caught with his own hands. He had two rattlers, an adder and quite a number of striped and spotted beauties. He took as much daily pleasure in his snakery, and in watching over and caring for the pet wrigglers it contained as if it had been a cage of royally-plumed songsters or an aquarium of golden-hued swimmers.

In the paths which men who love to tramp select for their rambles there is likely to be as great variety as in the spoils with which they become laden. Some are born mountain climbers. They love to get as near the stars as possible. Their heads are clear and their nerves are steady in the dizziest altitudes. They can go wherever the eagles can. They search for rugged ways. Danger, instead of being an obstacle, is an incitement to them. Others prefer the low places of the earth. They delight to roam about, hammer in hand, chipping at rocks, or poking into heaps of tumuli, or pillaging among the natural gardens until they are loaded with leaves and flowers as the bees are with honey. I once had a friend who developed a penchant for underground travels, visiting all the caverns, and mines and tunnels he could get access to. People, of course, in that regard, differ very greatly. Some are natural explorers, making their way instinctively to waste and solitary places, while others are drawn to the fields most frequented by their fellow-men. The difference simply emphasises that

" To him who, in the love of nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language."

It does not take long when a man has reached the point where he enjoys walking to study all surrounding objects, for his preference to assert itself. Whether he looks to the hills and peaks, or turns into the valleys, searches the woodlands and deserts, or visits the resorts of busy men, he will find that, if governed by no arbitrary purpose, he chooses almost insensibly and acts in obedience to an impulse that it would be unwise for him to resist. Better let nature be the guide.

There is another cabinet with which every walker before setting out on a tramp should provide himself. The one already referred to is intended for the storage and preservation of articles of scientific or accidental interest that may be picked up by the way and deemed worthy of appropriation. The other is for mental discoveries and impressions. The pedestrian's note-book should always be at hand as a receptacle of whatever observations may strike him at the time as worth a place in memory. Such observations may not be particularly important; the most of them will be rather commonplace; but like old nails, bits of string and other waifs and flotsams that are casually garnered, there is no telling when they may be useful. Thoreau was accustomed to register not only what he saw, but what he thought at the time, thus retaining the fruits of reflection produced by passing associations, and while a curious medley of facts and fancies, his notes are read with interest and sometimes with instruction. Thoreau's method was a good one, and might be profitably followed by others.

Having made ready for the work before him in ways that have been indicated, the walker has but to move on. It does not make much difference ordinarily what direction he takes. The world is wide and it is all before him. He is one of the fortunate mortals who can honestly lay claim to the whole universe.

In looking for instruction he has only to get as near to nature's heart as possible. How can it be otherwise, if true, as the writer believes it to be, that nature is not only the fountain of all knowledge, from whatever cause derived, but the inexhaustible reservoir upon which we are to draw as a reserve of our powers?

Everything about it is instructive. It not only supplies the material, but the inspiration and learning for its appropriate use.

Says Emerson, "Every property of matter is a school for the understanding." Again, "Nature is a discipline of the understanding in intellectual truths. Our dealing with sensible objects is a constant exercise in the necessary lessons of difference, of likeness, of order, of being and seeming, of progressive arrangements of assent of particular to general; of combination to one end of manifold forms." Not only is nature our chief instructress in physics but in morals. Beautifully does the same authority (Emerson) declare on this point that "Every natural process is but a version of moral sentence. The moral law lies at the centre of nature and radiates to the circumference. It is the pith and marrow of every substance, every relation and every process. All things with which we deal preach to us. What is a farm but a

mute Gospel? In the chaff and the wheat, the weeds and the plants, blight, rain, insects, sun; it is a sacred emblem from the first furrow of spring to the last stack which the snow of winter overtakes in the fields."

Nature is the great restorer, the renewer of health, of vigor, of spirituality. True, it is not always necessary to go to the fields, the woods and the highways to imbibe their light and their aroma. We get such things from pictures and books, because all true artists and writers draw their materials from a common stock, which is the one great source of supply. They are not to be rejected because they come through such media. They are often filtrated in such a way as to be vastly strengthened and clarified. Nevertheless, we receive them at second hand. They are good but not sufficient. They lack something that is indispensable. That we can obtain, and obtain only by going forth as our own purveyors, and extracting it, very much as the bees do, from the producing agency. It is then entirely pure and unadulterated by foreign contact. We secure the genuine flavor. Hence when we weary of the narrowness of studio and library, as the veriest picture and book-worms will do, and ought to do, how delightful and wholesome it is to seek the open air, and plunge into the landscape as we would into a bath of vapor or water, that we may find the freshness of which we have been deprived. Thus alone can be satisfied the hunger and thirst with which we were born. In fact, out-door life furnishes the inspiration, the enthusiasm, the renovation we must have to keep us from perishing. It is the mythological touching of the earth that cures all sickness and wounds. It preserves us both from dry rot and wet rot. It keeps off rust. It introduces new blood and stimulates growth. While it creates neither mind nor heart, hand nor eye, it is the best fertilizer of all of them.

It is truly marvelous how little men, as a rule, know of the world about them. I do not refer to their knowledge of books, of art and the sciences of history, of poetry and of subjects upon which all intelligent people are supposed to be reasonably informed. I refer to those features of the landscape and the natural phenomena that daily and hourly pass under their observation. How many of the persons who are tolerably educated, being conversant with the laws of trade, knowing something of general literature and keeping fairly abreast with the daily record of current events, can give the names, much less describe the construction and processes, of so much as a score of the most familiar

plants, known as weeds and grasses, growing in our fields and by the waysides, and upon which they are continually trampling? How many of the same persons can tell us the names and something of the habits of a score of the birds that have flitted about them, and over them, and to whose songs and cries they have listened all the days of their lives? How many of them can point out a dozen of the principal constellations that have met their gaze every night they have looked up into the starry dome? These people call themselves men and women of the world. How much of the world lying within their grasp and waiting for their appropriation do they really possess? It is astonishing that they have contrived to acquire so little. How have they managed it? So far as many of the leading attractions of that portion of the universe which we consider especially our own are concerned they might as well have been born without eyes and ears and hands. Indeed, they might almost as well not have been born at all. How much they lose, not merely of the passing and ordinary enjoyments of life to which, as citizens and part proprietors of our globe, they are entitled, but of its substantial fruits and benefits, it is impossible to tell. There is no adequate measure by which the values of such properties can be demonstrated to those who have never realized them. Their lives are unbroken series of losses for which they are responsible. It is not enough to call them failures; they are sacrifices.

For this incalculable waste of values and of opportunities unquestionably the usual methods pursued in our schools, and constituting what we call "popular education," are largely accountable. We are taught nothing but what is found in books. The work that is done is all in-doors. The result is that we leave our school-rooms unacquainted with thousands of things that would be of daily use and interest to us if we had been taught anything about them. We may be familiar with Greek and Latin, know all about higher mathematics and speculative philosophy and ancient history, and yet be profoundly ignorant of the common things that meet us at every turn, and which may almost be classed with the rudiments of practical knowledge. Every teacher of children should take his or her pupils regularly into the fields and give them object lessons in natural history and science. Primary instruction should be largely in the open air. Otherwise there can be no thorough education. The most valuable lessons cannot be learned in-doors. The best books of instruction we have are the trees with their fruits and blossoms, the meadows with

their harvests and flowers, the heavens with sun, moon and stars, with rainbows, clouds and lightning pictures and ten thousand other magnificent phenomena. They are written by the Almighty's own hand and stand open for the scrutiny of every student. They are illustrated with linings and colors outvying the touch and cunning of the greatest of human artists. The doctrines they teach are perfect. No impurity, no heresy enters into them. Every one is made better who draws inspiration from their pages. What must be thought of a system of instruction from which they are excluded! The result of such a system in practice among us is that we leave our academies not only unacquainted with most natural phenomena, but incapacitated for acquiring a knowledge of them. We have lost the habit of observation so far as they are concerned. If, by any possibility, we should then realize that something was lacking from our store of acquirements, the chances are that we would find ourselves too busy to undertake the repairing of the loss, or we might be ashamed to acknowledge our ignorance by going back to the a, b, c of our education. On this point one of our clearest writers on educational subjects has put the dilemma in these words:

"The great difficulty lies in the beginning. Few people have their attention called to natural appearances and operations in that early period of life when the only object is the acquiring of knowledge purely for its own sake. The natural desire which parents and others who have the care of young people have, that the preliminary instruction that is to prepare them for business should be uninterrupted and occupy their whole attention, naturally renders those parties rather averse to the observation of nature as falling more within the category of play than of business. Also, when the young do take a turn for that species of occupation, they are apt to become inquisitive and to put questions that are not very easily answered, even by those who know a little of the quality of natural history which is current in printed books."

Obviously the proper place to meet the difficulty spoken of is where it lies—"in the beginning." It will be found no harder to imbue youthful minds when all instruction is more or less compulsory, with lessons in natural science than in other departments of learning. Indeed, if a rational method of instruction be adopted it will be much easier. The studies of botany, astronomy, ornithology, etc. are dry enough when confined to books alone, but let students prosecute them in the open air, with the fields and the heavens for supplementary volumes, and they will not only

find a fascination in them while they are in school, but one will be apt to follow them with growing ardor and delight as long as life lasts. As such matters are now conducted, although the book of nature lies open before us all our days, its golden lessons and its beautiful illuminations are no more intelligible to the most of us than if they were Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Now, the only sure way to correct a defective primary education is to adopt and follow a judicious line of instruction in after years. What better remedy for the many losses consequent upon and inseparable from the neglected study of nature and for the weakened power of observation from which so many of us are sufferers than the methods pointed out and partially, although perhaps inadequately, discussed in this article? He who goes forth to walk beneath the open heavens in an inquisitive frame of mind, free for the time from all business cares and all disturbing thoughts, with eyes attentive to the multifarious charms and marvelous phenomena by which he is surrounded, and with soul attuned to welcome the lessons they inculcate, cannot fail to profit surprisingly. The ability to observe will speedily return to him. It will not be long before he begins to feel that he is living in a new world and is endowed with the faculties of a new man. He drinks from fountains of which he had no knowledge. Much that before was dark becomes clear to his vision, and his ears more and more catch the meaning of voices that had been unintelligible babble. True, his studies, as before remarked in reference to the making of cabinets, will be likely to run to specialties. He may become engrossed in botany; his interest may turn to geological problems, astronomy, ornithology or conchology may claim his speculations, and more than likely he will be unable to account for the bias that gives direction to his interest; but the profit, compounded of pleasure and intelligence, will be as great in one case as in another. Not that books will be ignored nor neglected. Treatises on the particular subject that happens to absorb him will be eagerly sought and read, and a favorite author, in his writings, will bear him company on each of his excursions. Happily there are books suited to every occupation to which the tramp may devote himself. If a beginner in the field of natural studies, and not yet inclined to particularize, there are plenty of works of a general character, by competent pens, that will aid him. The writer hereof has to express his especial obligation to a little work by Robert Mudie (appearing as Volume LVII. in "Harper's Family Library"), in which all the more conspicuous phenomena

of nature are discussed in simple language and pursuant to a classification of subjects that materially illuminates them. The title of it is "A Popular Guide to the Observation of Nature," and although written in 1832, and of necessity behind the times in some things, the work will be found a most useful assistant.

When thus materially and spiritually equipped for his work it is impossible to calculate the satisfaction that the intelligent walker has before him. There is no limit to his possible enjoyment. Were he to live a thousand years every day would bring something fresh and attractive. Nature is a kingdom without boundaries. Its resources are utterly inexhaustible. It is old and yet it is ever new. What one man has used loses none of its value for the next comer. It is pliable and benevolent. It is always in the humor to serve. "It receives the dominion of man as meekly as the ass on which the Saviour rode." It never rebels and it never wearies. All of it is for the walker's use. The landscape is common property. Title deeds to the soil and its productions may belong to others, but they are not bars to his enjoyment of an estate of beauty and delight extending from centre to furthest circumference, from lowliest flower to brightest star. Says Mr. Mudie, in the work just referred to:

"There is not a substance with which we meet, or an appearance that can strike any of the senses, but which, if we will hear it, has got an interesting story; and whether we visit places thickly tenanted with animals, places thickly planted with vegetables, the barren wilds, the ocean shores, the wide expanse of its waters, or the wastes of drifting sand—nay, even if we would mount up from the earth altogether, and visit the region of clouds, we should find enough to exercise our observation, occupy all our thoughts, and gratify and delight us to the full measure of our capacity for enjoyment. We speak of the waste and the wilderness; but in truth there are none such in nature. The only deserts in creation are human senses which do not observe, and a human mind which cannot compare and think."

And yet all that incomparable wealth is lost unless we seek it. It does not come to the thoughtless and the inert. Most persons never realize it. It is a harvest to be gleaned with toil and diligence. We must go out into the sunshine, climb the hills, penetrate the forest, look out over the waters, and cross many a field and many a waste to find and enjoy it. Is it not worth the exertion? If not for our winning through labors constantly renewed for whom was it intended, and to whom does it belong? Well

does Mr. Mudie ask: "Why was every tint and tone of color so mingled in the light of day as they all come out clear and perfect, and tell us, not merely of substance, but of space? And wherefore, when the sky is clouded and the blackness of darkness shades the landscape, is the arch of hope with its seven-fold glory set in the rain cloud, if it be not for us to look and admire, and learn and love? Why does the rose give forth its odor, and the scent of the lavender and of the mignonette steal viewless upon the still air around us, and the blooming bean and the new-mown hay out-scent all the preparations of the apothecary, if it be not to wile us into the garden and the field, in order that we may breathe health, and at the same time cull pleasure and instruction there? Wherefore sings the breeze in the forest, why whispers the zephyr among the reeds, and how comes it that the caves and the hollows of the barren mountains give out their tones, as if the earth were one musical instrument of innumerable strings, if it be not to tempt us forth in order to learn how ever fair, ever new, and ever informing that great instructress is who speaks to all the senses at one and the same instant?"

Of course, the poets have not neglected a subject so fruitful of delights as the bountifulness of nature in her dealings with man. No member of that family, however, has been more happy in his treatment of the theme than George Herbert, the seventeenth century bard, and I can think of no more agreeable and appropriate closing to this chapter than these verses from his poem on "Man":

"For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow;
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

"The stars have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain; which the sun withdraws.
Music and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind,
In their descent and being; to our mind,
In their ascent and cause.

"More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of. In every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him;
When sickness makes him pale and wan,
Oh, mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him."

A SEXAGENARIAN.

MIXED WITH EARTH.

I.

It was a long walk from Kosciusko out to the Lobucha settlement, but Walter Thrale left his baggage at the hotel and set out on foot, determined to go over the ground thoroughly and view at his leisure the many commonplace spots that all his life had seemed familiar and yet had worn a dim halo of romance from having been the scenes of his mother's long-ago girlhood.

There was a turnpike across a river, he remembered, and a vast old field; then a roadside store where there had been an old-time telegraph station. His point of destination was the high bridge over Lobucha. The turnpike and river, already passed, had dwindled to an unsafe, rickety bridge over a narrow stream, the roadside store was but a heap of rubbish and green mould about a ruined chimney. In fact, in the eyes of the worn, worldly man every long-cherished fancy picture seemed to shrink and crumble into dust. Only the miles grew longer, the hills steeper and his feet sorer at every step.

The last few miles of his journey were passed in a marketman's cart, and it was near sunset when the high bridge across Lobucha came in sight. Here, during his mother's girlhood, all the open air parties and the annual Fourth of July picnics had been held, and it was here, at one of these gatherings, that his parents had first met.

"It was all an accident," his mother had often said, when recounting the dear old spots, and always, Walter remembered, with an echo of pain in her voice. "He was traveling across to Louisville on business and stopped over an hour to see our country dances. Cousin Rawley," she would continue with wavering voice and quivering lips, "Cousin Rawley introduced him to me. We danced together several times—in fact, he wouldn't dance with any of the other girls—and then he went on his way and I never expected to see him again.

"He was very handsome, Walter—you are very like your father—and I often dreamed of him as a romantic girl naturally would, and was greatly flattered and pleased when he wrote to me. Aunt Jane advised me to return his letter unanswered, but I did not.

"The next year he came back and spent the summer at Lobucha.

I thought then that he was visiting me, but afterwards I learned that he was buying up certain government land grants from soldiers for a company of speculators. He made a great deal of money that way; but he was courting me all the time, too, and in the fall we were married and came West. I have never seen the dear old place nor—nor Cousin Rawley since we came away."

Walter Thrale at last stood on the high bridge over Lobucha. Great beeches stood on either side and a dozen feet below trickled a shallow stream from whose bosom rock-heads projected here and there like raisins in a custard. A broken railing guarded either side of the weather-worn structure and a dim, muddy road stretched away to the east and west. He had always intended to come and see this place where an unhappy fate had first brought his father and mother together. Now that he really stood on the spot—perhaps the very spot where Cousin Rawley, the country gallant, had foolishly cast away his life's happiness by introducing to his beloved cousin the handsomer, wiser man of the world—a feeling of inexpressible sadness settled upon him.

"The air is full of the ghosts of those old dead loves and dreams," thought Walter. "Here, if anywhere on this wide earth, I am sure my poor mother's spirit will return to linger——"

"Old Mrs. Ayers lives half a mile along the road," the carter had told him, "and she takes in travelers."

Left alone on the bridge Thrale remained long in painful memories and inherited recollections until the shadows were thick about him and only long, lance-like beams from the setting sun came through the western beeches. Then he slowly turned away and walked along the road, that here for a distance bordered the stream, towards "old Mrs. Ayers's."

It was quite dark under the trees, he stumbled over stones in the roadway, scratched his face with overhanging vines while thorns frequently pierced his thin alligator shoes. Weeds grew thick along the mossy old road and he thought apprehensively of rattlesnakes, of moccasins, and copperheads and cotton-mouths, of which he heard his mother speak. When roadside briars hung in his coat or trailing brambles rasped his legs he shivered in dread. It was a dismal walk. Already his dread fate was falling upon him.

Evil shapes seemed coiled in the very shadows about him; owls hooted back in the woods; dim, nameless enemies hovered with ghostly hands to grasp him as he stumbled onward.

Suddenly, with a shriek of pain, he jumped high in the air and

then sat down heavily in the road beside the stream. Then he lifted his right foot in his hands, caressing and patting it tenderly as he swayed back and forth in agony.

He unbuttoned his elegant but dusty and sadly-worn shoe, removed a torn silk stocking and found a great black thorn had entered his ankle at the joint. It was a serious wound, and he turned faint as he attempted to withdraw the thorn.

What should he do? What could he do?

His ankle was swollen terribly already, and he could scarcely stand, to say nothing of walking. He carefully replaced his shoe, in slipper fashion, and stood holding to a small tree and looked about him.

[Suddenly his wandering gaze became fixed on one particular spot, with a pleased, pained smile playing about his handsome eyes and mouth. A girl stood motionless against a rock on the river brink calmly fishing. Her skin was fair, dark hair fell about her shoulders, and her soft eyes glowed with undemonstrative sympathy as she asked:

"Are you much hurt?"

Against that moss-covered stone, in the last yellow rays of the sun, the lovely girl seemed more a picture of some divinely-formed and world-famous beauty than of an ignorant country maiden.

"Who are you?" asked Walter.

"Calista—I'm Calista Ayers."

"I have hurt my foot."

"I saw you stick a briar in it."

"Have you been watching me all this time?" he asked, flushing hotly, as he remembered his childish cries.

"No. I've been fishing; they bite better in the cool of the evening," she replied, calmly.

Up to this time she had not moved from her picturesque pose beside the rock. Her eyes were turned frequently to her float in the water and her words seemed to drop from her full, red lips without an effort on her part. Her bare arms and neck gleamed white in the shadows, but she seemed anxious to help him if he needed assistance,

"I—I—can't walk," said Thrall at length.

She came quickly to his side and knelt to examine his wound.

"That'll make a mighty bad sore, for a fact," she said, "unless something's done for it purty quick."

She softly pressed the blue stagnant blood from the wound, then quickly drew out the thorn. Thrall leaned heavily on her shoul-

der as she thus ministered to him, and even in the excruciating pain of the moment his eyes glowed as they rested upon the gleam of the soft, pink-rounded bust away from which her coarse, loose robe fell.

"I live just a little ways down the road," she said, rising.

"May I go home with you?" said Thrale, eagerly.

"I reckon it's about all you can do," said Calista, smiling, "'cause you can't go nowhere else."

They walked together down the road, he leaning heavily upon her strong shoulders, but neither of them dreaming of the fatal result of their strange meeting as the owls hooted about them.

"Aunt Jane can doctor such hurts better'n a real doctor," said Calista, as they approached a small log house of two or three rooms, "an' she'll have you all right in a mighty short while."

A cheerful fire burned on an open hearth and an old lady lay on a bed which was drawn up on one side of the fireplace. A tall young man, with a weak face and furtive eyes, sat at a table in the rear of the room.

"This is Aunt Jane," said Calista, when she had helped Thrale to a chair, "and this," as the young man, leaving the table, came forward wiping a greasy mouth with a broad left hand while he extended his right to the stranger, "this is my Cousin Rawley."

Walter Thrale started violently at the name, but Cousin Rawley hospitably anxious—like that other Rawley of long ago, Thrale thought with a pang—insisted that the visitor should occupy the big rocker. Walter gratefully dropped into its easy depths and stripped his throbbing foot of its torturing shoe.

Aunt Jane was meantime directing Calista in the preparation of a poultice which she assured her patient would bring quick relief. She was a thin, but healthy-looking old lady, with hawk's eyes and a firm mouth. Her cap was snow-white, her hair in pretty wavy curls, white ruffles at her wrists. An open Bible lay ever beside her.

Later in the evening, after the poultice had brought temporary relief, as Aunt Jane read her Bible and Calista sat like a radiant vision in the firelight, Thrale noticed two queer pets near her—a cat with one leg missing and an old dog without ears and totally blind. He was making some reference to them when Cousin Rawley interrupted him by asking suddenly if he "believed in ghosts?" He had, he said, that very afternoon, met a sad-eyed woman ghost who carried a big silk handkerchief marked with

a red-letter C in one corner, and who cried to him: "Don't hurt my boy; don't hurt my boy."

Thrale smiled indulgently. Since his dismal walk along the river-bank he could well understand how these people, living all their lives in these desolate solitudes, could grow to imagine themselves haunted. It was certainly the most likely place he had ever seen for such visitations from the shadows. Then Aunt Jane gave her experience:

"I have seen spirits hundreds o' times, nigh about. I have seen the lovers meet down at the old high bridge an' hearn 'em kiss just as plain as I ever hearn a baby cry——"

"You saw the baby-angel as haunts the creek down where I love to fish best, too," suggested Calista, with calm, unquestioning or well-simulated faith.

Thrale felt inclined to ridicule the superstitions of these ignorant people, but decided it wasn't worth while, and gazed into the glowing coals in silence. Calista gazed innocently at him, and decided that he was very handsome and that she would like to marry him.

Cousin Rawley, who had been listening impatiently, with quivering, eager mouth, broke into the conversation by declaring aggressively that he had "seen the Devil, with fiery mouth, cloven hoof, tufted tail and all."

"What did he look like?" queried Thrale.

"Like the—the—the Devil, of course. He lit right down side o' me as I was a-standin' on the high bridge. He leant up ag'in' the rail an' looked me clean in the face. That pictur' over in the back part o' Aunt Jane's Bible is precisely like him, an' I know by this that the Bible is so. If the pictur's are correct the rest must be so, too. I showed lots o' people his tracks for days after'ards, but Calista 'd never go to see 'em and Aunt Jane couldn't. Lord, I can see his big, bloody mouth to this day, an' the sickly, sulphurous smell sometimes makes me so sick in my dreams that I wake up retchin'."

The ring of the fanatic's truth was in his voice, and Thrale looked him well over for signs of insanity, but saw only the ignorant faith for which men die.

Calista had left the room as Rawley began his story, with a look of intense disgust upon her clear, innocent face, and soon Thrale heard her preparing for bed in the room directly overhead.

"With that experience you should turn evangelist," said Thrale,

in a tone that a keener-witted man would have considered mocking.

"I did," said Rawley, quietly. "I preached one whole year an' fetched lots o' sinners to—to—what they ought to be, an' I made it pay, too."

He told the truth.

He had taken a horse forcibly from a member of his church in payment for an overdue subscription to his salary as minister, and had only escaped punishment because he had a "pull" with many voters and it chanced to be election year.

"I tell you, I'm as smart as any of 'em," Rawley went on, his disagreeable voice drowning Aunt Jane's feeble approving "Yes, yes;" "an' I'm a sef-made man all over. I helped the Lord until He failed to help me; an' I who was never taught by no one, lo, I have taught many—who else beside me an' One other ever did this, stranger?"

The fellow's sacrilege shocked even the irreligious Thrale, but he ignored this and said:

"Teach! Did you attempt to teach? How could you?"

"I did, an' no one ever complained," said the egotist. "I had only the Bible an' the old blue-back speller, but show me a man that knows all that's in them two books, an' I'll show you a man that I cannot teach. Our people hain't got much money, but they paid me in provisions an' clo'es—an' they are two things that a bachelor needs who has neither wife, sister nor mother to provide for him."

"Get you a wife," laughed Thrale, to change the subject.

"She objects," said Rawley, glancing upward towards where they had heard Calista disrobing.

"What has she to do with it?" asked Thrale, not comprehending.

"It's her I want. Aunt Jane's a-helping me all she can, but Calista is skittish an' shy—an' her manners take all my courage."

"And so you love your cousin?" said Thrale.

With a sigh of disgust Aunt Jane turned her face to the wall and tossed restlessly upon the bed.

"Yes. She's only my second cousin though. We were made for each other, or all my prayers have been answered wrong when I've asked for divine guidance as to what to do. We'd soon make a match, too, if some grunting old humbugs whose souls are black as soot would 'tend to their own affairs an' let us alone."

Aunt Jane moaned again.

"Who?"

Rawley motioned quietly towards the old lady on the bed, and Thrale understood that the young parson had been cruelly rasping the poor, bedridden old lady all the evening.

"She objects 'cause I ain't preachin' any more, an' Calista has other ideas of her own. She's a awful high-minded gal, Calista is."

So, too, thought Walter Thrale, there had been another pretty girl in these wilds long ago who lived to regret that she had refused her rural lover and cousin. He was pleased, however, with Calista's action. Her loveliness of face and form filled him with eager, passionate desire to know her better.

"Well, there's nothing to be done when the girl won't," said Thrale, in that satisfied spirit of resignation with which we always accept the adversity that Providence sends an enemy.

"But she's got a reason for goin' ag'in' me," said Rawley, "an' somethin' she can't never forgive," growing serious. "The time I saw the Devil down to the high bridge I had been over to the still-house. We had a difficulty over there as usual, an' a fellow run ag'in' my knife an' hurt hisself most to death. I was runnin' away from the gang when I met *it*. But I preached on after that until one o' my best members wouldn't pay his s'cription to my salary, an' I took his horse. The town folks made out like 'twas stealin', an' I quit preachin'. I was right, but the Lord turned his back on me.

"But that ain't what ails her. Calista always did say I wa'n't fit to preach. I quit preachin', but I couldn't forgit that Devil-sight, so I didn't kill the feller about the horse bad as I wanted to. But, I tell you, I was mad, an' I *am* mad when I *get* mad. I had to hurt somethin' though, so instead o' cuttin' somebody I took out my dogs an' cats an' cut em up. There's all Calista could save out'n about a dozen," pointing to the crippled animals already mentioned.

Thrale drew away from the wretch in horror.

"That's what I did, an' that's what Calista can't never forgive."

II.

"CALISTA'S main reason for not listening to my tale o' love is because she's got it into her head that she'll git her money some day," Rawley began the next morning before breakfast.

He had sat before the fire all night awake, as was a habit with him when he was thinking deeply over some serious matter, and resumed the subject of his love for Calista just where Thrale had broken him off the night before by closing the door in the middle of a sentence.

"Her money? Oh, yes, for her fish." Calista had told him that she dried and sold her fish to the town people.

"No, no. For the land out West which her grandpa got as a soldier in the war, an' which that old grunting humbug" nodding towards the bed, "and her sister fooled away to a rascal as come here a speculating and bought it, and married the gal my daddy loved a long time ago."

Thrale understood his relationship to these people now, and rejoiced that he had come among them under an assumed name, though at first he had done this that he might the more freely converse with the people who had known his parents. Now he was determined that he would remain to them as a stranger. He would, however, help Calista. She was his cousin, it seemed, but he coveted her loveliness—and, after all, they were only second cousins.

Thrale asked Rawley no further questions. He was weary of the fellow's ignorance and conceit, and he was making his way to the dining-room, stepping very cautiously on his wounded foot, when Rawley plucked him by the sleeve and whispered:

"She'd forget the cats an' dogs quick enough if that murderin' old humbug there would let up talking to her about the money she's goin' to get—but never will, o' course. Aunt Jane talkin' about seeing the baby-ghost down to the creek! I reckon she ought to see it, being as how she's the very one that drowned the young 'un—her own niece's child—the one as married that land swindler."

The room whirled dizzily around Thrale for a moment and he sat down heavily in a chair complaining that his ankle pained terribly. His mother had once with tear-filled eyes told him of a poor betrayed girl who had attempted to drown her child in the river near the high bridge and that the infant had been rescued

after a night in the driftwood on the bank of the stream. Now he felt that she had been telling her own sad story, and that he had been that unwelcome child. He wondered vaguely if his father had ever known—then, who was his father?

Calista called him in to breakfast.

The breakfast-room was bright, the table cloth was white as snow and the chinaware gleamed in the morning sunlight that fell across the table. Calista was prettier than the evening before. Her beauty grew on one. Her heavy black hair had been wet and clustered in curls about her white neck. Her complexion was as the golden cream in the morning sunshine and her cheeks were as wild white roses. Her eyes that had seemed black the previous evening were seen to be dark brown with a shadow of sadness in them—the most pitiful of all sadness, in that it seemed to be unconscious.

Walter Thrale could not resist the influence of the girl's beauty. He had not lived in a fast city, with unlimited time and money at his disposal, for nothing. He well knew the joys and spoils of the conscienceless pleasure-seeker.

Calista was promising. She did not care for her cousin, she was ambitious and desired something different from what she had ever known. He would be kept in-doors several days with his wounded foot, and these days he determined to devote to Calista—and as many more as might be necessary.

Aunt Jane said she would be glad to have him stay all the time if he "could put up with their rough ways," and one glance at Calista's quick, responsive face told him that he had already become very dear to her. Rawley said he could have a wagoner bring out his things from town most any day in the week, and that Calista could tell him where droves of deer and turkeys could be found, and could show him where and how to catch loads of fish.

Thrale determined to remain indefinitely.

The bed they gave him was sweet and clean, the food delicious, the water pure and the air like champagne to his weakened lungs. What more could he ask?

It was no fun to a man of his mind, Rawley said, when a few days later Thrale asked him to guide him on a hunt about the swamp. Rawley could be more agreeably and profitably employed reading the Bible.

But Calista would go.

She knew every pool and ripple in the creek, the haunts of all the game, and the lurking caves of a few vagabond wolves who

still lingered in the wilds. Rawley was very lazy indeed, and knew very little of the human heart to thus trust the girl he loved with a handsome man of the world whom she already loved deeply. He went over to the still-house, Calista washed the breakfast dishes and Thrale sat beside the bed and conversed with Aunt Jane.

"You look like the only man I ever loved," said Aunt Jane, her rosy, wrinkled old cheeks brightening under memory's light, "but I lost him long, long ago." Her voice quivered and her fingers nervously fluttered the Bible leaves as she spoke.

"He died, then?" said Thrale, as she paused.

"No, no. Better for me and for others if he had. He—he met and loved another, and—and they were married. I wish you were his son, for you are so much like him, and I'd love you for his sake and hers. She was my own sister's child."

Thrale felt that he was indeed in an enchanted land walking among shadows. Under a thin veil of fiction his mother had in his youth told him all her sad history, and it was with a pang of remorse that he now recalled how he had often in youthful, ignorant indignation condemned her. That very condemnation had perhaps sealed her lips.

"He was a wicked man," Aunt Jane resumed in a tone that made the heart ache and bore the stamp of simple truth, "and he wronged us all because we were ignorant and loved him—but Calista he wronged the deepest. He got me to sign away my right to father's land, but Calista gave him her life. Rawley—this Rawley's father—made him do her justice after a long time, but she never come near the nice city home he made for her and her child. He repented, though, when he come to die and left her all his fortune. He had lots o' money, and——"

Calista entered with her fish pole and bait, and Walter soon limped with her down to the high bridge, where she said the fish would always bite best in the morning. The morning was lovely and the fresh breeze made Thrale feel boyish and strong after his in-door confinement. He trudged along beside her with quite different feelings from his first walk through the rank weeds of the roadway.

Her cheeks glowed under his ardent gaze, but fishing meant business with her, and she wasted few words with him once they stood beside the stream. She skilfully baited her hook with the wriggling worms, and stood against the moss-covered rock in the position in which Thrale had first seen her a week ago. With

graceful motion and bared arms she threw the hook into every nook in reach and rapidly drew many fluttering, wriggling, golden fish to the bank, while as yet her companion hadn't, as she said, "got a nibble."

Thrale stretched himself upon the mossy bank to watch her and think. He could well believe that he had once been thrown, a weak, sinless child of sin, into that dark, deep current, because he had often in dreams and in those vague, unaccountable waking visions that come to us all, seen this very spot and drifted upon that current. Even to this very day he felt an unaccountable terror of deep water.

He was sad and felt an inexpressible pity for the poor mother who had in later years more than atoned to him for her girlish folly, and he pitied also the lone, bed-ridden old aunt back at the house who now lay patiently waiting for death's relief from present bodily pain and the anguish of lost love and irreparable wrong. His heart ached, too, when he looked at Calista—but she was very beautiful and sweet, and she loved him.

Her arms were bared almost to her shoulders and her dress was drawn up from her bare feet as she lightly stepped from stone to stone over the water to reach the best holes here and there near the bank. The place was like a fairy garden. Wild flowers grew everywhere, and silvery tassels powdered down upon him from maple and ash trees, while a sweet fragrance soothing and inspiring filled the air.

Now Calista stood with uncovered head on a stone in midstream, poised on one foot, her sunbonnet tucked inside her dress. Her fair arms gleamed like marble, her eyes dark, her lips red-ripe as wind-shaken cherries on a branch beyond reach, for several times during the week Thrale had attempted vainly to kiss her.

The sunbeams that fell upon her face after flittering through the branches of a golden maple took the semblance of a halo about her dark hair and cream-white face. She smiled an invitation for Thrale to follow her further along the stream, but he softly called her to join him in the shade for awhile. With a vivid blush at the tender tone in his voice she clasped his outstretched hand and sprang to the bank beside him.

He did not release her hand.

"Now," he said, "you must reward me for helping you out," and he looked down at her clean white arms and neck with greedy admiration in his cruel, handsome eyes.

"What—what—how can I reward you?" she asked, sincerely puzzled.

"Can't you guess?" he smiled. "But come back here in the shade and let us rest awhile."

She obediently followed him deep into the shadows until he selected a cool, mossy seat on a green bank.

"Calista," he said, "what would you do if you had plenty of money?"

"Go to school and learn to make pictures and to dress fine like the women in books."

"You'd have lovers——"

"Then they'd be like the book-lovers—not like Rawley."

"I'd not like that. You must not have any lover but me."

The girl looked at him earnestly, and the trained winner of hearts almost despised himself for the moment for so imposing on the woodland maiden's innocence and trusting truth.

"You make me think of the handsome lover who comes to win the beautiful princess in my picture-book," she said, simply. "Rawley says it's all a made-up story but I believe it's all true. It is, ain't it?"

"It shall be true with you and me," he said, folding his arms gently about her and drawing her close to his side. "Now kiss me, Calista."

"It can't be no harm now, for I know you love me true," she said, yielding her perfect lips to his with joy in her deep, clear eyes, as he kissed her eagerly again and again.

"Let's throw 'em back into the water," said Calista, holding up the long string of fish, as they prepared to return home. "I—I—don't feel like hurting anything to-day," she said, blushing divinely.

Aunt Jane smiled painedly as Thrale explained the reason they returned empty-handed. She wisely guessed the influence controlling Calista's action, and her heart turned anxiously back to that long ago handsome stranger—who might have been the father to this one—and she feared for the orphan girl in her care.

Calista went out to get dinner and Thrale sat beside Aunt Jane's bed and conversed kindly with her.

"You look dreadfully like him," said the old lady. "When I was Calista's age I was as purty as she is now, and even when he was here I was counted a handsome girl, and when we walked out together everybody said what a nice couple we were. But that was long ago."

"My father was well off then. He had been an officer in the war of 1812 and got a big land grant out West."

Walter Thrale cringed beneath the old woman's calm recital of his father's infamy. He felt inexpressively low and base, too, in the knowledge that he had even now determined in his heart to wrongfully hold on to what his father had so wickedly stolen from these people. But he would give Calista the money he thought.

"And what became of this land grant?" said Thrale, with dry lips.

"Why, it's there yet, of course. It was that false lover of mine who married my niece—after Rawley made him at the muzzle of his rifle—that got us all to sign him some power o' 'torney and give him leave to sell the land. It is in a big town I hear.

"A big lawyer once told me if I had money I could go to law and win it all back, but it'd take a power to fight the case he said. Calista has been saving all her life to get enough to pay Lawyer Davis out to Kosiusko to look it up for her. That's what she's been selling her fish for. But as she's throwed them back to-day; I reckon she is going to give that idea up."

Here, greatly to his relief, Calista called him to dinner.

III.

RAWLEY was still absent, presumably at the still-house, or at his secret devotions, of which he often spoke, in the depths of the forests, where that evil vision never came to molest him. Thrale was glad to be alone with Calista as much as possible just now until she should in her utter, new-found love become entirely devoted unto him. He no longer feared Rawley as a possible rival, but if present he would be a disturbing element, a brake on the wheels of his false love-making.

"It's all right now, of course," said Calista, returning his kiss with warm, lingering pressure, as he joined her at the dinner-table. "It can't be any harm since we're engaged."

The words startled Thrale. Were they engaged he mused. She certainly understood it so, and so he wished her to read his words. All was progressing as he had desired it from the moment he had first seen her standing a lovely picture against the moss-covered rock down beside the river. They were engaged, and "it was all right now," he would encourage her in that belief.

They fished no more, but often took long, love-making walks along the stream or up and down the neglected roads. Thrale brought his most winning caresses and specious pleadings to bear upon the love-racked heart of the ignorant country girl—but all in vain. Even his kisses, which at first she thought so sweet, because “there was no harm in them,” began to frighten her. His threat to go away forever filled her with unutterable terror and heartache, but after being oft repeated became rather welcome.

Even to lose him would be a relief. For to that untaught, ignorant child of the forest there was after all something—something for which she knew no name, of which no mother had ever spoken to her, which grew spontaneously in her pure heart—that was dearer to her than her picture-book lover, dearer even than life itself. She would gladly give her life to him. For his sake she would not hesitate to jump from the high bridge, or walk into that dark wolf-den over in the swamp, but—but—well, if he wanted to go away because she was “foolish and hard-hearted and couldn’t trust him,” she would remain with Aunt Jane until her aching heart killed her. “It won’t take long neither,” the poor girl sighed.

Thrale often walked along the mossy roadway alone when with faltering voice and frightened eyes Calista refused to accompany him. His lips were often pain-compressed and white, and his tender hands clenched. He loved Calista. He had wronged her and her people bitterly in retaining the inheritance which he now knew was in part at least rightfully theirs. That he had not more terribly wronged her was not his fault. He felt the deepest of all infamy—that which is checked and baffled, and yet unpunished.

Rawley talked with him no more. He, too, seemed to read the stranger’s impotent, evil designs and so assumed towards him an air of exasperating superiority. Thrale determined to go away.

He would return to the city and think it all over. Perhaps he would send Calista some money; perhaps he would send her to school. No. He would leave her for a time, and when she was half-dead with her aching heart and lonely life he would return and easily conquer her foolish obstinacy. He finally decided to do this.

Aunt Jane looked uneasily at him when he announced his early departure, but asked no questions. “Might he see her land warrant,” he asked, “and the agreement with that agent who had so heartlessly cheated her?”

He closed his bedroom door that night and studied the musty

old papers until the morning sunlight pierced the many cracks in the old walls. He felt that he had desecrated the graves of his parents in his idle summer visit to this far country. He searched out all the bitter truth, however: his father's dishonor, his mother's grievous mistake, his own unhappy birth, and fell weeping upon the rough floor.

All the days of his life he must wear a dagger in his heart, must feel the shadow that had fallen upon him as the owls hooted that evening two weeks ago when he first stood upon the old high bridge. No sleep for him that night, his last night beneath the roof that sheltered Calista. His last night on earth—could he have known it.

The lamp burned dimly in the early morning light. The fire on the hearth lay dim in the sunshine through the open doorway. He retied the papers and returned them to Aunt Jane.

"I'll keep everything," he said. "My father's sin doesn't concern me. Money would do these cattle no good. I must forget it all or I shall go wild. I'll soon find relief from these hysterics as soon as I get back among living people, away from these half-haunts and half-devils."

The gray morning came, and as soon as breakfast was over Thrale made ready for his departure. He would walk along the road until he fell in with a wagon going to Kosciusko to market.

"I want you to walk with me down to the high bridge, Calista," he said, and she went as if walking to her grave. She wished it was.

He took her hand in his own and they walked in silence until Aunt Jane could no longer see them from the house. Then he drew her to his side and sent her half-wild with joy and fright as he kissed her again and again and called her every endearing name. She believed he had changed his mind, that he would not leave her after all. How could he? But when he spoke his voice was as a knife of ice in her throbbing heart.

"Calista," he said, "I can do nothing with your papers. It is too late—but I will do better. I will—I will——"

"Marry me!" she exclaimed, joyfully. "Oh, I knew you would! I knew you could not be so cruel and leave me here to die with sorrow, for I would not have lived without you. Never mind the land or money. Love is so much better than all else in this world," and she stood, with rosy lips and glowing eyes, panting before him.

So, he thought, his mother had perhaps once stood before his father. The thought hardened his heart and filled him with hatred towards every living creature.

"Calista," he said, "I cannot marry you. But I have told how you can keep me with you. I now ask you for the last time——"

"Go!" she cried, pointing along the road.

"But I'll give you money, Calista. I will send you five thousand dollars as soon as I get home. I am very rich and I'll never miss it——"

She fell upon her knees, clasping his legs in her frantic grief. "Will you never come back any more? Mayn't I never see your dear face nor hear your sweet voice again?"

"I'll stay—if you will—will——"

"Kiss me—just once—and go," she said.

A moment later with pale face, clenched hands and dry, glazed eyes, she was walking slowly back towards the house to again take up the burden of her lonely life that had been lightened for two short weeks by this false dream. So she returned to old Aunt Jane.

As Thrale walked upon the bridge he came face to face with Rawley, an open knife in his hand.

"If you kill me," said Thrale, "I can never make over the money to her. I am going to send her five thousand dollars. Then you can marry her."

With the shade of death already upon his face he clung to the railing as Rawley replied, but above the young avenger's voice he heard the owls hooting back in the depths of the dark woods.

"I have had my eyes on you day and night ever since you've been here," said Rawley. "I've seen you kissing her when you never dreamed I was nigh. I have heard your pretty lies, and your infernal pleadings to get her to go wrong—but you always failed. Had she ever listened to you for a moment I'd a-killed you that moment. I've waited, thinking maybe, when you knew how good a girl she was, you'd marry her. Instead o' that, after breaking her heart for love o' you, you now sneak off and promise us money. It's not a question of money. I guess I'll see the Devil purty soon, but not 'fore you do," he cried, advancing fiercely.

* * * * *

A dead man lay at Rawley's feet and beside him stood a shape so awful that he fled along the mossy roadway shrieking with fright, brandishing his red-bladed knife about his head, while the great owls ruffled their feathers and responded with their shrillest midnight screams.

THE END.

ROBERT YULEN TOOMBS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

THE FUNCTION AND LIMITS OF LEGISLATION.

ONE who has never had attention called to the fact will be surprised to know what a vast number of laws are annually passed by our State Legislatures. Dr. Shaw, in the *Contemporary Review*, estimates that the legislative "output," in a single year, of these "law-factories" is between five and six thousand laws. The law-makers in these factories do not seem to be satisfied to allow general statutes and principles of law to be applied to particular cases, but they endeavor to frame a particular law for every conceivable case. To illustrate: One Legislature declares that if any one, in selling milk, "secretly keeps back the strippings" he shall be punished so and so. This is all very kind on the part of the law-makers I admit, for I dearly like milk with the "strippings" in; but it is unnecessary—as unnecessary as a law punishing one for selling milk from which the butter has been extracted. The milkmen who "keep back the strippings" can already be punished under the general or common law, which requires the seller to deliver what is bought. Laws against the adulteration of food and other articles are generally as unnecessary. If I bargain and pay for merino wool and, on receiving it, find it adulterated with an inferior kind I can obtain satisfaction in the courts without special legislation.

But it is not the number of laws that concern us, so much as their character. The tendency of modern legislation to invade the private and personal affairs of the individual is simply alarming. Herbert Spencer calls attention to this fact in a very emphatic way in his "Coming Slavery." An indiscriminate glance at the products of recent legislation reveals such laws as these: Forbidding the piping of natural gas beyond the boundaries of the State; prohibiting lotteries and raffles at church fairs; providing for the loaning of seed-grain by the State to farmers whose crops have been injured by grasshoppers; against the violation of the Sabbath as a holy day, even though others are not disturbed by it; requiring the use of particular books in school; prescribing in detail the character of waiting-rooms in railway stations; regulating barber-shops, eating-houses and public conveyances; together with numerous exemption laws, laws limiting the rate of interest, and in other ways interfering with the freedom

of contract. Besides this, nearly every State now has such boards and bureaus as State Insurance Commissioners; State Board of Medical Inspectors; also for pharmacy, dentistry and the public health; State veterinarians; Board of Dairy Commissioners; Board of Charities and Corrections; inspectors of lumber, weights and measures, steam-boilers, illuminating oil, and so on, indefinitely. We also have State universities, agricultural colleges, schools of law, medicine, metallurgy and mining, historical societies, and many others, all supported by public taxation and regulated by statute law. When to these we add the ideas involved in "prohibition," the Government control of railways, telegraphs, and so on, we may well ask, "Whereunto will this thing grow?"

That many and perhaps most of these laws and institutions are good and wholesome is not denied; but we may well ask, would not most of these ends which legislation seeks be as well achieved, or even better and more economically carried out if left to private and voluntary enterprise? But the more important question is, are we actually going to clothe the State with unlimited authority over its citizens? And yet, strange as it may seem when we contrast the theory with the practice, there is no conclusion more definite and certain, entertained by nearly all our people, than that the authority of civil-government is, or should be limited—that is, by other limitations than the written constitution. No one worthy of mention pretends, in so many words, that the State should undertake to do with its citizens anything and everything it chooses. It is tacitly presumed on every hand that the citizen has some rights which neither State, nor Church, nor any other authority has any right whatever to deprive him of, except of course as a punishment for crime. This conclusion is implied in such expressions as, "Every man's house is his castle," "The sacred rights of conscience," "The liberty of the citizen," "The sanctity of private property," and so on. These current expressions in our political discussions imply the conviction that there are fenced-off departments of human conduct which are sacred from legal interference.

But while we are agreed that there is a limit of governmental authority, we are not agreed as to where this limit is. How far shall the State dominate the conduct of the individual and control him? What kind of business shall the Government undertake, and what shall it leave to the voluntary efforts of its citizens? In short, what are the functions of law or government? These are among the most important questions of the hour. In a republic

like ours, where public opinion exerts such a direct and powerful influence on legislation, it is important that we understand this subject and especially when we are transforming our territories into new and permanent States, making and amending constitutions, the importance of giving correct answers to these questions becomes apparent. For be it remembered in the meanwhile that State and municipal legislation touches the individual more closely and at more points than does National legislation, in a government like ours, where "home rule" is the chief rule. Once in a while, indeed very often, we need to go back to first principles and discuss questions from that standpoint. For a number of years past our political questions and issues have involved, or were thought to involve, little else than matters of detail. When our National constitution was adopted, and for some time afterwards, our people wrestled with questions that went to the very bottom of governmental affairs. Hence they understood them better, I think, than our people do now, a fact which may in some degree account for the extravagance of modern legislation.

There need be no complication whatever in the discussion of this subject, since all schools of politicians, ancient and modern, may be grouped in two classes, representing what I may call the paternal or Socialistic theory of government on the one hand, resting on absolutism and divine right; and Democracy on the other, resting on the foundation of the common equality of all men before the law, and natural rights. The one is ancient; the other is comparatively modern. The one may be denominated the European theory, while, in contradistinction, the other may be called the American idea of civil government. Dr. Arnold, perhaps Mr. Gladstone, and certainly a host of ancient authorities, represent the paternal idea, while the other idea is represented by such men as John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer. It is the primary dogma of the old school of politicians that the functions of government are unlimited, or limited only by the ability of the State to enforce its laws. They supposed, and their modern followers still maintain, consciously or otherwise, that the Government ought to do everything it is able to do; that it should stop pushing its regulative authority into the private affairs of the citizen only when it lacks the ability to push it further.

When Catholicism arose, with its egotistic claim to universal dominion, temporal and spiritually, it gave renewed impetus to this theory by bringing the people to believe that "the powers that be are ordained of God;" that is, all civil authority is derived, not

from the consent of the governed, but from God, through the Church, of course. This monstrous doctrine, in one form or another, of the "divine right" of kings and bishops, as against the sovereign right of the people, was the legitimate outgrowth of this theory. It is an essential part of the system. Not a single right were the common people supposed to possess which their rulers felt bound to respect. They were regarded simply as the "depraved sons of Adam," having forfeited through his fall every vestige of right, and liberty and privilege. If the convenience of the king permitted him to bestow any favors upon his people he was always careful to remind them that it was purely an act of "grace" on his part, for which they should be thankful, and not an act of justice which they might demand.

But it is not my present purpose to trace the history of civil liberty, however interesting and valuable that study would be; but rather to show what constitutes civil liberty, and under what governmental conditions it can be best realized. I think we shall find that civil or personal liberty consists in the enjoyment of those natural rights with which all men are created, and that the only legitimate business of the Government is to protect men in the enjoyment of these rights. This then is the function of the State, and here is the limit to its authority. The State does not even exist for the purpose of securing the "greatest good to the greatest number," as was once popularly supposed, but to secure justice to all. By securing justice to all it secures to all the greatest good within its power. Suppose the State goes beyond this limit, and acting upon the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number, it legislates directly in the interest of the farmer, the most numerous class; manifestly it discriminates against all the rest of its citizens who buy of him, whose financial interests are in conflict with his. The manufacturer, for instance, may say to the Government, "I am as good a citizen as the farmer is; my claims on your favor are as good as his; now, if you want to be just and fair, you must help me to the same extent you have helped him." And the Government cannot dispute the justness of his claim. Accordingly, in manufacturing districts a representative is chosen to make laws in the interest of the manufacturer. And all other classes of people may, and generally do, make the same just claims, so that discriminating class legislation is the usual result. If any class is not numerous enough in any given locality to elect a representative their interests must go by default. True, they often send up petitions to the law-making power; but inasmuch as they are not numer-

ous enough in any one locality to cause any one legislator to respect their power their interests are too often disregarded. In such agricultural States as Minnesota, where the farmers hold, decidedly, the "balance of power," the exemption laws give the farmer his homestead and its belongings, eighty acres of land, farm implements, live stock, etc., amounting in many cases to two thousand dollars or more—much beyond the average *per capita* wealth of the State. The Dakotas go even farther than this. But the professional man, for example the physician, guilty of no other political offence than that he belongs to a less numerous class than the farmer, receives comparatively little benefit from these laws.

It is said in extenuation of this kind of legislation that to advance the interests of one class of people, and especially the most numerous class, is to advance, more or less, the interests of all classes. It is a familiar tariff argument that to "protect" the manufacturer enables him to buy more of the farmer, or pay higher prices for it than would otherwise be the case. In this way the farmer is benefited; and in turn those immediately connected with him are benefited, and so on, the benefit reaching to all classes. This may be all true enough, but the injustice of this system lies in the fact that all classes are not benefited alike. In this case the manufacturer receives the first and greatest benefit; the farmer, perhaps, next, and so on in a decreasing series. Let us assume that the first few members of this series receive more than they lose by this arrangement; what becomes of the others? They lose of course, since the whole cannot be greater than the sum of all its parts, and also because something cannot come from nothing. Even if we assume that a large majority of the people are profited, it is still unjust, since it arbitrarily takes from one man or class of men, and gives to others. It would be better and infinitely more equitable in the end for the Government to say to these different classes: "Inasmuch as we cannot directly help all alike we will not help any; we will give you all an equal chance by defending you from the unjust encroachment of others, so you will be free to secure all the benefits you may earn." I know this is already our implied aim; that is, we do in terms denounce special and class legislation as unjust; but owing to the fact that we are not yet free from that old dogma that it is the legitimate business of the State to help its citizens, under one pretext or another, our legislation is practically and too often inconsistent and unjust.

But let us look at this subject from another point of view—a

point of view afforded by the current issue of "Prohibition." Really the only warrant for attempting to prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages lies in the alleged fact that it is for "the public weal," for "the common welfare of society," "in the interest of temperance and morals," and so on. Manifestly, if we may prohibit alcohol because a majority of our people conceive it to be "inimical to the public weal," then we may also prohibit tobacco, tea, coffee, the unorthodox practice of medicine and religion, and indeed anything and everything else whenever a majority of the people come to regard these things as inimical to the public weal and see fit to undertake it. In consenting to this we admit that majorities have a right to do anything they choose to do, or feel disposed to undertake. According to this view minorities hold what liberties they possess only by the sufferance of the majority, and not by innate or natural right at all.

Now, what we call despotism is the arbitrary will or wish of a single ruler imposed upon the people. If two of these rulers consort together to exercise an arbitrary rule over the people it is of course despotism just the same. Suppose the number of the arbitrary rulers be increased to three, or four, or even to a majority of the whole people, can this possibly alter the fact that it is despotism still? Most certainly not. "But must not the majority rule?" Certainly, rather than the minority; but it is in only certain things it must rule—only to a certain extent. A democracy in its best sense does not mean simply a monarchy of the majority. And herein lies our peril, the most probable perversion of democracy.

In the great economical struggle now going on the poor working-man can out-vote all the rest just as soon as he comes to act in concert with his fellows. And this combination, though slow, is certain. If we are going to settle down on the principles that majorities have unlimited rights, and enforce this principle still further, morally, by insisting that it is treasonable and immoral or irreligious to dispute these assumed rights, by what tenure then do we hold our property, our liberties, and even our lives? What becomes of all those fine things we have been repeating so long and often, and that we have felt so sure of, about "every man's house being his castle," "the sanctity of private property," and about our inherent right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?" Even if there is no immediate or remote danger, can we be satisfied with our mutual understanding that our tenure to these rights and liberties rests only upon the capricious will of

the majority? This does not even leave us the "sacred right of revolution."

No; this will not do at all. We must somehow come to the agreement, tacitly and professedly, that when majorities have by their laws secured to all men—not a few, or even a majority—but when they have secured to all men the full enjoyment of their natural rights, then their rule must stop, for beyond that is the dark province of despotism, or something worse. Not that majorities intend this despotism, or to injure any; on the contrary, their motives are generally of the best; but because these same majorities have not understood the true functions and limits of government they sometimes unconsciously perpetrate on the people the most plausible of despotisms. The "most plausible," I say, and for that reason the most dangerous to civil liberty, and the most difficult to overthrow. I know it is felt, and I am glad to share in the feeling, that a majority of the people of this country have too much sense to impose any very great injustice on the people in the way of legislation, and that practically their rule will be tempered by wisdom and justice. But for all that is it not best for us to have a correct and definite understanding of this matter and, indeed, put our legislation on a scientific basis, where it really belongs? Besides, it is not all a question of sense, but of selfishness, unconscious though it may be. The inherent conception of self-interest which naturally belongs to human nature is a factor that must always be counted on to secure first of all its own welfare, and perhaps the welfare of others, but certainly afterwards. At any rate, if the idea ever becomes popularized that there is an easily-ascertained and a well-defined limit to the rule of majorities, the overstepping of these limits will have become practically impossible.

If then, there are really such things as natural rights, to be forfeited only as a penalty for crime, these rights must be held sacred from legal interference. And these rights are easily and unmistakably determined. For all practical and popular purposes their definition as given in our Declaration of Independence is sufficient. That every one has a right to his life, so long as that life does not interfere with the lives of others, is a self-evident truth. Consequently, he has a right to dispose of that life—to so use it that it will best secure his own happiness—with the above proviso of course. It is this which constitutes what we call personal or civil liberty. And it is the individual himself, and not a majority of his fellow-citizens, who must be the judge as to what

constitutes his own happiness, and as to the means that will best secure it. A majority, in other words the State, the Government, must of course decide as to what constitutes crime, and not permit that; but beyond this point it cannot justly go.

Philosophically and really a crime is any interference with the rights of others. That is all it is, and it is all that. It is not an interference with, or a contradiction of the wishes or tastes or beliefs of others; but an interference of their rights. To illustrate: if a man buys a pint of whisky, takes it to his room and drinks it until he becomes drunken, having hired some one to take care of him, whose rights has he interfered with?—what crime has he committed? His act may be a vice it is true; but it is not a crime. But suppose while drunk he goes out on the street, becomes noisy, obstructs the sidewalk, and so on, then his private and personal vice has become a public crime, and he is justly punished. Even then he is punished not for being drunk, but for being disorderly. Let the soberest man do the same thing and he would be likewise punished. It may be and is, as I have said, a vice for this man to become drunken, for a vice is an injury done to oneself alone; but inasmuch as it does not invade the rights of others it is not a crime. “But will not drunkenness become a crime when the Legislature declares it such?” In law, for a time, perhaps, yes; but in fact, no. The Legislature is incompetent to make a crime out of that which naturally is not such. That theory is like those of certain financial jugglers who declare that anything is a dollar which the law says is a dollar. With all my faith in the wisdom, not to say the omnipotence of Legislatures, I yet feel that it is as impossible for them to transform a personal vice into a civil crime, as it is for them to transform a piece of paper into an actual dollar. Still, the Legislature must decide as to what constitutes crime, and the value of its legislation will depend on the correctness of the decision. So far as it provides penalties for crimes, and lets vices alone, so far will it command the respect of practically all the people, and secure a more general obedience than would otherwise be the case. Once admit that the State has a right to punish vice as such—I mean those vices which are not crimes—we have then clothed it with the declared right to take from us every liberty we possess, whenever and so far as a majority may choose to attempt it.

I know well enough that such a vice as drunkenness, as in the above illustration, while it does not directly interfere with the rights of others, does so indirectly and remotely. But the same

is true of all the vices. Indolence, improvidence, financial extravagance, bad habits of eating and living, erroneous theories of morals and religion, and an indefinite number of other things, all invade, more or less remotely, the rights of others, and if the paternal theory of government is our ideal we must legislate against these evils just as far and as fast as we can. But the world's legislative experience shows us that these evils or vices cannot be so well removed by statute law as by voluntary social forces. The church and the school, the family and the reformatory society or institution—these are better calculated than the Legislature to lift humanity out of these vices. If we impose these burdens on the State it will so tax its energy that the necessary and undisputed functions of the Government will be but feebly executed along with these extraneous ones.

And so, if we want a strong government, we must relieve it of every duty save the few essential ones which it alone ought to perform. If we want a government that will conserve and augment the patriotism of the people, whose laws and institutions will be not only respected and obeyed, but conscientiously defended and enforced, we must not, with Russian impudence and imprudence, fret and exasperate the citizen with this irritating official surveillance. And most of all, if we want men, high-minded and honorable men, stalwart and full-grown, self-reliant and self-sufficient, we must put them on their own responsibility and resources, with the mutual understanding that they must "work out their own salvation," so far as it is done at all. And especially must we see to it that they all possess that which of right belongs to them—the largest personal liberty consistent with public order. For no one can become a man, really a *man*, unless he is free. If he is restricted in his bodily actions, or in the free and full use of his faculties, hampered and hedged in here and there because a majority of his neighbors think it best for him his intellectual and moral enterprise is balked, and his whole development, if not crushed, is at least hindered by this blighting curse of slavery, for it is nothing less than that.

For my part, I feel that I ought to have the privilege of doing as I please, absolutely as I please, so long as I am not criminal. I feel that it is my right, which I can enjoy without detriment to the State. And so I will not be controlled if I can help it—I mean forcibly and arbitrarily controlled by law—so long as I do not interfere with others. I cannot help but feel that I am and must remain the sole and supreme possessor of myself, the absolute

custodian of my own personality, having the full right to use my person, my property and my faculties as I choose within the above-named limits. In other words, I want to enjoy my natural habitation and heritage of civil liberty—I want to be free; and not only that, but I want all others to enjoy this right along with myself, for we can all have it alike. I feel that these are my rights—not privileges, acquired or conferred, but *rights* with which I was born, and whenever the king, with his pretensions to “divine right,” or a dominant and perhaps selfish majority, with its extravagant claim to unlimited authority, attempts to rob me of these rights I will oppose it with all the strength I have. For it is not necessarily a virtue to be “a law-abiding citizen.” We must have such laws as the citizen can abide. When the Fugitive Slave Law was in force many really estimable people made it a virtue *not* to be law-abiding. Were I a citizen of such a country as Russia to-day I would not obey many of its laws if I could possibly help it. Feeling so myself, I presume most others feel the same way—that they “know their rights, and knowing dare maintain them,” and those of others as well.

Hence we see the practical impossibility of enforcing such paternal legislation upon even a considerable minority of our people. So far as it is done at all it is accomplished by the brute force of sheer compulsion, without any moral force of conviction whatever. And the results obtained by the enforcement of such laws are not worth the immense cost of enforcing them. The net gain, in the way of obedience, is not worth the outlay of force to secure it. Of course, among a stolid people, a sensuous people, who care more for mammon than manhood, such laws may be enforced, perhaps ought to be; but among a people like ours they are only the cause of legal strife and political alienation.

It is not so much a question of expediency as of right and justice. If we can only get legislation to halt in its thoughtless career something at least will be gained. As Mr. Lincoln once said, “No government can long exist half-slave and half-free,” so it may with equal truth be said that it cannot long, or at any rate prosperously, exist half-despotic and half-democratic. As our nation crystalizes into permanence it will be on one side or the other of the line that separates these two antagonistic systems. Not that any change should be radical or extreme, but in the right direction, and always guided by that sagacity and prudence which are the essential elements of true statesmanship.

JAY BELENAP.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

HEALTH NOTES.*

I.

CATARRH PHENOMENA.

THERE is a story of a New England blue-stocking who informed her friend that she had invented an ant-powder composed of the seven most powerful drugs known to modern pharmacy.

"Why don't you apply for a patent?" inquired her friend. "I would," said the candid inventor, "if it were not for one circumstance I forgot to mention: The powder somehow does not seem to hurt ants."

A similar objection might be urged against modern catarrh remedies. They are mostly composed of unimpeachable and unpronounceable drugs. But they evidently fail to affect the microbes of pulmonary disorders. The precaution recommended for the prevention of "colds" and influenzas have likewise proved so notoriously unsuccessful that the explanation can be found only in a radical mistake as the chief cause of lung affections. That popular fallacy is expressed in the very name of a "cold." According to the prevailing hypothesis catarrhs are due to the influence of a low temperature, especially to cold "draught" or sudden changes from warm to cold weather—a risk which the dupes of the far-spread delusion hope to prevent by the exclusion of the out-door atmosphere, by artificial heat, in-door life and air-tight windows.

Approaching the problem from a purely inductive point of view, even non-scientific observers of common intelligence must be struck by the curious facts that in every country of the world lung diseases increase with the prevalence of in-door occupations, and

* Correspondence on sanitary questions, addressed to "Health Notes," care of BELFORD'S MONTHLY, will be answered in these columns, which are intended to bring the Science of Health nearer to the people and intelligently interpret for them the great questions that are daily springing up in the domain of hygiene. Special attention will be given to hints and rules relating to the prevention of disease by sanitary precautions, which form the true foundation of medical science.

in their more serious forms defy every remedy unless the patient should adopt an out-door mode of life under circumstances giving him the benefit of daily exercise in a cold, dry atmosphere. Pulmonary disorders are less frequent in pastoral North Scotland than in manufacturing South Scotland, less frequent in Nova Scotia than in Massachusetts, extremely prevalent in the factory districts of Italy and Southern France, but almost unknown among the nomadic hunting-tribes of British North America. If draughts, *i. e.*, currents of cold air, had anything to do with the causes of lung-diseases, mountain regions, with their airy plâteau and frosty highlands would be almost uninhabitable, yet the comparison of very accurate sanitary statistics proves that in Austria the lowest percentage of death from consumption is reported from the Tyrol in Prussia, from the hill districts of Silesia and Hesse Nassau, in Belgium from the Ardennes, in France from the three departments of Jura, Ardèche and Hautes Pyrenees.

An equally suggestive fact is the success of the "highland cure" of pulmonary disorders. In the struggle with a life-endangering disease a patient is not apt to let prejudices stand in the way of remedial experiments recommended by a chance discovery, and experience thus fully establishes the fact that consumptives who cough their lungs away in stove-warmed hospitals and the sultry climate of the tropics will rapidly improve in the atmosphere of a frosty mountain-region—in the Austrian Alps and the highlands of the Adirondacks.

We can no longer resist the conclusion that pulmonary affections are caused, not by cold out-door air, but by impure in-door air, and that this malignity is increased by the influence of a high temperature.

And that inference is fully supported by the phenomena of ordinary catarrhs. "Colds" occur in winter more frequently than in summer, simply because winter is *par excellence* the season of in-door life, and become epidemic in February much oftener than in December. Intense frosts, in fact, tend to expurgate the in-door atmosphere in spite of all precautions, but at the end of winter, when stove-heat is aided by the first thaws, the accumulated germs of lung diseases get a chance for development and contagious catarrhs spread from house to house, from school-room to school-room.

Those spring-influenzas occur almost every year, especially in cities cursed with crowded tenements, where they often linger until the warmth of the summer nights forces the patients to open their

bed-room windows. Catarrhs are house-diseases, but unfortunately, can also be manufactured by proxy, and persons of sensitive lungs may have to expiate the sins of their air-dreading neighbors. Boys who have braved the rains and draughts of a highland camp with perfect impunity may import the contagion from an ill-ventilated school-room filled with youngsters who have passed the night in the microbe-saturated atmosphere of a tenement hovel; sanitarians who have taken every precaution to secure the abundant ventilation of their own homes may be victimized by the lung-poison of a crowded street-car or meeting-house.

Physicians sometimes contract a virulent catarrh on professional visits to persons afflicted apparently only by a slight "cold in the head"—a paradox explained by an ingenious experiment of the French physiologist Bernard. After securing two sparrows of nearly exactly the same size and appearance he placed one of them under the glass cupola of an air-pump which was gradually put in operation until the air in the glass had been two-thirds exhausted. The bird showed signs of uneasiness, but kept on his legs and even made occasional attempts to escape from his uncomfortable prison. After the lapse of half an hour the second sparrow was introduced, and almost at once died in convulsions, while his fellow-prisoner still hopped about and could be released alive (though visibly exhausted) after surviving the ordeal for nearly forty-five minutes. The difference of result was evidently due to the circumstance that the lungs of the first bird had time to adapt themselves gradually to the abnormal conditions.

For similar reasons a person confined in a gradually vitiated atmosphere may experience the effects less distressingly and certainly less suddenly than a chance visitor accustomed to purer air. Experiences of that sort, by the way, have done much to confirm the infatuation of the cold superstition. A family inhabiting an ill-ventilated cabin may saturate the air with the gaseous refuse of their own lungs for weeks without experiencing worse effects than dull headaches and a feeling of pulmonary discomfort, until one of the boys bethinks himself of taking a hunting trip to a neighboring mountain-range. In the cool, bracing air of the highlands his breathing-apparatus opens all its safety-valves, drinking in the grateful element in full draughts to make the best of a long-desired chance; but the night being too frosty for a bivouac he returns home, and in that *unprepared state* of his lungs enters the nauseous atmosphere of the domestic microbe-den. His sleep is anything but refreshing, but on awakening the next

morning, lung-sore and swollen-faced, he ascribes his trouble, not to its true cause, but to the cool breezes of the snow-capped highlands. If, moreover, he should have washed down his lunch with a drink of mountain-spring water the chain of circumstantial evidence is considered complete. "Went hunting in that thin coat, did he? and then took a cold drink after getting warm? caught a cold, of course." That settles it.

Catarrh-microbes may linger in the atmosphere of stuffy sleeping-cars, and many travelers may have caught the contagion of a troublesome lung disease on the very train bearing them to a winter sanitarium of the far South. The cushions and dust-retaining carpets and curtains of a luxurious "sleeper" rather contribute to that result, and similiar circumstances may explain the strange notion that pulmonary complaints can be cured on a rough-and-ready sailing vessel more readily than on a comfortable steamer. In the same way a sanitary reformer accounts for a still stranger superstition rather prevalent in our Southern mountain States, the idea, namely, that a man is near the end of his tether when he gets rich enough to move into a new house of his own. The explanation is that *parvenus* who have passed their youth in a ill-chinked and consequently airy log-cabin will rarely survive their removal to an air-tight city residence. Shamye, the Circassian hero-chieftain, who had passed twenty-four years in the airiest highlands of Eastern Europe, was so distressed by the atmosphere of his rather comfortable quarters in a Russian garrison-town that he bribed the commander to let him sleep on the open platform of the guard-house when the suspicion of an intended escape was out of the question. His lung troubles then subsided, but on his visit to St. Petersburg, where the hospitable Czar lodged him at his own palace, he experienced a relapse and died when the Imperial physicians sent him to Mecca, instead of his native mountains.

Catarrhs can be permanently avoided only by hermits and possibly by people wealthy enough to travel in private carriages and transact their shopping business by proxy, but individuals of sanitary habits have at least the advantage of a better chance of speedy recovery. A "cold in the head," according to a belief founded on the average result of experience, will run its course in three weeks, but under exceptional circumstances that period may be shortened to three days or prolonged to three months or even years. A "chronic catarrh" is simply a cold perpetuated by a permanent cause, and the prompt removal of that cause may often nip the mischief in the bud.

Under the expurgative influence of pure, cool air an incipient "cold" will frequently subside after a few days' horseness, relieved by a light cough; the germs of the disorder have failed to secure an effective hold on the respiratory organs, and the lungs have rid themselves of catarrh-microbes, as the stomach under favorable circumstances will expel the germs of cholera morbus or typhoid fever.

CINCINNATI, O.

F. L. OSWALD, M.D.

THOUGHTS ON MATTERS LYRIC AND DRAMATIC.

I AM afraid that Chicago's "vaulting ambition hath o'erleaped its selle and fallen on 'tother side" in the matter of grand orchestral music.

For more than half a century New Yorkers have been toiling and moiling to persuade themselves and the outside world that they really admire and appreciate the great works of the music-masters, with but scant success if one may judge by the tone of cultivation met with in society, even of the best sort.

True, classical and Wagnerian concerts are pretty fairly attended, in general, but the crowd comes for fad, fashion and hero-worship, not for music.

The personal conditions of the conductor for the nonce are more considered than the music he makes. Society, true to its gregarious instinct, plays at "follow my leader."

The bell-wether leads the flock, the collie directs the bell-wether, and the shepherd orders the collie, and so they go marshaled and drilled.

It is the same in everything. Fashion reigns supreme; we travel, as in a Pullman car, on fixed lines, and woe to him who is derailed.

So, to come back to my subject, without further divagation, I fear that Chicago has, to use a homely but expressive phrase, "Bit off more than she can chew." What has been but a doubtful success, after fifty years of labor and pain in New York, can hardly be expected to bud, blossom and bear fruit in a day with the metropolis' country cousins. And the enthusiasts among those who have at heart the creating and fostering of a broad musical taste and not a narrow technical "cult" must be content to nourish the tender exotic with a shower of gold.

Chicago has abducted Thomas, the shepherd who made us "to

lie down in green pastures, who led us beside the still waters" of music, who "almost persuaded us to be" musicians, but having got him, she must foster him, or New York will take him back—and send her—Seidl.

I see that the irrepressible and adventurous Oscar Hammerstein is venturing on the troubled ocean of opera in the English vernacular.

I honor him for his pluck, respect him for his enterprise and sympathize with his inevitable disappointment.

I, who write this have been through the mill and learned by sad experience that English opera is an impossibility. After years of struggle I had to acknowledge that there were no voices to be had for that laudable and patriotic purpose.

No singer who has a voice fit for grand opera in the pure vowelled Italian tongue will consent to trammel the organ in the diphthongal fetters and sibilant sinuosities of our magnificent but unmelodious English.

Carl Rosa did the best work in English opera, but he had the incomparable Parepa to sustain him, a singer who, if she had devoted herself to Italian opera would have gone down in the history of music along with Grisi, Malibran and Titiens, but even he led a life of slavery and was only accepted as a provincial barn-stormer, who when he did adventure in the Metropolitan arena was forced to depend for patronage on the middle class of tradespeople and never dared to charge more than the ordinary price of admission to a dramatic entertainment, at which rate decent opera is simply an impossibility.

And in Mr. Rosa's long struggle what voices did he develop, besides that of his incomparable wife, who was great before he ever saw her?

Mr. Barton McGuckin, tenor, and two or three mediocrities whose names live not in my memory nor in that of the public.

Mr. D'Oyley Carte has tried the English opera experiment lately in London at a great loss. He was fain to be content with Mr. Ben Davis, a moderate tenor, but the best he could get; in fact there is not a single vocalist of real force to be had at any price.

I wonder what Emma Eames would say to any manager who should attempt to ensnare her in English opera.

True, Minnie Hauk condescended to it, but she did so in her decadence.

No, there are no singers to be had, and without singers opera in whatsoever tongue it be given is naught.

It will not do to employ foreigners, for the reason that the English language is of such a cranky nature that no one not "to the manner born" can ever master the accent. An Italian or German striving at it is simply funny. There is no consistency or beauty in polyglot opera.

Now anybody can pronounce Italian. The simple vowels and the steadfast consonants are within the reach of the stiffest tongues, but English—Oh! my!

And then we know when our own tongue is murdered, but the mangling of Italian is "to us unknown." In fact I have heard a baritone sing the part of the king in "Ernani" whose whole vocabulary consisted of "O Sommo Carlo, Amore Tenore," with which scant stock of Italian he contrived to do very well, and nobody in the audience was any the wiser.

Fancy a fellow singing Count Arnheim in the "Bohemian Girl" who knew no English save "De 'art powed town," "loaf," and "Gottam." It wouldn't work; would it?

We had a dose of polyglot opera at the Academy in the American opera spurt, in which the only success was "Orpheus," and that because there is only one important part in the opera, and an American girl was found worthy to fill it, even the golden-voiced contralto Hastrieter, who quickly deserted the barren rock of English for the fruitful vale of Italian opera.

If, however, Mr. Hammerstein will adventure on this troubled sea, there is one man who by reason of experience and talent is capable to take the helm, so that the vessel be not wrecked on the reefs of Teutonism or the shoals of ignorance. And that man is Anthony Reiff, who is a fine musician, an intelligent conductor and that rarest of things, one who can accompany and sustain the singer instead of fettering him as most of your players do.

But let us suppose that all these difficulties have been surmounted, and that Mr. Hammerstein has succeeded in organizing a competent company of singers, a good conductor and a capable band. Still there is another obstacle more serious than these—a repertory.

The present operas in English to which people will come, more or less, are: "The Bohemian girl," "Maritana," "Fra Diavolo," "Martha," "Faust"; which may be considered safe to draw full houses. Then come the "Rose of Castille," the "Crown Diamonds," the "Daughter of the Regiment," the "Lily of Killarney" and "Lurline"; which may or may not draw, and that is all.

Carl Rosa paid large prices for new operas and got—failures from

Stanford, McKenzie and other builders of Wagnerian temples on foundations of sand, strivers after the unattainable. Apostles of a cult foreign to the Anglo-Saxon taste, which demands melody, and will not accept stones for bread, and as musicians now-a-days are moulded, not carved, struck in a die, not worked out by travail of brain, I do not see whence the fresh supply is to come.

Then the really great operatic works of the masters are so clouded by the vile adaptations foisted on an unoffending public by shop-keeping publishers and German editors that they are ridiculous instead of sublime, inane instead of poetic. Compare the Italian and English text in Boosey's editions, and judge.

Next to singers and scores come adaptations, and of these we have but three worthy the name. "Fra Diavolo," "Der Freischütz" and "Cinderella," the last two of which will not draw the public.

The resuscitation of opera in English is a Herculean task, not only must the Augean stable be cleansed but it must be rebuilt and garnished.

Where is the Alcides?

And yet it may be that he is found.

Hammerstein is one of the titles of Thor, the Hercules and the Vulcan of the Norse Ægir. Can Oscar be an Avatar, an incarnation of that doughty deity? If so, he has undertaken a thirteenth labor (unlucky number) that shall outweigh all the others.

I was chatting the other day with a free-thoughted fellow who has the courage of his convictions, and the talk chanced upon the well-worn and ill-understood Shakspeare-Bacon twaddle. Said my friend lightly but with intention: As for the cypher—that is all rot! "Great cry for little wool," "Glorious Will" was a human phonograph! He absorbed what he heard from his boon companions, who were of the best and brightest, and when he got home to his lodgings he turned the crank and reproduced the wit and wisdom for his own use and benefit.

That is the key, I fancy, to the mystery of the accumulation and giving forth of such a mass of knowledge and philosophy in the short space of twelve years of the busy life of an actor, manager and good fellow.

How wonderfully Miss Lily Post (Mrs. Morton) has improved in voice, style and power. Decidedly she is the best vocalist that has been heard at the Casino for many a day, her upper Bb is a note of crystalline purity that dominates band and chorus, and

yet is sweet and pure. Her voice is equal as well, and the middle register is full and resonant, also she can act! What a favorite she would be if she were only single and had diamonds.

What a tricky, graceful, little fay is May Young as she trips and gambols through the glades of Sherwood Forest, in Tennyson's delightful *Idyl of the greenwood*, her steps seem scarce to brush the down from the dandelion clocks that tell the time of Faery, nor to shake the diamond dew from the fox-glove and bluebell that decorates Queen Mab's hall of audience. She does not dance, she floats. Well might she say with the dainty Ariel:

"Where the bee sucks there suck I
In a cowslip's bell I lie."

The true beauty of music lies in the fact that all harmony is but association of melody. Without tune there is no music. Be the strain in one, two, three or four parts, each part must make of itself an air, and the art of counterpoint is to blend these airs together in an harmonious whole, making a concord of sweet sounds.

In this lies the perfectness of the ancient Madrigal and its cousin the Glee. The concordance of melodies enrich the harmony until the ear and soul both are satisfied with sound.

And, above all other musical forms, the Fugue fills all the requirements of this combination of delights.

The subject, the counter-subject, the episode and the stretto are all, of necessity, tunes, but so imagined as to be capable, by deft management, of being sounded all together, without breaking the harmonic continuity and proportion, and this is absolutely the perfection and crown of music.

Unhappily, our modern music makers have turned aside from the paths of pleasantness and peace and wandered into the wilderness of dissonance, where strange and loathly forms lurk by the wayside to gore and gash the unwary traveler.

No longer do sweet soothing sounds fall gently into their appointed places by resolution of their elements, but harsh discords hiss and wrangle like serpents and "*Chimæras dire*," having no home; so that what were once used as mere excitants and relishes, are now the body of the feast.

Like the Persian Dheevs we live on poisons; as our forbears lived, like the Peris, on perfumes.

FRED. LYSTER.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

OUR REPUBLICAN RIVAL.

THE *Republican Magazine*, Vol. 1., No. 1., has been incubated. Dumas, pere, or some other literary huckster, delivered himself of this piece of wisdom: "The most pathetic sight in this hopscotchy world is Vol. 1., No. 1." To the looker-on, may be. To the promotor, never. Promotors of new schemes are not unlike Col. Ingersoll's comparison of a preacher to a puff ball. The younger the puff ball the slicker and sweller it is. Age unfortunately corrugates puff balls, preachers and promotors. But wrinkles and wisdom are nearly allied. Dame Nature, being a frugal and discerning wench, distributes her gifts so cunningly that from infancy to old age all find excuse for living. The new "Infant Industry" possesses beauty if not wrinkles. Excellent contemporary, speaking in the light of experience, be not sorrowful, the corrugations will come in good time, provided you hold on long enough. And that reminds us of a story that the late Donn Piatt told with much pleasure, and which is apropos of magazine making. Donn would relate how he called on his friend, Brisben Walker of *The Cosmopolitan*, and how Mr. Walker expatiated on the beautiful sensation one had in establishing a magazine. Indeed, he thought the sensation was similar to holding a mad bull by the tail, of which you were afraid to let go, fearing the infuriated beast might turn around and gore you to death, and equally scared to hold on for the chances were many of having your brains knocked out.

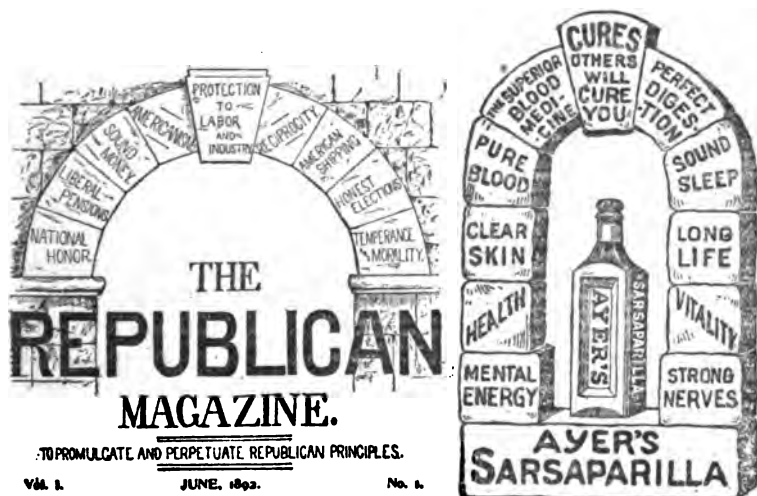
We hope the Colonel is so situated that he can appreciate his friend's success—through holding on. Some cynical cuss, who has failed, may sneeringly say: "Small wonder a person holds on to the handles of an electric battery when the current is too powerful to permit of opening the hands."

Away with such a scoffer!

To our mutton. *The Republican Magazine*, as we have intimated above, is beautiful. It will fill a "long-felt want" and has a sort of

Fi, fo, fum,
I smell the "fat"
Of a merchant-mon,
From whom I'll "fry"
The "pork" all dry,
Fi, fo, fum,

air. The cover is artistic and blue; not so blue as our own, but then, like the coloring of a meerschaum pipe, much can be accomplished in four or five years. There's no monopoly in blues. But 'tis its chaste and bemottoed design that commands admiration. For the benefit of our Democratic and Mugwump friends, who are not catholic enough to subscribe, as they should, for this expounder of protection and socialism, we print here a reduced reproduction



of its cover in juxtaposition to a cut of a glaring imitation by a wiley patent-medicine man. Imitation is gross flattery, so says the copy-book headings, but for the imitator to appear *first* is rubbing oil—oil of vitriol—on the wounds. By what surreptitious or occult means the blood purifier man "got there first" must remain as much of an enigma as how Cruikshank stole *Harper's Magazine* cover for *Bentley's*. Since the advent of spirits, mahatmas and things there appears a queer topsy-turviness in matters mundane.

For one thing we are grateful, the Sarsaparilla dispenser refrained from copying the mottoes of our infant contemporary. Too true, there is an abstractness or vagueness to the mottoes of both that suggests plagiarism, but when we recall the fact that Darwin and Wallace were at work for years on the same subject—the origin of species—unknown, as it were, to each other, then why should we hesitate to credit these two great, though similar, artistic designs to unconscious cerebration. Reasoning *a priori* we should guess, if driven thereto, that Senator Mat Quay furnished the design for the *Republican Magazine*, and the Honorable ex-Speaker Reed, Governor McKinley, The President or Chauncey Depew could have written the mottoes. The key-stone one is but one step from the sublime. Listen to it: "Protection to Labor and Industry." How like and yet unlike the Healer's: "Cures others, will cure you." Gullibility! gullibility! how much, oh, how much you have paid for word diet. "Labor protected!" With such a key-stone it is not surprising that the designer omitted a foundation to the arch. Like the systems and doctrines this magazine upholds no more staple foundation than air and wind is needed. Therefore the design is providentially symbolic of the theories and doctrines of the G. O. P.—sans base, sans solidity, sans sense.

Something could be said in criticism of the contents, but having only read the headings of the articles suffice to say, BELFORD's in every number gives the truth on every subject touched by the new-comer, which we take it is the best of answers.

We wish the publishers the same degree of monetary success in obverse ratio as we know their doctrines to be pernicious and false.

THE RECIPROCITY HUMBUG.

THE President is employed a large part of his time making treaties of reciprocity with the representatives of various foreign States. Many Republicans expect the reciprocity clauses of the McKinley Bill to secure for their party a new lease of life, and, incidentally, for the people unbounded prosperity; while large numbers of Democrats are not quite sure but that reciprocity is *the thing*, and that the Republicans have really been stealing a big and very important chunk of the Democratic thunder.

Let us carefully examine it without any partizan bias. The President says to the rulers of certain nations: "If you will let

your people buy certain things from our people without compelling them to pay a tax for the privilege, then we will let up on our subjects, and not make them pay a fine when they buy things of you."

Of course our rulers don't use just these words; if they did the people wouldn't stay fooled; they use more misleading language.

Now for a good many years we have had this same brand of reciprocity with the Sandwich Islands. How has, what we have had of it, worked? There are certain things that we have been getting from the people of the Sandwich Islands; none of them in very large quantities, for no products are raised there to any alarming extent. In exchange for these imports we have exported some of our own productions.

Reciprocity between the people of two countries is supposed to be unrestricted trade between those peoples; though a treaty of reciprocity might be made that would only reduce duties to a certain extent and not establish free-trade at all; or such a treaty might increase duties or even prohibit all interchange of products entirely. But the sort of reciprocity we are now hearing so much about is supposed to be of the free-trade variety, or at least such as will reduce existing duties and therefore the cost of the imported things to the consumer. This is the kind we have had with the Sandwich Islanders.

When you take off the top of a dam more water will flow over—just so, when you remove any of the restrictions that prevent people from swapping goods more goods will be swapped. Accordingly certain things are now sent from the United States to the Sandwich Islands in larger quantities than before. This is good. It has increased the demand upon our industrial establishments and has been a benefit to all workers therein from the superintendent to the roustabout.

Sugar has always been our principal import from the Sandwich Islands. Reciprocity says let Sandwich Island sugar come in free of tax. Sugar brought from any other part of the world is taxed the same as before. If all the sugar we need could be got from those Islands, naturally it would follow that sugar would be cheaper by somewhat more than the amount of the tax removed. But if only a small part of our needed sugar came from there the result would be that such importers as could control that trade, having no tax to pay, could make a very snug profit, for they could sell their sugar in the market for as much as other importers could get for sugar on which they had paid a tax; and it is this great mass of taxed sugar that fixes the price.

One Claus Spreckles controlled the importation of sugar from the Sandwich Islands, got it into the country free of tax, sold it at the regular market price, made a nice little fortune of thirty or forty million of dollars, and small wonder he is very much in favor of that particular brand of reciprocity. But the people, who didn't get their sugar any cheaper, and who had to pay more taxes on other things, because of this favoritism to Spreckles, where were they? Like the bashful boy at the Sunday-school picnic, they "got left."

Examine the beast carefully and you will find that Blaine's reciprocity animal belongs to the same breed as this Sandwich Island fox. Such reciprocity is, in reality, what many protectionist orators have proudly termed it: "The twin brother of the protective system." Like the protective system, it is a plan to favor certain individuals and classes at the expense of the entire people. Who is to be benefited by allowing a certain few things to come into this country from Brazil free of tax, while the same things brought from any other part of the world are subjected to taxation? Who, indeed, but the few who can control the importation of the untaxed article and sell it to the American consumer for just as much as if he had paid the tax? Like the protective system this reciprocity humbug has no thought for those who buy and use things—every man, woman and child in the country.

Ex-Secretary Blaine is nothing if not shrewd. He could see far enough ahead to predict that by 1892 the protectionist superstition would be used up. He knows as well as Barnum knew that the people like to be humbugged. He also felt sure that a good many manufacturers would refuse to be "fried" for the benefit of the Republican campaign fund. Other methods must be provided. Claus Spreckles was a good object lesson. More reciprocity would produce more millionaires of the Spreckles variety. Hence the reciprocity clauses which Mr. Blaine finally succeeded in forcing into the McKinley Bill. The bounty clauses serve a similar purpose, and produce another favored class whose "fat" can be "fried" for the benefit of the party of "great moral ideas."

Can Mr. Blaine succeed in humbugging the people? For a while, maybe, but not for long. In the language of Lincoln, "He may fool *all* the people a *little* while, and *some* people *all* the while, but he can't fool *all* the people *all* the while." Never before has there been so much honest, earnest thought among the masses of the people, and thought dispels superstition as sunlight drives away the fog. The people are determined about the tariff question.

They are on the highway towards freedom, and there they propose to stay until they wipe out the last vestige of a system that builds up a favored class of millionaire monopolists, while it inevitably and necessarily reduces the meagre pay of common workers. The people have no use for a system of taxation, even when deprived of its protective features, that forces the poor farmer or laborer to contribute as much for the support of the national government as is taken from the wealthiest one of these monopolists. Yes, the people have set their faces in favor of re-establishing the natural right of man to exchange the product of his labor freely wherever he can find a brother man willing to exchange with him. Legal restrictions upon trade must be wiped away; they must be destroyed as were the rocks in the bottom of Hell Gate which obstructed peaceful traffic. And the people will begin this process of freeing trade, not by Blaine's plan which will benefit a few at the expense of all, but by placing one thing after another on the free list until nothing but the free list remains. Here is the mission of a revived and regenerated democracy—to find any means of raising the necessary national revenue in a manner more just, more equitable than by tariff taxation.

WHY THE IRISH ARE DEMOCRATS.

In the initial number of the *Republican Magazine* Jas. R. O'Beirne undertakes the herculean labor of attempting to show why Irishmen should be Republicans.

It is as patent as that black is not white that Irishmen are Democrats and not Republicans.

Mr. O'Beirne admits this, but he struggles through pages of words chiefly falsehoods, misrepresentations and bumptious assertions to elucidate his point.

After slopping over in a page of rhetoric about Irishmen's love of liberty and freedom in such blarney as: "The Irish lark mounting to her morning song of the free, like the Irish heart, answers the fierce shriek of the unrestrained eaglet in the great anthem of freedom, to the God of Freedom in the land of the free." God with a big "G." Is it not fine.

We say, after slopping over in this fashion, he resorts to falsehoods. The first one is: "A very plain and indisputable argument establishing this [that the Republican party stands for all that is good and glorious] is found in the fact that the late Southern Confederacy which waged a bloody, relentless, though brave war, did

it in defence of slavery, and made up then, as it does to-day, the majority of the party opposed to Republicanism and to freedom." This is the lie direct, number one. For more votes were cast for the Democratic party for Congressmen two years ago in the so called Northern States than for the Republican party. As Mr. O'Beirne should know, the Democratic party has a majority in the House of Representatives without calling on a single Southern State for a vote. Direct lie number two is, that the war was fought because of the negroes. Slavery was, as everybody should know, only seriously considered by Lincoln near the close of the war. It is history that he rebuked Frémont for issuing the declaration freeing slaves in Missouri and Col. Donn Piatt for a similar order in Maryland. Lie number three is such a silly one that it is pitiable to see any man who considers himself in the least degree worthy of his neighbors' respect resorting to it: That English gold and greed have been at the service of the Democratic party through its agent, the Cobden Club. We will give Mr. O'Beirne one hundred dollars for every dollar he can prove has been given to the Democratic party by the Cobden Club or any English club. Not satisfied at this barefaced falsehood he adds: "Nay, more, they have some of our journals which masquerade as part of the free press. They are bribed by English gold, but supported by unsuspecting American capital in advertisements and subscriptions." Name one solitary newspaper, magazine, or periodical of any kind which was or is so subsidized or be considered by every honest man as a blathering blatherskite. He asserts that free-trade is a dodge of the Democrats to enrich the English at the expense of Americans. Such childish twaddle is contemptible. Are free-trade Republicans, like Judge Gresham, in league with England to destroy their country. Are Irishmen to be purchased like so many cattle? for we read: "They will find their true friends in the Republican party, just as Eagan did and thousands of other Irishmen." Mr. O'Beirne's idea of being an American citizen we must believe from this is simply for the money that is in it. To have a pull is the *summum bonum* of this Celt's cult. Not so with sensible Irishmen. They want a government that makes a minimum of laws, that interferes the least in rights of individuals, that does not regulate commerce, that has no use for force bills. A government that can recognize that North America is not the world, that believes in home rule for the state, for the country and for the town. A government that will fight to the death the monarchical tendencies of centralization now so beloved

of by Republicans. A government which rewards its citizens with justice instead of Eagans. One which makes laws that shall be just to all and not for "the greatest good to the greatest number." A government which insists on making its dollar, no matter of what material it is made, bring one hundred cents in any and all markets of the world. These are but a few of the things the Democratic party has been working for and are the reasons why Irishmen prefer being Democrats. Of course the Eagans and O'Beirnes who are Americans and Republicans because they are paid for it are not needed in the Democratic ranks.

Irishmen are not such gulls as to be impressed with these flamboyant words, even if quoted from "The Declaration of Independence": "That all men were born free and equal." This is a meaningless, stale platitude, which was worked into the Declaration as a sop to the unwashed. The reverse of it is true—all men were born unequal and in bondage.

Of course what the framers of the celebrated free and equal platitude meant was that all men were born free and equal under the laws of the United States. It is so intended, but we regret to say, such is far from being a fact, no matter how close it may have been to it, in the days of our forefathers. The Republicans have made laws for a quarter of a century which we do not hesitate to say militate in many instances against the poor in favor of the rich. The most iniquitous of these laws is the celebrated McKinley Bill.

Some weightier and abler reasons than Mr. O'Beirne's must be given before Irishmen will swerve from their allegiance to the Democratic party.

THE RENOMINATION OF HARRISON.

THE country was not surprised when the Minneapolis Convention concluded that, after all, it could do no better than to nominate Benjamin Harrison, now President of the United States, for re-election. In reality, it seemed to outsiders, men opposed to the Republican party, to be little less than folly to nominate anybody else than the President. With one or two exceptions, it has been common to renominate men who have been elected President in their own right, when they themselves have sought such an honor.

General Harrison's administration, looked at from a Republican point of view, has been a good one. In fact, he has made almost the very best kind of a Republican President. In saying this, no

critic, whether friendly or hostile, can either assert or infer that in so doing he has made a really good administration. So far as such a thing is possible in a Republican administration, Harrison's has been fairly free from scandal. He has nominated some very bad men to office; he has done some very small things; but this was the result not only of carrying out the policy of his party, but also of his own personal and political limitations. He is not a big man, and no elevation however great, no elevation however procured, could make him so. But he may be said to be an honest man in his own right, that is to say, of being an elder in the church and doing what he thinks is his duty, so far as his personal relations with his fellow-men go. It can however be said of him, as of a great many of his fellow-partizans, that the moment they enter politics they fix a standard entirely different from that which moves them in their personal relations, so that whereas they would scorn to do a mean or a low thing on the personal side, they will consent to have almost anything done when it comes to political management.

Mr. Harrison has known during all his political life that the Republicans have never carried his State except by the most flagrant bribery and corruption. He knows also that he has been and is now the beneficiary of this. He can but realize that the two important places he has held during his political career, that of Senator and that of President, are the result of the bribery of voters in his own State. He may not have taken any part in this himself, he may not even have advised it, but he knows of it, and that he knows he has also been benefited by it is as certain as that he knows the tide will rise and fall to-morrow.

He is a good deal more of a practical politician than he is accredited with being. For a great many years he was the adviser generally, as well as confidentially, of the Republican committee of his State. In this way he did a great deal of effective political work, and was, as has been intimated, cognizant of a great many things that were bad from every point of view. He has continued this course as President just as he did while Senator. In both cases he has looked out for his own, whether in his family or in his party. His relatives have fared well, and some of them have turned out to be as consummate fools as were ever heard of or seen in politics. But no man can truthfully say that either as Senator or President Benjamin Harrison had anything like a large grasp on public questions. He has that faculty that belongs to the small lawyer of looking after the little things in a little way. He would

not miss a point in a cross-examination, however petty the case might be, and he would emphasize the same sort of thing if he was dealing with the ambassador of the greatest nation on the earth. He has the faculty of looking out for little advantages, and of taking them when opportunity offers.

Not only has he shown these qualities as President, but it is by reason of them that he has been renominated. He has missed none of the little things. With the one exception that he has done very well in the appointment of judges, there is nothing that shows anything like a serious apprehension on his part of the great responsibilities and obligations that he has assumed. But from the very day that he was elected he began, with great persistence, to see to it that a renomination should be made as certain as possible. He made a great many of his appointments with this in view, and his appointees have known thoroughly just what was wanted, and have undertaken to carry out their part of the contract with as much persistence and intelligence as they could command. There were probably two or three hundred office-holders who were delegates and alternates in the Minneapolis Convention. In 1888, when Mr. Cleveland was renominated, not one office-holder occupied this relation to the convention. Back of the two or three hundred who were delegates this year were perhaps twenty-five thousand small office-holders who have been active, in season and out of season, in doing the work of the man from whom they had received favors. These men, too, have been under the direct command of the President. As has already been stated, he has kept in view, at all times, this renomination, and as he cannot take a large view of the situation, he did not consult or trust the leaders of his party who had not had recognition from him. Aside from Chauncey M. Depew there is probably no man of position who has played a leading part in the work of renaming the President. That he has offended some of the bosses is to his credit, but even this came after he had done everything he could to command their favor and support.

But, after all, President Harrison represents now, as he did in 1888, the tendencies and ideas of a party that has become thoroughly Bourbonized. Never could it be said with so much truth that a party neither learns nor forgets, as it can be said of the Republican party in the National Convention assembled at Minnesota. Its platform and its candidates both emphasize this. They fit together admirably; the party attaches itself to a mediæval theory, and nominates upon the platform which re-emphasizes this

theory a candidate thoroughly in keeping with its recent conditions and history.

That the people of the United States will consent to re-elect such a man scarcely seems possible, especially as he will have as his opponent the man who represents the opposite of all his personal ideas and records, as well as the traditions and record of his party. That there will be a good many disgruntled men because of the defeat of Blaine is almost certain. But that this will have any serious effect upon the fortunes of the successful candidate at the convention is very doubtful. Most of these men belong to the variety called practical politicians, and may fairly be depended upon to do their part in helping to maintain the power of their party. However much they may feel disappointed personally, they know that they have more to expect from a weak and unfriendly Republican President, with whom terms may be made, than with a strong, virile Democrat, from whom they can expect nothing personally and who, as they know, will do everything in his power to defeat the purposes of their party.

PASSING NOTES.

"Me too" Tom Reed. Never mind, you are young, big and humorous. Besides you can always write good magazine articles.

"Blaine or bust." "Busted, be gosh!" Now, please decently return It to its saracophagus in the Necropolis of back-number relics.

Harrison and D. O. Mills is a strong ticket. Not having before us the official reports, the name of the tail may not be spelled correctly.

The Kansas-Corn-fed-Cat-Irridescent-Decalogue-Dreamer's advice, "Put on the tail some fellow like Phelps who can work Wall street," bore fruit in Minneapolis.

By the exuberancy of his own verbosity, superinduced by an attack of cephalic tumefaction, suddenly contracted at Minneapolis, June 9th, 1882, the political body of the some-time Napoleonic statesman, William McKinley, Jr., was unrecognizably mangled.

Most of the really great discoveries that have revolutionized the world have come unheralded, while the fads and fancies of invention have been proclaimed with sounding of trumpet and shedding of ink.

But the root of the matter remains fast, while the "fuss and feathers" are driven down the wind into the unknown.

Prof. Koch announced, with a loud fanfare, that he had vanquished the dread Demon Tuberculosis, but folks die of consumption every day, and the demon still pursues them.

Jenner of old and Pasteur in the present proclaimed from the housetops that disease could be made to destroy itself, but people fall by small-pox and other virulent ills in thousands notwithstanding, whereas new diseases have been evolved by the very methods used to cure the old ones.

Who hears of Koch now? Has not the new school of medicine denounced inoculations of virulent matter as a barbarism worthy only of the practice of the dosers, bleeders, cuppers and blisterers of our forefathers?

The Allopathists are jostled by the Homeopathists, and the drugging is reduced from bushels to globules, and yet people get well or die as of yore, according to nature's law.

Medicine men are now fascinated by the "Germ Theory," and indeed there is much reason in that cult, only they take hold of it by the wrong end.

Bacteria are not the cause of disease but the effect, they breed in morbid tissue as mites do in cheese—they intensify, but do not produce, and so the slaying of these infinitesimals will not cure the disease any more than the destruction of the cheese mites will restore the original freshness of the Stilton or Double Gloucester.

But there is an element that attacks the cause of these microbes, which cause is simply the lack of vitality, and the element that will destroy that cause will also destroy the effect, yet that element has been ignored by the medicine men, although well known to exist and to be all-powerful to save.

That element is Ozone, which long resisted separation from its envelope of oxygen, and therefore was attainable only in the shape of sea breezes and mountain air.

But a modest man now tells us, with no flourish of trumpets, but simply and truthfully, that the riddle is solved, and the Ozone set free, to be breathed at will. And truly it is "the breath of life."

The chemist Helmer has succeeded in liberating it, and now this "soul of the air" is at our call, even as is its sister spirit electricity, to do us service.

Being taken into the blood through the lungs it vivifies and invigorates the body, it consumes all morbid tissue, leaving the healthy untouched, and disease fades before its power as mist dissolves before the sun.

It is the breath of the pine-clad hills and the freshening ocean brought to our firesides, "with healing on its wings," and disease and drugs both vanish at its coming.

MERCANTILE NOTES.

"DONT TOBACCO SPIT YOUR LIFE AWAY"

is the name of a little book that tells all about NOTOBAC, the only guaranteed cure for the tobacco habit in every form. This book is mailed free. Contains many testimonial letters reporting cures in ten days and a gain of as many pounds. NOTOBAC costs but a trifle, and the man who wants to quit and can't had better write for the book to-day. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Box 511, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

Send fifty cents to Bond & Co., 576 Rookery, Chicago, and you will receive, post-paid, a four hundred page advance Guide to the Exposition, with elegant engravings of the grounds and buildings, portraits of its leading spirits, and a map of the city of Chicago; all of the rules governing the exposition and exhibitors, and all information which can be given out in advance of its opening. Also, other engravings and printed information will be sent you as published. It will be a very valuable book and every person should secure a copy.

THE ODELL TYPE-WRITER.

THE display advertisement of the Odell Type-writer will be found in one of the adjoining pages. We particularly call the attention of our readers to this machine, which has taken a prominent place in the business offices of this country and is rapidly replacing the old expensive machines. This machine is guaranteed to do perfect work, and its speed is equal to that of any other machine on the market. It has an attachment unknown in connection with any other type-writer, namely, a check perforator, that for use in any business office or bank is worth as much as the price of the whole machine.

TO LADIES ONLY.

Would you be both youthful and beautiful?—use Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier. It elicits a clear, transparent complexion, free from tan, sunburn, freckles or moth patches—purifying and beautifying the skin at the same time, and so closely imitating nature as to defy detection, when properly applied. It has the highest medical testimony, as well as of professional celebrities, and on its merits has become one of the largest and a popular specialty in the trade, as well as in the homes of the *élite* in both Europe and America. It is the oldest preparation on the market—of over forty years' standing.

The wish to be beautiful is predominant in every woman, and none can say she does not care whether she is beautiful or not—if only just to please her friend, lover or husband. It puts back age, in appearance, at least ten years by its wonderful results.

GETTING RATTLED.

READER, do you ever get rattled? Do you ever forget to remember because it takes you all your time remembering to forget?

Swift tells us in "Gulliver's Travels" of certain people who were so absorbed in their mathematical calculations that they needed a "Flapper," which was a young person with a long rod in his hand on which was tied a small paper bag with a few beans in it, and who struck the mathematicians on the ear when he wished them to listen to any one and on the mouth when he wished them to speak. We have considered the practicability of such an office assistant, but as a "Flapper" is likely to become absorbed in something himself and forget to flap, we gave it up and fell into moody despair until our attention was called to "Smith's Office Tickler, or Daily Reminder," manufactured by Smith's Office Tickler Co., Racine, Wis., which flaps and never forgets to flap. If you want something to relieve your mind of the annoying distress of the innumerable multitude of details that come up in the office man's routine, get the Tickler and place it on your desk, and if you don't rise up and call us blessed for this advice we are willing to suffer the consequences.

A LOW PRICED TYPE-WRITER.

THE Hall type-writing machine is not a recent invention, having been before the public for more than ten years. Its special merits may briefly be condensed in the following statements: Its extreme simplicity, being composed of less than one-tenth of the number of pieces contained in the majority of the key-board machines; its portability: it occupies a space of only $14 \times 7\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ inches, and weighs, when inclosed in its case of walnut, only about $7\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; ease of operation: the Hall machine is perhaps the easiest of all the high-class machines to learn, as the writer can confirm from personal experience.

It has but one key, it is therefore impossible to strike but one letter at a time, and there is no liability to derangement of the type by the bending or twisting of the levers or links, since those complicated devices common to all the type-bar machines are absent in the Hall. The printing lies before the operator in the same position as when writing with the pen. The spaces between words are made by touching a "spacer" with the little finger without letting go of the pointer or key. Writing is done by quick strokes of the conical pointer held between the thumb and two fingers. This pointer centres itself instantly in the holes of an index plate, which correspond to the arrangement of characters on a type plate. This plate is moved to its place, with no appreciable friction, by means of a universal joint working beneath the carriage, and is pressed directly on the paper through an opening in the bottom plate, which is just large enough to admit one letter at a time. See advertisement for particulars and address of manufacturers.

THE LOVELL DIAMOND SAFETY.

THE advent of the bicycle has worked and is working a revolution in the out-door recreation world. This fact is patent to the most unobserving. That American capital and American enterprise are not slow in appreciating the possibilities ahead for this wonderful product of the nineteenth century is a fact also patent to those who observe at all. One of the most noteworthy of recent additions to the bicycle manufacturing industry, and when we say recent additions we mean worthy and valuable additions, is the John P. Lovell Arms Company, of Boston.

The following from the published intention of the John P. Lovell Arms Company to do as they have done is interesting and instructive reading:

High-grade bicycles are made of the best materials, and cost from \$135 up. Low grades are made of cheaper material and will not render the service or comfort of the high grade. It is a well-known fact that the profits on a high-grade bicycle at \$135 are very large. The Lovell Diamond of to-day, known in every bicycle centre of America as a superb grade machine, is made up of the best material, with every modern improvement, and rivalling in popularity the machines selling for almost double the price. That the Lovell Diamond can be sold for \$85 has been a puzzle for many, but this is explained by the enormous demand for it.

The frame is of the diamond pattern, made of the best English steel tubing, Brown's patent adjustable ball bearings are supplied to all running parts and refitted to both wheels, crank-shaft, pedals and head. The frame joints are brazed, forks of steel tubing, sprocket wheels, cranks and other solid parts of our own drop-steel forgings. The wheels are 30 inches, front and rear, spokes of No. 11 steel wire, and of the direct pattern, and hubs are of drop-steel forgings. Para rubber tires are supplied to the wheels and warranted. The brake is of a direct plunger pattern, chain of the Abington pattern, which will not stretch, and the adjustment is simple and perfect. The steering head is ball bearing, and of the latest pattern, being made extra long to make the wheel run steadier. The saddle is of the suspension pattern, and is the simplest and most comfortable riding of any known. The Lovell Diamond is finished in three coats of black enamel, and handsomely nickel trimmed. It weighs 43 pounds, has a gear 54 or 57 inches, and is supplied with a tool bag, B. & S. wrench and oil can. Price, \$85.

The Lovell Diamond No. 2 is the same as No. 1 with the substitution of 1½ inch and 1½ inch cushion, Para rubber tire. Price, \$95.

The Lovell Diamond No. 3 is a superb machine, fitted with the best pneumatic tires known, the Tillinghast. The wheels front are 30 inches, with 1½-inch pneumatic, and rear 28 inches, with 2-inch pneumatic, gear either 57 or 60 inches. Price, \$115.

The Lovell Diamond is built for comfort, and the 1892 machine is a thing of beauty. Its outlines are graceful, yet typical of strength, having speed written over them. Such is the Lovell Diamond.

WILLIAM LEECH,
NEW YORK.

BELFORD'S MONTHLY.

VOL. IX.

AUGUST, 1892.

No. 3.

THE STORY OF HAZEL GLENN.

I.

Ever since my childhood it had been my ambition to become a great writer. My father was a literary man, well-known in his day and generation within the limits of the little town in which he lived. He did not achieve wide renown, for writing was only his pastime. His real duties lay among his parishioners, by the bed of the dying, at the right hand of the mourner and the repentant. All his sharp wit and delicate fancy, his vivid imagination, and his profound learning, whittled away and toned and mellowed to suit the crude minds of his hearers, went into his Sunday sermons. His words sounded sweetly in the ears of even the ignorant and dull, but pierced only a few listening hearts with a full recognition of their power and point. He was, however, accounted a man of note among his simple townsmen, and if that high heart held aught of suppressed longing and disappointed ambition, it was known to none save God and his own soul; it was guessed at by none save a dreaming child, who read in his keen, blue eyes and whitening hair a story of pathetic self-repression and regret.

I was the child of his old age, and my mother died in giving me birth. She was, if I may guess by the few old letters in my possession, a gentle but common-place woman, full of dutifulness towards the husband whom she failed to

comprehend, and imbued with that narrow pride and confined "culture" which was the dower of gentility in her day. She married late, and did not live to know that second period of bloom and hope that restores to the faded mother somewhat of girlhood's grace. I think my father lived again in me, and saw in his "little maid," as he loved to call me, some budding hint of the "might have been" of his own distorted dreams. I used to watch him in his garden, when I was hardly more than a baby, and wonder what had made that straight furrow between his eyes, and that sudden down-drop about the shoulders of his otherwise erect and stalwart form. In the dim old church, among the stolid faces of the uncomprehending listeners, I alone—I, a tiny child—lifted up my face, with an eager throb, at the first sound of his text. I, alone, through the force of my inherited nature, glimpsed through the veil of words that hid him from the rest, and, standing face to face with my father's bruised heart and lofty soul, quivered and panted in response, too weak and small and ignorant to guess what moved me, yet moved all the same to the very depths of my nature.

It seems to me now that, as the years went by, he began to realize the bond between us, and to cling more and more to the frail thing which, in all the world, was the one thing all his own. My father came from sterner stock than that which nurtured my mother's attenuated gentility. The rugged North had given him vigorous brain and brawn. Ice and snow are not more cold than the blood that calmly fed the high thoughts of his mind; yet the forest fires of his far-distant home raged not more hotly than did the passions of his heart, when touched with the kindling torch of love or hate or righteous indignation. A strong man, doubtless, and a man well under control. A man to whose polished suavity my mother's gentle politeness seemed chilly and immature; to whose rarely roused wrath and scorn the rage of the elements themselves seemed kindly and harmless.

Ah, I knew him well! As in a mirror, as the years moved on, I saw in my own little heart a miniature of his. I do not think I was ever young, nor do I think that my mind ever grasped the thought of my sex until I was almost a woman grown. My mother's kin (good, kindly folk) imparted to me the "little learning" then deemed fit for little women, and,

each day, when my lessons were ended, I returned impatient, as though from some enforced and useless distraction, to pursue my real studies in a dusty attic room, where the "strong meat" of great writers lay at my command. It is no wonder that I had no taste for the "milk for babes" which they thought all-sufficient, or that my girlish fibres shrank and withered, even while growing hard and strong, under such forceful treatment as I gave myself. I had no babyish bloom, no girlish grace. I was never immature nor childish. I lived apart from all the world save my father, whom I worshipped, and how I appeared outside of my dear, dusty attic room, with its piles of well-thumbed books, or the tangled wilderness of a garden where I walked with him in silence, I cannot tell. I can only fancy that, to outside eyes, I was a demure, small creature, with grave, unchildish eyes and lips, bent shoulders and claw-like, ink-stained hands. I had one ambition, and one only—to be a great writer! I cared nothing for childish sports and playthings. I never owned a doll but one, and that I destroyed, in my curiosity as to whether the human anatomy was correctly counterfeited within its skin of kid and cloth.

Strange to say, my father taught me nothing. He only eyed me wistfully and loved me dearly. I think he was trying to leave me to nature, repenting in himself the error of enforced training. He was born to rule in some field—political, social, but most probably literary. What had brought him to his present position, as well-beloved and well-worked pastor of a small dissenting congregation in a small provincial town, I did not know, for he spoke rarely of his past. A whisper had reached me of some rash vow made in ill-governed youth. How this may be, I know not, but this I do know: that my father, having made that vow, held to it in letter, rigidly, and in spirit, with "strong strivings" that may not be uttered. A more devoted pastor no church could boast. In season and out of season he was awake and about his Father's business. Indulgent to all but himself; merciful, forbearing, benignant, charitable to recklessness, full of sweet sympathies and kindly cheer, a very tower of strength to the afflicted or sin-distressed—what wonder that his flock adored him, and thought him next to God? I only, I, a little child who loved him well, had guessed that this pious pastor was not the real

man, but only the product of years of honest prayer and daily effort, of spirit-scourging and soul-repressing, and that, beneath and behind all this, there lay still the old man, the real nature, ready to leap out from its self-imposed bonds and the painfully piled mausoleum of youthful ambitions. I alone, through some strange, instinctive, inherited knowledge, guessed that in other spheres, in other circumstances, my father might have won for himself the bays of worldly success; that he was born rather to rule than to serve; and that in his past there lay hidden some wild memories that, if waked to-day, would affright the still decorum of the quiet, social atmosphere in which he dwelt so lowly. Had he loved before he met that pale mother of mine, with her decorous ways, and her narrow but most dutiful soul? If so, what cruel fate had torn him from his love? Had he planned his life to be a glitter and glory of worldly success, sweetened by human love, and graced by all things gay and glad? If so, what a pale, wan shadow was this scholarly recluse, with one dim daughter, growing like a weed in the corner of his fence! Alas! I was destined never to know what had torn my father's life in twain, and set its latter half amid such tame surroundings. I might have known, had I remained faithful to his ideals and my own. But I was faithless, and I learned no more of that brave life than I had guessed in childish musings.

II.

Don Quixote, in the old, rare translation, with very broad and literal renderings, and old wood-engravings, full of quaint suggestiveness, the Chronicles of Froissart, Shakespeare unpruned, and Chaucer, in all his network of difficult spelling and his blush-compelling plainness of speech; Beaumont and Fletcher, or even Philip Massinger or dainty Herrick, above all, Swift and Dryden, would hardly be considered fit nutriment for the girl-mind of to-day. Yet, in that dusty attic room, that little, worn, mature, and eager girl devoured just such food, and from the unsullied purity of her ignorant, sexless, austere nature all soiling suggestion or besmirching jest slid off like water from the sea-fowl's wing.

I was astonished, when I reached womanhood, to recall what had furnished me with mental nutriment in those strange, changeless days of my childhood. I think they did me no harm. They might have done me good, had things turned out otherwise. At any rate they made me an ambitious writer from the time I could hold a pen. Of publishers, and of all that vast machinery of literature that lies between the writer and his recognition by the world, I knew nothing. Of the most primitive steps to be taken by a writer to secure publication I had no knowledge, and my pride was too intense and sensitive for me to ask.

So I lived on, writing, reading, studying, pondering on the mysteries of my white-haired father's soul, and recking nothing of the years as they flitted by, bearing me on to womanhood. I can recall nothing, in the retrospect, of any era that might mark an advance from childhood, and so to womanhood. I kept no birthday anniversaries. I took no heed of any change of fashion in my plain and sombre garments. I only dwelt with my books and my father, and loved both with a passionate keenness that was as painful as pleasant. I looked neither forward nor backward. I was content with my colorless existence, for I knew no other; and, if any lance of light pierced the dun cloud that hung about me, it was my fixed ambition to become a great writer, and the bewildering bliss that came to me in my attic room, when I shut myself up with my pen, much as the opium-eater seeks seclusion with his magical drug.

There was no expressed confidence between my father and myself. I had no childish secrets nor plans. Tacitly, we understood each other, but we did not pour into each other's ears any story of our inner life; and of the outer we could have no tales to tell. It was plain to every eye, simple, austere, apparently content, and filled, on my father's part, with practical works of benevolence, and on my own, with dutiful studies, and attendance upon my father.

Guess my surprise, then, on one memorable day, when my father came towards me through the clustering vines of our tangled little garden, and compelled a confidence from me, who awaited him, all trembling. He had a paper in his hand—a paper which had drifted down to him, like a great snowflake, from the diamond-paned attic window which was my

favorite retreat. His face was very pale, and when he reached me he was silent, as though his voice had failed him. His hand shook, as well as mine, and when he touched my shoulder—which, in itself, was a rare thing between us, (who were fierce lovers, but could not show our loves as slighter natures do,)—I felt, through my grey woolen gown, that his fingers were like ice. When we reached his basement “study,” and he had seated himself in his old green-morocco writing-chair, while I stood before him, culprit-wise, he spread the paper out, and, in a curious voice, asked me in a whisper:

“Is this your work?”

With the rare, painful blush of my habitual reserve, I answered:

“Yes,” and was aware, all at once, that my father was standing—was approaching me!

I shrank from him, so strange to me was the wan brightness in his face and the triumphant glory of his eyes.

“My daughter,” he cried, in a voice that I had heard, trumpet-like, in the little church, when he forgot his people, and remembered only God and heaven—“My daughter, I live again in you! All is not lost! My God, I thank Thee!”

I knew not what to think. But, presently, he seated himself, and called me to his side.

“I frightened you, my little maid,” he then said, in his own, familiar tone, “but why have you hidden this great gift from your poor old father?”

I could only stammer out, “I was not sure —”

“Ah, Hazel,” he interrupted me, with warmth, “be honest, now, with me and with yourself. You know you are born to write. You know writing, to you, is as easy as breathing is to common folk. You know that your outer life is meaningless, compared with those thrilling lives you lead when you shut yourself away in solitude. Ah, my child, do I not know it all? It is no guess-work with me. I, too, am a born writer. I have sacrificed my art—my *life*, I may say; I have been called to cast from me all worldly ambitions, all youthful dreams. Ask me not why! In you I live again. Ah, Hazel, what a noble chance is yours!”

My father put his arm about my shrinking form, drew me close, and bowed his white head on my shoulder. It was the first time I had felt the pressure of such endearments. It was

the first time I had seen that proud head bowed low, except in prayer. A solemn kiss of dismissal at night, a gentle kiss of greeting in the morning, limited the caresses to which I was accustomed. At this moment a strange yearning of protecting love awoke within my breast. The father, whom I had worshipped at a distance, became, from that instant, also an object of the tenderest solicitude. My hero-worship had turned into human love, and I think I became a woman, all at once, that day. I trembled violently, too, in this sudden recognition of my hidden gift. I gloried in my father's too-evident satisfaction, but I shuddered at the touch of even *his* hand, as it tore the veil from my dreams.

"My darling," he whispered to me, for the first time in my life, "do you know that you can restore my vanished youth, my strangled and crushed ambitions? Ah, Hazel, they account your father a happy man because the poor and sad unite in blessing him, and his townsfolk call him honorable and wise. He ought to be happy, child, but he is not. When I was young, my Hazel, the world was my field, and the whole realm of fancy was mine. I lost my heritage, through my own foolish fault. I cannot tell you all—but understand this, at least: one cannot serve two masters. This is true of worldly things, as well as spiritual, and, truest of all, my child, of things intellectual. Do you understand me, little daughter?" putting back the lank hair from my high, pale brow, and turning up my listening face to his. "I see you do!" he went on, as my eye kindled from his. "Now, are you ambitious to rule, my little maid? or, rather, are you willing and able to renew your father's youth, to fulfil his unfulfilled ambitions, and to crown his life, at its close, with a glory that he thought had faded forever?"

"I am," I answered, solemnly, my unwinking eyes on his.

"Ah, my child, do you understand all that it means—this call of yours? For it is a call, as solemn as the call of him who dons the priest's robes—as the call of him who seeks to save the lost in heathen lands, in answer to an inward voice. Are you willing to vow yourself to the service of an unrelenting power? Are you determined to kneel at feet that will spurn a divided worship? Are you willing to lay your womanhood on a pyre of sacrifice, to take vows of celibacy, moderation, hardship, unremitting toil? Are you willing to bare your

most sacred griefs, your most agonized emotions, and to forego life's sweetest solaces, and all the simple human gratifications that the hind enjoys?"

I was startled now, and stood erect before him. He had gone beyond me, and he knew it. He smiled a little sadly.

"Yes, Hazel," he said, in answer to my wondering look, "I said 'celibacy;' and you have on your tongue's tip a score of names of those—both men and women—who have achieved fame, and who have all been married, and you are going to tell me that a man must experience emotion to be able to depict it. I tell you, no!"—my father's voice rose to a pitch of intensity that startled the drowsy atmosphere of the little study. "Gratification dulls emotion; sensation brutalizes sentiment. You feel more finely with your imagination than with your heart and your body. Listen to me, Hazel. You are a Glenn. I am a Glenn. There was never a Glenn who could love or hate or work or play or think or act lightly. The curse of your race is on you, my child, the fatal gift of earnestness. Whatever you may take hold of you will take hold of with every fibre of your nature. Let your worship be undivided, and all will go well. You will triumph. The world will declare you supreme. See to it, daughter, that you turn not back from the plough. Stop now, if you must stop at all, or you will rue it all the days of your life."

I was frightened—I was scared—uncertain. I adored him, but I did not know this eager, ambitious man, who appealed to me to take such vows upon me, using the language in which he pleaded on Sundays with his wandering sheep. Why did he not urge me to put my hand to that other "plough," and not look back? Why—being what he was—did he not bid me serve God, rather than Mammon? Could it be that the strong strivings of all these faithful years had all been in vain, and that there yet burned within my father's breast the unholy fires of a worldly ambition? In this new, lurid light, my calling seemed a harder and more barren one than that of those who vowed their lives to God appeared to my unregenerate heart. He seemed to pay in far more bountiful measure than the cruel God to whom my father bade me pay my vows.

"I love you, father," I said, growing pale in excess of emotion; "why cannot some other love—should it come—be compatible with my calling?" (I had not studied the dames and knights

of Spenser, the patient wifeliness of Griselda, and the passionate abandonment of Juliet, for naught, though, practically, of love I was ignorant.)

"Even love for me," said my father gravely, "may interfere. In that case, cast it from you, as you would a weed. Consider me only as a 'character'"—with a wan smile. "Ah! my child, my child, do not fail me! Study, read, write, fill yourself with high thoughts and golden dreams. Renew my youth, and crown my desolate years with success. Will you vow, my daughter, to let no future love, no human weakness, come between you and your ambitions? And, indeed, what could come? Had you lived as other children do, I should not dare to exact such a vow. But you are nearing womanhood; you have no companions, no outer interests. You are all to me, as I am to you. Prolong this quiet, safe, and thoughtful life of ours until the time is past for youthful follies and youthful emotions, and your future success is sure. Hazel, will you bind yourself to hard labor, pure living, high dreams, so that you may become the very priestess of literature, consecrated from the outset to the service of the altar, and not a mere dabbler, or scribbler, a half-hearted dilettante?"

"Not now," I said, closing the interview, with that new, womanly courage that had come to me. "To-morrow I will come and tell you what I think," I said, as though to an equal; and, stooping, I kissed my father's brow.

As I slowly climbed to my attic room, a dove, pluming itself on the balustrade, fluttered off, frightened, and did not alight until it had reached a neighbor's fountain, sending up a silver feather of spray beyond our red-tiled kitchen roof. I sat at my latticed window until dusk fell, and later, when I had bidden my father good-night, I climbed again up to that same small room, now white and black with patches of moonshine and shadow, and there I faced the heavens and my own heart, until the rose of dawn bloomed faintly in the east, and a voice in my heart cried out: "I can! I will!"

III.

It always seems to me that unconsciousness is, after all, the only true charm of either writing or speaking, and that all conscious introspection and expression must result in corresponding lack of force. So long as I talked with my pen to an unseen, unthought-of audience, it was bliss to write. My thoughts tinkled musically like the waters of that same fountain, with its silver plume of spray. Dainty fancies, like purple-throated doves, alighted, sipped and flew away, dragonflies of wit, and honey-laden bees of memory and research, darted in and out in the sunshine, like natural accompaniments to the flow of the fountain of thought. But from the day that I went to my father and promised all that he could ask; from the moment that I took my vows upon me, and arrogated to myself the title of "Priestess of Literature," my pen was shackled.

My father sent one of my early productions to a magazine of which he thought most highly. It was accepted! I can never forget the strange and mingled emotions that filled my soul when I read my own words in print for the first time. Overweening pride, I am sure, must have tempered the abasement of humility with which I perused the lines. They were harsh, immature, yet, all the while, they were like sweet bells chiming within me. Mine—all mine! And this was my first step. Now the door was open. The multitude thronged breathless. The priestess must minister at the altar of the gods!

Nothing that I had written was worthy of that second step. I must write more. I must study more. I must do better, fairer work. My chance was before me. I must take care not to lose it! I shut myself up in my attic room, but there I held converse with the mighty ones of earth. One day my father brought me a check for a moderate amount. I stared at him. A sort of responsive quiver flitted across his face. He read my soul in my eyes.

All at once I dropped upon my knees and wept aloud.

"Father," I cried, "I have sold myself! I am debased! Father, it is a bit of my soul they have bought with a price!"

He did not answer at once. I had never cried since my

childhood, and I think the sight was strange enough to move him deeply. After a moment he lifted me and led me to the window.

"My Hazel," he said, in the voice he used only to me, "men bind even the elements to do their bidding. Do you wonder then that they are able to order the movements of a soul?"

He did not smile at my childish impracticability and exaggeration, as a slighter nature might have done. He answered me in my own high-wrought vein. He aroused my interest by his apparently inept speech.

"You must understand, my daughter, that even the highest must use lowly means. You cannot reach the multitude without doing work that has a money value in the eye of the publisher. You should not be ashamed to receive the price of your labor. Why, Hazel, this very money you despise will give you greater power. No," as he marked my gesture of disgust and disappointment, "I do not mean the power of wealth. No, dear child, the priestess of literature will never be burdened with this world's goods; but, my Hazel, you know I can give you no aids to your profession, such as travel and the higher forms of culture. You have grown up like a starveling weed, and though you have sucked some sustenance and much hard fibre from the sandy soil, you have not bloomed, as yet, as a woman, or rather, as a writer should. Take this money, then, my child, and lay it by as the nucleus of your traveling fund. One of these days—who knows?—we may go together, and wander hand in hand in lands we have only dreamt of! It is a sacred fund, dear Hazel, for by it rightly used my little priestess may minister more worthily at the high altar of her choice."

It was thus that I was reconciled to receive money for my writings; but—however foolish it may seem to those who do not think as I do—I must declare that some delicate nerve snapped within me when I yielded. I knew not the value of money, nor could it buy me anything I held desirable. My thoughts coarsened when I made them the object of barter and sale, and I was conscious, in my soul, of a loss of something rare and fine. Writing grew laborious for the first time. But my ambitions increased; my pride grew, and on that altar was I ready to lay my all. Of girlish dreams, of human passions, as regarded my own personality, I had none. But I

throbbed and agonized with all the fanciful dreams and the massive emotions of humanity, and I labored in the pangs of bringing forth before I had full power to conceive.

Poor little pinched and hardening child!—almost a woman, and shut in ignorance from all that makes a woman's lot desirable and happy.

Still, I contend, I should have held to my ideals and his. What was I to desire happiness? Why should I have strayed aside from my high destiny to look for blossoms of human joy? I did not stray at first. I sat at my work in the attic, but I found that I could not write as I had written when no thought of reward had come to me. My great, dusty volumes grew heavy to my thin, girlish hands, and my pen scratched and my paper dazzled my eyes, as I wrote in sunshine and shadow, by the high latticed window on the south. Sometimes I forgot to write, and simply lost myself in dreams.

The warm, bright skies were the skies of Verona. I, Juliet, leant from my casement, with the fragrance of the oleanders all about me, and the lemons gleaming golden among their gloomy leafage just below. My Romeo was formless; but I was passionate Juliet all the same.

It seems to me that at length the languors of spring got into my fingers and my pen, and that, in the face of these heavens and that pulsing, throbbing, fragrant flower-veiled bosom of earth, I could not write! I dared not say so to my father. I knew the fanatical enthusiasm with which he watched my progress, and I shrank from dimming the lustre of hope that shone within his eyes. It should be my blessed task to keep that flame of hope alight for him forever, and to make up for all that he had lost. He once had told me that he had inherited an affection of the heart, and I shuddered at dread of any shock that might quicken that latent weakness into disease. If it were in my power to avert it, none such should mar his waning life. Such thoughts as these had power to spur my flagging energies, and often the visions that had eluded me by daylight came flocking silently about me when the fair, glad earth and the wide, bright sky were veiled in gloom, or faintly etched in star-shine.

Yet my father must have guessed my trouble, for he warned me, one day, not to spur the willing horse. "You shut yourself up too much, Hazel," he said kindly; "you must study this bright

world and your fellow-man as well as the depths of your own heart, and the thoughts of the mighty dead. Mix with your kind more—or, if you will not do that," suddenly bethinking himself, maybe, that this advice was somewhat contrary to his plans of life for me, and well knowing my aversion to strange faces and even friendly acquaintances, "at least make an outdoor studio of our own sweet wilderness of greenery, and I am sure that the warmth and sunshine and the fragrance of the flowers will give you sustenance for body and mind. You are a pale little blossom, my daughter, and your chosen vocation calls for tough fibres, and substance as well as shadow."

I took his advice, as a kind of reprieve, for my books were beginning to haunt me, waking or sleeping. Nevertheless, I carried one under my arm, mechanically, as I betook myself to the furthest limit of our enclosure, where gnarled and grotesque old fig-trees stood knee-deep in ragweed, and half-covered with clusters of pale-lilac wistaria. It was a sequestered spot, branching off from the garden proper, and turning sharply off behind the red-tiled kitchen, standing amidst its beds of sweet thyme and marjoram, with borders of white alyssum. It seemed to beckon me from my high window with its soft, hanging bunches of faintly perfumed blossoms, and that tall, silver plume upheld on the other side of the wall, with its flutter of doves, its murmur of bees and its flashing dragon-flies.

Here I climbed on the most grotesquely gnarled old tree, and, resting my thin arms on the top of the wall, looked down upon the court below. I had often done so before, for the neighboring house had long been unoccupied, save by one bed-ridden old lady and her husband, who was away all day at his office.

But to-day the scene was changed. Tip-toeing cautiously, a figure advanced across the lawn, fair as Belphebe. All in soft, white wool, with a girdle of old coins about her slender waist, and a silver dagger thrust through her massive braids of hair, she was to me a revelation—to me who knew nothing and cared less for the pretty whims of fashion! Her hands were full of loose-petaled pink roses, and dimples were coming and going all over her bright young face as she softly stepped towards the fountain. Lying on the brink, and pillowed on an open book, lay a young god. I say "a young god" ad-

visedly, because so, in all seriousness, he appeared to me. I could see him distinctly where he lay. His crisp, light hair was uncovered, and stood up in little ripples and waves all over his shapely head. I had never seen hair like that before. His features were clear-cut, his skin was as fair as a girl's, and his long lashes curled upwards, where they lay against his cheek and made a deep yet delicate shadow. One slender, brown hand was tossed above his head, the other lay carelessly across his breast.

To me it was all like a fair picture; but suddenly, as the girl stood above him, her roses poised to drop in a fragrant shower, something strange began to throb and flutter in my breast. I stirred to cast off the spell, but it held me fast. A new, strange, frightened emotion shook me as with a hand of power. I was weak and helpless where I sat, but my heart beat so loud that I could hear nothing else, pulses awoke all over me, and joined the echoing beat of my heart with confusing throbs of their own. Then the girl suddenly let fall her dewy shower of rose-petals with a shrill, sweet laugh of derision, and I slid down from the tree, and, lifting my long gray skirt, fled to the house, panting, breathless, yet strangely glad and strangely troubled, and strangely, sweetly strong and young, for once.

My father stroked my cheek, with a new look, as he met me in the hall, and I, pondering that look, sat before my mirror in my own room, and wondered how that wan, ungirlish face and lank, brown hair must look to other eyes.

IV.

The next day, when I tried to write, my eyes were full of that sunny little court, with the fountain, and the two who had come, like Una and the "stranger knight," to give a human interest to the spot. I would write a love tale, I decided. All my attempts had hitherto been in the form of abstract essays or poems that had their birth in some vague golden realm, or careful, critical dissertations on the works of my favorite authors. For the first time I felt the impulse to give my fancies a "local habitation and a name." Why should I not

write of love and lovers? Had not my father said: "You feel more finely with your imagination than with your heart and body?" That coin-girdled girl, with her dagger-pierced hair, should be my first heroine. But when I tried to describe her as she had appeared to me across the sun-lit lawn, I found myself idly scribbling:

"Like sunny beams threw from her crystal face,
That could have dazed the rash beholder's sight;
And round about her head did shine like heaven's light.
She was arrayed all in lily white."

Again and again I tried to write my own words and not those of another. But, unconsciously, there sprang into my mind such descriptions as:

"Her face so fair, of flesh it seemed not."
"And, for her cheeks, the vermeil red did show
Like roses on a bed of lilies shed."
"Her ivory forehead, full of bounty brave."
"Her yellow locks, crisped like golden wire."

And when I tried to recall her dress and surroundings, it seemed to me that truly in very fact,

"She was y-clad, for heat of scorching air,
All in a silken camus, lily white,
Purpled upon with many a folded plight,
Which all above besprinkled was throughout
With golden aiguillettes that glissened bright
Like twinkling stars; and all the skirt about
Was hemmed with golden fringe, and gorgeously set out."

Languidly I tossed aside my pen. What was the use? I had read too much. I had filled my mind so full with images from my favorite poets that the spring of originality was dried within me. Even now, gazing idly into the tawny depths of the sunlight beneath me, trying to recall that prostrate figure, so significant, even in its stillness, of life and manhood and vigor, there echoed through my mind:

"Wrath is a fire, and Jealousy a weed,
Grief is a flood, and Love a monster fell!"

What had I to do with these? What stirred such strange suggestions in my breast? Nor wrath, nor jealousy, nor grief

had ever touched my life, and only absorbing filial love had cast its spell upon me. But I shuddered as I listened to that voice within me. Must I pass through such a baptism of fire and flood, and wrestle with that "monster fell?"

I would not! I would never leave my den. I would turn my back forever upon that perilous world, and clasp to my heart my books, the truest friends and comforters.

My experience of that day was my experience of many days after. The thoughts of others came glibly enough from my pen. My memory seemed abnormal. But, for my originality, I might just as well have been copying literally from Spenser or Shakspeare or Milton. I had scarcely ever read a novel. All my ideas had been formed on strictly classical models, chiefly on the works of the poets of the Elizabethan age, and, while I revelled perhaps more luxuriously than ever in such daintinesses as those of Suckling and Herrick and Lovelace, I had lost that irrepressible outbreak of rippling thought which had been such a bliss to me, and had buoyed me up to my present point of ambition. To my starved personality there now had come a taste of the poisonous sweetness of life. I was still unconscious of purpose, and when, in the waning afternoon, I laid aside my books and stole out, ghostly in my grey gown, to the hidden nook, in sight of the silvery plume, it did not appear to me that I was going in search of forbidden fruit. I was only obeying my father's express commands.

In the meantime, my father had coaxed from me all that I had ever written—that is, all that I had preserved as possibly worthy of publication. It speaks well for my critical faculty, even at that early age, that, without exception, those early productions found their way, through one channel or another, into print. All appeared under my own signature, "Hazel Glenn," and already our little town was talking of the "pastor's daughter," as of one gifted with extraordinary talent. Such talk reached me only rarely, through my mother's kinsfolk, and while I received such praises silently, they filled me with a sort of bitter contempt for my admirers. I cared for no approval save my own and my father's. My pride was cold and hard, my nature unsoftened by girlish shames or fears.

That sunny court, with its silver plume of spray, had become the stage of life to me. It was the *locale* of all my incomplete romances, and I studied its every paving-stone, its

every blade of grass, with an eagerness that grew more intense day by day. I gave my father nothing more. I told him that I was about to launch into a new field. His confidence in my powers was boundless, and my success already seemed to him amazing. He revelled in the praises which he dared not repeat to me, and gave me utter freedom to adjust my labors to my own moods—always within the limits of my vows, of which, however, he never reminded me.

Nor was I altogether unworthy of his trust. Fiercely I fought my growing lassitude, and for those hours of feverish, stolen indulgence in the hidden nook behind the kitchen walls I exacted, from throbbing brain and weary imagination, a nightly pound of flesh. The harder my task grew, the more methodically did I pursue it. My pastime had become a painful penance, but I clung to it the more obstinately on that account.

It was strange how that lawn and paved court and fountain absorbed me. Generally there was no one visible when I sought the crooked fig-tree, but sometimes one or other of my *dramatis personæ*, or both, walked there at twilight or at sunset, and then I watched them, dry-lipped, parch-throated, with a savage eagerness that savored more of painful fascination than of innocent curiosity. The man was older than I had thought him as he lay asleep. His brow was lined, as though with care, and, though his sunny locks were almost babyish in their clustering, his violet eyes were deep and dark and stern, and his slender hand, though sinewy, was rather that of the student than of the athlete or artisan. Once I watched him far into the twilight, pacing back and forward—up and down—his hands behind him, and his chin upon his breast. Now advancing, till I shrank and hid, trembling, among the vines; now retreating, while I gazed upon his boyish head and tight clasped hands, as though to learn their secrets by the power of my eyes. Then "Belphebe," as I had named her, came swiftly out across the lawn, glancing brightly from "under the shadow of her even brows." The sudden twilight dropped upon them as they walked together. Her eyes were level with his own, her step kept pace with his. Her hand was slipped within his arm, comrade-fashion. I could not tear myself away. Softly the twilight melted into night. My hair was wet with dew, but I knew it not.

What if I were walking there with a lover? What if I, like Jessica, had stolen out to meet some violet-eyed Lorenzo? The moon silently climbed the eastern sky, and suddenly tipped the loose ends of Belphebe's hair with light. They paused beside the fountain to watch the dancing stars and the shower of silver arrows that pierced its quivering breast. Hand in hand they bent toward the water. Just then something wild and hot and hungry sprang to savage life within my breast, and tore and gnawed and worried like a beast of prey. My frail body writhed in anguish, and I reached out with my thin hands for some strong support. There was none. The purple-enamelled skies, with their great moon gem, grew strangely unsteady, then whirled with a rushing sound above me. All beneath me was space—a black and awful gulf, wherein chaos throbbed, and the unquiet earth tossed upward and then sank, shuddering, down.

Into this gulf I fell.

V.

Chip—chip—chip—chip. It was the sound of a chisel. It was Pygmalion's chisel, chipping me. I was Galatea. I knew it, although my eyes were tightly closed. There was anguish at every touch of that chisel—the anguish of awakening life.

“A moment's grace, Pygmalion; let me be
A breath's space longer on this hither land.
Of fate too sweet, too sad, too mad, to meet.”

Did I whisper it or only think it? Did he hear me? For there was a moment's pause. Then I heard far-off voices, murmuring together. I was still Galatea, but I was hardening back into stone. From my half-shapen bed of marble, I could hear the voices of humanity. A voice I did not know was saying softly:

“Talent wears well, genius wears itself out. The man who has talent sails successfully on the top of the wave; the man with genius beats himself to pieces, fifty to one, on the first rock he meets; but”—the voice came nearer; Pygmalion laid his hand upon my heart—“this little woman shall not beat herself to pieces, if we can help it.”

A wave of pulsing life broke through my marble veins. I was still Galatea, but I was under my sculptor's touch, "or soothed or gashed at mercy of his will."

"Now Paradise my portion, and now Hell."

Passive I lay, until by and by some strong thought broke its bonds within me, and, struggling up in the gloom, I cried out, in an unfamiliar voice:

"Pygmalion, take me from my pedestal,
And set me lower, lower, love!—that I
May be a woman and look up to thee,
And, looking, longing, loving, give and take
The human kisses, worth the worst that thou
By thine own nature shalt inflict on me!"

My sculptor's arms were round me. His chisel was cast aside. My marble melted into flesh and blood, and with a woman's weakness I broke out into a shuddering fit of tears and sobs. The tears washed away the darkness from my eyes. I opened them on tempered daylight and my own snug room. My head was on my father's breast, and the place was very still.

"Where is he?" I asked; "where is Pygmalion?"

My father shook his head. "You wander, my Hazel," he answered, in his own literal fashion. "But close your eyes and rest, and everything will grow clear to you once more."

I looked beyond him, but I saw no one. I could not look long. The shaded windows winked at me, and the pictures on the walls jeered silently. Coldness and darkness fell about me once again.

I do not know how long it was, but I opened my eyes on the "stranger-knight," Belphebe's lover, whom I had last seen by the moonlit fountain. He was writing something by the window, with knitted brows, and I watched him quietly, for I knew that, like Pygmalion, he was only the creature of a dream. Beside me sat an old woman whom I did not know. She was knitting silently, and I knew that, presently, both of them would vanish out of sight.

By and by the young man by the window began to hum, in a gentle monotone:

"In the spring, a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast,
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest,
In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove,
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

He was gazing out over the drawn blind, and I could guess that his thoughts were wantoning in the sunshine of the garden and the sky. The words were Tennyson's, I knew, and, though I did not care for Tennyson, I drank in every sound with eager enjoyment. All at once he turned.

"Hello!" he cried, in a startled tone; and then I knew that he was real.

"It is really you, then?" I said, in a weak voice, holding out my hand.

I saw a quick flush stain his white brow. He looked helplessly about him, and then strode to my side, and took my hand in his.

"You know me then?" he asked.

It was my turn to blush. A slow, shame-born glow crept over my chilly body, and up to my hollow eyes.

"Yes—I know you; I know you," I answered breathlessly, "but not your name!"

"I am Dr. Lamarque," he answered, gravely, "and I am glad to see you look so much better. I fancy you have not been so unconscious as you seemed, else my unfamiliar presence would have startled you."

I smiled and said nothing. Then I thought of Belphebe, and her straight, strong fairness, and I shut my eyes, with a little gesture of fatigue.

Things did not get straight for me for many weary days. That fancy of quivering under the chipping of Pygmalion's chisel returned to me often when I slept, and I would wake with aching head and heavy heart, to find myself watched over and surrounded with anxious solicitude that seemed to fetter me.

"What is it?" I asked one day of Dr. Lamarque, as he sat beside my bed. "How did you get here? When I last saw you, you were standing by the fountain, hand in hand with Belphebe, and—" Here I saw that he fancied me wandering, and I stopped him with a gesture of anger. "I am myself!" I said harshly. "I want to get up from this bed! I want my books! I want my pen! Why does no one talk to me? Why

does everyone step softly? They madden me! Where is my father? Why do you keep me here?"—and then I cried petulantly, like a child.

My doctor put his hand on my throbbing head, but said never a word. That cool hand calmed me strangely, and before I knew what I had done, I had turned under it and laid my lips against its palm. Then I turned my face to the wall and wondered whether the old nurse had looked up from her knitting. It was the first time I had feared a human glance.

After this there began for me a time that I must call happy, if any true happiness ever came to bless that crooked life of mine. My father had grown grayer and more worn in his solicitude for me. It had, I guessed long after, been a fearful shock to him to find me lying lifeless, that moonlight night, under the fig-tree in the garden. No thought of my vows or of my laurels yet to be won was needed to intensify his devotion. All that was fatherly awoke anew within him at thought of my possible death. All the strong passion of his affection was centred in my frail, small self, and I think that had there now come to him a choice between a long and humble life for me, or a brilliant and brief career, he would have set aside his ambitions without a struggle. But no such call was made. My vow was yet in force. He had summoned the best physician he could find—a specialist in troubles of the brain, a man who, in less than thirty years of life, had already carved a niche in the heart of suffering humanity. That he was so near a neighbor seemed fortunate to my father, and when Dr. Lamarque declared his deep interest in this especial case, and detailed his probable treatment, my father unhesitatingly left him to pursue whatever course to him seemed best.

"I propose most gradually," I heard him say one day to my father in the adjoining room, "to bring her back to her usual avocations. I do not mean to let her starve for her beloved books. When I can spare the time I shall amuse her, if you give me leave, with such gentle exercise of the mind as seems best suited to her weakness and reviving health."

Not till long afterwards did I guess that he henceforth sacrificed for me the hours hitherto devoted to study and recreation.

My father hesitated before he answered him. I wonder if there came to him a fear lest this man, with his fair face and

deep, wise, violet eyes, might shake my vows of ambition. Then he answered, earnestly:

"I can but thank you, Dr. Lamarque, for your great kindness, and your interest in my daughter's case. Do what seems best. Only restore her to me and to health, and my eternal gratitude is yours."

From that day I was no longer a barren intellect, dry and sharp and brilliant. I became as a little child, as I lay watching my doctor's face, as he sketched absurd little caricatures, shady woodland scenes, or carved for me with his pen-knife quaint little baskets, heathen gods, and geometrical designs, from a peach-stone or the heart of a cherry. All the time he talked lightly and brightly, telling me of his travels in the West, of his journeyings by sea and rail, of his wanderings in Old England, and his sojourn in the south of France. My imagination kindled softly and warmly within me as he talked, and I told him of my dream of travel with my father. Was it fancy that his deep eyes lingered on my face with something like a kind caress?

"How clever you are!" I told him, watching his nimble fingers.

"Clever?" with a touch of keen self-scorn; "'I have that twist in my brain which is the curse of the Italian—a sort of devilish quickness at doing well which prevents us ever doing our best!'"

"You are quoting," I said. "Who said that first?"

"Ouida."

"I don't know 'Ouida,'" I answered.

"Of course not!"—he laughed like a boy. "She is too modern for you; but I find myself quoting her often. Do you know what else she said? 'From the moment that another life has any empire over ours, peace is gone!' That is true!"

He tossed aside his pencil and rose to go. I lay there and said the words over to myself, and found fault with my old nurse because a bird sang too loudly in the oleander tree beside the window.

When I saw him next I asked, in my new, childish fashion: "Did Belphebe destroy your peace, then?"

"'Belphebe?'"

"Yes; the tall, beautiful girl with the silver girdle, who stood with you beside the fountain."

"Oh," he made answer, blushing and laughing, "Amy, my

cousin Amy. Ah, no!" He walked to the window, and stood silent. Then he came to my sofa—I was promoted to a sofa now. "No, no!" he said, in a low, introspective tone, "*Un amour rechauffe ne vaut rien!*" Amy is a very sweet girl, but my peace does not come nor go at her bidding!"

"Oh, my cousin, shallow-hearted!
Oh, my Amy, mine no more!"

I quoted mockingly, in my little, weak voice, as I watched his face. It seems to me that coquetry is innate in every woman. Even I, who had scarcely spoken to any man except my father, could cover a sentiment with a jest, and capriciously try my power—*my* power, weak, pale, plain, small invalid as I was—against this young god of my first romance. Had I met Dr. Lamarque in the usual social fashion, I might have been shy with him, and passed him by with little interest, but he had come to me out of my dreams. He had played the part of Pygmalion, and I had been his Galatea!

At last the day came when I was free to come and go. My father talked with me, and waked my old ambitions, and something healthy and glad seemed to respond within me. The world was wider, sweeter, far more beautiful than it had ever been, and I could write of human nature now, because I knew Dr. Lamarque so well.

I tore up all that I had written, and began a new romance. My heroine was Belphebe, as before, and my hero was the Doctor. All that day I wrote with vigor, and the next, and the next. My story seemed all that it should be, even to my critical mind.

At the end of a week I began to feel the old lassitude creeping over me. I dropped the pen, and, leaning from the window, began to dream. What if I had been Belphebe, and my lover had been Philip Lamarque? I closed my eyes. Clad in white robes, I stood beside the fountain with him, hand in hand. Then I shrank from a sudden thought that stung me: "*Un amour rechauffe—*" He had loved her, or fancied that he loved her; but now he loved her no more! Ah, what wretchedness that must be! I sprang to my feet. I was glad I was not Belphebe, but only Hazel Glenn. I would remodel my story! Meanwhile, I sought my mirror and gazed into two inscrutable eyes without deriving any satisfaction from the

gazing. Late that afternoon I stole to my old haunt in the fig-tree, for the first time since my illness. When I looked down into the court, Dr. Philip Lamarque stood just below my perch, looking upward, with expectant eyes.

"Ah, you witch of a child, are you there at last?" he cried. "I have watched for you every evening! Surely it is time for you to consult me again! Are you trying once more to kill yourself with those eternal books?"

I sat and smiled down passively upon him. It seemed as though I had known all along that he would be there. He reached up one brown hand to me, and I laid my own within it for a moment.

"If you could know how I miss my little patient," he went on, with that cordial frankness of manner that always seemed to me so enviable a gift, "you would pity me a little! I think of her all day, and dream of her all night!" lowering his voice till it reached me as a voice in a dream.

"Belphebe," I began, softly, yet with a happy sense of security about my heart; but he answered with a low chuckle of amusement.

"Belphebe—ah! she's away! And—if she were not—Well if one could hang Belphebe upon one's wall in a golden frame, he were a happy man! But for 'human nature's daily food,' give me something smaller, slighter, wittier, brighter. Belphebe cannot supply *your* place!"

Yes, he really said these words, and said them gravely, almost timidly, and a strange, golden mist seemed floating before my eyes. I was very weak still. When I made a motion to go, he held my hand for a moment, and said:

"I am coming to call on you soon. There is no ban against it, is there? It will not do for the great writer, Hazel Glenn, to be seen chatting with her young doctor over the back fence!"

I flushed with sudden shame and mortification, and drew back hastily. But he still held my hand.

"Nay, nay, then," he said, gently, drawing me forward, "do I not know that you are a very Una, and that one cannot judge you by the laws that govern other women? I meant no rebuke, my child! Have I not stood beside you when your tongue was loosed by fever? Have I not learned the secrets of your spotless heart? Who am I to say a word, even of

guidance, to a soul like yours? You are 'wise as the serpent and harmless as the dove'—above all the foolish laws of etiquette!"

Nevertheless it stung me that he should think that I could disregard such laws, and I said good-bye at once.

Two days later my father said to me carelessly:

"Dr. Lamarque called last evening, and asked for you, but I did not think it necessary that he should see you. I told him how you were getting on. He is a pleasant young fellow, and I owe him a debt of gratitude. But he is somewhat young for a family physician. If you need any further doctoring I shall call in Dr. Brown. He is an old foggy, but he does very well in ordinary cases. Dr. Lamarque proposed to send his cousin to call upon you, and took upon himself to lecture me—me!" my father repeated, knitting his rough, white brows—"for keeping you shut away from the amusements and companions natural to your youth. I led him to understand quite courteously, Hazel, that you had enjoyments you appreciated more than even his society and that of his cousin; and I fancy I sent the fellow off, as the saying is, with 'a flea in his ear.'"

I said nothing, but I fancied that my father eyed me more keenly than usual all that day, and I felt a horrible blank within me that I could not fully understand.

VI.

After that there was nothing for me to do but pursue my labors, win fame, and gratify my father. My illness was but an episode, best forgotten, and Dr. Lamarque himself had pointed out to me the impropriety of studying my neighbor's premises. I had only to take up my thoughts from the point they had reached before that silvery plume had beckoned me down to the fig-tree on the day when the doctor had lain asleep beside the fountain, and all would be well. Strange, that this seemed so hard! I was quite well now; in fact, stronger than I had ever been. A new feeling of buoyancy possessed me, accompanied by great restlessness. Outside things—the booming of a bee, the soaring voice of a bird, the

shrill cry of a fruit-seller—distracted my attention as they had never done before, and I got on very slowly with my work. But my father was satisfied. He was pleased that I had begun a long and ambitious romance, and encouraged me in every way. Yet, strange to say, a thin veil of reserve, intangible yet very real, was stretched between his soul and mine.

One day, as he turned over the pages of the daily newspaper, he uttered a slight ejaculation, and glanced toward me. When he left the room I seized the paper and studied its columns. They were all unfamiliar to me, as I scarcely ever read a paper. On the last page I found a notice of the fact that "Our distinguished townsman, Dr. Philip Lamarque," had been called to a distant city to attend the bedside of an official of high rank. He would be away for some months, the notice announced vaguely. This, then, was the source of my father's ejaculation. But why did he look at me? My restlessness left me, after this, as though by magic. I became again the dutiful daughter and unwearied student that I had been before my illness; indeed, save to my own strained consciousness, I had never been anything else.

One night, late in the fall, however, just after our early tea, I felt that some new spirit was urging me to idleness. As I looked out of the circle of light in which I wrote, a sudden clear-sightedness showed me the whole dusty, desolate room. I was even aware that I, myself, must make a piteous picture, in my small black shawl, bending wearily over my desk. I threw down my pen with a sense of disgust. I touched my pile of dusty encyclopædias with a dissatisfied foot. Why was I not like other women—other girls, for I was but seventeen!

It was the first time that such a thought had come to me. Why was I not content to brighten my home as other women did? Why, we lived like two book-worms, my father and I; he at his desk and I at mine. He entertained only brother clergymen and men of science, and I always held aloof from his guests as though I were only the family ghost, and not the daughter of the house. Our old Phyllis attended to all household duties, of which I was in dense ignorance.

I paced the floor with quick steps. I felt my arms growing round and firm; I smoothed my hair with a questioning hand. I flung out my hands, as though to break some unseen bonds. The room felt prison-like. I opened the window and looked

out. The garden lay still in the chilly light of the stars. I ran lightly down the stairs, and, gathering my shawl up close to my throat, slipped out and buried my face in some spicy flowers in bloom. Their fragrance seemed the breath of life to me. I was exalted, buoyant! Then I paused, like a thing at bay. Why not? What harm? Who was there to see me now? Not even Dr. Lamarque! Then I ran down through the sprawling vines towards my nook behind the kitchen wall. I dared not climb the fig-tree. I stood watching the fountain rise and fall. All at once a man swung himself over the wall, and, catching at the giant ladder of the wistaria vine, let himself lightly down before me. It was Philip Lamarque. I felt my heart stand still, then leap like a thing possessed. He took my two hands and eyed me in the starlight.

"I feel like a scoundrel!" were the first words he uttered, while I trembled under his touch. "But your father himself has driven me to it. I went to him like a man and told him that I loved you, and wanted to make you my wife, and he laughed me to scorn, and told me he would permit no such sacrifice as that. Now, I will take my dismissal from no lips but yours! But—perhaps," he added, hesitatingly, seeing that I did not speak, "perhaps he told you all about it—and—he spoke with authority from you. Ah, Hazel—darling—put me quickly out of pain! Do you—*can* you love me, even as I love you?" But I was silent only because I could not speak. The warmth of his touch, the ineffable sweetness of his presence, held me as with a spell.

The first definite thought that came to me was that my father had deceived me. The next, that I had made a solemn vow, and would keep it. Then I said stupidly:

"I do not understand!" and withdrew myself a space.

"Ah—you do! you do!" I heard a ring of triumph in his voice. "You could not stand it any more than I could, and so you have come to me, my love! my love!"

As God is my witness, I had never thought of this. I had, in my usual dream-conceptions, fancied myself Belphebe, and his love, just as I had fancied myself the Queen of Sheba, or Una, or Eve in the garden of Eden, or Queen Elizabeth, or the Lady Rowena, but that he, in bodily form, should stand before me and avow his love, had never come within the region

of my thoughts. "Ah," he went on, "could any man forget the touch of those soft lips upon his palm? Hazel, my child, my little love, you love me! You know you love me as I love you!"

Love him? Could it be? Was this love—this wave that seemed to rise to my heart, to rush in my ears, to threaten to engulf me? I staggered and held to the limb of a tree. Then I found my tongue.

"You must not!" I said pantingly, "I have made a vow! I cannot love—I must not—I will not!"

"But you *do*!" He grasped my wrists and drew me nearer. "You cannot help yourself. You will marry me, darling, will you not? Your vow is nonsense, madness, cruelty! It would be wicked to keep it! What is life without love?"

I tore myself away and rushed back to the house. All the way I heard the words: "What is life without love?" "WHAT IS LIFE WITHOUT LOVE?" I undressed hastily in the dark and went to bed. I buried my head in the pillow to shut out the sound, but all that night I put that question to my tempest-tossed heart: "What is life without love?" All that night I could feel the pressure of those fingers, burning, burning into my wrists. All that night I could see the eyes that had sought mine in the starlight shining on me with a look I had never seen before. But my vow! It should be kept.

I am sure that my father noted some change in my looks next day, for he called me to him and felt my pulse anxiously, though he said nothing. That day passed as in a dream, and the next and the next; I sitting before my desk but writing never a word. On the third evening—must I confess it?—I put my shawl over my head and stole into the garden. I had left so abruptly. He might be hurt or vexed. It was childish of me to rush away like that. Why not tell him candidly my reasons and my determination? But, though I waited as long as I dared, he never came. With a sickening sense of disappointment I stole back to the house. Evening after evening the same performance was repeated, my father suspecting nothing. But the little court, with its tireless fountain, was empty, and no agile figure swung itself over the wall. Night after night I wrestled with my thoughts, grown now too big for me. Strange puzzles as to life and its ends came into

my mind; strange questionings of God and my soul. Was not happiness, after all, rather than duty, the end and aim of all things? What constitutes happiness? Why should one mortal have power to pain another? Who should decide as to the right and wrong of things? All the time I grew pale and pinched. A hand as of iron was grasping my heart. I was humbled to the dust. Fool to cherish such bold ambitions when the touch of a man's warm hand had power to shatter them to atoms! Fame seemed light as thistle-down, and Love the highest good. I grew to understand that this ache meant only an unworthy longing to touch that hand and to look into those eyes again. I was abased. At last, one night, I roused suddenly from my dull round of weary questionings. A light had dawned on me. I had broken my vow in spirit. Why not break it in reality? I could surely sink no lower than I had already sunk. What folly to cling to the letter of my vow when, after all, I had broken faith! I had turned traitor, why not, at least, enjoy the rewards of my treachery, since peace of mind and rectitude of soul had fled forever? What was the prison of intellect in which my father, would fetter me, compared with that free life of love outside?

I was strong all at once, triumphant, almost glad! I walked bravely down to the fig-tree in the open sunlight. I stood beside the wall and called softly: "Philip! Philip!" No answer. My heart sank like lead. He had left me, then—left me forever! I had heard that men did not cling to a barren hope as a foolish woman would! And I? I was abased. All I asked now was permission to touch that hand, to give up all for him, to cast myself, unworthy, (God knows how unworthy!) upon his love; to sacrifice my career, my father, my soul to him! God help me! I was but a woman after all!

Can I ever forget how it all ended? Like a patient pilgrim I sought my shrine daily, or rather nightly, with now but little hope. One gray evening, when the air was raw, and little frosted sullen pools lay all about the garden walks, I leant against the fig-tree, wondering how I had suffered the joy of life to escape when it had lain within my grasp. A stinging little rain began to whip my cheeks, but I could not go yet, clinging to the hope that he might come. A mortal coldness seized me. It seemed to me that I must die, and yet I could not stir from the spot. Dark clouds overhead threat-

ened with distant murmurs. There was not a star to be seen. How would it be if I might go up boldly to the house and ask for Dr. Lamarque? Suddenly I called as I had called before: "Philip! Philip!" and my voice rose in a kind of hopeless wail.

"Hush! hush! They will hear you!" Through the storm and the cold he had come to me at last. Ineffable joy was mine. My head, all rough and wet, lay on his breast. His dear, warm arms around me. His hands clasped mine, as though they would never let me go again. Stooping in the gloom, that had, all at once, become kindly, he laid his lips to mine, and I seemed to swing off into heaven.

Rude was my awakening. A sudden flash of lightning revealed to me my father's face, distorted with fierce wrath.

"Girl! to your chamber!" he cried, in a terrible voice. "My reckoning, sir, must be with you!"

Mutely I followed to the house. Mutely I sought my room. And from that room I was summoned, in hot haste and mortal terror, by old Phyllis, to see my father lying dead in Philip's arms. Philip uttered only two words when I entered:

"Heart disease!"

But a million voices in heaven and earth and hell woke up and cried aloud another word that struck me into blind unconsciousness.

VII.

I was a priestess foresworn. My vows were broken, my ideals of life destroyed. Above all, I had killed my father. I had done to death the old man who had hoped to live again in me. It seemed strange, but I knew that this was true, for those voices in heaven and earth and hell kept sounding in my ears: "Murderess! Murderess!" By night, they swelled until they killed all other sounds. By day I was busy trying to drown them for fear they should affright the stillness of the room where my father lay at peace. Strange! I had meant to do his will. I had believed that I might shield him from the death that menaced him. Yet it was I who had killed him.

I believe that I acted with propriety. I believe that I presented the aspect of a desolate girl suddenly bereft of her

dearest friend and nearest protector. But, within all was cunning alertness, shame, despair, and a wild, surging impulse of fear rather than of honest grief. I was a criminal at heart—a hunted, despicable thing, susceptible only of the fear of discovery. I had murdered my father, but I would not call it by that name, yet. Surely there must have been some reason for the deed. Surely there might be some excuse. I must try and remember!

Yet think as I might, I could see nothing but that I had wilfully done the deed.

I had forgotten my lover, but, as I sat in the old green writing chair where I had flung myself when I had shaken off all my long-faced condolers, he came to me along the sunny garden path. He bared his bright head at the door, and I laughed aloud to think how to him I only appeared as a poor little innocent girl whose father had just been laid in the grave. At the sound of that shrill laugh he shuddered, but he came straight to where I sat, all swathed in crepe and bombazine. I looked up at him strangely, for a new thought stirred within me. Perhaps he might not view me thus, after all!

This is my accomplice—I said to myself—and I had much ado not to say it aloud. He is accessory before the fact. This was the bond between us, a potent reason, if there were none other, why I should not break with this lover of mine. He and I, between us, had slain that old man. We must let no one into the secret. But it would not do even to speak of it to one another. God might hear!

My lover cared nothing for my strange looks. He knelt beside me and tore away my swathing veil. He gathered me into his arms and close to his beating heart. How that heart beat! Throb-throb! Throb-throb! with a little staccato motion just between. How heavenly warm it was in those arms, to me who had been so cold! How tense those arms were! They held me as though they would never let me go, and as they held me, those cruel voices sank into silence. Closer he held me, ever closer. "Darling—light of my eyes—desire of my heart!" Kisses, words of passion, of pity, of tenderness, of grief; caresses—tears even—he rained down upon me, until some evil spirit passed out of me, leaving me light of soul, soft of heart, a panting, breathing, loving woman, weeping her filial grief out on her lover's breast. Ah—those voices had no power to affright

me now! What were my broken vows, my murdered father—my buried past—to this? Now, for the first time, did I truly live.

Yet it needed only for my lover to say at last: "I must go," for a pang of pain and fear to rend my heart. I had not thought of that. Go? How could he? It would tear the fibres of my being. Go! Impossible! I would beseech him not to leave me. Without him, I should be delivered once more to the horror of my thoughts. Already the voices were uplifted, were coming nearer, nearer.

"Philip," I cried, speaking for the first time, and clinging to his hand—"O, my Philip, do not go! I cannot bear it! Do not leave me, Philip!" "Why, my darling," he said, with a well-pleased smile; lifting my face to his, "I must go some time. But it shall never be for long; and—Hazel—when—" his voice broke, his blue eyes shone into mine.

Again he caught me close, and whispered, till I glowed and quivered like a century plant just bursting into bloom.

And who had I to ask? And what was there to delay me? What was there in that old house but a white-haired ghost, and accusing voices that cried through every hour of the day and night one terrible cry?

What wonder that I went away with him before very long? Went, in my fatal black gown, to the altar, blindly and blissfully, hoping to forget.

It was thus I turned my back upon that other altar at which I had sworn to minister, and began a new life as Hazel Lamarque.

VIII.

Alone in a dim room, trying to adjust fact and fancy, I had lost all power to write. I had been through a baptism of flame, and could not quite recall what had snapped my life off short. I walked to the window and took into my fingers the filmy curtain of lace that swept the floor, not to look out, but to note carefully the texture of the beautiful drapery. Between the windows stood an *escritoire* of rosewood, inlaid with curious arabesques in brass and pearl. It was fitted with all the richest appliances, in cut glass and gold; quills and

jewelled staff stood ready to my hand. As I stood there idly, I broke, with a click, a pretty ivory quill and tossed it from me. Then I walked to the long mirror and looked in. I saw a slight figure in a clinging gown of pale India silk, all crested with wavelets of lace. I looked at my hands. They were small and dark, but rosy-tipped and delicately tapered. They interested me. They seemed to have a latent strength all disproportioned to their size. Then I looked steadily into the eyes that met my own—moody eyes, with a secret sparkle, like the gathering flamelets of a hidden fire. Brown hair, carefully arranged, high, pale forehead, aquiline nose, straight-lipped mouth, small, sharp chin—all, even the slender arms that I raised to note the sweep of the soft, wrinkled sleeves, all belonged to the murderess, Hazel Glenn.

Guilt had purchased for her these fair surroundings, and her accomplice had heaped upon her the rewards of iniquity. And how clever she was! How well she had hidden from the world her crime! How accomplished she had grown in dissimulation!

I made her a mocking courtesy as I stood before her, and I laughed aloud. Dr. Lamarque came in as I laughed, and caught my arms from behind.

"What amuses my darling so?" he asked, turning my face up for a kiss. "My little, lazy, trifling wife! What has come to you, Hazel? You are like a bird in a gilded cage. All day long you pace this floor, and play with your pens, and admire yourself in the mirror. What shall I do with such a pretty toy? Why, I thought I was marrying a worker, and, behold! I have married a doll!" All the while he was fondling my hands and the smooth braids of my hair.

"You are a dreadful cheat," he went on. "You deceived me from the very first. I little dreamt that such an austere, pale little nun could develop into a beauty-worshipper, a luxurious creature who wantons in the sunshine of love like a butterfly. But,"—he paused and smoothed the hair that he had tumbled,—“for all that, my butterfly, your husband adores you—adores you, beloved,” with a tremulous chord in his voice, “and thanks God daily for the blessing of your love. Oh,” with a burst of passion, clasping me close, “what should I do without my Hazel? God, spare her to me always!”

I caught, over his shoulder, a cunning sparkle from the eyes

in the mirror, a cold, amused sneer, even while the pink-tipped brown hand fell with a caress among his curls.

"And why are you so mute, Hazel darling? You just fix your eyes wistfully on me, like some dumb thing that struggles for utterance; you suffer my caresses, and you grow prettier and prettier every day. But I believe I have an Undine for my wife. The little, wan girl who clung to me with such wild fervor in the old library has been spirited away, and"—a panic of sudden remembrance flashed into the watchful eyes in the mirror, a sudden tremor shook the billowy laces of my gown—"Ah, forgive me!" and my husband kissed my hands in a fervor of apology. "I am a dunderhead—a donkey! Forget it, darling. Put on your hat and come for a drive and forget my stupid blundering."

That afternoon Belphebe arrived at our house to make it her home. This step had seemed to me a stupendous one, but it had not been decided upon without my concurrence. It seemed to me, however, as though in these days, neither he nor I, but fate, planned our life. Belphebe was all in black, pale, statuesque, and looked me over curiously, wonderingly, as I stood before her in a gown of faintest green, a collarette of emeralds clasping my throat and shining like serpent eyes. She had lost her father and her home, and had come to the Doctor as her nearest of kin; and he welcomed her gladly, and told her, in his boyish way, that Hazel was a lazy girl, and would be glad of a companion to whom she could delegate some of her arduous duties as housewife and matron.

"Did you kill your father too?" The words came with conscious volition as I stood in Belphebe's room that night and watched her as she proceeded to settle herself at once among her new surroundings. I caught myself up the moment they were uttered, and swiftly added: "Were you present when your father died? Did he die suddenly?"

Too late. She had caught my words too clearly. She stood a picture of mute terror and surprise, staring me full in the face. Then her gaze changed to one of suspicion and caution. She glanced towards the door. "Good night," I said, humbly, and turned to go.

I deserved it for being such a fool. In an instant she was beside me, her arm about my shoulders. Looking up I met such a pitying, sorrowing look from the blue, searching eyes

—eyes so like my husband's—that the criminal within me qualed and cowered.

"Don't!" I gasped, putting aside her proffered caress. "Don't. I cannot bear it!"

I fled along the upper hall, wringing my hands in anguish. Silently I paused at a door to listen. Within lay my accomplice, the sharer of my secret sin—the man who knew that I had killed my father, because he had assisted in the deed. Then I opened the door cautiously and stole in. The room was very still, and the light was shaded. My husband had dropped asleep, and his unread book had fallen from his listless hand. I drew near like a spirit, and crouched beside him. The long, brown hand, all nerve and muscle, hung just beside me, where I knelt. He was lying, face downwards, and from where I crouched, looking upward, only the calm brow, with its fair arches, and its semi-circles of upward curling lashes, was visible. As I gazed, he heaved a sigh of deep content and, partially turning, flung out his arm with a tremulous flutter of the sensitive fingers. I knew what he sought, and laid my hand gently on the upturned palm. In his sleep he smiled like a happy child. Critically I watched my accomplice, and then through long lingering on that boyish head of thick, fair hair, and long studying of that sweet, grave mouth, and long feeling of the warmth of that strong, satisfied clasp—something hard began to melt within my breast, and I bowed my face and softly wept beside him.

For the first time I slept a dreamless sleep that night, and did not see my father with an awful face, nor hear him say, in terrible tones: "My reckoning, sir, must be with you!"

IX.

Once before something wild and hot and hungry had torn at my heart, but that was before I even knew his name or hers!

Stealthily I gathered my skirts about me, and noiselessly I stole within the blind, and watched the two without.

"Ridiculous!" my husband said, sharply and clearly. "Why, Amy, what madness is this?"

Belphebe sat with downcast eyes, her long limbs stretched

before her, her long feet, in their smooth slippers, resting on a bed of violets; her fair face, still and white, clearly defined against the russet red of the rustic, high-backed seat.

"Absurd! Mr. Glenn died in my arms, of heart disease, from which he had been a sufferer for many years. It almost killed my darling!" Again that quiver in my husband's firm voice which was ever a tribute to his sacred thoughts of me.

Belphebe turned her head aside, and muttered something that I did not hear.

"Yes,"—this time there was constraint in my husband's tone, and his face was pained and sad. "I am very sorry that you observed it. I had hoped that to less anxious eyes than mine, there was nothing—less than nothing—" (here he spoke too low for me to hear.) "I had hoped—indeed, I still hope—that time and gentle treatment, love and happiness, may effect a perfect cure. In the meantime, be guarded, I beg of you, and kind, and silent—for *my* sake, Amy!"

He held out his hand, the hand I had kissed last night—and clasped the hand of Belphebe.

Ah—that was it! Mad, was I? And the mad woman locked safely away, then the old love might regain a certain sway. Terrible thoughts shot through my brain with physical stabs of pain. Was it Philip or Belphebe I hated most?

I grew dizzy. I saw the garden waver before me like the shifting picture of a transformation scene. When I could see again, my husband held me in his arms, and Amy was applying restoratives. I shook her off pettishly, and, turning, clung to my husband's neck. I felt an unbounded irritation against him, but I wanted to show that blue-eyed hypocrite that Philip was mine—all mine! I wanted her to feel all she had missed, all I had gained.

I saw my father that night, and I cried out to him to leave me—to persecute me no more! that I wanted love, peace, and all that earth could give me. I would take my chances of another world! But he menaced me, saying: "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth!"

When I awoke, I felt very weak and helpless. That dear face, worn with vigils, bent above my bed. The cunning criminal within me was still, and there welled up in my soul a sudden, grateful recognition of all that he was to me, and all that he was in his dear and noble self. I drew down his pale face

to mine with a rare caress that brought a dimness to his eyes. I asked him softly whether I had talked in my sleep. A swift horror swept his eyes.

"A little," he answered reservedly; "but do not think of it, darling. It is all past, like an evil dream, and my ears are safe ones, my own, in which to whisper your secrets!"

Did he mean that he would not betray that terrible secret? Of course not, for that would be to implicate himself. Ah, he must not mention it even to me!

Late that afternoon he left me with a book to amuse me, and went to visit a patient. It occurred to me that I was alone in the house with Belphebe. I rose swiftly. I slipped on a pale grey peignoir, embroidered in roses. What a garb for a criminal! I knotted my rough hair loosely at the back. I crept to Belphebe's room, and came upon her unawares, while she hummed softly to herself over her sewing. She was very white and beautiful in her purple wrapper, with her grand throat bare. What a pair they would make—those two! this woman and my husband! The thought stung me to sudden madness. Like a leopard I sprang at that white throat, and her uplifted needle made a long red scratch on my bared arm—a scratch that dripped in slow drops along my delicate sleeve and made a faint tracing of red among the pale pink roses.

Even then, I noticed it, and I cried, with a snarl:

"I have you! I have you now, you witch!"

Belphebe quailed for a moment, then, fixing those blue, keen eyes steadfastly upon me, she caught my wrists and forced me backwards with a gentle pressure.

"Yes, Hazel," she said, quietly; and I could see that she was trying to conceal all evidences of fear, "you were lonely, and wanted company. Shall I call one of the servants? or shall I come and sit with you till Philip returns?"

"Aye, sit with me! You dare not! Coward! You stole my secret and now you are afraid. See here! I am a murderess. But I will not kill you yet. You think to have me shut up for a mad woman, and then to comfort Philip. Fool! I will kill you both before that day. What, you think I dare not? I who killed my father on the altar steps!"

Belphebe's face was infinitely shocked. I forced myself nearer; I put my lips to her ear.

"I know," I hissed; "I know where Philip keeps his razor

See the blood on my sleeve? There will be blood on your sleeve, too, some day. Ah—that razor cuts keen and swift, and my hand is very sure—”

I broke away with a laugh. I tossed aside her work, and stood for a moment jeering at her. In the hall I laughed aloud. “I frightened her well, didn’t I?” I cried out merrily. Now she would be convinced that I was mad, the silly fool!

But I was grave enough next moment. I had given myself some strange suggestions.

In my own room I broke into a fit of sobs. “Oh, Philip!” I cried, piteously, “I want Philip! Oh, my Philip, why do you not come?”

A terrible yearning took hold upon me. A strange horror of loneliness possessed me. Wherever I looked I could see slow-dripping blood.

When Philip came, he found me lying still, with closed eyes.

“Why, who has hurt my darling?” he asked, kissing the red mark on my arm. “Have you been out of your room, Hazel, since I left you?”

“No,” I answered.

Would Belphebe betray me?

I heard her come to him that evening in his study, which opened out of our room. My ears were preternaturally keen.

“Philip,” she said, in that hatefully sweet voice of hers, “if I can do you no good here, I must go elsewhere. To be frank with you, Philip—I am afraid. Hazel came to my room and frightened me horribly to-day. Philip”—lowering her voice—“she is dangerous!” Then a whisper that, try as I might, I could not hear.

“No!” he cried out, in a voice of keenest anguish, “I cannot live without her! She shall have no prison but these arms; no bondage but my love. Go, if you must, but she remains! My wife remains.”

For a moment, my good angel swept the dark halls of my soul with a radiance as of dawn. For a moment I saw myself blessed among women, and could have sworn that, for his sake, I would become an angel of mercy and grace.

Then Belphebe said timidly: “If I can help you, Philip, I will stay. Ah, dear Philip, my heart bleeds for you, and anything in my power I will do for you and for that poor afflicted girl.”

"Now that is like you, Amy," he said, heartily, and I could imagine the cordial handclasp that followed. I ground my teeth.

"Father," I whispered, "you shall be avenged! You are right: 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth!' It is but right that your murderers should suffer the penalty of their crime."

X.

The night was glorious. There was no moon as yet, but the hollow sky was studded with stars. I woke lightly, as at a call, and noiselessly slipped out on the piazza. The garden was very still. Only a bird stirred uneasily and uttered a little chirp. Peace brooded over the city, and peace made beautiful the dim room where my husband slept. I stood on a rug of white fox fur that lay by the bed, and smiled to myself. What a lovely room!

Yonder stood my *escritoire*, with its blank sheets and unsoiled pens. I took up one and dipped it in the ink. Even in the dark, I lightly wrote, with an ease that astonished myself (for I had not written a word for over a year:)

"Love is the highest good—and peace the rarest,
These are the gifts I bring to him—my dearest—"

Just then a yellow glow enriched the room. It was the harvest moon. Silently it had climbed above the gleaming roofs, and now it flooded the softly moving curtains, the long mirror and the bed whereon my husband lay.

"The hour has come!" I said softly, and then I lay aside my pen. My heart was strangely uplifted, strangely light, and my head did not ache at all, for the first time in many days.

There he lay in his accustomed attitude. His face was upturned, and stamped with unconsciousness and content. The bed-clothes, pushed aside in the warmth of sleep, had fallen back from the broad fair chest, from which the brown throat rose like a column of bronze beautiful as a young god.

My chin in my hand, I noted each rise and fall of that powerful chest. Miser-like I gloated over the gold of the clustering hair, the classic repose of the noble features, the

brooding sweetness of the serious mouth. Never had I loved him as I loved him now!

All the mists had gone from my brain, and all the darkness from my soul. My duty was clear.

"I will expiate! Father, I will expiate!" I said beneath my breath. Then I took Philip's razor from his drawer and tried its edge against my hand. As I bent over him, he stirred slightly, but I quieted him with a kiss.

I slipped my arm beneath his head. He half-opened his eyes but turned his face to meet mine, and muttering "Darling," composed himself to sleep again. I lifted his head still higher, and the movement made him stir again. This time he flung his right arm heavily across me, and heaved a sigh of infinite content. I must delay no longer.

I kissed him once. Then, with my free hand stroking the clusters of his hair, I drew the edge of the razor sharply across his throat, with an unfaltering touch. A mighty, spasmodic shudder convulsed the unconscious limbs. God! how hard a strong man dies! The blue eyes opened widely, agonizingly, and fixed themselves upon me.

"There, there!" I said as to a child, still stroking the sunny hair. "There, darling. Hazel is coming! Hazel is coming!"

A film crept over the staring eyes. I closed the lids with kisses. Something warm and wet soaked through my gown, crept slowly down the bed-clothes, and stained the white fox fur. Once more the heavy arm across me quivered and then lay still. I tried to lift it, but it held me fast. A cloud crossed the moon, and I lay still, with a growing horror and a growing comprehension.

Then a flood of light gushed through the open window. I saw Philip lying still, with a great gash in his throat, and his arm across my body.

All the while I talked aloud to him.

"Now I can tell you how I love you! No fear of waking you now, darling. What an exquisite face! Now, I can tell you, Philip, how I adore you! I worship you! You are the only man in the world. See, Philip, your arm is heavy, but I love it—I love every fibre of your frame. I love you more than my life, my soul, my god! See, Philip, I am coming. None shall part us! Ah, Philip, I have no fear of Belphoebe—of my father—in this hour. I adore you! You loved me better than safety

or self, and I have put you beyond all fear of harm. Have I not done well?

"See, Philip, my sleeve is one color now—not merely sketched in red. Philip, you know I was a priestess forsworn, but now my father has accepted my expiation. I can write again, darling! That means that he is pleased. Why, where is the razor, Philip! One moment—"

I groped for the razor where it had fallen. It lay in a pool of blood. I found it at last. One moment and my expiation would be complete. I nestled still closer under that heavy arm. I put my cheek to that unresponsive face. And then, with a luxury of delay, I slowly poised the razor and suffered its edge lingeringly to rest against my throat.

It was no love of life delayed me. I dreaded to part myself from that beloved form, even though I knew his soul was already elsewhere. Even that dead weight of a dead arm was precious to me.

All at once a terrible shriek rang through the room.

"Help! help! murder! murder!"

My uplifted arm was snatched at, and the razor flung far from me.

"Help! help!—My God!"

The voice was shrill, agonized, heart-rending. The room was filled all at once. There were lights. The moonlight was crowded out. Belphebe knelt by the bedside crying wildly, "Philip! Philip!"

Her sleeves were wet with blood, just as I had said they would be. They brought men to bind me, a straight-jacket for me, but I lay laughing contentedly, in Philip's arms.

"Take him now if you can," I said to her. "Take him now. I give you leave!" But she made no reply.

"My razor! give me my razor!" I cried, in a sudden passion of pleading. "Philip wants me with him! I promised him to come! My expiation is only half complete. Where is the razor? Give it to me!"

I turned cunningly to the man nearest to me. "Just hand me that little knife," I said coaxingly. (I saw its gleam where it had fallen by the window.) "Give it to me! Here, see that escritoire! There are fifty dollars in that drawer. Take them. They are yours, if you will give me the razor. No? Yes, I say!"

"Philip, help me! They are binding me! They are hurting me! Philip, I say! Husband, darling—Philip, I *hope* I did not hurt you. It was quick and painless, was it not, darling? Wretches! how dare you take me from him? Oh-h-h Philip! My God! What is this?

You do not mean—not *Philip*! Not my husband, Philip Lamarque!"

Now I put it to you: Are they right in calling me mad? I sat down to-day at the little *escritoire* Philip gave me, and wrote this true account of my life, connectedly, as you see. I have told of my oath to my father, my broken vow, my crime and my expiation, and I put it to you, as a reasonable reader, whether one who was mad could tell the truth so well.

I confess that I was excited on the night of my expiation, and I have honestly set down my broken cries for Philip, but the expiation itself was deliberate. It was all that remained to me. I am not mad. That was always an idea of Belphebe's, who has plotted to keep me from Philip.

A strait-waistcoat hangs yonder, but it is never used. They confined me in this asylum, but it is not necessary. They cannot prove me mad. I have sworn to them that I am sane a thousand times; sworn to them that I am criminal, but not crazed. All I ask is to suffer the legal penalty of my crimes.

What sort of a country is this, where the murderess is put in a lunatic asylum and the poor, irresponsible maniac is hanged? Ah—if I had Philip's razor I should not invoke the aid of the law.

As it is, I beg only to be tried by a jury of my countrymen. I am not mad. All my actions are reasonable, quiet and decorous. Surely, I speak reasonably, and not like one who is crazed.

I murdered my father and my husband in cold blood. I put it to you, do I not deserve death?

Are they right in calling me mad?

Charleston, S. C.

(MRS.) ARTHUR GORDON ROSE.

THE END.

LAST SUMMER.

Well, here I am at last, and phew!
 This walk it does seem longer
 Than when to this green nook last June
 We strolled—the whole bright world atune.
 Dead memory, thou growest stronger:
 Yes, 'twas because she trudged beside.
 Ah, love, inconstant comer!
 I do believe I thought I loved:
 That was (*A shrug*) last summer.

There stands the old oak where I carved
 The first line of my sonnet.
 Yes, here is "*skies*" (*skieš* rhymed with *eyes*).
 A batch of most resplendent lies
 I told, my life upon it!
 The verse is getting blurred and faint,
 Next year it will be dumber.
 I must have loved her some, of course:
 That was (*A yawn*) last summer.

Yes, here's the grape-vine, there the stone;
 Here I began my wooing,
 On this dead "Druid" of the wold
 That lived and fell—time-stained and old,
 Unscathed by woodman's hewing.
 Yes, there she sat—I think I knelt.
 This bough the sun kept from her.
 I must have really loved her well:
 That was (*A smile*) last summer.

There's where I read her Arnold's verse,
 'Bout lotus flowers and spices;
 Of fragrant sandal-scented breeze
 And dark-eyed maid, 'neath mango-trees,
 Who Krishna's soul entices.
 I've gone to reading Browning, now,
 My taste I fear's grown glummer.
 I loved her—yes—and fondly too:
 That was (*A sigh*) last summer.

I see it now: that rosy face,
 The hair all drooping over,
 Where many a glint and shade you see

Like some half-drowsy gold-brown-bee,
 Swaying o'er pink-cupped clover.
 Here's where I sat, the night she sang,
 Accompaniments to thrum her.
 I loved you, Christine, madly then:
 That was (*Alas*) last summer.

Lord! what a fool I must have been,
 Avowing vows, and swearing
 Eternal love here on my knee.
 No woman lives who e'er shall see
 Me kneel; my love declaring!
 But, what was that? A step? Yes—no,
 'Twas but yon dead tree drummer.
 Be still, fool heart, you once could leap:
 That was (*A throb*) last summer.

Great Jove! Christine, how came you here?
 Am I asleep or waking?
 "To see the dear old place again!"
 I'll go if I intrude, Miss Vane.
 (*Aside*): Each nerve is shaking.
 Mistake? Me cold? Was that the cause?
 You love me still, sweet comer!
 Don't kneel? Why, dear, I'm proud to kneel
 Just where I knelt last summer!

Lexington, Ky.

JOHN HUNT MORGAN.

WHY NATIONS ARE PROSPEROUS.

ADAM SMITH in his great work, "The Wealth of Nations," says: "Every town and country in proportion as they have opened their ports to all nations instead of being ruined by this free-trade have been enriched by it." And again, "The system of laws connected with the bounty (protective tariff laws) seems to deserve no part of the praise which has been bestowed upon it. The improvement and prosperity of Great Britain, which has been so often ascribed to those laws, may be very easily accounted for by other causes. That security which the laws in Great Britain give to every man that he shall enjoy the fruit of his own labor is alone sufficient to make any country flourish, notwithstanding these and twenty other absurd regulations of commerce. And this security was perfected by the resolution of 1688, much about the same time that the bounty

was established. The *natural effort* of every individual to better his own condition, when suffered to exert itself with freedom and security, is so powerful a principle that it is alone, and without any assistance, not only capable of carrying on society to wealth and prosperity, but of surmounting a hundred impertinent obstructions with which the folly of human laws too often encumbers its operations, though the effect of these obstructions is always more or less to encroach upon its freedom or diminish its security."

It would seem as if these statements of the great Scotch philosopher would be received by mankind as self-evident truths, axioms requiring no demonstration. That this is not so must be largely due to that confusion of ideas which gives to the merchant-ship coming to a country with its cargo of coal, wool, salt, or of hats, coats, boots or shoes, intent on trade, a character similiar to that of the man-of-war which roams the seas, with marines armed and cannon shotted intent on murder and robbery. We see this state of mind expressed in the phrase: "War and trade and piracy; a trinity inseparable." And we must confess that all too often in our dealings with each other the robber spirit, which makes each man's gain another man's loss, prevails over the Christ idea, the true business idea; each man's gain another man's benefit.

But until a very recent period war was the chief business of nations. Blows with sword and battle-axe and, later, bullets and cannon-balls were more often exchanged than friendly services.

Such exchanges left behind them poverty and death and that harvest of hatreds and jealousies, which, in a more peaceful era, have led men to fear an invasion of wheat and corn, the products of peace, even as in the olden time they dreaded the approach of enemies armed with all the implements of war.

Up to the year 1707 this was the state of feeling that existed between England and Scotland, and each country protected itself from each other's products as from its cannon. But by the act of union, passed in that year, trade was made *free* between England and Scotland, as well as between Scotland and the English colonies. And forthwith the country began to advance with wonderful rapidity. The inhabitants of Greenock constructed a harbor.

"For awhile they were content to carry on their traffic with

ships hired from the English. Soon, however, they began to build on their own account, and in 1719 the first vessel belonging to Greenock sailed for America. In 1718 the inhabitants of Glasgow launched, on the Clyde, the first Scotch vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic. Glasgow and Greenock became the two commercial outlets of Scotland.

• "The productions of the tropics could now be procured direct from the New World, *which in return offered a rich and abundant market for manufactured goods.* The manufacture of linen was introduced into Glasgow, and in a short time gave employment to thousands of workmen. In 1725 the manufacture of thread was commenced at Paisley. Between 1715 and 1745 the trade and manufactures of Scotland increased more than they had done for centuries."

All this from the breaking down of commercial barriers, from English innovation upon the old system of *protection*, from the adoption of free-trade between England and her nearest neighbor. But it may be claimed that, in thus granting free-trade to Scotland, England only brought Scotland within her own sphere of *protection*. Passing by, then, this example of the benefits of freedom of trade, suppose we grant that the system of *protection* did continue in England up to the middle of this century, when the working classes at last destroyed it, still the system in no wise accounts for the advance of English industry. "Trade was as free or freer in England than in any other part of Europe." The protection idea had far greater power in France, Germany and Spain. Spain, indeed, is said to have been the birthplace of modern protectionism and the tyrant, the Emperor Charles V, its progenitor. It would be difficult to express the Pennsylvania idea in stronger language than this of the Spanish writer Ustariz:

"It is necessary rigorously to employ all means which can lead us to sell to foreigners more of our productions than they will sell to us of theirs; that is the whole secret and the sole advantage of trade."

But the protective spirit in Spain was exhibited not only in her trade regulations; it entered into religion, and in order to protect the country from the infusion of new ideas heretics were burned without mercy.

England was the land least affected by the protective spirit, the country where freedom of thought, freedom of speech and

freedom of trade met with the least interference. Hence it was that England in the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries became the leader in those great industries which, in an earlier period, under somewhat similar conditions of freedom, had prospered on the continent. The magnificent cathedrals of Europe, the fine public buildings of Germany and Italy, are the products of that splendid era during which the great free cities controlled continental policy, when the Hanse towns by their alliance had broken down the protective tariffs which had been exacted by the haughty barons on the border of every petty province, when the free cities of Italy had driven from their fastnesses the aristocratic nobles who, from the fall of Rome until the time of the crusades, preyed upon the traffic of the merchant. One of the families which had arrogated to themselves the right of confiscating a share of the imports of the Republic of Florence (a right delegated by us to United States Custom officials) bore the curious name of "Buon Del Monte," "The Good Men of the Mountain." The worthy burghers of Florence bore the depredations of these gentlemen as long as it could be endured, but at last they dragged forth their war-car and besieged the Buon Del Montes in their castles. They defeated the robbers, razed their strongholds and brought them in triumph to the city. The confined air of the town, however, was too much for a portion of the family, who after a time found their way to Corsica, where they assumed the new name of Buonaparte, under which title one Napoleon and his nephew became somewhat noted in later history. The freedom of trade so hardly gained by the working men in Europe, while their old masters were off at the Holy Wars, and their consequent prosperity, continued without serious interruption from the early part of the twelfth century to about the year 1520, when the Sultan Selim conquered Egypt, and enacted a tariff which effectually protected Asia and Europe from the invasion of each other's products. The other routes of trade to the East had been already closed by the Turks. From the day when Selim put an end to free-trade between Europe and Asia the great cities of Europe began to decline. It remained, however, for the Emperor Charles V. and his successors, and for his equally unwise contemporaries in France to finally extinguish both the liberty and prosperity of their peoples.

In his "History of Political Economy" Blanqui describes the legislation of this chief of protectionists in words not altogether inappropriate to our own era.

"Import duties," says he, "were increased on raw products."

"For the free practice of the arts was substituted the monopoly of trade and of commerce. Everywhere arose, flanked with privileges imperial or royal, manufacturers from which it was necessary to purchase license in order to have the right to work."

"All the *restrictive measures* became by degrees incorporated in the laws and established by custom; then came sophists who embodied them in doctrines."

"The Castilian prejudice, which makes nobility consist in idleness, spread like a plague through all Europe. Every day some great industrial enterprise withdrew from the arena."

"The lords had ceased to plunder the passers-by on the highway as their predecessors did from the height of their old donjons; but they intrenched themselves in privileges which secured to them the best part of the profits of their fellow-citizens."

The arch protectionist walked still farther in the same path with his descendants of to-day. He debased the currency of Europe.

The colonial legislation of Charles V., however, was the flower of all his commercial enactments.

"He imposed all the products of Spain on her colonies and compelled them to pay for these products in specie. The Spanish Americans were forbidden to plant flax, hemp and the vine; to establish manufactures, to build ships, or to even have their children educated elsewhere than in Spain."

"Finally, agriculture, *vitally injured by the decline of commerce*, was ruined under the influence of legislation which prohibited the export of grain."

Is it any wonder that under such a protective régime Spain became a desert, and that to-day her people are the most degraded on the continent?

But the influence of the Castilian monarch was hardly less prejudicial to the rest of Europe than to Spain.

The French kings were thoroughly imbued with protective ideas, and legislation for the benefit of the few at the expense of the many finally culminated in the French Revolution.

The union of Church and State, effected when Charles V. conquered Florence, in 1530, crushed every vestige of liberty in Italy, and for three hundred years her people lay dormant with import duties to preserve the home market enacted on the borders of every province, and, I might say, at the gates of almost every city.

Germany, too, again became the prey of a petty aristocracy, who established tariffs on the borders of every dukedom and carefully protected their subjects from too great freedom of intercourse with their neighbors.

Restrictions upon trade are restrictions upon industry. The enslavement of trade is the enslavement of labor, and from 1530 to 1830 the farmers and workingmen of Europe were slaves.

The history of their steady improvement from 1830 to 1880, when the protective spirit once more gained control of European governments, is little more than a history of increased freedom of trade.

The fact that since 1880 the Dominion of Canada on this side of the Atlantic has followed the policy of the Republican party of the United States in the enactment of legislation to restrict business, while France, Germany, Russia, Austria and Italy have made it the chief object of government to hinder international exchanges, is enough in itself to account for the universal depression which exists everywhere. Mankind is, for the third time in the Christian era, in an age of darkness. Happily, the efforts of the builders of railroads and steamships to remove the natural obstacles to trade, have, in a large measure, counterbalanced the effect of the McKinley bills of the last ten years. Otherwise, it is hardly too much to say that the authors of such bills would years ago have perished in the revolutions which would have followed. England was the country where during the second era of the Dark Ages, 1530 to 1830, there still remained some sparks of liberty.

In England the Saxon principle of the natural right of each man to do what seemeth to him best as long as it does not interfere with the rights of others still in some degree controlled government policy. It is a striking coincidence that the rise of the iron and wool industries of England is coeval with the birth of English religious freedom. Wycliff, the religious reformer, was a contemporary of Edward III. and his good wife

Philippa, to the one of whom England owes the birth of her iron industry, and to the other the establishment of the manufacture of fine woollens.

"Blessed be the memory of King Edward III. and Philippa of Hainault, his queen, who first invented clothes," says a dramatic chronicler.

Philippa established a manufacturing colony at Norwich, in the year 1335. There is a quaint reference to this in the works of Fuller.

He says: "The king, having married Philippa, the daughter of the Earl of Hainault, began to grow sensible of the great gain the Netherlands got of our English wool, in memory whereof the Duke of Burgundy, a century later, instituted the order of The Golden Fleece, wherein, indeed, the fleece was ours, but the gold theirs, so vast was their emolument by the trade of clothing. Our king therefore resolved, if possible, to introduce the trade to his own countrymen, who, as yet were ignorant, as knowing no more what to do with their wool than the sheep who bore it."

Nor, indeed, did they have much better knowledge of the use of rich deposits of iron and coal.

The Roman civilization had entirely disappeared. There was no opportunity for the cultivation of the arts of peace amidst the wars that followed the fall of the Roman power.

"Before the time of Edward III," says a recent writer, "The pots, spits and frying-pans of the royal kitchen had been classed among the royal jewels. *Domestic utensils of iron* were not in use." The iron industry of the continent had been in much more advanced state than that of England. Edward, however, brought over skilled workmen from the continent. "Many Flemish and French immigrants settled in England and the landed proprietors entered zealously into the manufacture of iron. Blast furnaces were introduced and gave a fresh impetus to the iron industry of Surrey, Sussex and Kent. In 1612 Sussex produced one-half the iron used in England. About this time the export of iron began."

As early as 1543 cast-iron cannon were made and shells were invented by a French immigrant named Peter Bundi. In 1560 Germans introduced the art of drawing wire.

A little later there was brought into England an invention for making nail rods. The art of turning iron was introduced

from Bohemia in 1670, and by 1740 was brought to considerable perfection.

"But the growing *scarcity of wood* for the use of the furnaces and forges weighed heavily upon the iron industries of England, an act being passed as early as 1584 prohibiting the building of any new iron works in Surrey, Sussex and Kent, and ordering that no timber a foot square at the stub should be used as fuel at any iron works. Many forges were destroyed and not again rebuilt, and after 1676 England's supply of iron was largely derived from Sweden, Flanders and Spain." The decline of the English iron industry of this period was entirely due to the lack of the raw material, charcoal. "The business revived again in 1750, when mineral coal transformed into coke was discovered to be a substitute for charcoal." England had immense stores of mineral coal, and that in the near neighborhood of great mines of iron in Wales and in the northern counties.

In these localities, therefore, the new iron industry sprung up, and the possibility of getting cheap iron, the mother metal, stimulated still further the inventor and discoverer.

"The use of mineral coal immediately revived the iron trade of England and Wales, and created the iron trade of Scotland." England preceded us in the use of mineral coal for making iron by nearly a century.

"In 1760 Smeaton invented the cast-iron bellows. In 1769 Watt so improved the steam-engine as to make it effective as a motive power. Before this time the manufacture of iron was conducted on such primitive principles that both charcoal and iron ore were carried to the furnaces of Monmouthshire on the backs of horses."

About the year 1760, however, a canal was built by the Duke of Bridgewater, to bring coal from the collieries at Worsley to Manchester, and before the close of our revolutionary war Great Britain alone was traversed by 3,000 miles of navigable canals, water-roads providing the cheapest possible means of transportation. Turnpikes were also built in every part of the Kingdom. The rates of postage were much decreased. *Trade was made even more and more free.*

"About the middle of last century Huntsman, an English clock-maker, invented the manufacture of crucible cast-steel.

In 1783 Henry Cort invented the rolling mill and a little later the puddling-furnace."

"With mineral fuel, powerful blowing-engines, the puddling-furnace, grooved rails and water-roads, Great Britain rapidly passed into the front of iron-making nations. In 1788 the production of pig-iron was 68,300 tons; 1820, 400,000 tons; 1854, 3,069,838 tons; 1880, 7,749,233 tons.

"Through her quick appreciation of labor-saving machinery and by reason of her comparative freedom of trade, Great Britain became the first manufacturing nation of the world."

"France, Germany, Belgium and other continental nations" (says the Secretary of the American Iron and Steel Association, in his report of our iron industries in the census of 1880) "might have substituted mineral coal for charcoal, invented the puddling-furnace, or perfected the rolling-mill and the steam-engine, but none of them did." And yet all of these countries had protective tariffs, higher, more effective tariffs than that of England.

To the student of history, acquainted with the absolute despotism of continental governments, their subordination of the citizen to military purposes, their tariff systems, the advancement of England during the last hundred and fifty years is no cause for wonder.

"Though far from enjoying perfect liberty, Englishmen were *secure* in the enjoyment of the return of their labors. An Englishman was a free man. The inhabitants of the continent in comparison with Englishmen were slaves, and slaves, men who work and whose earnings are secured by law to other men, make no inventions. The government of England was the most liberal that existed on the face of the earth and her people were the most independent in thought and in action. Even in her colonial legislation England was less illiberal and less oppressive than other nations.

It was then to the *comparative freedom* of England and Scotland, to their *comparative security* from plunder by government, "that the world is indebted for the inventions that gave a fresh impetus to the manufacture of iron in the eighteenth century, as well as for most of the inventions and changes of the present century, which have developed the manufacture of iron and increased the demand for it, and have almost created the manufacture of steel.

The history of English progress in other industries is hardly less instructive. On another occasion I may say something of this progress. Just in proportion as the people and the government of England have lived up to the Christ idea of the free exchange of kindly services—the true business idea—just in that proportion have they prospered. On the other hand, just in so far as the old hateful spirit of so-called protection has held sway, just to that degree has old England suffered. It was her illiberal and oppressive tariff laws that led to the revolt of our fathers. It was the protective spirit of her just legislation that caused the destruction of the Irish industries of the past, and it is the same spirit which causes Irish discontent in the present.

The history of every country teaches the same lesson. Is a nation to prosper? Then must its laws and its customs secure to every man and to every community the greatest possible *freedom to trade*.

Trade is but the exchange of kindly services. The party which would hinder such exchanges is an enemy to mankind, a foe to all progress. The doom of the Republican Party of the United States is clearly written:

“Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.”

“God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it.”

“Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting.”

“Thy kingdom is divided and given to the friends of the people.”

JAMES L. COWLES.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Some interesting data have been collected by M. Angot, a French meteorologist, as to the relation between daily average temperature and the occurrence of various natural phenomena. His observations extend over eight years, and in all cases he has taken the average for the whole period.

According to M. Angot the budding of the lilac leaves corresponds to a mean daily temperature of 48 degrees Fahrenheit, and their flowering to one of 52 degrees. The leaf-buds of the chestnut appeared at 50 degrees and its flowers at 58

degrees. The oak requires a little higher temperature, its leaf-buds not being observed until the mean daily temperature was 52 degrees. The linden did not come into flower until the mean was 66 degrees.

The swallows appeared when the temperature rose to 50 degrees in the spring, and left when it fell to 55 degrees in the fall. The last notes of the cuckoo were heard at 51 degrees, and the maybug appeared at an average of 53 degrees.

From observations on the different grains, it appears that the sum of the total temperature over 41 degrees required before they reached the different stages of their growth was: For rye, 859 degrees to flowering and 1,953 degrees to harvest; for winter wheat, 1,273 degrees to flowering and 2,261 degrees to harvest; for spring barley, 1,984 degrees. These averages are based on a large number of observations taken in different parts of France.

An interesting paper recently read before the Société de Statistique in Paris gives some figures as to the work and wages of coal miners in France. Taking the average of 82,500 persons employed at inside work in mines, it was found that 16,800 worked regularly between 7 and 8 hours a day, 37,500 worked 8 hours, and 28,300 between 8 and 10 hours; only 3,900 being required to work over 9 hours. The average length of a day's work was 8 hours, 13 minutes. On outside work the day was generally longer, the average for the laborers employed above ground being 9 hours, 39 minutes. This only includes the time of actual work; if there be added that consumed in descending into the mines, preparing for work, etc., the time consumed by the men daily, or required from them by their employers was, on an average, 9 hours, 45 minutes on inside work, and 10 hours, 46 minutes on outside work. The time given by the men in excess of their actual working hours, was thus 1 hour, 32 minutes for miners, and 1 hour, 7 minutes for outside laborers, the greater time for the miners being accounted for by the time required to descend into and ascend from the mines.

As to wages, the average paid per day for actual mining, that is work under ground, is given as follows: Miners, 96.8 cents per day; laborers, 84.7 cents; drivers, 66.7 cents; boys,

36.7 cents. For outside labor, loading, picking and sorting coal, etc., the average daily wages were: Laborers, 61.6 cents; women, 30.9 cents; boys, 27.7 cents.

This does not include certain incidental advantages offered to regular workers, in which class are included free supplies of coal, reduced rents for cottages, hospital privileges, share in benefit and pension funds, payments in case of accident, and the like. These vary considerably at different times, and it is not easy to express their exact value in money. The most careful estimate possible puts the average of these additions at 6.7 cents per day for all laborers alike. If we include this, adding it to the wages given above, a miner would earn about \$1.03½ per day, or \$6.21 weekly. Sunday work is common, but miners usually have one day in the week off, even where there is no stoppage on Sunday.

As a rule in France the work in coal mines is very steady, as is shown by the fact that the 82,500 men included in these statements were paid for an average of 290 days per year, showing only seventy-five off-days or holidays. This is a higher average than most of the Pennsylvania mines can show.

Taking this, and including all incidental averages, we find that a French coal miner would earn on an average \$300 per year. If he had two boys old enough to work, say one in the mine and one outside, the average would be for the family \$525 per year. This would compare not unfavorably with the earnings of mine laborers in the anthracite counties of western Pennsylvania, for instance.

THE TELEPHONE BETWEEN PARIS AND LONDON.

AN interesting paper prepared by M. Thomas, engineer of the French Bureau des Postes et des Telegraphes, gives some particulars of the telephone service now in operation between Paris and London. A special cable for this service was laid down early in the spring from Sangatte, near Calais, to St. Margaret Bay, near Dover. The special land lines from Paris to Sangatte and from St. Margaret to London were completed about the same time, and the line was opened to the public March 18, 1891.

In Paris there are two public bureaus or central offices, one at the Bourse, and the other on the Avenue de l'Opera; in

London there was also two, one at the Stock Exchange, and the other at the general post-office. Between the central offices conversation is carried on without the slightest difficulty, and is heard clearly by the receivers; thus far, however, there has been trouble when connections have been made with wires to private telephones, and it requires a practiced ear to hear conversation over these additional circuits. The trouble seems to arise from the additional resistance on the city lines, and several plans have been tried to overcome this, but without much success as yet. The resistance on the lines of the Paris system is about 30 ohms per kilometer; on the London circuit, 22 ohms.

The land line on the French end passes through the city subways to the outskirts of Paris, a distance of 8 kilometers (about 5 miles); here a Fortin-Hermann cable is used, the conductors being of small capacity. From the end of the subway to Sangatte a copper wire is used, carried on ordinary insulators; the distance is 333 kilometers (about 207 miles). The copper wire is 0.2 inch diameter, and weighs 596 lbs. per mile; its kilometric resistance is slightly less than 1 ohm. The wires are carried on the same poles with the ordinary telegraph wires, but to avoid the effects of induction they are crossed from time to time in such a way that the two wires composing the telephone circuit are at the same average distance from other circuits which might influence them.

The English land line is entirely an overhead one from St. Margaret Bay to the general post-office in London. It is carried on the telegraph poles in the same way as the French line, but the wires are somewhat lighter, being 0.16 inch in diameter and weighing 397 lbs. per mile. Its kilometric resistance is a little higher, being 1.4 ohms.

The cable under the channel is $20\frac{1}{4}$ nautical miles in length. It was made by Siemens, and the conductors have less resistance and capacity than those of an ordinary telegraph cable, in accordance with the principle that the carrying power of the human voice over a conductor is increased as the product of the resistance of the line by its capacity is diminished. The cable has four conductors, so that an additional circuit can be added to the land lines whenever it is needed, without laying another cable. The conductors are of copper, and are surrounded by gutta percha, the cable being wrapped with wire

over an envelope of jute in the usual way. The outside diameter of the cable is 2.17 inches, and it weighs $13\frac{3}{4}$ tons per nautical mile. The copper conductors are each 0.093 inch in diameter, and the electric resistance is $7\frac{1}{2}$ ohms per mile.

Since the line was opened it has worked well, and since April 1st there has not been the slightest delay or interruption to conversation between the central offices. As stated above, however, there has been some difficulty in connecting with private telephones in both Paris and London.

The price fixed for its use is a pretty high one, the French Bureau des Telegraphes having placed it at 10 francs per period of three minutes; that is about 66 cents a minute. The corresponding charge in London is 8 shillings (\$1.96) for each period of three minutes. The bureaux or central offices are open to the public, any one having the right to use the telephone on paying the charges.

BIRTH-RATE IN EUROPE.

French students of social science are much distressed by the fact that for several years past the birth-rate in that country has fallen below the death rate, so that, in default of accessions from abroad, the population must decrease. For purposes of comparison a careful official study has been made of those European countries where precise statistics are to be had and from this some interesting figures can be taken. These figures give the birth-rate per 1,000 of the total population in each case; a more exact comparison could be made by taking the birth-rate or proportion of births, not to the total population, but to the number of females between 20 and 45 years of age, but this was not possible from the way in which the statistics are kept.

These studies cover the period 1873-88 inclusive—sixteen years. A general comparison may be made by taking it by years or at intervals of five years. This table gives the number of births yearly per 1,000 total population in the different countries named.

	1873.	1878.	1883.	1888.
France.....	26.1	25.2	24.7	23.3
England.....	37.8	37.8	33.8	31.0

	1873.	1878.	1883.	1888.
Scotland.....	34.7	35.9	33.0	30.6
Austria.....	39.3	37.8	38.0	38.7
Hungary.....	42.0	43.0	44.9	47.0
Germany.....	41.0	40.0	38.5	38.4
Belgium.....	33.5	33.2	32.2	30.9
Italy.....	37.5	36.8	38.2	36.4

From this table it will be seen that France has shown uniformly the lowest birth-rate of any of the principal European nations, although England has had a greater proportional decrease. The French birth-rate was only 49 per cent. of that of Hungary in 1888 for instance, or 75 per cent. of that of England.

The interesting fact is further developed that almost all over Europe the average birth-rate is steadily decreasing, or, in other words, the natural increase of population is every year smaller. In Italy there have been considerable and remarkable fluctuations, but Hungary is the only country where the proportion of births to population has really increased; in no other country has it even remained stationary. This may be taken to mean that Hungary is the only country where the conditions of life are favorable to increase, and yet Hungary is generally held to be the least advanced in civilization of any of the countries named.

It is not impossible that the concentration of population in towns and cities, which is so marked a characteristic of the present century, has some effect upon the reproductive powers of the human race.

As stated above, the birth-rate in France has now fallen slightly below the death-rate. Outside of Paris and two or three of the maritime cities the increase by immigration is not large; but on the other hand France is the only European country from which there is no considerable emigration, so that the population seems likely to remain stationary for the present.

Referring again to the table, it will be seen that the lowest birth-rates are found in the countries which are most civilized and progressive, and not in those where the conditions of life are usually considered the hardest. It is not without reason, perhaps, that a French writer makes the following significant comment on his own country:

"It is not at all doubtful that the chief cause of this decrease in the birth-rate is a voluntary one; it is probable that the nations most advanced in civilization are those which practice it most. Corruption and civilization go hand in hand, and the movement is parallel."

NEW YORK.

F. HOBART.

THE NOMINATION OF HARRISON AND TYLER.

IN the summer of 1840, my father, General Duff Green, was residing in Baltimore, for convenience of access to his property in Alleghany county, Maryland. One day at dinner he announced that he had agreed to edit a campaign paper in support of Harrison and Tyler. I had recently returned from the University of Virginia, and, like all its students of that date, was brimful of veneration for its founder, the patriot and sage of Monticello. I said: "I can't understand that. How can you, a State-Rights Democrat, support the Whig candidate, Harrison."

He replied: "The Whigs have united with us on Harrison and Tyler, but Gen. Harrison is not a Whig. I had a full and very satisfactory consultation with him last fall. He assured me that he is as staunch a Jeffersonian Democrat as I am, and that, if nominated and elected, he would do everything in his power to prevent the organization of sectional parties by geographical lines through the slavery agitation. The tendency to that result is the most dangerous sign of the times. Before the nomination, Adams, Clay, and Van Buren were the three prominent candidates. Ever since his defeat by General Jackson, Mr. Adams has been laboring, as an avowed abolitionist, to array the North and West against the South. With one foot resting on protection to manufacturers in New England and the other on internal improvements west of the Alleghanies, Mr. Clay is unwittingly working to the same end by his advocacy of African colonization. His course is more insidious and more effective than Mr. Adams', because it does not so rudely shock the consciences of those who respect the guarantees given to the South by the constitution. I am confidentially but credibly informed that Mr. Van Buren has for

some time been intriguing with the Northern abolitionists, and has pledged himself to them to take an early occasion, after his re-election, to declare against the extension of slavery into any new territory. If he should be re-elected, he will soon so demoralize the democratic party of the North and West that the South will have no alternative left but to prepare to give up their slaves or fight for them. Some time ago Messrs. McMahon (John V. D.) and McCulloh (James W.) wrote me a joint letter urging me to unite with them on Harrison and Mangum. I replied that I could not support Mangum, but if they would put such a representative man of our party as Tyler for the second place on the ticket, I would accept Harrison for the first, if the interview I purposed to have with him resulted satisfactorily. The result of my interview was all that I could wish. So I am supporting the Harrison nominations; but more to elect Mr. Tyler than General Harrison."

I said: "The Vice-presidency is of minor importance."

He replied: "If General Harrison is elected and lives he will make a good president—one of the best since Washington. He is fully alive to the danger of sectional parties, and promised, again and again, to seize the first and every opportunity to discourage and counteract the tendency to their formation. I wish, but cannot hope, that he will live to fulfil the promises made to me. I found him so broken in constitution that I fear he cannot long withstand the excitements of the campaign and the rush for office. But if he should die Mr. Tyler will become President, and we will engraft our principles on the administration of the Government."

I said: "That suggests another point which I don't understand. I have frequently heard you say that you and Mr. Calhoun always act together, and each knows how the other will act without previous consultation because you always act on certain well defined principles. Now, how is it that, while you are supporting Harrison and Tyler, Mr. Calhoun is supporting Van Buren."

He replied: "Mr. Calhoun has little cause to love Van Buren. His intrigues for his own selfish ends caused the rupture between Mr. Calhoun and General Jackson. But Calhoun's pride and pleasure is to subordinate all personal considerations to what he thinks best for the peace and prosperity of the country."

"He thinks the tariff is the most important issue and that

Van Buren is the only man through whom that can now be satisfactorily and definitely settled. Since the marriage of Mr. Van Buren's son, Abram, to Miss Swyleton, of South Carolina, Mr. Calhoun cannot bring himself to believe the confidential information which satisfies me that Van Buren has pledged himself to declare against the extension of slavery into new territory soon after his re-election. Mr. Calhoun is laboring to secure a permanent settlement of the tariff question through Mr. Van Buren, and I am laboring to counteract, through Harrison and Tyler, the more dangerous tendency to the organization of sectional parties."

I asked: "Why did you object to Mangum and insist on Tyler?" He replied: "I prefer Tyler because I have known him long and intimately, and he can be relied on in any emergency. For me, it is sufficient that he sat up the whole night to cast a solitary vote in the Senate against the Force Bill."

I retain a very vivid recollection of the fidelity with which General Harrison, in his inaugural, endeavored to fulfil his promises to my father. Fifty years have gone by since I read that document. I have not access to it now, and, therefore, cannot quote his words.

BEN. E. GREEN.

DALTON, GA.

THE DISCONTENTED FARMER.

TILLAGE of the soil, with all that belongs to rural life, has furnished the favorite themes for poets and essayists from Hesiod and Virgil to modern times. Both on its poetical and practical side what various and voluminous treatment it has received. It is the one business which includes, as no other single activity does, the entire necessities and some of the choicest comforts of life. In primitive times and until a very recent period it called for no panacea, and invoked no pity. To control your own vine and fig tree, and to have these things to control as one's own possessions were things not to be compassionated, but rather to be coveted.

But a great change has come in the history and condition of farming, and it has come within the present generation. It

may be still an idyllic pursuit, with all that love of an ideal home and of nature implies, but it is no longer, as it once was, a source of reasonable profit. Middle-aged men stay on the farm because they must, for a new business is not learned in a day; but boys and young men fly to the town, and straight away from their natural inheritance. We have had endless laments over this tendency, and plenty of moral lectures to correct it, but all to no purpose; it is really a wise motion on the part of the boys.

I am free to admit that there is at least one cause for this that no theory of economics can help. We could only help it by turning back the hands of the dial-plate of Time to the early bucolic days, when the railroad, and telegraph and daily paper were not, and when one horizon bounded for those on its circuit the most of the things which men and their families in the country cared for. The nineteenth century inundation of thought has driven its waves into the remotest hamlet, and awakened incitements and desires that the life of the primitive, home-spun sort no longer satisfies. It is of little use to say to the farmer's son that his father and grandfather were contented with the old ways, and grew thrifty by pursuing them. He simply knows that if he follows in their precise footsteps he must live as a menial; his family must accept domestic servitude, and civilization, as it is now known, must be forsworn.

While you are arguing with him to accept this fate the roar of the busy and tumultuous world salutes him, and the sirens are singing for his blandishment. He reads of the millions that are made in Wall street; the tale of new mines that have been opened in the far West disturbs his sleep; a big commercial scheme brings forward its attractions; the report of oil bursting forth in fabulous volumes somewhere gives him a hint of adventure for profit, and so on. He, at any rate, sees the urban citizen, with his family, drive by him in dog-cart, landau and barouche on summer days, in command not only of these fine turn-outs, but of unlimited money, as it seems to him, and wasting months in dreamy idleness. Now, as neither you nor I have the wisdom and art of Ulysses, we cannot hope to bind him safely to the mast, or to put a magic wax in his ears that shall shut off the seductions and sorceries by which he is beset.

Here, then, is one of the causes which have produced the abandoned farms in New England, and the reduced value of

farms nearly everywhere, except where the prairie is raw or only recently broken. For this cause, no doubt, we need not ask a remedy. If the world's advance in material wealth, with its opportunities and its spiritual enlargement, has put farming as a business in the background, it has put so much else forward that the world, on the whole, has nothing to lament. We all at least feel that life is far richer than it once was, and even those who are old enough to remember both ends of the revolution would not go back to the ancient days if they could. It is as true in this contrast as it is geographically,

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

But the paramount trouble with the farmer is, that he has a real grievance. At the very moment he sees the insufficiency of his income in relation to the outgo he is compelled to remember that his taxes never fail, though his crops may. His wealthy neighbor—the man who conducts some commercial business, or who has retired from it with more than a competence—has his funds invested mainly in bonds not taxed, or in securities that can be hidden, or in something which has not provoked the assessor's keen scent. But the farmer's broad acres cannot be hidden. They may be stricken by drought or covered by mortgage; freshets may damage them, and tornadoes devastate; yet there is always room for the exploiting of the tax. In some States the farmer must not only pay the tax once; but, if there is also a mortgage on his farm which is also taxed, he pays indirectly that tax, too, along with the interest.

Are there other taxes besides the State, county and school taxes to be considered and put forward ostensibly for the public good? Every one knows that there are, and that public opinion is divided as to their usefulness; and, if useful, as to their distribution and size. There ought to be no division of opinion though as to their effect upon the farmer. In no single respect do they, or can they, help him in the matter of the staple crop universally raised. If he were benefited on a single crop raised in a limited district, the field not devoted to it is so large that at once, when a fair advance in its selling price should seem established, the whole country would arise and flood the markets. Meantime, the indirect taxes cover hundreds of things that the farmer must buy and

must buy at enhanced prices. You may tell him, if you choose, that labor is higher than it would be without a miscellaneous variety of indirect taxes; but he, though the hardest of laborers, knows that no added benefit comes to the personal toil he himself engages in. The labor he hires he does not wish to have made more costly. If his field-servants and house-servants cost him more than they should this cost is a serious drain on his pockets; for labor, on almost any terms, is the most expensive commodity the farmer is compelled to buy.

Let us suppose the farmer's friend in some legislative hall gets enacted for his benefit an eight-hour law. Will the nature of his business change on that account? Will the seasons and calendar months enlarge themselves so as to permit an eight-hour day to serve him as well as one now does of twelve and fourteen? The scheme may help some laborers, if one chooses to think so; but on the farm it has, and can have no place, for there are periods of the year when sixteen hours must be used, unless you can somehow change the nature of the milch cow, the inevitableness of "chores" and the harvest time itself.

Between the farmer and his market stands the railroad, which is of course his friend. But he can only employ it by accepting "a bargain" which, contrary to the proverb, it does not take "two to make." On cans of milk that go to New York from farms less than one hundred miles away, and where milk is the entire product, the railroad not seldom takes for transportation one-third of its value. This is the same, if I own a farm of three hundred acres, as giving one-third of the farm or its usufruct to the railroad company. Many and varied have been the attempts of farmers to lessen this burden and that of the middleman, and no little ingenuity have they evolved in their plans. The keenest among them, and some of them are very keen, have thought with each new attempt that success would at length perch upon their banners. But the very last of these which has come to my notice, and which has encouraged the most hope, went down in failure with the rest, and you cannot now find the ripple which marked its fading existence.

The business of intermediary agencies, and of the middleman strictly so called, is of course a necessity in more businesses than one. But those employed by the farmers have to

deal, to a large extent, in products that are perishable and that must be handled quickly. If the farmer could send cloth or hardware to the metropolis he would, at least, have the advantage of time; but with milk, vegetables and fruit there is no opportunity for long parleying. He must make the best and quickest bargain he can, and the result is, as a matter of course, that the largest part of the price goes into the middleman's pocket. When the middleman is an adventurer and none too honest, as is not infrequently the case, it all goes there. And when you come to think of the farmer's position seriously (in respect to milk, for an example) it is a good deal of the product we find spilled—the difference between the farmer's price of two or three cents, to speak roundly, and the eight or ten cents which the city consumer must pay.

The effort to better this condition of things brings out plainly the fact that the farmer is more or less an unorganized factor. The world is dotted with him. He is altogether too numerous for getting his mind forcibly and executively expressed. The old saying has it:

"No rood but has a star above it."

And it is equally true that no moderate group of acres—for the average farm is small—but has a farmer above them.

We speak of farmers often as if they represent a distinct type of humanity—as if they were homogeneous, or nearly so. In certain limited communities you may find a society of farmers that are sufficiently alike to warrant a broad generalization of their traits. But if you employ the whole United States for the basis of your remarks you must take into account a wide diversity of individuals. In narrow neighborhoods even they are never circumstanced nearly enough alike, or are never joined in a sufficiently steadfast agreement in opinion to organize trusts or beat down the economic law of competition, even if their numbers were not in the way.

Where they have legislated in Western States to subdue the railroads they have quite too often gone far beyond reasonable bounds. The cooler and more discerning ones have been overruled by a class ill instructed in economic questions, yet smarting under some known hardships, and have by them been committed to absurdities which, in their injury to railroad properties, have reacted upon the farmers themselves. In much

of the Grange legislation, too, on matters of mortgages and interest, and the establishment of foreign capital in their midst, their very victories of enactment have many times proved defeats of original purpose. Farmers cannot shift the blame of these things to other shoulders than their own; and these are evils which they alone can remedy. In fact they have retreated from their false position to a large extent, and are beginning, as Matthew Arnold advises, "to think clear and see straight" in every direction where they have hitherto stumbled.

It is lamentable though that so stupendous a humbug as the Alliance Sub-Treasury scheme should find half the favor it has among men who till the soil. But it has had little hold among Eastern and Middle States farmers, and is even diminishing for want of support in the West and South, where it ran for awhile like a prairie conflagration. I think, if I am not misinformed, that its origin is not fairly to be attributed to the farmer class unless the California millionaire Senator who happens to own a horse farm, which is not really the badge of his occupation, and who threw the scheme out as a political sop, is a sufficiently recognized agriculturist to make the charge stick.

The delusion about the Alliance Sub-Treasury, though it is not unnatural, would not have been very blamable if the farmers had taken it up in earnest and established it by law. For they see a hundred other businesses going to Washington yearly, and, like Oliver Twist, holding out their separate dippers and having them well filled. They hear of fabulous sums asked for subsidies to commerce, which the filling of some of the dippers first on the ground has destroyed. When they see a national legislature thus cutting off one end of its shoe-string and, in order to make up for the bereavement—as in the matter of commerce—tying a piece of similar length on the other end, they may well conclude that while favors are going their turn should not be forgotten. Nor need they fear that their scheme, absurd as it is, is one whit more absurd than those which Congress readily grants, or in more need of a writ *de lunatico inquirendo* for the trial of its proposers.

The very existence of such a scheme as this Sub-Treasury one furnishes food for reflection.

The farmer knows that there is something the matter with

his business; he knows that the malady is serious; but he has not determined yet in his own mind what it is. Sometimes he thinks it is a scarcity of money, and that if all the silver of the country were only coined, and the Government should pay the bill for the purchasing and the coining, he would soon find dollars plentiful and easy to secure. But it must be said that not he alone adopts this heresy. It has a long history and embraces a motley company. Whether it is this, however, or the Sub-Treasury plan on which he leans, his purpose in either case is to prop up a business that, in the progress of the age, and by this outrage of special or a paternal legislation, has been handicapped as it never was before. He knows the symptoms of a wrong even if he errs in applying the remedy.

While the profits of his farm decrease he finds that that is not the only grievance, economically speaking. The farm has taken wings itself, in part, and flown irrecoverably. If it was worth \$15,000 when he inherited or bought it, he will do well if he can sell it for \$7,000 now. If it was worth \$7,000 in a former era, he is as fortunate as he can expect to be if it brings \$4,500 to-day. Such a loss as has come upon farms, many of them mortgaged for improvements in addition, would cause a panic of tremendous proportions amongst, if it did not completely paralyze (if applied to them) half of the occupations of the commercial sort in the world.

When the decadence of farming is spoken of to unsympathetic ears the remark is sometimes flippantly made that when the farmer lets politics alone, and attends to his farm, he does well enough. This is usually said, or something like it, by some politician or journal having in mind a little more stringent legislation for the classes against the masses, whereby the farmer can be still further phlebotomized. The answer to this charge is that farmers really lose but very little time in politics, and when they meet at elections and town-meetings they transact a good deal of business that is important to them apart from politics altogether.

It would really be well for the country and well for themselves if they spent more time in politics, and theirs ought not to be the only business which cannot afford time for this purpose.

In spite of all these considerations, however, the average farmer does not primarily care for politics. If politics will

only let him alone he will be a quiescent enough factor in the State. But you should not expect even these peaceful tillers of the soil, when the Government drives its Juggernaut car over them, to lie perfectly still and not attempt to give some advice to the driver.

I should not like to have the reader infer that I am saying no kind of farming pays, and that in every instance farming is a failure. Certain kinds of truck and fruit farming are made often to realize handsome profits. The very large farms—particularly the so-called bonanza farms—yield a large increase. I should predict, too, that the large and specially fine celery tract near Kalamazoo, Mich., should pay well, considering the energy and persistence by which the business has been pushed and the wide sales of the product for many years past all over the United States. Some of these farms, however, are owned by companies, and are quite as much commercial enterprises as anything else. In isolated and ordinary farming too there are men who buy and sell cattle, men who add a commercial annex to their farm, though they do it by selling one kind of stock to farmers and taking other kinds which are not needed by them, and they make their activities pay. But all exceptions of the sort I have named, or of any sort, do not count as proof against the average decay and blight that have come upon the most healthful and natural business which can occupy the human mind—the business which can proudly enroll Cincinnati and Washington among its exemplars.

A fact to be noted a little more fully than in my first casual reference, is that the structure of society and the life of the world have changed immensely within a little more than a generation of time. Probably the new inventions, the new topics for thought, and the whole mental horizon as brought about within the past fifty years show an advance equal to that of any two previous centuries. It is not unnatural that this renaissance should produce a ferment and unrest in the quieter communities, which make their isolation not quite so endurable as it once was. There are regions to-day where the farm is occasionally snowed in and where the physical features so beautifully described in Whittier's "Snow Bound" may be found. But the repose that once was is not there. In many ways the roar of the outer and busier world has reached the ears of the rural dwellers so circumstanced,

and the farms there may even now be on the way to abandonment.

As a result of unpopular solitariness, and the longing for a closer touch with the more active life of men, farm villages have been constructed in the newer States, which bring the houses together and leave the farms at a distance. The plan is one to be favored where conditions permit it, even if the farming is made a little harder to do. But there is one result which springs from the dislike of isolation that shows a marked revolution in man's relation to rural homes. The time is within the memory of men still living when it was the common ideal of the urban citizen (whether he was born in the city or had gone there from the country to first make a fortune) to look forward to the day when he could retire to a country home and finish his days amidst foliage and above the green grass. This movement is as old as the time when the great Roman armies were broken up and dissolved; it has prevailed generally in Europe; it made what was known as the country gentleman in England; and until within a few years it prevailed here.

But this tendency is now almost wholly reversed. As the good Bostonian goes to Paris when he dies, so the good farmer moves into some city or village as soon as he has a sufficient competence with which to do so. And he has been waiting for just this opportunity only until the means should be forthcoming. Moralists of the old school and good wishers for society may lament this new fashion, but it cannot now be hindered until new conditions arise.

There must be something wrong in legislation, in social ideals, or somewhere, to make this new aversion to country life a habit or characteristic. For it seems to reverse the primitive and natural feeling of the race, the dreams of art and the aspirations of the poet. "I have now come," says Cicero, "to the farmer's life, with which I am exceedingly delighted, and which seems to me to belong especially to the life of a wise man." What a long roll of celebrated men have in one way and another certified to this feeling. It would be not only a pity—it would be a world-wide catastrophe—if the farmer must forever remain the victim of disabling misfortunes. For did not Goldsmith say:

"Princes or lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But a bold yeomanry, our country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

JOEL BENTON.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

KATHLEEN NE UALLEACHAN.

(Adapted from the original Celtic.)

Like the cloud on the mountain,
When evening declines,
Or the pearl of the ocean
Her white bosom shines—
Her hair's golden treasure
Gleams bright as the dawn—
Oh! I grieve for my Kathleen Nè Ualleachan.

When she roams throught the forest
Like the swift bounding roe,
Sparkling dew-drops she scatters
Where her light footsteps go,
No monarch of splendor
In his gold chariot drawn,
More noble than Kathleen Nè Ualleachan.

Though far I must wander
And wild seas may roll
To divide us, still Kathleen
Will live in my soul;
My heart's mistress, my queen,
Mo cailin dhas ban
Agus dhulish—mo Kathleen Nè Ualleachan.

New York.

FRED LYSER.

THE LOADSTONE OF LOVE.

A FACT.

Gunther von Bultingzorg had come down to Singapore from the west coast of Sumatra to take passage on the French mail steamer running between Saigon and Marseilles. Ten years before, he had sought the warm winds, languorous whispers, and voluptuous beauty of the far East as a panacea for a great disappointment.

He had long since recovered his normal health, and was now going home to remain two years, enjoy some of the abundant wealth that he had accumulated, and perhaps resuscitate the waning prestige of his family. At all events he intended to get married and bring back a wife, and his pulse beat very much faster when he reflected that he had yet that highly interesting individual to select. "Who should it be?" he had asked himself dozens of times as he sat alone on his spacious veranda listening to the thump! thump! of the Indian Ocean breaking its surf against the gravelly beach at the back of his bungalow, or rode a tough little pony over his coffee estates on the slopes of the Indrapæra, admiring and examining the blood-red berries that had made his fortune.

"You are going on the *Fumna*?" inquired a friend in Singapore, when Gunther told him he was on his way to Europe.

"Yes, I think I prefer the French line. I have heard that their steamers carry a number of nice passengers—especially children—and ladies," replied Gunther, with the air of asking a question.

"True, and there's another fact not to be forgotten," answered his friend: "one is compelled to observe a certain form in dress on the French mail. A man can't appear at the dinner-table without a black coat."

"I shall order some new clothes," said Gunther, after a few moments of meditative silence, during which visions of pretty women floated before his eyes, and the comfortable fit of the Dutch suits he had purchased in Padang seemed to him particularly ugly and antiquated.

"In that case, suppose you jump into my trap and we'll drive around to Main street and see that swagger chap just out from London. Captain Gilly, Fourth Cavalry, says one can't get a better fit in England."

"Many thanks," returned Gunther, rising to comply with his friend's suggestion; and off they started, both deeply interested in the new fashions of the London tailor.

It had been so long since the Sumatra planter had witnessed anything like the bustle and confusion of a city, that the meager excitement on Main street gave him real pleasure. To see people hurrying and scurrying up and down was delightful. The glowing warmth, wondrous vegetation, picturesque costumes, bronze figures, dazzling colors, and loose and graceful

robes of the East, now that he was accustomed to them, excited no more interest. Here were Chinamen, Arabs, Hindus, Malays and Europeans, each in their national attire, which he did not care to see; but they were all bent upon something, and what that something could be tickled his curiosity. It was a change—a diversion, pleasant to indulge after his long association with the quiet, calm, imperturbable exterior of the Sumatra Malay. A few ladies were flying along, laughing and chatting, behind swift little ponies, reminding him of the pretty fraulein he was going to marry and bring out when he returned.

The natty fashions of the London tailor entirely captivated the taste of the long-secluded coffee-grower, and also made him think of the unknown fraulein. He became recklessly extravagant, ordering no end of becoming garments, directing his man to immediately remove the old-fashions packed in such quantities in his camphor-wood trunks; so when the *Jumna* boomed along beside the low extended wharf of Singapore, Gunther stood between the pillars of the hotel veranda, with his London cuts laid out in new tin boxes to keep out the damp, impatiently waiting for the signal to go on board.

"I am glad Jenkinson gave me that hint about the clothes," he thought, as he lazily stretched himself on a long Indian chair under the double awnings that shaded the deck of the French steamer, and cast a side glance at a lady reclining on a similar rest at a little distance from him. "She looks like Mena Myer," silently pursued Gunther, raising his hand and peeping between his fingers. "The turn of that neck, those small hands and daintily shod feet might belong to Mena. Strange that I should meet a lady here who reminds me of the very girl that sent me to India! She is prettier than Meha. Mena was a heartless coquette. This one looks as if—as if she could be trusted. I wonder who she is. I'll examine the register," half rising — "but hello! what's this?" falling back on the chair, as an ayah came forward leading a small boy in frocks, who ran to the side of the lady that Gunther had been observing, calling, "Mamma! mamma!"

The latter put out her hand and patted the little fellow's shoulder, then, languidly raising herself to an upright position, assisted the child to climb up to a seat beside her on one end of the extended chair, where he amused himself turning a

bracelet on her wrist, pulling at her watch-chain, and hunting for a pocket in her dress, she playfully catching at his hands and calling him "Mamma's sweetest pet."

Gunther watched these proceedings with much interest, experiencing a jealous disgust for the absent possessor, whoever he might be, of the lovely mother and child. He was now thirty-five years old, and he suddenly realized that he had lost something very dear in the years gone by. "Well, it is all Mena's fault," he sighed, fixing his eyes on the people ascending the gang-plank and singling out a fine-looking man for the lady's husband. He had no more than discovered his mistake, before Jenkinson with some friends, came to bid him good-bye. As soon as they were gone, his mind reverted to his charming fellow-passenger, and he again began to watch for her husband. Presently a small, dark, rickety, shrivelled old man toiled up the bridge, with several servants behind him loaded with gorgeous wraps, silk-covered cushions, baskets of bottles, padded footstools, long pipes and easy-chairs. This great array of conveniences attracted Gunther's attention, and he looked at the old man curiously as the latter stepped on deck dressed in pale buff Chinese silk, with yellow silk socks, black patent-leather slippers, and a topee, lined with deep green silk, pressed down low over his forehead.

After glancing over the deck, the eyes of the yellow-clad passenger caught sight of the mother and child, and with a perceptible halt in his gait, he walked slowly toward them, the servants, meanwhile, carrying his multitudinous belongings below.

"Oh!" groaned Gunther, recognizing the worn-out, sun-dried planter and the brilliant young wife purchased with his money. He turned his face away in disgust, feeling unable to witness the impending meeting.

"*Gott in Himmel!* How could she?" he said aloud as the new arrival tottered past him on a pair of drumstick legs seeming hardly strong enough to bear up his hollow-eyed head and shrunken shoulders.

"Did you speak to me, sir?" asked the old man, stopping and letting a pair of sharp, blue eyes run leisurely over the reclining figure of the robust and stalwart German, while with one set of gem-begirt fingers he removed his topee and with the other drew his handkerchief across his forehead.

"No; I beg your pardon," answered Gunter stiffly, a wave of contempt for the jewels, the perfumery, and the shaky frame settling in his brain.

The planter replaced his topee, bowed with an air of indifference, and moved on, Gunther feeling quite sure that the wife had seen her husband, and, ashamed of her consort, had refrained from looking in his direction.

"Conceited old idiot! Why isn't he in his grave?" silently demanded Gunther, gazing out from under the awning on the steely-blue water, swelling and scintillating beneath the oblique rays of the afternoon sun.

"Oh, Uncle Toby, here you are at last! We had almost given you up," cried a voice as sweet as the tones of a harp; and Gunther jerked his head around to see a beautiful face turned toward him, illuminated by a lovely smile, as the lady extended her hand and rallied the dilapidated planter on his tardy appearance.

"A little late, indeed," replied Uncle Toby in a cracked soprano; "have had too much to do; I only got in from those jungle lands we are preparing for the tobacco, yesterday. Pray excuse me."

"With greatest pleasure. Don't you think Baby has grown?" returned the melodious voice.

"Prodigiously; I hope you have a good ayah," replied Uncle Toby, taking a critical survey of the child.

"Yes, indeed, and my maid besides. How long will it be before we reach Marseilles?"

"Thirty or thirty-five days. George will wait for you there, I suppose?"

"The husband at last," thought Gunther, feeling that he would like to throw "George" into the French docks.

"Certainly; George is the most attentive brother in the world," answered the lady, with a ring of pride in her tone.

"Ah! a brother — nice fellow; I'd like to make his acquaintance," corrected Gunther.

"Poor dear Harry! He was there the last time —" sighed the lady, breaking off in the middle of her sentence and looking unutterably sad.

"We must bear our losses with a wise resignation," said Uncle Toby, dropping his voice to a low, sympathetic key.

"Great Cæsar's ghost! she is a widow!" joyously cried Gun-

ther internally; "and, by Jove! the old cub is making up to her. No, I forget, he is her uncle—a superannuated old duffer going home to die," leaning over the side of his chair, to give more earnest attention to the group. Then presently resuming his mental complaint, "Now, why does he give that gewgaw to the baby?—and why does he insist upon her eating those unhealthy bonbons?—I'll not object when Uncle Toby joins Harry. Bah! I despise rich uncles."

Gunther now motioned to a Hindoo belonging to the ship and told him to go to the purser and get the name of that lady-passenger, carefully pointing out which one he meant.

"The mem-sahib—Madame Weldon—Inglisee—go home—Sahib; Inglisee—go home," said the boy when he returned.

"Mrs. Weldon—going to England," repeated Gunther, straightening out the communication and rising and walking up and down the deck, without noticing the admiring glances thrown at him by several of the young ladies. Mrs. Weldon, a widow, young, charming, all that could be desired, spurred him to action. He stretched his limbs with an air of triumph as he boldly stepped out, displaying to advantage their perfect proportions, unconsciously comparing their size and symmetry with the shaky pedestals of Uncle Toby. Then he swung his great corded arms behind his back, threw his chest forward, held up his head, slapped his expanded chest, and looked down with indulgent scorn on the lengthened parcel of yellow silk reposing in the long rattan chair beside Mrs. Weldon; smiled paternally on the obstreperous boy scampering over the deck, and bestowed a word of caution on the ayah trying to keep pace with the small investigating feet.

The little fellow showed his appreciation of the stranger's attention by leaving the imprint of his small hands and fingers, fresh from the sticky mysteries of Uncle Toby's box of bonbons, on Gunther's immaculate white linen trousers, at which the victim smiled and tossed the child up and set him on his shoulder, allowing his spotless coat and vest to share the fate of his trousers, proudly contrasting the boy's mischievous spirits and healthy frame with the weary, pale-faced, half-developed children born in India, and now going home to get a constitution.

A number of people coming on board to bid Uncle Toby good-bye, the Sumatra planter put Mrs. Weldon's boy down

and blushed, pretending to gaze a moment at something on the street beyond the wharf, then gave his whole attention to the busy mart beside the ship, where brown-skinned coolies, with a strip of cotton about their loins for dress, were unloading square grass bags of coffee and spices, which reminded him of the fertile plateaus of Indrapoera; and, following long habit, he began to estimate their weight and worth. Then he scrutinized the nondescript assortment of baggage being hauled on deck, and watched the carriages driving up, some containing occupants with happy expectancy home written on every feature, plainly telling that they "were going," and others with tear-stained faces and listless hands waving sad adieus, while some people stood on the quay, without smile or tear, gazing longingly at the file of men, women, and children—chiefly children—looking down from the high taffrail above.

"They all want to go home," thought Gunther compassionately, throwing a glance backward to make sure that Uncle Toby and Mrs. Weldon were still occupying their chairs.

At last the bustling interchange of joy and sorrow so painfully conspicuous on the East Indian wharf of a "homeward bound" subsided. The tears were all shed, the sad farewells over, the punkahs going, measuring out breezy waves of cooling air, and the luxurious *Yumna* was swiftly ploughing the glassy surface of the tepid sea, leaving out of sight the low, flat line of Singapore, now resembling a gigantic black thread edging an intervening expanse of glittering splendor.

Sunset on a tropical sea! Our voyager had gazed on it hundreds of times—even thousands, he could say with truth—from the palm-fringed coasts of Sumatra and the overlooking heights beyond, but he had never seen such placid brilliancy in pink, red, purple, and blue, shimmering and half-concealed under the dancing tints of sparkling gold, as was here displayed. It was a mirror of burnished magnificence, a dream of glory nightly spread on those sheltered seas by the great circling ball of fire and flame, when he puts out his lights behind rosy banks of fluffy cloud and piling mountains of golden red slowly rolling up against a purple horizon and shooting all the iridescent shades of the universe across the sleeping waters. As the silent beauties of this enchanting panorama unfolded, the hot, dry air became soft and de-

liciously odorous with fragrant moisture and dainty perfumes, wafted from the distant glints of neighboring shores.

A short twilight added mystery and romance to the absorbing picture, and trailed phosphorescent fire on the troubled path that followed the ship's disturbing keel, arresting Gunther's meditative glance and reminding him that the day had passed. He looked around and observed that the awnings were rolled into horizontal bundles suspended above the centre of the decks, and that Mrs. Weldon's chair was empty. Uncle, the ayah, and boy had also disappeared. He moved slowly about, Argus-eyed and watchful, carefully scanning the silent forms reclining in the various rows and groups of easy-chairs, which generally indicated those persons who had lived a long time in India. Then he made a tour among the jaunty little tea-tables dotting the deck, around which a few people were still sitting drinking tea, with tall, black khitmagars standing at their backs; and finally, he wandered into a corner where some of the more animated passengers were playing cards, and his searching gaze fell on Mrs. Weldon, her face flushed and her eyes sparkling, as she laughed merrily at the victory she had just gained over Uncle Toby.

"All these rupees belong to me," she cried, sweeping, with a graceful movement of her hand and wrist, a pile of silver pieces from the table into her lap. "Yes, they are mine, and I'll not give you a chance to win them back till after dinner. I am going to dance; you know, we must take exercise;" and pushing back her chair as she spoke, she rose and moved with the undulating lightness of a fairy, Gunther thought, across to one of the tea-tables, where she said something to a young girl; who immediately stood up, and winding their arms about each other's waists, they sailed away in time with the inspiring music of a waltz. Several other couples followed, and soon the dancing became general. Gunther watched the tall form of Mrs. Weldon, and tried to listen to the spirited airs of the brass band, and learn the evolutions of the new figures, neither of which he did for racking his brains thinking how he could manage to ask Mrs. Weldon to dance with him without seeming impertinent. The dinner gong called them all below before he had solved this momentous problem.

After dinner Mrs. Weldon played cards again with Uncle Toby, allowing him to get back his rupees, which threw the

old planter into high good-humour, celebrated by a bottle of iced champagne. Then they both got into their long chairs and went to sleep, Gunther, meanwhile, securing a very young partner and following Mrs. Weldon's example of taking exercise.

To obtain a realizing idea of life on a luxurious steamer wending its rapid way over a smooth, warm, glassy sea, and bestowing all the comforts and courtesies of a French salon, one must avail oneself of the practical experience; therefore, we will omit the description and proceed with our voyager, who hoped that a day at Ceylon, where the steamer was to touch, might present opportunities for needed services which would lead to the acquaintance he so ardently coveted. But he was obliged to leave the Island of Spices without having exchanged a word with the lady whose presence now absorbed him entirely. He had discovered, however, that Uncle Toby was not Mrs. Weldon's relative, and that she was only going home under the old man's care. This knowledge did not add to Gunther's peaceful repose; on the contrary, it disturbed him—made him jealous, forced him to admit that he was madly in love, and caused him extra concern about his appearance. He remembered Jenkinson with deep gratitude, played with Mrs. Weldon's chubby boy, cultivated the friendship of her maids, so that they would speak well of him to their mistress, cordially despised Uncle Toby, and secretly anathematized him for drinking iced champagne with his fair friend.

He was becoming desperate. They had crossed the first half of the Indian Ocean; were familiar with the hot, still blue above and the liquid colors beneath; regarded a spouting whale as no longer interesting; cared nothing for the monstrous blue sharks that sank out of sight or glided away from their path,—the shoals of dolphin that rolled on the shining silver, the flocks of flying-fish that rose in the air and skimmed away beyond, or the pale, pure nights when it seemed a sin to sleep.

Familiarity had brought indifference, and the passengers, longing for change, began to talk about visiting the great tanks at Aden, constructed, as some assert, by the Queen of Sheba.

From being desperate, Gunther soon became determined. The talk about Aden disclosed the fact that the end of the voyage was not far distant. He counted up the days, and found that he had barely three weeks left in which to make

the acquaintance of Mrs. Weldon and persuade her to forever disappoint the hopes of the unknown fraulein.

As a man of business, decision, with the Sumatra planter, was equivalent to action. He at once repaired to the Captain, wondering why he had not thought of this sensible expedient before. Presenting an old and honored title, which belonged to him, but which he had modestly ignored as long as he was a poor man, he requested an introduction to "*la belle Anglaise*."

Mrs. Weldon was charmingly gracious, and her admirer became more wildly infatuated than ever. Uncle Toby was particularly grumpy, and continued to refuse all overtures to conversation; but the self-elected lover explained to himself that the "old idiot was jealous," hence his bad manners. At any rate, what did he care? Mrs. Weldon had blushed, accepted his ices, and returned the light pressure of his hand; surely, he could not be mistaken in regard to the latter—his passion was returned. Uncle Toby, however, annoyed him still; the old man smiled in an equivocal way, and always insisted on being present when he was specially anxious to be alone with the beautiful widow and might, perhaps, be able to propound the momentous question. To make opportunities more difficult to obtain, Mrs. Weldon suddenly stopped dancing. Was this Uncle Toby's advice? He thought of it, and grew livid with rage.

Aden was behind them, and they had entered the Red Sea, where the heat was intense. Amusements were omitted, the glories of sunrise and sunset unnoticed, and the beauty of the dreamy nights was disregarded. The suffocating atmosphere and the voracious sharks prowling in multitudes around the ship seemed to furnish the only two subjects of conversation that excited even a passing interest. Many of the passengers now looked over the taffrail with caution. The man-eaters were always scudding about under the shining surface, and it was disagreeable to know that a remorseless stomach was constantly waiting to extend a greedy welcome. The sweltering heat increased, general discomfort prevailed, people panted for air, and the formalities of good society gradually relaxed; the passengers ran about in negligé, became querulous—almost impertinently familiar—and Gunther dared to scowl at Uncle Toby and signify his desire that the old guardian would kindly allow him an occasional tête-a-tête with his new friend.

At last an evening arrived when Suez was only a few hours distant. Everyone was on deck trying to fancy they felt a cool whiff from the Libyan hills beyond the glaring yellow rim of sand, and making efforts to watch the sun disappear below the red haze and quivering glow hovering over the great African desert wastes. This made a ripple in the monotony, and spirits rose accordingly.

Mrs. Weldon was reclining in her long easy-chair, sipping her iced claret and seltzer, looking sweet, placid, and expectant. Gunther, having got rid of Uncle Toby, was sitting near her, his heart beating high; at last he had her all to himself. He was going to make the fatal plunge. He became very red in the face, began to tremble, and looked around to see what the others were doing. A few were watching the setting sun, but the majority appeared to be occupied with their own affairs; at least they were not regarding him, so he turned his head and opened his mouth to speak, when a scream rang out on the air, followed by a dull splash on the water below, and everyone sprang to his or her feet and rushed to one side of the deck.

Mrs. Weldon's little boy had wriggled himself out of the arms of his nurse and fallen overboard. "The sharks! The sharks!" gasped several ladies under their breaths, while one prolonged shriek revealed the agony of the mother. Gunther tore off his coat and kicked away his shoes; and Uncle Toby, suddenly able to use his legs, came running up and gave him a push. The old man blamed him for drawing the mother's attention from her child. Gunther made a spring for the taffrail, sending the feeble planter sprawling on the floor, and the next instant came a heavy swash near the stern of the vessel, and the dangerous waters had closed over the head of the courageous coffee-grower.

In a second or two the latter appeared again beyond the swirl of the screw, and with bold strokes struck out towards the little form, now far behind, going around in a circle on the smooth surface.

"A shark! oh heaven preserve them!" was whispered in the air, while all stood paralyzed—waiting. The child sank before the brave swimmer reached him. Then the latter disappeared, and intense excitement prevailed on deck. The reversed screw made everything tremble, while the hoarse commands of the officers and the excited haste of the sailors in

letting down a boat seemed to confirm the impression that both man and child were lost. Something appeared again on the water, but so far away that nothing could be distinguished.

A gentleman whipped out a glass and, putting it to his eyes, shouted: "He has got him!"

Then the ladies clasped their hands and burst into tears; men yelled, waved their hats, and screamed: "Hurry, hurry, for God's sake!" to the departing boat, and flew up and down the deck like lunatics, thinking they were doing something to help.

"They have gone under," shouted the man with the glass; and everyone stood still gazing, and saw nothing.

"They are pulling them both into the boat," now called the watcher, with a sigh of relief; and all except the poor mother and Uncle Toby rushed to the traffrail.

It seemed like an eternity before the boat arrived and the exhausted swimmer, with the child in his arms, was dragged up the side of the vessel. Mrs. Weldon was the first to reach Gunther when he touched the deck; then she fell on his neck and fainted.

Gunther went below, little the worse for his exertions; and when he remembered the joy in the mother's face, and thought of her arms about his neck, he felt more than amply repaid for risking his life. He soon appeared again in fresh clothing, and Suez now coming in sight, Mrs. Weldon, assured of her boy's recovery, also came up, pale and nervous, and looked about to thank his rescuer.

Gunther saw her and hastened to her side, his heart overflowing with tenderness—she was more dear to him than ever. She and the boy both seemed to belong to him now, and his face glowed with supreme happiness.

Mrs. Weldon trembled and held out her hand as he approached, while her eyes appeared to read his heart.

"How can I thank you?" she whispered, turning very white. "Words fail me—"

"Then don't; become my wife," interrupted Gunther, seizing her hand.

"Great heaven! don't you know?" gasped Mrs. Weldon, waves of crimson surging over the deadly pallor of her face.

"Know?—know what?" asked Gunther, fiercely.

"I have—my husband meets me at Suez."

"And Harry—who died?" demanded Gunther hoarsely, growing white in his turn.

"My brother——" answered Mrs. Weldon, sliding down on her chair in a second dead faint.

NEW YORK.

(MRS.) S. J. HIGGINSON.

THE END.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

PART VI.

WALKING FOR PROFIT.

The American Museum of Natural History, in the City of New York, contains a unique collection. It consists of more than seven thousand eggs of birds that are not domesticated, arranged for exhibition in drawers and accompanied on appropriate perches by the stuffed forms of the winged creatures responsible for their existence. The collection owes its creation to E. H. Bailey, a well-known ornithologist of New Jersey, who in its accumulation visited and tramped over many of the wildest districts of this and other lands. In referring to the arrangements that were being made for the exhibition of these "finds," a New York journal gives us the interesting information that, after an offer of \$4,000 by an English naturalist had been declined by the owner of the property, it was purchased, at a handsome figure, by a wealthy New Yorker, and donated to the Museum before mentioned.

About the same time the papers contained the statement that Harvard College had offered \$10,000 for the birds' eggs and birds' skins collected by Captain Charles E. Bendire, of the United States Army, which were chiefly the fruits of the so-called idle hours that his profession gave him while on duty at frontier posts, and industriously devoted to his favorite hobby.

The time and labor needed for such accumulations would seem to be enormous; and yet we are told that William C. Flint, of San Francisco, whose experience is detailed in an

earlier chapter, in the course of eight years' tramping, during such vacation seasons as the busy profession of the law allowed him, brought together two thousand five hundred birds' skins, between eight hundred and nine hundred nests, and not less than ten thousand eggs, including about six hundred varieties of North American birds, one hundred different species of nests, and nearly five hundred species of North American eggs in perfect clutches—a "clutch" meaning the complete number of eggs laid by the same bird for a single hatching. Such an assortment would be worth a good deal of money, and sufficient to compensate not inadequately for the time and labor expended in its acquisition.

Such cases, while significant, are by no means exceptional. Most of our larger museums furnish illustrations of the profitableness, in a pecuniary sense, of the pursuit of knowledge by tramping collectors and explorers. Not the least of these is the herbarium of the great Linnæus, in one sense the father of botanical studies, which almost became an international issue and a *casus belli*. Started from a nucleus of wild flowers, which a poor Swedish school-master gathered during his vacation and other leisure hours, it grew until its fame became world-wide. After his death many sought to secure it, and when the King of Sweden learned that a wealthy and enterprising Englishman had been fortunate enough to close a bargain for the coveted property with the widow of the dead naturalist, and that it was on its way to the purchaser's country, he promptly dispatched a war vessel to intercept the ship containing it, but, as it happened, too late for its recovery. A not wholly dissimilar case is that of the Scotch game-keeper, who used his opportunities in the woods to cultivate a knowledge of plants and start a herbarium of his own, which, in time, came to the notice of the present English sovereign, and so delighted her that she gave its master an enviable situation in the royal gardens.

Such cases prove that it pays to run round and pick up things—things which to the most of people have no value, and which are going to waste, unclaimed and unappreciated, all about us. There is money in them, besides an abounding store of good cheer and bodily vigor to those who have the energy and sagacity to search them out. The world is full of unappropriated riches. We have but to use our feet and our

eyes aright, and they are ready and waiting for our hands. Nor is money the only reward that may come to such seekers. Fame may be theirs. The name of Linnæus will never be forgotten. There is another example teaching the same lesson. Everybody has heard of Gilbert White, of Selborne, England. He was a simple-hearted clergyman whose love of nature, stimulated somewhat by bodily impairment brought on by over-study and confinement, which called for out-door exercises, led him to wander afoot among the by-paths and cran- nies of his immediate district. He became interested in its unregistered and neglected inhabitants—the beasts and birds and creepers that nobody owned or seemed to take any account of. As he noted their existence and habits he not only made sketches to preserve their appearances, but recorded the results of his observations in notes that in time were embodied in a little book. While displaying close study and remarkable acuteness of perception, White's work, in style, is a very simple and rather commonplace production; and yet, more than a hundred years after its publication, it is read with appreciation and profit. It has become a classic. It will live as long as the English language does. There is nothing about Selborne that was exceptional or remarkable, scarcely a district of the same size in any country that will not furnish equal opportunities for exploration, and is not equally deserving of a faithful recorder of its zoological and floral resources, and to whom it will give equal satisfaction, if not equal renown. In this regard, no country in the world is more amply endowed than our own. How rich it is in subjects for tramping scientists may be inferred from the statement, made on seemingly good authority, that, in the insect department alone, we have, outside of such familiar types as ants, spiders, wigglers, &c., no fewer than twenty thousand kinds of bees, wasps, saw-flies, ichneumon flies and such like; about ten thousand species of two-winged flies; nearly an equal number of moths and butterflies—representing an appalling multitude of devouring grubs and caterpillars—several thousand species of grass-hoppers and dragon-flies, and ten thousand beetles and bugs of various sorts. In addition to these, there are hosts of millipedes, centipedes, mites and ticks, besides cut-worms, joint worms, canker-worms and worms *ad nauseam*. How such figures must moisten the mouths of all devotees of entomology! Nor is it necessary to

go to the far and unsettled West to reach the paradise of moths and bugs and worms. Several of our most successful collectors in that department reside in the suburbs of New York city, and have not gone far from their own door-yards for specimens. Probably the most popular, if not the best book we have on the subject is entitled, "Tenants of an Old Farm," which professes to record observations confined to one hundred acres of land in one of the oldest sections of New Jersey.

But the financial profits of tramping, while traceable without much difficulty, have usually come by routes more or less indirect. Everybody knows what immense sums of money have been realized through discoveries in mechanics and science, when protected by patents; but everybody does not know the most distinguishing trait of the discoverers. The popular impression is that great inventors have been book and office worms, passing their days and nights in work shops and laboratories. A knowledge of their lives tells a very different story. On the contrary, they have, almost without exception, been persons of restless physical energy and much addicted to outdoor wanderings and studies. In view of that peculiarity, a distinguished writer says, "It is matter of common remark that many of the most valuable discoveries, or applications of discoveries, usually called inventions, have been made, as it were, by accident, by persons not having many of the ordinary pretensions to knowledge, or such as we would not have looked to for such discoveries or inventions. The mariner's compass and quadrant; the steam engine and the apparatus by which it opens and shuts its own valves; printing in all its forms and with nearly all its improvements; chronometers that keep correct time in spite of the changes of heat and cold; and, indeed, almost all the more wonderful and useful applications that have been made of the properties of matter generally, or of particular properties, have been the results of what we in common language are in the habit of calling "chance"; that is, they have been made by those who as we say in common phrase, were "not the most likely persons to make them." All of which is true, but about it there is nothing very strange after all, when we understand that the lucky individuals were persons accustomed to "knock about" and look into things. When discoveries were called

for, they were by far the most likely people to stumble upon them.

A reference to the lives of great inventors discloses some things that to most people would appear very curious, if not improbable. One is, that they have generally been persons of weak physical structures—at least in their youth; and another, that they have nearly always been possessed of roving dispositions. Says one of the biographers of James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, a Scotchman, "He was in youth of a solitary disposition, and loved to wander by himself amidst the wooded grounds surrounding his father's mansion." Again, "When a school boy, during holiday times, he indulged in rambles along the Clyde, sometimes crossing to the North shore and strolling up the Gare Loch and Holy Loch, and even as far as Ben Lomond itself."

Of Richard Arkwright, who invented the spinningjenny, we are told, that, being apprenticed to a barber, he rebelled against the confinement of the shop, and "at eighteen began to travel about Lancaster afoot, buying and selling hair." Frederick Koenig, inventor of the steam printing press, was in youth a tramping type-seller of whom no good was predicted. Humphrey Davy, who gave us the safety lamp, was apprenticed to an apothecary, but he "spent so much of his time in rambling about the country that he and his master agreed to part." Hugh Miller, who made the Old Red Sandstone reveal so many wonderful secrets to man, was sent like other boys to school, but proved to be such a persistent truant that his biographer tells us he "went to school in the heart of old pine forests and among the shingles cast up by the resounding sea." Much to the disgust of his relatives, he chose the occupation of a stone-mason and quarryman.

Now, while at first it may seem strange that we should owe our greatest and most useful discoveries in mechanism to barbers and peddlers, to land surveyors and stone-cutters, the mystery is easily dissipated. They were students of nature, and inventions are simply new applications of nature's laws. They were far better fitted for success in that field than mere students of books. Nor is the field by any means exhausted. In such departments of it as relate to electricity, heat, mesmerism, etc., we are just entering upon a period of most astonishing discoveries. Great financial profits will be among the

results, as well as dazzling reputations. There is no reason to suppose that the inventors of the future will differ in inclinations and habits from the inventors of the past. While neither rejecting nor despising books, they will put themselves in direct contact with the universe about them, and use their own eyes and ears and hands, not without assistance from their feet, to penetrate its secrets and solve its practical problems.

There is another profit, especially if we agree with "Poor Richard," that pennies saved are pennies made, indirectly connected with walking, that is too important to be wholly overlooked. We all love to travel. Most of us like to visit foreign countries occasionally. As steam has practically obliterated the ocean, we can generally spare the time to reach lands far from our own. The obstruction, when we get to them, is the expense of travel. Only the moderately rich, according to the ordinary methods of locomotion, can afford to visit foreign shores. But there is a method that all of us can adopt. We can walk. That there is more in this method than a joke, is proved by numerous gratifying experiences. By far the best books of travel we have are records of pedestrian tours. What can be accomplished, almost without expense, toward seeing the world by a man able and willing to use his feet, as well as his eyes, was very satisfactorily demonstrated by Bayard Taylor in the expedition chronicled in his "Views Afoot"—a work far superior to anything he produced when able to proceed in more luxurious style. At a cash outlay of \$500, he visited the most interesting portions of Europe, devoting two years of most profitably expended time to the undertaking.

In his "Tramp Trip, or How to see Europe on Fifty Cents a Day"—a most entertaining record—Lee Meriweather shows how every country from Gibraltar to the Bosphorus, can be seen—not skimmed over, but seen—in one year's time at a cost of \$318, of which sum \$135 went for the ocean passages.

Even more convincing on the score of economy, is the exhibit made by another trumper of some repute. James Ricolton is, or was, a school-master of Orange, New Jersey, supporting himself, with a family of three children, on an income of eight hundred dollars per annum. Such straitened circumstances would have banished the hope, if not the

ambition, to see foreign lands on the part of most people. Not so with Ricolton. At the age of forty he had visited many distant, and some almost inaccessible, parts of the globe, although giving to sight-seeing only his summer vacations of two months each. How he managed the financial part is explained in an article founded on an interview with Mr. Ricolton, which we find in one of our leading journals. We quote the following passage: "His trip through England, Ireland and Scotland, in 1879, cost less than \$150, including steamer passage both ways, though he was absent two months. Three years later he visited Iceland, Norway, Sweden, Germany and France at the same cost, and last summer, he made a trip through Brazil, extending over a period of a number of weeks, at even less expense."

That such journeys can be made profitable, as well as pleasant, is shown by the following reference, in the same article, to the traveller's home: "The house is a museum. The bones of a mastodon attract attention from the front veranda, the parlors are filled with Indian and European relics and curiosities collected by Mr. Ricolton in his excursions, and in a cage in the rear is a beautiful jaguar captured in the interior of Brazil, a thousand miles from the mouth of the Amazon, while a playful little South American peccary gambols about the kitchen with the family cat."

In the cases of Bayard Taylor and Ricolton there has been direct pecuniary profit, for both have known how to use the pen as well as the staff, and their writings descriptive of their rambles have attracted many readers. But even in instances where no such financial results can be looked for, their examples are well worth considering. They show how all parts of our globe can be brought within reach of men of moderate means, and the blessings and enjoyments of natural studies immeasurably widened.

PART VII.

WALKING IN THE SEASONS.

It was the purpose of the writer, when the papers were undertaken, to provide at this point what might be called a Natural Directory for the walker's benefit, consisting of the

names of the principal flowers, birds and bugs he might expect to find in his tramps during each of the seasons, also, the prominent stars that would be visible, if he should see fit to indulge in rambles by night. Two reasons, however, have induced a change of plan. One is that the series threatens to outgrow the dimensions contemplated for it; and the other, that the walker might not care for such assistance, preferring to be left to his own resources as an explorer. He might, not unreasonably, desire to discover for himself the provisions that nature, from time to time, has supplied for his entertainment, and consequently object to being forestalled. If, however, he wishes to get the information referred to from books, he need not be disappointed. There are plenty of works that furnish it, although not in the order and condensation had in view by the writer hereof—works on botany, on ornithology, on entomology, as well as on astronomy. The notes made from time to time by Thoreau, and covering the whole year, and since his death assorted and published under the titles of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, supply, with more or less extraneous matter, a pretty full index to the things which the walker is likely to see, because they are the things which Thoreau himself, a sharp observer, saw. Then there are Colin Clout's and half a dozen other calendars that undertake, in a sort of panoramic way, to furnish a catalogue of nature's repertory. And, if poetry and color are wanted with sober data, they are to be had in tempting redundancy in the writings of Richard Jeffries, John Burroughs, Grant Allen, Maurice Thompson, Wilson Flagg, Bradford Torrey, Olive Thorne Miller, *et hoc genus omne*, with whom the habitual walker will soon become familiar. Should an eye be had to pecuniary or scientific profit in the collection and preservation of birds, insects, snakes, etc., Dr. Elliot Coues' little book on that subject will be found instructive and helpful. There are, of course, other works of similar kind.

If the writer were asked to designate the season in which he most enjoyed walking in the way of tramps, he would probably occasion surprise by answering Winter. Yes, bleak, cold and what many call "forbidding" winter. In the first place, there is no time when the blood will circulate more freely, when there will be more internal glow and fire as an offset to the external cold, more vigor and vitality of movement, and with it more of the

enjoyment which comes with the realization of effective, earnest motion. Now, there is a good deal in that. There is none of the languor then which we sometimes experience at other seasons, and which makes tramping a weariness both to the flesh and the spirit. When we walk in winter we walk.

Nor does the inclemency of the weather seriously interfere. Some of the most enjoyable tramps I have ever had were in snows almost to my knees, and in the face of beating storms. There is something inspiring in the swirling snow, a sense of victory in pushing right on while the wind whistles and blusters and the drift flies harmlessly in its fury across the naked fields.

But it is not all storm in winter. There is sunshine then, and what glorious sunshine it is! At no other time is there so much luminosity to the air. It is as clear as it is sweet and bracing. Give me the atmosphere of a perfect winter day, if I am to have out-door exercise at its best. It is as full of beauty as it is of tonic. There is no deceit about it, no confusion and misdirection. It shows everything with absolute fidelity. Now, the air is given us as much to look through as it is to breathe.

A winter landscape is not all dreariness; far from it. The snow is visible purity, and has the same claim to beauty as the diamond and the pearl. Even the bare, dead, hard-frosted field, when the sun shines on it, has the sparkle of polished stone. It would be attractive in our eyes if it were not for the associations with which we clothe it. The offensiveness we think we see in it is in our own minds, and not in the landscape. Nature is simply disrobed in winter. We see her perfect form. She stands before us revealed in her exact proportions. As well say that Venus in marble is unattractive, because bare and stiff and cold, as deny the charms of nature in her frozen nudity. Winter, even when she chills and kills, makes nothing repulsive. The brook ceases to flow on the surface, but water loses none of its lustre by being transformed into ice. Look at the stream in yonder meadow; you would protest it to be a glittering sword, and the pond just beyond, a burnished shield that a passing giant had thrown away. And what can rival the display when the frost has clothed every twig and branch and fence, and even the old dead weeds, with pendant crystals and the most delicate beadwork and laces? Winter is a monarch at times marvelously

lavish of her gems; and the trees, though stripped of their robes of green and gold, are far from unsightly. Their great bare trunks stand up and out far more imposingly than at any other time. Trees always appeal to our imagination. In summer and autumn they are kings and queens with crowns and robes, and in the blossoming time of spring they are often beautiful brides made ready for the altar. But in no other season do they wear so much of the human aspect as in winter. There was in my boyhood days a great leaning oak that stood on the edge of a brook winding through a big meadow lot, which, as the snow drift covered his busky ankles, always made me think of a huge shivering bather just emerging from the water with the surf still round his feet. Out in the pasture, just back of the old barn, was a maple from which the upper half had been blown away, that, when the snow gathered on his flattened pate, made a perfect old man—a beggar he always appeared to me—waiting out in the wind-swept field. How easy it is to see in a group of denuded trees upon a white hill top, or ranged along the highway's side, a company of mail-clad knights on guard, and we almost wait to hear their sonorous challenges and feel the blows from their tremendous arms. And then

"The birch on yonder mound

With leafless ivory branches gleaming bare,
Its yellow treasures heaped upon the ground,
Seemeth Godiva fair,
Standing white limbed and naked as at birth,
With all her golden raiment slid to earth."

There are pictures in winter that the summer cannot rival. The smoke does some wonderful painting against the background of the cold steel gray sky. Every house has its waving plume. How it changes its hues as it ascends, passing from brown to blue, and from blue to nothingness as it melts into the invisible ether! And what wonderful shadows we have! The bird that slowly circles far up in air has its counterpart skimming the frozen fields, stopping neither for fence nor bush, nor wall, nor tree. For every bird in heaven there is a goblin gliding round below. But the most marvelous painters we have, when the earth is clad in snowy vestment, are the clouds. What curious figures they produce! Animals,

houses, men; churches with steeples and churches without steeples; ships under full sail; great floating islands, fleets of tiny boats, and fishes both big and little, appear upon the clean white canvas, coming and passing with stereoptic fickleness. Winter is the season for brilliant sky colors and startling snow reflections; for the most picturesque atmospheric effects. What can be more delightful than to stand upon an eminence, when all the world below

"Lies hid 'neath Winter's winding sheet,"

and watch a flying cloud shadow pass across the face of the country! How gracefully it skims the icy mead, undulating with all the inequalities of the land, now down in the meadow, now on the hillside above, going to pieces in yonder wood, only to re-form like a broken army on the plain beyond, plunging into a glen where it is lost to sight, but reappearing on the long slope of the opposite mountain, up which it moves steadily, irresistibly, like an attacking squadron, until the summit is reached, where, tarrying for a minute in seeming hesitancy, it disappears and is gone forever. Oh! it is glorious!

The best long distance views are to be had in the winter. There are then fewer obstructions than at any other time. The leaves are off the trees; the atmosphere is purest and clearest. On a bright day it is like looking through a telescope to study a distant winter scene. The minutia are buried, and the broad features stand out distinct and clear. When the north wind sifts its silvery dust upon the land, it is only to hide its scars and sores and blemishes. The snow is like charity. The best impression of a landscape embracing plain, mountain and forest, is then to be had, and with it the most accurate knowledge of the topography and general aspects of the country.

And when it comes to studying other worlds than ours, there is no time like winter. The stars are then largest, brightest. 'Tis a blessed law which makes the flowers above the fairest when those below are gone. The heavens then seem to be nearer the earth than at any other time. The infinite richness of a winter's unclouded nocturnal sky is indescribable. Man never has looked, and never will look, upon a scene more surpassingly beautiful than the great dome as it stands illuminated, not by one sun blinding us with its glare, but by a million suns, all shining with a light so mild and so

seductive that the wonder is we can turn our eyes away from it. And that mysterious glow that paints the frozen North with a splendor that may be said to be at once nature's Apocalypse and Apotheosis—what could be more intensely fascinating! There are no skies like the skies of winter.

But we need not go to the stars and the clouds and the far-away hills to find attractions sufficient to draw us from our homes during the snowy months. Some one has said that winter is Nature's cabinet of curiosities, full of dried specimens in their proper order and position. The remark is literally true as well as poetical. There is scarcely a sheltered nook in which cannot be found more or less of Summer's floral or vegetable productions in a condition of excellent preservation, so far as forms, and even colors, are concerned. Life is gone, but the frost-seasoned stems and pods and leaves remain, and as the dead have always supplied science with its best subjects for surgery and chemistry, so we have in these withered relics the best materials for the exercise of inquisitorial tests. The woods are full of such retreats. If not inaccessible in summer, the swamp is an unpleasant, if not a dangerous place to visit. There is no difficulty in entering now. Winter has spread a floor of polished marble for our feet. And what a wonderful place when we do enter! It is a veritable natural museum. There are tall feathery grasses, ramrod-like pussy-tails, great hulking, stupid plants that stand fast holding pods from which the seeds have slipped, high tufted reeds, and little modest scarlet trailers. They sway and bend and nod as if alive, and yonder is a bush that is blushing all over with last year's crop of crimson berries; and there, a little further on, another, half-clothed with clinging leaves, all bleached and wrinkled, but twinkling lightly in the passing breeze. 'Tis marvellously life-like, and yet how false and vain is all this bravery! The grasses, reeds and leaves are dead, mere ghosts of their former living selves, pressed by the elements, and waiting merely for their successors, in the near-by spring, to sink into the earth. The place is a sepulchre. It is like "a banquet hall deserted," where all the "flowers are dead" and the half-audible music of abandoned pipes in the cold wind is a taunting mockery. The spot is dreary enough, but there is not another for miles around so inviting to the student of botanical remains.

But everything is not cold and still and dead in winter. There is life on every hand, and it is life of the intensest, busiest kind. It would be difficult to find any spot in the bleakest January day where there is not evidence of some living creature, either at home or abroad, and to me it has always appeared that winter's fauna, whether birds or mammals, possessed more character than those of any other season, and appealed correspondingly to our sympathies or curiosity. Owing to their hard surroundings all animals of a *ferae naturae* then have a battle for existence, and exhibit in all their acts and movements a spirit and sagacity that make it exceedingly interesting to watch them. A fox is at such a time a very entertaining fellow, although we care little about him in summer. A crow, though a blemish on the landscape while brilliant feathers abound, is then, by reason of his white environment, a picturesque, if not a pleasant, object, and his cry is musical as the bass accompaniment of a whistling, gusty wind. A company of horned larks disporting on a field of snow compels us to stop in the biting cold and watch their quick, erratic flights, wondering by what discipline or instinct a hundred wings are made to move in strict accord. One thing that we cannot overlook is that in winter everything that moves on the surface leaves a track. The rabbit can be easily followed by his triangular foot-prints, although, as a boy's experience in many a weary chase has taught me, not easily captured. The little mouse that dwells under the corn crib or the hay stack cannot take an airing without a tell-tale line in his wake betraying his movements, which, although possibly of no service to the cat or his other enemies, is exceedingly interesting to the naturalist. In short, there are so many things characteristic of the season, and not to be seen at any other time of the year, appealing in winter to the observant walker, that he cannot then take a step without being gratified and instructed. His walk, however, if he is wise, will be short. A tramp of a day, or even half a day, will ordinarily suffice. More ground in the same time, it must be remembered, can be covered in winter than in the other seasons. If the weather is exceptionally favorable and the scenery sufficiently diversified, two consecutive days may sometimes be profitably devoted to an excursion. More than that is apt to make both the exercise and outlook monotonous and destroy the interest of the trip.

SPRING, the season of surprises has come, and the walker must be up and moving or he will lose many of the choicest entertainments of the year. Here, also, the tramps should be brief, but frequent. The idea is to keep pace with nature's revelations, and at this period she works rapidly. Her progress should be watched, and a walk should be arranged for each noticeable stage of her development. At first a day's outing will answer the purpose; but, as attractions multiply, leaves and flowers expand, birds appear one after the other, bees and bugs and creepers come to light, and the roads improve with longer, brighter days, a week' ramble will be found none too much.

SUMMER! Now has come the time for a lengthened tramp—two weeks, three weeks, a month, according to conditions and circumstances. All of us count on summer vacations more or less protracted, and they cannot, as a general thing, be devoted to better uses than tramping.

AUTUMN! We have reached the season of fruition. Having kept step with the year so far, we cannot now give up the race. Let us bear her company to the end. Our task, from this time forward, will be to mark the decay of nature's more florid attractions, as, earlier in the year, it was to watch their unfolding. Although that is profitable, there will be less of sustaining interest in the work, and hence our tramps will gradually grow shorter as the winter draws near. A day or two will in time fill the measure of our needs and desires.

New York.

A SEXAGENARIAN.

WAVE-WON.*

To-night, I hunger so
 Beloved one, to know
 If you recall and crave again the dream
 That haunted our canoe,
 And wove its witch-craft thro'
 Our hearts, as 'neath the northern night we sailed the northern stream.

*"The cultured daughter of an Indian chief, who is, on account of her descent, the most interesting English poetess now living. This young lady, though she bears the English name of Pauline Johnson, is of a famous Indian family, the Mohawks of Brantford."—*Athenaeum* (London, Eng.)

Ah! dear, if only we
As yester-night could be
Asleep within that light and lonely shell,
To drift in silence 'till
Heart-hushed, and lulled, and still
The moonlight thro' the melting air flung forth its fatal spell.

The dusky summer night,
The path of gold and white
The moon had cast across the river's breast,
The shores in shadows clad,
The far-away, half-sad
Sweet singing of the whip-poor-will all soothed our souls to rest.

You trusted, I could feel,
My arm as strong as steel,
So still your upturned face, so calm your breath,
While circling eddies curled,
While laughing rapids whirled
From boulder unto boulder 'till they dashed themselves to death.

Your splendid eyes aflame
Put Heaven's stars to shame,
Your godlike head so near my lap was laid—
My hand still tingles where
It touched your wind-blown hair,
As sweeping to the rapids' verge I changed my paddle blade.

The boat obeyed my hand—
'Till wearied with its grand
Wild anger all the river lay aswoon,
And as my paddle dipped
Thro' pools of pearl, it slipped
And skulked beneath a shore of shade, beneath a velvet moon.

To-night again dream you
Our spirit-winged canoe
Is listening to the rapids purling past?
Where in delirium reeled
Our maddened hearts, that kneeled
To idolize the perfect world, to taste of love at last.

Brantford, Ont.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

"THE EMERALD ISLE."

WHO FIRST GAVE IRELAND THE NAME.

It would require much space and time to prepare a full list of the poets and orators to whom Ireland's most familiar pseudonym has been credited in the columns of newspapers all over the world, as well as in the pages of literary journals, and in the speeches of enthusiasts too indolent to trace its origin to a well authenticated source. Even in the country of its birth, John Philpot Curran, Thomas Moore, Daniel O'Connell, Davis, D'Arcy McGee, Thomas Francis Meagher, Carleton, and Dr. Madden have been accorded the honor of its paternity. To none of these does the honor belong, but to Dr. William Drennan, an Irish poet and patriot but little known to-day beyond the limits of his own much-loved land.

March 17, 1815, is the date of the preface to a collection of Drennan's poems * * published a year later. Among these is one entitled "Erin," which opens with this stanza:

"When Erin first rose from the dark-swelling flood,
God blessed the green island, He saw it was good;
The Emerald of Europe, it sparkled, it shone,
In the ring of this world a most precious stone!"

In the tenth stanza occurs the expression with which I have headed this article:

"Arm of Erin! prove strong; but be gentle as brave,
And, uplifted to strike, still be ready to save;
Nor one feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause or the men of the Emerald Isle."

A majority of those who know Dr. Drennan as the originator of the expression, having met with it only in the stanza quoted, believe that it was here first used in print;* but in a note the author thus corrects this impression:

"It may appear puerile to lay claim to a priority of applica-

*Even the author of the article "William Drennan" in Appleton's Cyclopaedia falls into this error and helps to perpetuate it.

tion in the use of an epithet; but poets, like bees, have a very strong sense of property; and both are of an irritable kind and apt to be extremely jealous of any one who robs them of their sweets. The sublime epithet which Milton used in his poem on the Nativity, written at fifteen years of age ('His thunder-clasping hand'), would have been claimed by him as his own, even after he had finished the *Paradise Lost*. And Gray would prosecute as a literary poacher the daring hand that would presume to break into his orchard, and appropriate a single epithet in that line, the most beautifully descriptive that ever was written—

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn."

"On such authority a poetaster reclaims the original use of an epithet, THE EMERALD ISLE, in a party song, written without the rancour of party, in the year 1795. From the frequent use made of the term since that time he fondly hopes that it will gradually become associated with the name of his country, as descriptive of its prime natural beauty, and its inestimable value."

The poet's wish was fully gratified long before he died.

The poet Drennan was born in Belfast, May 23, 1754, obtained the degree of M. A. from Glasgow College in 1771, and in 1778 was graduated M. D. at Edinburgh. While engaged in the practice of medicine in Edinburgh and Dublin, he wrote much, and in the latter city became prominent as a leader of the United Irishmen, an organization of which he was really the founder. In 1794 he was tried for "wicked and seditious libel" against the crown, and was so well defended by Curran that, according to the report as published in the local papers, the jury were "reluctantly compelled" to render a verdict of Not Guilty, on which the court-room rang with "indecent and vociferous plaudits." He was, in theory, a republican, and would, no doubt, in practice, have preferred that form of government which actually represented the popular will. An enthusiastic Irishman, he was yet one of the first to detect and to acknowledge the faults of his countrymen. Says one of his biographers who knew him intimately, "Against indolence, ignorance and intemperance, no voice was more loudly or constantly raised. He was the first to christen the potato a lazy root; long before the era of modern teetotalism he was

ever ready to show the evils of drink; and his whole life was a quiet crusade against bigotry and ignorance. It was not inconsistent in such a man to discourage an appeal to arms, as on his trial he was proved to have done, and to dread civil war as one of the worst misfortunes that can befall any country. He believed that an unsuccessful rebellion paved the way for English gold, and that Ireland, if not conquered, was certainly bought by the sister island. He made an eloquent protest against the Union, but the bargain had been made, the sale was completed, and Ireland became an English province."

In 1807 Dr. Drennan removed to Belfast to be near his sisters, and joined Mr. Hancock, of Lisburn, in the editorship of the *Belfast Magazine*. He was one of the founders of the Belfast Academical Institution, to which he contributed time and money without stint. He died on the 5th of February, 1820, universally mourned. The papers of the day, irrespective of religious or political faith, spoke warmly in his praise, and his body was borne to the grave by six Protestants and as many Catholics.

Dr. Drennan was earnest in everything. As a politician he was bold, but conservative, and had the courage of his convictions. As a poet he was, while full of feeling, never extravagant in giving it voice. The rigid critic would not give him the credit of being a true poet, but would rather accuse him of lamentable want of taste and rhythmic sense in making an insignificant syllable bear the arsis of a foot, as in one of the lines in the first stanza of *Erin*:—

"In the ring of the world the most precious stone."

Charles Gavan Duffy, in the introduction to his "Ballad Poetry of Ireland," says: "The era of the Volunteers was rich in songs, one or two of which are still occasionally heard; but ballads, in the restricted sense, there were few or none. In '98 there was abundance of both. The pens of Drennan, G. N. Reynolds, John Shears, Orr of Ballycastle, were industrious and prolific, and they had a large corps of obscurer associates. Of these songs nearly all are preserved, but only a few have lived or deserved to live in the memory of the people. For the most part they were frigid in style, French in sentiment, and inflated or prosaic in language. When they were addressed to the body of the people, it was in a diction too pe-

dantic to be familiar, or too cold to be impressive. In truth there was no soul in them. Drennan was a true poet, but from impulse or design he wrote solely for the middle classes. His exquisite ballads, transparent as crystal, could never become popular among an uneducated peasantry. They wanted the idiomatic language and the familiar allusions absolutely essential to poetry for the people."

NEW YORK. .

R. W. McALPINE.

*A copy of Drennan's works—one of the few in existence—is in the possession of Maj. Wm. Kirkpatrick, now of New York City, but at one time connected with the *Belfast Whig*, the oldest journal in Ireland. It is from this rare little volume I take the points of Dr. Drennan's biography, and the quotations concerning "The Emerald Isle." A later edition, containing the Doctor's poems and also those of his two sons, was published in 1849. It is also out of print.

THE OLD OPERA SINGER.

The time had been when he had stood behind the foot-lights, and with the glamor of the opera around him, the throbbing of the orchestra lifting him, and the tier upon tier of eager, responsive faces before him, had sent his notes soaring, swelling, bewildering, until the theatre seemed a 'very cloud-land of dreaminess, the faces melted into one vast idea of sympathy, and in the witchery of the harmony all hearts were bound and led willing prisoners. Then as the song sank down the aisles of melody, and dying slowly into faintness, fell softly into silence, there arose in mighty, impetuous, turbulent waves, the grand music of applause. And there before his audience, whom he had controlled, the opera singer stood bowing low.

It was a splendid life—a life of magnificent triumph, of proud exaltation. Each night was but the repetition of its predecessor, and all were flavored with the magic essence of success. Think what it is to have a voice like that. As Aladdin's genie exerted his strange, supernatural powers in absolute obedience to his earthly master, a beautiful voice seems to us, here in our work-a-day world, a being from spirit-land, which bows indeed to its owner's command, but influences in a strange, inexplicable manner the hearts of the hearers.

Why is this? Why should some notes penetrate into those most secret recesses of our souls where we keep our memories

hid, where old thoughts and old longings lie,—penetrate until they touch the spring of tears itself, whence arises the gentle mist that dims our eyes, but washes away the bitterness from our recollections? Of the few gifts we possess, this is probably the most valuable, so powerful is it and so short-lived. And if the singer rejoices in the influence of his voice on human hearts, think of the happiness that angels feel when they know that their supernal anthems are not unpleasing to Deity itself.

Well, so he sang, this singer of ours, sang with his whole soul in his voice from night to night; sang with the great city at his feet, and his brain and soul intoxicated with their homage.

"You should be careful of that voice," his singing master said to him. "You are past the middle age, and it is impossible for any human organ to stand the strain you are putting on it. You sing not with your breath and lungs, but with your soul."

And the end came, suddenly, without warning. It was mid-June. The windows were open, and that spirit of a summer night which we all know so well, and yet find so hard to define, was over all. He was singing in the old opera—not then old, but in its glory—"The Bohemian Girl." His audience was there, ready with their applause, when suddenly the voice, the singer's idol, the magnificent, soaring voice, faltered, quivered, sank, and though he tried again and again to raise it, though it had never refused his summons before, like a tired bird it had folded its wings forever, and the mighty, pitiless audience, till now so faithful to him, turned upon him in its terrible anger, and hissed him, crushed and broken, from his stage.

You would have heard, had you mixed in the crowd as it left the theatre, the light interchange of civility, seen the graceful movement of the society woman as she adjusted the "fascinator" over her hair, and turned to take her companion's arm with a careless remark, heard the cab doors slam, the pavements resound to the quick beat of the horses' feet, laughter dying out in the distance, and the theatre left deserted.

Only another singer has lost his voice, that is all, my masters, and to-morrow night a new one will sing in his place and you will never miss him. But the theatre, with its lonely, empty spaces, and its dark, weird recesses, is not more deso-

late than the heart in that bowed, cloaked figure across the street, who is hastening home with the story of his failure.

Come—though but for an instant—for the grief of a man is a sight for those only who can ease it. Who is it that is smoothing the hair back from the tired eyes, patting lovingly the hand that hangs so listless, and asking such innocent and yet such sympathetic questions that the man, with his heart broken within him, opens all his grief to his companion? A boy of six! Do not smile, my friends, at the sympathy of a child. This boy, with his honest little heart all aflame at his grandfather's injury, his fists clenched into two soft balls, can comfort a man more than anything in the world.

The song he tried to sing was "Then You'll Remember Me," and as the years with their different destinies for different folk passed away, and though the opera singer was heard now and then on smaller stages, and before less exacting audiences, it was the irony of fate that decreed that his name, writ only in the shifting waters of public opinion, was soon washed from memory.

A strange life, the one he now led. Sometimes singing a minor part in variety theatres, sometimes giving music lessons, barely succeeding in supporting himself and his grandson, the old man, for he had aged rapidly, clung to one cherished ambition which had now become the object of his life. His boy should sing. Yes, he would teach him all he had learned, and the day should come when with those fresh young notes he should win from the great public that homage for his boy which had once been his.

And so the two worked on together, the elder with the bitterness of his great failure eating his soul, and the hot desire for vengeance, full and complete, urging him on; the younger, buoyant with the hope of youth, confident of success.

Often they might have been seen at the opera, when they could afford it, in the upper gallery, the fine, sympathetic face of the elder and the enthusiastic countenance of the younger, making a picture strikingly at variance with the background of gamins and men of the street. And in the midst of some grand burst of applause the old man would turn to the boy and say:

"Courage, little one, we shall bring them to our feet!"

And the boy, with arms folded and teeth hard set, would answer, "We shall, indeed!"

As time went on the boy's voice grew and blossomed into a beauty the old man had hardly dreamed of. There was a sweetness and fineness about those high tenor notes that even he in his best days had not possessed, and when he sang before the manager of the great theatre, the latter said, "That young man will do, sir. He will bring the city to his feet."

So the time was arranged for him to sing. It was again that sweet old opera, "*The Bohemian Girl*," which has not yet grown old, but has outlived many of the singers who used to charm the house with its dear old melodies.

How crowded the house was! The rustle of the fans, the perfume of flowers, the blazing lights, and the murmur of conversation, sweetened here and there by the light, musical laughter of women, seemed almost to overpower the old singer, as he sat alone in the box the manager had provided for him, and waited.

These few minutes before the bell rings and the curtain lifts, how full of feeling they are to some. The great mass of human creatures seems to have regained by gregariousness some of the brute instincts.

How like a great, insatiate animal it crouches. You must charm it, O Singer, or it will destroy you!

When the young man first came on, the applause which always greets a new singer came without stint. But the old man was calm. He was waiting. The gem of that opera is the song: "*Then You'll Remember Me*," and it was for this the old man was waiting.

It begins now. Has the time come? Listen, ye men and women, in your boxes, and in the rows; listen ye gamins in the gallery, and ye men of the street. The fruition of an old man's hope is budding into bloom, the realization of a young heart's ambition is at your feet, waiting whether your thumbs turn up or down. Compressed into the next few moments must be joy enough to compensate for a life failure, happiness enough for years of toil.

Time has become young again to the old man. He seems himself to be standing on the stage—it is he that is sending up those glorious bell-like notes, and the years unsheathe and

fall from him. He will hurry home soon to his little grandson, who is waiting for him.

The young man, turning for a moment instinctively to the box where he was sitting, saw the passionate, yearning face gazing at him, saw the old longing, the memories, the associations that were crowding upon the old man; and the pathos of that broken life, the patient labor and the faithfulness of his affection for him surged over him in such a wave of feeling that he turned once more to his audience, whom he must conquer, and sang as he had never sung before.

His whole soul was in his voice, and it throbbed and pulsed with that song of remembrance, which he did not mean for the painted gypsy there beside him, but freighted with all the love and tenderness of his heart for the old man. Those old lips were dumb to sing, that old heart had kept its feelings imprisoned within it, for years, but to-night the world should hear him, the gates of song were flung wide open, and it was a double soul that sung.

Sometimes the notes were clear, like the sound of vesper bells that steal from some old monastery across the water; now soft and sweet, like rain-drops falling into quiet pools; and then, rising with a passionate sadness, they fell upon the ears of madam, yonder, a bride of a year, and told of the old love back in the country fields, ere she wedded her old, rich husband at her side.

They woke the echoes. Echoes of old times are sweet in all hearts, and even the gamins found their eyes were wet. They woke the echoes and the echoes told of well-remembered spots, where robins drink, old Madam B., and cows come down, where in your fresh young girlhood you gave your hand and life into the keeping of the soldier husband, who lies to-night under the Afric moon. They woke the echoes, and old friends came back, the birds that sang to us in youth sang again, the same trees whispered, and the waters murmured, old thoughts, old longings that we thought were dead, came thronging back, till the past seemed all ablaze again, and we walked in "auld lang syne."

The house was still when the singer stopped, and then with one impulse, the vast audience rose to its feet. Never had singer sung so, and never had audience so applauded. Hand-

kerchiefs waved, flowers showered down upon him, and cheer after cheer rose and resounded.

Again, and again they made him sing; but in the midst of all the applause a voice had been heard from one of the boxes, high, shrill, even above the tumult. There stood the old opera singer, his white hair pushed back from his forehead, his eyes flashing.

"Little one," the quavering old voice called out, "we have brought them to our feet!" He sank back in his chair. Over him soared the voice again in answer to the encores, around him pulsed the mighty waves of applause, but in his heart was eternal peace. Some of the flowers fell in his box, upon him and around him, but his heart had broken in his joy, and when they found him, he was dead amid the young one's flowers.

Alexandria, Va.

THOMAS LONGSTREET WOOD.

"STOCK CORNERS." ESPECIALLY THE "NORTH-WEST CORNER."

The nineteenth century has brought the men of the civilized world face to face with problems of finance such as not only never disturbed their ancestors of earlier centuries, but were absolutely unknown to them. War, diplomacy, literature, and lovemaking were the main topics of interest in all capitals and courts until George Law burst in upon the stage of human action in France, and inaugurated the great game of speculation. The Mississippi speculation; the South Sea speculation; the Tulip speculation; the *Morus Multicaulis* speculation; each in a different country gave full swing to the credulities and chicaneries of the lambs and wolves of society. But these speculations, and lesser ones like them, were not organized, and did not extend their operations from a recognized centre of activity. Such destinies were reserved for the enormous transactions of modern times, which spring out of the stock exchanges of the great financial centres.

Finance and property usually are the cause of war; for instance, A. B. has a lot of money; it is wanted by someone else. Mankind, animals, birds and fishes, are alike in this particular. Observe a chicken that picks up a crust of bread; instantly all the other chickens run after it and try to take it away. The

courts punish, criminally, if property is taken by force by one man from another; therefore, it is necessary to use persuasion or other means to get possession; hence after involving A. B. in certain contracts, it can be demanded legally, and payment enforced by means of the sheriff. Your dog and your neighbor's illustrate the theory of violence, which as to human dealings is socially impracticable; the fox enticing the crow to drop the luscious morsel in order to charm the air with vocalism, illustrates persuasion, which is not yet a lost art; but the corners that have been engineered in finance are the best examples of the method of the historic barons despoiling the wayfarer of his goods under the protection of the broad seal of some landgraf, a petty *furst* in whose hands was vested the law-making power of the principality. If the traveler took a certain road he must expect to have his money taken from him under legal forms; if he complained, he was told that it served him right for taking that road. And whoever finds himself despoiled by the managers of a "corner," may be properly told that he has no business to take the road of selling property that he does not own.

Many readers know what a "corner" is; for the benefit of those who do not, I will briefly describe one; and any one is a good enough example for all.

There are always two factions in the stock market; the bulls, who want to have stocks rise in price, in order that they can sell out; the bears, who want to have stocks fall in price, so that they can buy in. Contrary to the superficial belief of the public, the bulls are sellers and the bears are buyers. But in order to sell, you must buy; and in order to buy, you must sell; and thus the bull first buys something which he hasn't got, for the purpose of selling it, and the bear first sells something which he hasn't got, for the purpose of buying it. The bull therefore hopes to push prices up so that he can sell his purchase at a profit; and the bear hopes to drag prices down so that he can buy what he has sold, also at a profit.

But meanwhile the bear has delivered the property which he has sold, and, in order to deliver, he has borrowed it, and deposited as security its cash value at the time. Let us suppose that he has sold one hundred shares of the railroad at par, hoping that he will be able to buy it at a later date at ninety. He at once borrows these shares from some owner,

a holder, with whom he deposits ten thousand dollars, and delivers them to the buyer, from whom he receives ten thousand dollars. So far he appears to have made neither loss nor gain; but he has placed himself in reach of one element of danger, which is that the owner of the shares may at any time tender him the ten thousand dollars and demand the shares, which the bear may not be able to provide himself with, unless at a perhaps unreasonably high price.

The bull incurs no such risk. He buys a number of shares, and if he is able to pay for them, he owns a property; and although he may not be able to sell this property at a profit or even at cost, still he owns it, and his position is free from danger. But no matter how opulent a bear may be, he is always in danger. Under certain circumstances, a person might be under contract to deliver the shares of some corporation which might be absolutely worthless, and yet these shares *might* be so held that the holders could demand one thousand dollars per share, or any other conceivable sum. Given some railway with a share capital of ten millions, one person might own every certificate of its stock, and have it all loaned out to bears, who had sold it, borrowed it and delivered it. He would have accomplished his exploit through various brokers, none of whom need be aware of the agency of the others. And on a given day, this person might have every certificate of this share capital in his safe, and an indefinite number of bears might be under contract to deliver him the same ten millions in certificates. How could they do it? Obviously only by buying of *him* through his brokers. And equally obviously he has it in his power to charge any price he likes for his property. If there is only one bushel of wheat in the world and you have got it under lock and key, the only legal method of obtaining it from you is to pay you whatever price you choose to ask. These instances illustrate "corners." Shares of X & Y railroads have been cornered at vast expense to bear factions; but wheat and other great staples have never been similarly cornered. The supply of staples is practically unlimited; speculators always go astray in their estimates of "visible" and "invisible" supplies; but Nature, while she protects the community as to its food and clothing, its grains and sugars and clothing, does *not* protect the people who deal in share certificates, whose supply, although it may be large, is

strictly limited, and whose location at a given time is not necessarily an unknown quantity.

The reader who is wholly unpractised in stock exchange dealings is now prepared to take up and understand the history of the most noteworthy and successful of the "corners" that have convulsed American finance: that of the "North-west Corner" of 1872.

The Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company, to-day one of the most gigantic and opulent railroad corporations on the planet, is a conspicuous example of railway consolidation, not only in its aspect as among pioneer enterprises of this nature, but also in its beneficent results. I have in other papers on the subject of consolidation criticised the methods employed, and the resultant abuses in various illustrations of the theory on the Western plains. (Chapter XXVI. "Twenty-eight Years in Wall Street," *Chicago Railway Age*, Oct. 2, 1891, pages 762-764.) But the Northwestern Railway consolidation can be truthfully spoken of only with respect and admiration. Its success was largely due to the labors of Samuel J. Tilden, whose genius for organization of discordant systems into harmonious unities has never been paralleled in America or Europe. His political enemies styled him a "railroad wrecker," and if any person who might find on some rock-bound coast the bones of various vessels tossed there by storms, and apparently the merest jetsam, should combine them by dexterous carpentry and send them forth in the shape of larger ships to earn profits on prosperous seas, and should then with justice be styled a "ship-wrecker," then Mr. Tilden might with justice have been styled a "railroad wrecker." That he made money out of his combinations is undoubtedly true; and it is equally true that he made it fairly and that he had a right to make it. No man of sense cavilled then, or cavils now, at the two or three millions of dollars which Mr. Tilden evolved from railroad regeneration, in those quiet offices at 10 and 12 Wall Street, during the few eventful years that followed the great crash of 1857. He evoked concord and prosperity from chaotic masses of ruin. Like Hamilton as described by Webster, "He smote the rock and streams of plenty gushed forth; he touched the corpse of (railway) credit, and it arose and stood upon its feet."

The few years immediately preceding the great cataclysm of

1857 were years of enormous and inordinate railroad construction in the Northwest. These lines running from ambitious towns just laid out, to equally ambitious towns in the far interior that were hopeful of being laid out, and indeed had already a paper existence, constructed upon credit, and at prices which, although inflated then, must have appeared modest to the grasping speculators of a decade later, found themselves after 1857 hopelessly bankrupt. But although bankrupt, they were not worthless. They offered themselves to sagacious operators as legitimate subjects of consolidation, and of such consolidation as could not fail to be profitable to the buyers and reorganizers. It makes a great difference whether the directors of the A and B railroad procure the construction of a quantity of useless branches for the purpose of selling them to their trunk road at a profit upon cost, or whether they buy, at less than cost, branches already constructed and give their trunk road the benefit of the bargains. If you furnish one mansion at sheriff's sales; and if you furnish another through high-priced dealers in furniture, with whom you have a concealed partnership, and who pay you commissions besides, the final bills will differ, and the difference will be conspicuous.

This is an old story; and is immortalized in the parable of the unjust steward, only inversed. "So he called every one of his master's debtors, and said to the first, how much owest thou to thy master? And he said, a hundred measures of oil. And the steward said to him, Take thy bill and sit down quickly and write fifty." The unjust consolidator says to his accomplices in branch construction, "How much has your X & Y road cost?" "Five million dollars." "Sit down quickly then, and make a bill of it to our A & B trunk line at ten millions. We will divide with you, later."

This was not the method by which the "Northwestern" consolidated the various moribund lines which, at the time we speak of, straggled over the western states. It bought up the Chicago, St. Paul and Fond du Lac at foreclosure sale; it bought up the Kenosha at \$20,000 a mile, paying in stock; it bought up the Iowa, and the Cedar Rapids, paying in shares of prospective earnings, thus exchanging promises for real values; then the Peninsular, with its rich land-grants, in exchange for stock; then the Winona, with its land grants, in the

same manner. These safe, legitimate and profitable transactions were all completed within ten years, and during that time the shares of the main line appreciated from 16 to 97. No more eloquent enunciation of the doctrine of railway consolidation was ever uttered. And of course the people who conducted these enterprises made a great deal of money. There has as yet been no statute enacted against buying cheap and selling dear, although no man can foretell what the New York Legislature (which makes it a penitentiary affair for you to lend money at more than six per cent, or to sell a steamer passage ticket at a profit) *may* do.

In 1872 there was of common stock of this successful corporation less than fifteen millions; of preferred stock, over twenty-one millions. The preferred stock, limited to seven per cent. dividend and reasonably sure to pay that, was not the subject of speculation; the common, liable to pay any dividend whatever from one per cent a year, or nothing, up to ten, was largely speculated in. Its fluctuations were as follows, omitting fractions:

1863.....16	to	50.
1864.....38	to	60.
1865.....21	to	37.
1866.....27	to	60.
1867.....32	to	65.
1868.....58	to	97.
1869.....65	to	94.
1870.....67	to	82.
1871.....60	to	92.
1872.....70	to	230.
1873.....31	to	84.

A stock capable of such extensive changes of value could not fail to be attractive both to bulls and bears, and its downward plunges were so regular and unintermittent that it was regarded as an absolutely safe sale when in was anywhere around the eighties. The reader will observe that during each of the nine years above quoted, prior to 1872, the stock had touched at least sixty-seven, and that the average of the low prices during nine years was only 42 2-3; while that of the high prices was 70 7-9; therefore, presumably, in 1872 a good purchase at 43; a good sale at 70.

But the common stock, amounting only to fifteen millions, and liable to be absorbed by one or more individuals who had

seven or eight million dollars to spare, was really a most dangerous property to sell short, that is, to sell without owning it; and in the year 1872 Jay Gould, whose name has been identified with American railway finance during the last thirty years, concluded to enforce the lesson that Commodore Vanderbilt regarded as the a-b ab of safe dealings in the share market: "Never sell what you haven't got." Mr. Gould, through various and, in 1872, numerous brokers, continued to accumulate large holdings of "Chicago and Northwest Common" at an average of less than 50. These holdings he was in the habit, during quite a long period, of lending freely to people who were under contract to deliver them and were able to deposit certified checks for their market price against them. This business had gone along smoothly during this time, the borrowers of the stock having themselves provided the funds by which Mr. Gould was enabled to keep on buying the shares.

One fine morning in November, 1872, Mr. Gould found himself in this position: He had upon the books of his brokers the names of several hundred bankers and brokers who were indebted to him, through his brokers, to the amount of something over ten million dollars of Northwest common stock, against which he also, through his brokers, held something over seven million dollars in cash. He was prepared to surrender this amount of money in exchange for the said amount of stock, but he had the best reason to believe that the several hundred brokers were not ready to exchange this stock for money, the reason being that his brokers had at the time the certificates safely under lock and key, subject to his order. Nobody knew this except himself. He employed a dozen brokers, more or less, and although each one of them knew that he had a certain amount of certificates belonging to Mr. Gould, he did not know that there were eleven others who, with him, held about all the available certificates in existence.

Pursuant to a brief conversation held one afternoon of this November, between Mr. Gould and the brokerage firm of S., S. & Co., whose subsequent proceedings may be taken as a fair sample of those of the other brokers in Gould's employ, at about eleven o'clock on the ensuing forenoon, six or seven of the younger clerks were lined up in front of the manager's desk. To each one he gave a batch of "calls," printed on slips of paper about four by eight inches, on each of which calls S.,

S. & Co. requested the return of certificates for a specified number of shares of "Chicago and Northwest Common" railway stock before one quarter past two o'clock P. M. of that day. Each clerk was enjoined to make speedy service of the "calls" entrusted to him, and on no account to exhibit the batch to any person. His route was laid out for him; his calls were laid together in such order that he could take each one from his wallet and deliver it, without exhibiting the others. To expose a large quantity of calls might have a tendency to disturb confidence, and Mr. Gould was loath to disturb confidence. Thus these "calls," several hundred in number, requesting people to perform an impossibility, were distributed as noiselessly as the morning dew, apparently (to use Mr. Lincoln's words), "not rending or wrecking anything." But they soon began to fulfil their mission.

Mr. Jones (Jones & Co.), having perused the "call" addressed to him, sends over to his "board member" to borrow a hundred shares of Northwest common. Board member, after a few moments, appears before Jones and reports that the loan crowd in Northwest don't seem to have any to lend, although he offered half per cent. a day for use. "In fact," he says, "they turned their backs on me, and Smith and Brown were trying to borrow too." Jones says: "Who is it that's short of it on our books?" "Crœsus." "Well, he's good; go over and buy at the market." The board member goes over, and is surprised to see numerous bidders for Northwest, and no sellers. The afternoon previous the quotation had been $77\frac{3}{4}$, and plenty to sell; now a group of brokers were bidding par, 116, 120, 130, and apparently not getting any. But this board member is fortunate in only being short 100 shares; and he procures these from the broker of a retired capitalist, who has general instructions and thinks he consults his principal's interest by parting at 150 with a piece of property whose value seems to have miraculously grown from seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-five to fifteen thousand dollars in a few hours.

In about an hour afterward there was a great deal of noise and confusion about the Northwest pillar. Quite a number of small but able-bodied capitalists, holding moderate amounts of "Northwest Common," had learned of the rise, and instructed their brokers to sell. These brokers were anxious to get ex-

treme prices, and when one of them would demand 180 for a certificate and find his offer eagerly snapped up, he was apt to stigmatize himself as an ass, when his next neighbor booked a sale immediately after at 190, and *his* neighbor at 200. But these small sales by actual holders, who were making two hundred per cent. profit, effected no alleviation of the demand. The crowd of bidders and borrowers, who could neither buy nor borrow, grew and grew, and became more and more noisy. Finally, after 230 had been bid, and a sale made at that price, and no more was to be had at that, or any price, the audience broke up in despair; and several dozen firms prepared themselves for ruin; while hundreds of others calculated the losses to which they *might* be subject, in settling at whatever prices might suit the dictator of this marvelous event, from \$250 to any,—price say a thousand dollars a share!

Not one of the several hundred brokers in default at one-quarter past two o'clock was reported to the officers of the exchange as delinquent, and therefore no stock was ordered to be "bought in under the rule." Such an order would have been practically useless, there being almost no stock for sale; and when the dreaded hour passed and no order was issued, the discomfited bears breathed more freely and awaited developments.

These were not long delayed. Before four o'clock that day, every defaulter received notice to call next morning at the private office of Mr. Gould, and arrange for the delivery of their borrowed "Northwest Common." At an early hour a line had assembled quite as long and as respectable as the line that waits at the doors of the théâtre when a Bernhardt matinee is "toward." A colored man, seven feet high, was the warder. He took the card of the foremost man, and handed it to a clerk. The clerk disappeared, then reappeared, and ushered the anxious broker into the presence of the King of the situation.

The broker found at his desk a small dark man with a full beard, who smiled affably on him and begged him to be seated.

"Mr. A, I believe?"

"Yes sir, of A, B & Co."

"Precisely. You owe me two hundred shares of Northwest Common stock, against which you have deposited fourteen thousand dollars. Here are fourteen thousand dollars in legal

tenders" (extending fourteen U. S. notes of \$1,000 each); "have you the certificates about you?"

"I haven't, I'm sorry to say. I haven't been able to buy or borrow them."

"I will sell them to you."

"At what price?"

"Mr. A, what is your firm worth?"

"Well, say a quarter of a million."

"Then the price is two hundred. Forty thousand dollars won't hurt you much; and, besides, you have your customer to look to. Send in your certified check before two o'clock, and my cashier will deliver you the stock. You can then make your delivery to the broker to whom you owe it. Let me see; it's due to S., S. & Co.; well, they will repay the deposit. Good morning. You see, I'm disposed to be fair with you. I don't intend to break any house in the street. Forty thousand isn't going to hurt you much, and you recover fourteen of that. Good morning, Mr. A. This is my busy day."

This interview is a sample of all, except as to those cases where the shortages ran into the thousands of shares, or were against poorer brokers. In these instances, Mr. Gould graduated his prices to suit his plan that, while the bears should bleed, and bleed profusely, yet no brokerage firm should be ruined, or so crippled as to be unable to go on in business. Thus, if a house was worth half a million and was short 2,000 shares, the price was made less than two hundred. "I will be satisfied with half your capital," said Mr. Gould. "You see, I don't wish to ruin anybody." And this half was cheerfully surrendered in cash or marketable securities before two o'clock. All cash was not insisted upon. Active stocks at market value were accepted in part payment.

When the first visitors went out, the style of interview was somehow communicated to those who made up the line. Then began an epoch of undervaluation, which was cut short about as follows:

"Mr. C, what is your firm worth?"

"Two hundred thousand dollars."

Mr. Gould, referring to a memorandum book: "Mr. C, you made a mistake. Your firm, C., D & Co. is worth upwards of half a million; and I can tell you pretty nearly where it is. You have over a hundred thousand dollars in cash in three banks

at this moment. Now, answer me truly, or I will have your three thousand short shares bought in under the rule."

C. "Well, Mr. Gould, let's say half a million."

G. "That's somewhat nearer; you can have your shorts at four hundred thousand, cash and securities half each. That leaves you over two hundred thousand to go on with. You can do it. I happen to know."

C. (Grinding his teeth.) "By——!"

G. "Don't get excited, Mr. C. It's all the fortune of war. You may twist *me* some day. I won't squeal. Well, do you accept, or shall we order the rule?"

C. "I've *got* to accept, I suppose."

G. "That's satisfactory. Send in before two. Charley Osborn will receive the certificates and repay your deposit in cash. Good morning, Mr. C."

In this way all the shortages were cleared. The aggregate losses were enormous; the gain to one man equally so. But not any of the bear firms failed. The wind was tempered to the shorn rams.

Late in the afternoon there was a superabundance of Northwest Common stock, which no one wanted at more than 75 to 80. The buying demand was moderate; and the borrowing demand had wholly ceased. It was gradually fed out from the brokers who acted for Mr. G., and, like water poured into a pond, diffused itself gently throughout the market. The manager of the corner had managed so wisely, that he did not at the close find himself saddled with a mass of unsalable stock. The shares had indeed travelled first into his tin boxes, thence into the hands of the tributary bears, in exchange for large ransom, thence into his tin boxes again, like the metes and bounds of a city lot, "to the point or place of beginning." But they soon went out again. They had a value. And although the holder of so vast a quantity was obliged to force sales in order to distribute the shares and make them speculative again, still he sold none below 66 $\frac{3}{8}$, and even at this concession he made a profit.

A more brilliant and daring corner was never executed; and, unlike the Vanderbilt Harlem corners, there were no associate operators. One mind, working through a dozen brokers, accomplished it all.

One eminent speculator, not only the most influential of the

bears in Northwest, but the *Ursus maximus*, although in his audacity he had but a small following, bearded the lion in his den and tendered preferred stock instead of common. This the great cornerer refused. If a person contracts to deliver you so many pounds of silver, you are not bound to accept an equal weight of gold. But the bear was as resolute as his opponent; nor did the Stock Exchange discipline him. A resort to the Courts was threatened, but a letter from this veteran now lies before me, dated from a neighboring city,

"Nov. 2, 1891.

"DEAR SIR:

"The matter alluded to never went to the courts. A tender of the preferred stock was all that was necessary to produce the desired effect.

"Yours truly,"

Stock exchange corners have almost ceased to exist. Share capitals are so large that it is difficult for one man to control any one of them; and a divided corner would be a failure. But in their day and generation, they have afforded superb and brilliant illustrations of strategic skill and genius in financial warfare; and whether we commend them or not, we cannot refuse them our admiration.

NEW YORK.

CHAMPION BISSELL.

THE MARRIAGE OF TO-MORROW.

No one who has had the opportunity and endurance to follow the recent correspondence, so hospitably entertained by the *Daily Errorgraph*, can doubt that marriage is a risky speculation, requiring what political economists term a mixed capital, of brains, money, good taste, good temper, good health, good humor, and every other 'good' not usually combined in the individual who embarks upon it. Some of the remedies proposed were quite as risky as the speculation itself, and not less adventurous than the investors. Among other panaceas which are to decapitate at one swoop the whole Hydra of failure, it is refreshing, if not absolutely exhilarating to notice that "the State should interest itself in providing so far as possible" (observe the saving clause) "for the most desirable combinations." This would naturally be achieved by a competitive

examination, solemnized by the Civil Service Commission, in which those who were bracketed by the examiners would be 'desirably combined' by the state. Judging from the cheerful and unvarying kind of success which government is yearly winning in its regulations of dockyards and naval defences, the result of this intervention would be a heavenly boon. Till we get that, we can amuse ourselves with a marriage "on lease of seven, fourteen or twenty-one years, renewable at the option of the parties," and there is a pleasant lurking suggestion of penal servitude about the limits prescribed, which can hardly fail to recommend the scheme. "A more extended liberty of choice for women" is another remedy. Well, well, this is leap year; what more can one say? unless it be a word in support of the proposal that Benedicts should be labelled as such by the hall-mark of a wedding ring—which it would, of course, be impossible for a truant husband to transfer pro tem. to the waistcoat pocket when he felt the "need of greater freedom of contract." A brilliant proposal this! What a pity to waste in newspaper discussion what so many lone spinsters might be glad of.

Now there can be little doubt that suggestions, at once so piercing, illuminating, and practical, must have a powerful influence in determining the future of marriage. Not leading, of course, to the exclusion of the present dual bond—oh, dear, no!—but widening and varying the avenues to it, and forming, so to speak, a matrimonial 'summer number' arranged on a broader and more liberal "basic idea" than ordinary issues. It is my lowly ambition to be showman of the pageant, and procure a glimpse at the transformation scene in this pantomime of 'Beauty and the Beast, by lifting just a little the curtain of advancing years. 'Virginibus puerisque canto.' I prophesy to the rising generation. It is their turn next. In the year—1917 let us say—when another quarter of a century shall have disembarked its burden of moments on the wharves of Time, there has arisen upon the Thames embankment a handsome edifice bearing in its exterior architecture some suggestions of a temple sacred to Hymen. The marriage customs of all civilized nations (and such savage ones as are fit for publication), are exhibited in exquisitely sculptured reliefs upon the front of the building. On the threshold, and flanking the facade at intervals, automatic machines supply passers-by with serial photo-

graphs illustrating Love, Courtship and Marriage in their happiest phases, and with medallion portraits of husbands and wives to be obtained within.

Inscribed above the handsome portal in mammoth letters of gilt, are the words, "The Palace of Matrimony," and in substantial weather-proof frames, some five feet from the ground, there hang, on either side of the entrance, placards in clear, black print, with ruby capitals. The placards set forth that "The Universal Matrimonial Company, *Ld.*, has been formed for the purpose of promoting harmonious alliances and the fusion of nations;" that "wives of any nationality are procured by the company from any quarter of the globe, and can be, if desired, instructed in the native tongue of the applicant, or in Volapük, by resident professors in the employ of the company." They further hint that "ladies willing to marry abroad should communicate with the manager at the earliest opportunity, personally or by letter;" that "honeymoon tours are 'personally conducted', when desired, by entertaining companions of either sex; that "forms of contracts to suit all views" are "obtainable within," and "every facility for thorough selection afforded to customers." Finally, a large N. B. announces that the company are, in a great number of cases, prepared to guarantee the behavior of either contracting party, "for a term of from two, five, seven, ten, fifteen to twenty years." This boon is obtainable by the payment of a yearly insurance fee, with the certainty of a heavy premium to be forfeited by the company in case the guarantee is falsified.

The *Nota Bene* in question deserves the reader's attentive consideration, as it exercises a not unimportant influence on our story. Let him also remember that we are living in the year one thousand nine hundred and seventeen.

It is comparatively early in the morning and the palace has scarcely opened its doors for the business of the day. Wonderful doors they are! Framed by architectural sleight of hand to frown upon the passer-by, when closed, as if reproaching him that he has not entered during business hours, while wives were plentiful and happy homes a bargain; smiling, when opened, an arch welcome which seems to imply, with a conjuror's sly confidence, that behind those magic portals is the simple solution of every bewildering problem of ways and means or social status; an unailing panacea for the solitary

heart-searchings and lonely sidings of an uncoupled existence. It is comparatively early, and a youth of aristocratic but effeminate appearance, and immaculate costume, approaches the palace.

After a brief consultation with the porter, a bland institution in wedding garments tenacious of a white bouquet (artificial), and an equally artificial smirk—*pour encourager les autres*—the youth, on whose card is printed the Hon. A. Lovelace, is informed that the managing director will see him immediately. The sleek watchman of the vestibule hands him over to a damsel in bridesmaid's array, and returns to wreath his face in smiles upon the passing crowd. This is as it should be. We have our sombre sable-clad mutes to accompany the Dead March; why not our blithe and white-robed mutes to attend the wedding ditto. They need not speak—that might destroy the illusion—and their character as mutes, but they can smile and look unutterable things.

Passing through a succession of elegant apartments variously distinguished as "Spinsters' Saloon," "Widows' Waiting Room," "Matrons' Mosque," "Bachelors' Bureau," etc., the Hon. Lovelace arrives at a pleasantly furnished chamber. This is the private reception room of the manager, and communicates with an inner-sanctum and a correspondence department, where busy clerks are docketing and abstracting the myriad applications and classifying the shoals of photographs daily received at the Palace of Matrimony. The attendant-bridesmaid ushers Lovelace with becoming ceremony into the presence of Herr Koppling, the managing director, and retires. The manager beams, Lovelace bows, accepts a proffered chair, deposits an unrivalled hat and stick and, presenting a credential whose envelope bears a coronet in gold, commences to state his business thus:

"I am—ah—introduced by our mutual friend, the Earl of Waddilove, who is good enough to recommend me for the vacant post in your—ah—undertaking."

The managing director, who speaks with a foreign accent, and sometimes plays rather puzzling tricks with prepositions and pronouns, receives the earl's missive with mingled deference and condescension. He combined the ingredients with chemical exactness, according to a prescription of his own, and, adjusting his spectacles, commenced to peruse it before reply-

ing. While he is thus engaged (and with apologies to Lovelace if we desert him for a moment) I will attempt to define his semi-official position.

Herr Koppling is the expression of State-intervention in terms of everyday life; a beautiful compromise between the private venture of matrimonial agencies, and the public nuisance of meddlesome governments, from which intervening years have fondly hoped great things. The company which he directs is authorized by government; its dividends guaranteed by government; and its arrangements vaguely supervised by the "Home Department," of which the eminent German is the accredited delegate. But his mission is also domestic and personal. He is the guide, philosopher and friend of would-be brides and bridegrooms; the referee of family disputes,—assisted, of course, by a select committee of Benedicts and matrons,—the refuge of persecuted maidens, as will be seen; the buffer in family jars; at once the go-between of harmony and discord; in fact the 'Father of the People.'

A German had been selected because their nation was supposed to be superior in domestic science to our own; this particular German, in consideration of a valuable theoretic work on Home-Happiness, which had gained him a European reputation. To describe in person a universal family friend of this kind would be a breach of confidence; it is better that he should remain to the public gaze a veiled Mokanna.

Having read the credential presented, he refolded it, restored it to the applicant, removed his spectacles, and resumed the thread of the interview where Lovelace had resigned it.

"There is here no undertaking done, we do not furnish the funeral and the marriage like your poet Shakspeare's uncle." The allusion was a little mixed, but the literary recollections of our friend were probably busy with the passage in Hamlet, "Thrift, thrift, Horatio, the funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables," and of course the King, Hamlet's uncle, is referred to, *not* Shakspeare's.

However, Lovelace was swift to correct his error. "I mean the vacant post on your staff," was the amendment he offered.

"Notwithstanding," returned Herr Koppling, "he is not vacant."

"Oh! I beg your pardon"—and Lovelace rose to go, but

the German waved him back: "Be not so fast," he remonstrated, "what says your proverb—gaze before you sleep," He meant to convey the notion 'look before you leap.' The post is not vacant, mein friend, true, but I create him mit myself a what you call her? Novelette—yes, that is she."

"Novelty," suggests Lovelace, considerably.

"Ah! yes. Novelty—you behold" with a modestly reflexive gesture Herr Koppling here indicates himself—"you behold in me a man of novelty."

"I can quite imagine it," is the polite response; "your notion of guaranteed marriage is marvellous, simply marvellous—the discovery of the age, my dear sir." The youthful applicant smiles affably, first upon his auditor, then at the carpet, and murmurs to its velvet pile something which sounds like "judicious butter."

"Pretty goodt, pretty goodt," returns Herr Koppling, in the tones of one to whom marvels are a mite, "you warrant a wife like a watch—of two years, like a to-sew machine—of three years; it is easy, so easy. Still, here is not what sort of idea you expect of a fool."

"No," answers Lovelace. "I should certainly never have expected it from you—I mean should never have thought of it myself." But—ah! the Earl tells me you are a perfect colossus of resources."

"Stop one segondt, the wordt is goodt—'colossus.' "So!—I note him down."

Then with much importance to Lovelace, "You prop—ose, then, to attach yourself mit our agency—is it not?"

"It is—that is, I do certainly. I—ah—regard your method as a godsend, sir, a perfect godsend. It enables the meanest burglar to say with Cæsar, 'Sykes's wife should be above suspicion.' "

Herr Koppling's pocket-book is again in requisition and he enquires with eagerness:

"Cæsar say that?"

"Undoubtedly. Yes, I feel sure it was—ah—Cæsar. I didn't hear him myself, but he said so."

"Goodt! I note him down."

The director pencils the dictator's observation, then taking his visitor suddenly by the shoulders, holds him at arm's length, retires two paces and surveys him critically, as if he were judg-

ing a hunter. At length with, a nod of approval, he unseals his lips.

"Yes goodt—yes—ice (eyes) noce, mouse, hair, handts, feet, limbs. So!"

"Quite right," interrupts Lovelace, "I've got a little of everything."

"So! You agree mit me ver' well by looks. Can you make the lof to the ladies—perhaps—Yes?"

"Our family, sir, are noted for it. The records of our fatal "facility are attested by the archives of the divorce court."

At these jarring words the director turned almost purple, but after foaming at the mouth for a few moments, controlled himself and replied with emphatic solemnity: "Young man, "beware to mention that unhappy institution. To the em-
"ployes of this company the thing does not exist—you under-
"standt! does not exist. A repitition of him is to be dismiss-
"Do not—again."

Lovelace proffers apologies and excuses which, mingled with "Judicious Butter" restore the stricken nerves of the man of novelty.

He then learned with some astonishment the duties demanded of him by the proposed innovation.

That colossus of resource, Herr Koppling, finding that to guarantee ladies for whom husbands are provided, is a speculative game not unattended with risk, has determined to establish a test which will enable him to beware of brittle characters. He has learnt this lesson, and come to this conclusion under pressure.

A lady of high position, married to an architect, and guaranteed by the company for a period of seven years, with a forfeit to her husband of £5,000 in case of 'accident,' has suddenly shown signs of a desperate desire to flirt, together with the assumption of coquettish airs and graces ill-suited to her age, rank and station. There is yet a month of the five years to run and the £5,000 is in daily danger, much to the dilemma of the company. She had been guaranteed on the strength of a position, character and reputation, all equally admirable, and a reverse from so unexpected a quarter is a serious blow. Koppling is endeavoring to trace the steps which have led to so unhappy an imbroglio, but being unsuccessful, has determined at least to safeguard the company in the future. The

husband has already complained once. In order to avoid continued insecurity, therefore, he intends to keep always on hand an organized staff of young men, prepossessing in appearance and winning in manner, with instructions to flirt their utmost with every lady client. The work is light and agreeable, the salary handsome, and all the good-looking, well-spoken and impecunious youth of the metropolis are flocking to obtain employment. The Hon. Lovelace, (thanks to the recommendation of his friend the Earl of Waddilove, who is on the board of directors, and partly on the grounds of his own personal merits) is forthwith placed on the list of selected candidates. He is at this moment expressing his concern at the turn of events, and his conviction that the architect and his aristocratic wife had no business to marry.

"Der Teufel, no!" rejoins Her Köppling; "I am dreadfully upside down."

"Well, there'll be no such mistakes in future, with your new idea. You'll only guarantee characters that have stood the test."

"But to show them these characters, they must tested be, and you will be responsible of that."

"Oh! I'll test them to any extent, if that's all you want," is the confident reply. "I shall make the running; I'll test them."

"Yes, yes; but mind you do. You English are not so very clever at it. Look at your bayonets, my friend."

"Ah! but so many of them come from Germany."

"Well, my friend," exclaims the patriotic and indignant Köppling, scandalized that the breath of insinuation should sully for a moment the polish of his country's steel, "what if they do?"

"Why, under those circumstances," is the suave and ready answer, "we think them too genuine to need testing."

"Oho! my friend, thank you. I think you will do—you do not sleep with both eyes fastened."

Lovelace (aside): "Judicious Butter."

"So! I leave you to your duties—make the running." With these words, spoken in a tone of mingled exhortation and approval, the reigning king of the Palace of Matrimony gathered his private correspondence from the table and retired to the inner sanctum mentioned above.

The Hon. Lovelace, left to his own devices—which we must, in justice to that young gentleman, admit were, whenever required, both many and various—began to mentally review his position. And he came to the agreeable conclusion that he had secured, on the whole, a very snug berth. The hours were not excessive, and to lounge about well-furnished rooms smoking cigarettes—for in the twentieth century this is admissible at all seasons—and making love to all the nicest candidates (this was a mental reservation of his own) would be by no means an exhausting programme. There was a theatre attached to the Palace where marionettes, first introduced at the Italian Exhibition so far back as the year 1888, performed at intervals. They were not wildly exciting, and perhaps a little bit (?) but quite as lifelike as many human beings. There were concerts at which music hall artists (so elevated had public taste become) chanted the praises of billing and cooing in their own direct and humorous style. There were tableaux-vivants, picture galleries, billiard-rooms, a Turkish bath, library, bazaar, and everything that idle man can desire, including a magnificent refreshment bar, where Lovelace would be able to recruit exhausted nature after the arduous labors of a universal Adonis. He would not be able to interview ladies in the waiting-rooms especially appropriated to their sex, as that would stamp him at once as an employe of the company—and it was to be his aim to pose as a client; but to the room where he now was, aspirants were seldom admitted more than one at a time, and here his delicate mission could be accomplished without interruption from the uninitiated. One condition of his rather butterfly existence was hard, but imperative. He was never, without special orders, or when the first diagnosis was unsatisfactory, to make love to the same lady more than once. But this restriction did not cause him any uneasiness. It was sufficient to have received from one who was himself a respectable and respected paterfamilias, carte blanche to flirt; and he hugged himself with glee at the thought that he was one of the first extant specimens of the legally chartered libertine. When he had done hugging himself, he reflected that his duty was now to embrace others, especially the opposite sex, whenever he found a lady casual enough to permit that grateful and comforting familiarity. And while in the very middle of registering an oath to do his very utmost in that

direction, he was almost startled from his usual serenity by hearing a distinctly pleasant voice close beside him, enquiring in pellucid accents: "Excuse me, sir; have you seen Herr Koppling?" Lovelace, given such short notice, searched hastily for his most fascinating smile, found it, put it on—rather crooked, owing to hurry—turned it upon his fair enquirer, and replied, "Madam, he will be here directly. Permit me to offer you a seat," and he placed an arm-chair at her disposal, with all the gallantry so prosaic an action can derive from seasoned politeness. As he did so, it of course occurred to him, "here is a client; I must commence my functions," and re-adjusting his smile, he resumed his own fauteuil, at her invitation.

"What a genius this Herr Koppling," he began. "What fine perception, what tact, what beautiful ideas expressed in what wonderful language." Here breath and inspiration failed him simultaneously, and the young lady had time to remark in an aside: "His language certainly *is* wonderful when he speaks English. I suppose this is a client, how nice to find him so enthusiastic." Then turning to Lovelace, she continued aloud: "So you really like the idea?"

"Marvellous! Simply marvellous," he exclaimed, rising and standing with one hand on the back of her chair, and looking persuasively into her eyes. This was a strategic movement, desired to give more effect and point to his succeeding words.

"To bring together existences which without him would never have known each other is to play the part of Providence, with the advantage of a guarantee to each article."

"Yes," replied his listener, rather puzzled by so earnest a manner, and such confidential propinquity—"yes, it is a noble mission."

"For instance," pursued Lovelace, warming with his subject, here we are—we two, young and good-looking—in your case I might say lovely. We might have passed through life without knowing each other, and we were perhaps destined for mutual attachment."

"Sir!" exclaimed the lady, rising "you surely cannot"—but here the amorous swain abridged her scruples with another burst of eloquence—

"Yes, madam, for mutual love. When I see you, young, lovely, and smiling, I do not know what has happened to me—I have received, as it were, an electric shock. It is

love! Sudden and triumphant love, that has been kindled in my soul, a flash from your radiant eyes that has lit the sacred torch."

"But, Sir," interposed the uncomfortable fair one, "you are mistaken, I assure you ——"

"No, madam, I am not mistaken; it is love; I recognize it. The fervor of my feelings leaves no room for doubt. I kiss your hand in token of my homage and affection."

Suiting the action to the word, he knelt and kissed her hand rapturously, but the lady apparently only found the situation embarrassing.

"Oh, please, sir, let go; it really isn't right." I am sure you wouldn't wish——" she attempts to withdraw her hand but is unsuccessful, and retreats two or three steps with which he keeps pace, walking upon his knees, making at the same time sudden but luckless descents upon her hand with his lips, and jerking out the words: "No, madam, don't be alarmed—I love you—I adore you. Do not remain insensible to so deep a passion." At this moment Herr Koppeling re-enters. Lovelace does not see him, too intent on his courtship, but the lady and the director catch sight of one another and exclaim, respectively: "Gracious heavens!" and "Ach! Gott!" Lovelace looks up and seeing his employer, rises with a look of relief, by no means sorry to have rubbed off the nervousness of—professionally speaking—his first encounter, and confidently expecting some mark of appreciation and encouragement. What was his surprise, therefore, to see that Herr Koppeling was threatened with a return of the apoplectic symptoms which his allusion to divorce had excited, and to hear from the empurpled lips of his plethoric friend the words, "black-guard! black-sheep, schwein-hund, how dare you?"

He, however, replied, in a confidential aside and with untroubled sang-froid: "Don't you see I was testing her? You may guarantee this one; she's safe."

"Thank you, mein friend," bursts out the empurpled Teuton, you are too goot; that lady whom you insult is my wife, pig-dog of an English—verstehen sie mein wife?"

"Oh! what a pity," rejoined Lovelace, with the serenest sincerity, "I was making the running splendidly—you told me to make the running, you know."

"But I not tell you to do him in my ground."

"No; but there was no notice up about trespassers."

"Den I gif you notice now, sir. I discharge you—you are onprincipled."

"Oh! Fritz. I'm sure the gentleman didn't mean anything impolite," pleads Mrs. Koppling, not insensible to the good looks of the last surviving Lovelace—"but what does it all mean?—why was he making the running?"

"Sturm-wetter! this is one of the new assistants—the doubtful characters to test."

"Then, my dear Fritz, I congratulate you; you mustn't let him go on any account; he does it beautifully."

"So that changes him for the better. Goodt, very goodt, my dear"—turning to Lovelace, and slowly recovering his normal complexion—"what was your name, I haf forgot him?"

"Augustus George Stewart Archibald Lovelace."

"So! my dear Augustus George Stewart Archibald, I note him down"—here the pocket-book was in requisition—"go on as you haf begun—at least—no—where you left off—no, not exactly—"

"Go on to the next experiment," suggests Mrs. Koppling.

"That is the wordt—go on, and you will rise in your profession."

"Thank, you," observed Lovelace, equally indifferent to praise or blame, "I have no doubt of it."

"May I hope Mrs. Koppling will pardon my inadvertence?"

"Oh! there is no pardon necessary, I'm sure it was excellently meant, if a little misdirected. I'm going to take off my things, Fritz—just come from the embankment—all the world is there this morning."

"Does he look to come this way?"

"Who?"

"All the worldt."

"Oh! no, besides, it would be no use, he is already provided. I forgot to mention that I saw all the world *and* his wife."

With these words and an impartial smile, which her husband and the new assistant shared between them, Mrs. Koppling retired.

"I hope you are not annoyed about my little error," ventured Lovelace, as soon as the door had closed.

"Not at all, not at all," responded Herr Koppling, all smiles and affability, "you agree mit me, ver' well. I always thought my wife a genuine article, it is pride to have the same opinion of yourself, a judge so skillful and experiment. I shall ask you to be my amanuensis. There is a salary also."

At the word amanuensis, Lovelace looked troubled, but the concluding remark reassured him, and he replied with alacrity, "Nothing would give me greater pleasure."

"So! will you walk to my private apartment, you will read the correspondence and note him down—you will look over the photographs and stick him up."

"Certainly. It has always been my ambition to be the secretary of a man of genius," and whispering, "Judicious butter" to the door-panel, the scion of a noble house disappeared within the sanctum.

"Ver' goodt, ver' goodt, a nice young man," remarked Herr Koppling, as he also nodded his head at the door, and took it into his confidence. "There is fortune in him, and he has a civil tooth in his eye—no, no, tongue in his head." The director closed, referring to the door, and consulted his watch. It was close on ten. "Where is then that painter man," he ejaculated fiercely to the dial-plate, as if remonstrating with it on unpunctuality in general, "why was he not so quick? I must excite him to once, I go"—and Herr Koppling was proceeding to the door, when his progress was arrested by the entrance of a remarkably piquant and pretty young lady, who, despite the remonstrances of the official bridesmaid, had insisted on penetrating to the holy of holies, without previous notice or sanction.

BROOKLYN.

W. H. P. HAYMAN.

HOME LIFE IN NEW YORK.

"Will you walk with me about the town" to see where and how the people of New York city live? This will give you a glimpse of Gotham from the slums to the mansions of the millionaires—from poverty and distress to affluence and luxury—through the shadows and sunshine of metropolitan life. Without intruding, you can take a peep into some of the hovels,

lodging-houses, tenements, flats and private residences, where nearly 1,500,000 persons dwell. Here you see life in all its forms—more diversified, probably, than in any other city in America—from the homes of want, degradation and vice through all the intervening stages to uppertendom, where wealth and social culture reign. In fact, there are almost as many varieties of life in New York as you will find in the conditions, character and habits of the men and women composing its vast population. The field is an interesting one for the student of human nature, the social economist, the moralist, the preacher and the writer.

Home here has an elastic meaning. It may be applied to places in the slums where migratory men are seen living like animals, or herding in dilapidated buildings and damp cellars, sleeping on straw or, as in cases occasionally found, on bare floors and benches; it may mean a narrow space in some cheap lodging house, for there is no other place that a large floating class can call home; or two or three small rooms in a tenement and in flats. Of course, this is the dark side of home life in the metropolis, but it is largely filled. On the other side you encounter comfortable private houses and costly, elegantly furnished mansions where "home" is not a misnomer.

In the slums and in many tenement house districts, they never heard of Payne's "Home, Sweet Home," nor of the proverb that says "Home is home, be it ever so homely." There are a lot of homes in New York that are homely but comfortable, and many that are destitute of everything that my readers would call home. But thousands of people live in dens and hovels in parts of the city and look upon them as their homes—and very naturally too, because they have no other abodes.

"As one who long in populous city pent," let me now show you some pen pictures. Before doing so, I will make a classification of places where so-called homes and real homes are to be found. This is it:

First—Slums, including lodging-houses and the lowest grade of tenements.

Second—Other and better tenements.

Third—Flats and apartments—they virtually mean the same thing—which, under the law, are nothing but tenements.

Fourth—Boarding houses.

Fifth—Hotels.

Sixth—Private residences.

These embrace the various forms and conditions of home life found in the metropolis. This is the route laid out for our pictorial tour of New York. Beginning with the sub-strata of the population, I shall have to take you down through the Fourth and Sixth wards and the lower portion of the Fourteenth ward. It is only about five minutes' walk from the City Hall to the slums in these localities, which are all east of Broadway. The worst phases of life in these quarters may be found in the streets winding or running westward from Park Row and the Bowery, namely, Baxter, Mott, Mulberry (where is found the famous "Bend," so called on account of the curve), Pell, and Bayard streets, and in some of the narrow, squalid streets and alleys starting at Park Row and running to the East River. The lowest dens, dives, hovels and rookeries are principally in the neighborhood of the "Bend." Here we are in the centre almost of a dense, malodorous population of the poorest and most ignorant foreign element to be found, probably, in the metropolis. The atmosphere in and out of doors here is laden with the effluvia of filth and general squalor apparent in every building, that would seem to breed contagion. And yet epidemics are scarce in these quarters. The tenements around here are in a wretched condition, and still one of the mysteries of metropolitan life is how the people who occupy them appear to live contentedly. These people manage to earn enough to buy food, clothing, and to pay their rent, which in such houses averages from four dollars to six dollars a month for a dark, dingy room. Many of them are street venders, both men and women—in some cases a husband and wife, who work in different places daily, and together eke out a miserable existence for themselves and their half-starved, half-clothed children. Such poor people, as a rule, have more children than they can comfortably support, and this is too often the case among the most wretchedly conditioned families. Around this neighborhood men and women, who have reached the lowest depths of human misery and depravity, lodge in dingy dens and crannies that abound on almost every side. They work but little, if any. By begging, they get just enough to keep them from the poor house. Some of them who have no rented room sleep in the vile places which they frequent, or if they are not allowed to do that they lie down in hallways.

There are places in the slums where landlords will furnish such accommodations to wayfarers for a penny or two. The police stations give lodgings nightly to as many of this class as their cells will allow. These are the last resorts of the penniless wanderers. Rooms in the ramshackle old three to five story tenements cost only a few dollars a month. A man and his wife and from one to five children not infrequently live in a single room twelve feet square, which is usually found in the most topsy-turvy, filthy condition. This I know from personal observation. The strangest fact of life in such squalor is the apparent contentment of the occupants.

We will now look into lodging houses. There are about two hundred of them in the metropolis, principally on Park Row, (that part of it formerly known as Chatham street), Chatham Square and the Bowery. The lowest and cheapest ones are in Baxter, Mott, Pell and adjacent unkempt streets. One in Pell street furnishes lodgings for five cents a night. These are bare boards or benches—that is about all—and the “guests” of such places are tramps. I have often been approached in the streets at night by men who make this stereotyped request: “Mister, give me five cents to get a night’s lodging.” A five-cent lodging-house is the only refuge, outside of a police station, that a large number of unfortunate men in New York are able to find shelter in. There is no ceremony or privacy in one of these sleeping places, for the lodgers sprawl about promiscuously on the floor or in bunks. To give you an idea of one of these cheap lodging houses, but about one grade better, I will describe one in Houston street, between Mulberry and Mott streets. This is known as Dramatic Hall or “Scratch Hall.” It adjoins Police headquarters. Going up-stairs, there is a large room containing a lot of rough, wooden frames running from wall to wall. Each frame contains two single beds or cots, one above the other, and supplied with some ragged, dirty coverings. These lodgings cost seven cents each a night, and as a rule are fully occupied by men who are not able to pay “the price” of quarters elsewhere.

The lodging houses seem to have been an offshoot from the boarding house, rather than the hotel. Poor people furnish a few extra beds, and give a night’s lodging to transient visitors for a small sum. The occupants of such lodgings are unmar-

ried laboring men, who are floating about the city, stopping near their place of work. The better class of lodging houses located on the streets previously named, charge all the way from ten cents to half a dollar. These are the most "fashionable" ones in the city. They are fitted up and run on a kind of hotel system. Each room or compartment contains a single cot, sometimes a bed, and affords a privacy not enjoyed in the cheaper grades. The fifty-cent rooms are kept clean and comfortable. The state laws, the ordinances of the city and the regulations of the Board of Health compel the keepers to do this. Every lodging house proprietor has to get a permit from the Health Commissioners and make a full statement of the premises he intends to maintain, and how many lodgers he will accommodate. Then inspectors visit his lodging house periodically to see that the provisions of the permit are carried out.

Under the present strict supervision, the lodging houses of the city are in far better sanitary condition than ever before. Overcrowding is not possible to any great extent. Where more beds are found in a room than the permit allows, the officer sees that they are removed. That overcrowding is not an economical necessity is shown by the fact that many proprietors have hired additional room to accommodate beds that they had been forced to remove.

The men who have temporary homes in lodging houses take their meals in the cheap restaurants in the immediate vicinity. There are many of these eating places along Park Row, the Bowery, and in the side streets, where corned beef and beans, or other food, enough to satisfy the appetite of a moderate eater, can be had for ten or fifteen cents. Thousands of men living in lodging houses or other cheap quarters, board in dime restaurants which are known by such names as "Beef-steak John" and "Jim Fisk."

Our next picture will be among tenements, flats and apartment houses. The only difference between "flats" or "apartments" is that flats are generally used for housekeeping, while apartments, with some exceptions, are occupied by a man and his wife who "board out." Flats are classed as tenements by the laws of the state and the regulations of the Board of Health. Under the statutes, a tenement is defined as a "house, building or portion thereof which is rented"—to be occupied

"as the home or residence of three families or more living independently of each other and doing their cooking upon the premises or by more than two families upon any floor so living and cooking." As apartment houses are chiefly the lodgings, or houses without housekeeping, of those who take their meals at restaurants and boarding houses, they cannot properly be so considered as tenements.

There are between four and five hundred flats and tenements in New York. Some are small and a grade better than tenements; others are large enough to afford accommodations for a colony of families and supplied with appointments and little conveniences that make them desirable and attractive homes. The smaller flats scattered all over the city, and particularly above Fourteenth street, are divided into suites of from three to six rooms on each floor. You can hire a three room flat in some places for about the same price that you would pay in the best tenements, namely, \$15.00 a month.

Flat-life is pushing out the house-dwellers in all directions before the irresistible pressure of trade and the advance of rentals. That there are certain advantages in carefully planned and properly built apartment houses is evident from their appearance in suburban regions and even in the Harlem district, where it is yet practicable to buy lots and erect separate houses at a moderate rental. To families with a modest income the questions of time and expense control the selection of a residence. A long journey night and morning and the early and late hours involved, become a serious burden to the men, and it is a matter of grave importance to shorten the time between home and work. As yet there are few eligible flats in the lower part of the city, for small incomes. Sixty or seventy dollars a month is near the mark for an attractive, roomy apartment favorably situated, and thousands of thoroughly respectable families must stop at forty or fifty. A much larger class find their limit at twenty-five dollars.

Of course, there are many sides to the flat-life question. So there are to the separate-dwelling question. But there are good points that are not always borne in mind in reviewing the whole matter. For instance, it must be set down at once that the apartment offers great money considerations to the modest as well as the generous income. Many of the elegant "show" flats offer luxury and convenience for \$1,500 or \$2,000 a year

that could not be had in separate dwellings for three times the amounts; while the less pretentious are equally favorable to their tenants. It is possible to procure a thoroughly comfortable, roomy, attractive apartment in a satisfactory neighborhood for \$350 or \$450 a year.

There are many economies which inure to the flat-dweller; in servants, safeguards, conveniences, securities against marauders and intruders. In a well janitored apartment the vexations and practical bothers of domestic routine are reduced to a minimum. Where a small separate dwelling requires two or three domestics, one capable servant will suffice for a small flat, with occasional assistance on the heavy days. Besides, there is no hitch about the water question. The engine in the basement settles that, and there is a strong pressure at all the faucets. Steam heating is also applied so skillfully that the discomfort and dirt of stoves and grates may be done away with.

The most expensive flats and apartments are in Fifth, Madison and Seventh avenues and Broadway, where the rents run from \$4,000 to \$10,000 a year for a suite of rooms. I presume you may be interested in a description of the apartment house of this class. I will briefly outline one of them. This is a group of houses at the termination of Seventh avenue, running on Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth streets, just across the latter from Central Park. This little colony in itself is known as the Navarro Flats, the largest ones in New York. They are built on what architects call the duplex plan, that is, a floor and a half for each suite, and are twelve stories high in the rear and ten in front. The houses are built around a large court yard, wider than an ordinary street. There are eight of them, named Madrid, Lisbon, Valencia, Granada, Barcelona, Salamanca and Tolosa. The external structure is of brick and stone, with elaborate ornamentation. There are two flats on each floor. The rooms either look out on the court or street, and all of them are, therefore, airy and well lighted. I will go through the Madrid and briefly sketch it to give you an idea of what these flats are like. This is one of the corner houses. Fronting the two streets is a dining room, seventeen by thirty-four feet; adjacent to this on the front is the library, nineteen and a half by twenty-two and a half feet; next in succession are three chambers, fourteen by twenty-two and a half, fifteen by

twenty-two and a half and seventeen by nineteen respectively. Back of this set of rooms are two reception halls, and just back of these the public hall and the public and service elevators and stair case. On one side of the staircase is a chamber, nineteen by twenty feet, on the opposite side being the billiard room, eighteen and a half by twenty-four feet. At the rear of the billiard room is another dining room, sixteen by thirty-one feet; off of this a butler's pantry, and beyond that the kitchen, seventeen and a half by eighteen feet; off this a store-room, and still beyond servants' and bath rooms and two more chambers, twelve by twelve and eleven by fifteen feet. This makes the area about one hundred by eighty-five feet. Flats in this, as in the other houses of the the group, rent from \$3,000 to \$6,000 and \$7,000 a year. Life in boarding houses and hotels comes under the title of this article, for they form the homes of many single men and women and small families. Rooms can be had in some of the best locations in the city all the way from \$2.50 to \$10 and \$15 a week. The first named price is the minimum for a hall room in desirable locations. Thousands of young and middle-aged men and women are rooming in one house and taking their meals in another. Table board can be found without going but a few doors or a block away for from \$5.00 to \$7.00 a week. Room and board in a good boarding house, with the music of a piano thrown in, cost from \$7 to \$10 and \$15 a week, in some locations as high as \$20.00 for a single man. But in a majority of the better grade of boarding houses from \$8.00 to \$12.00 is a fair average. I know men with wives who pay only \$17.00 for one room and board for two. Married men without business of their own, but who earn from \$25.00 to \$50.00 a week—and there is a vast number of this class in New York—live in boarding houses. Hotel living is more expensive than the best boarding house life. A single man cannot live in a second-class hotel even for less than \$15.00 a week, and a married man without children will have to pay for one room and board \$25.00 to \$100.00 a week. At such hotels as the Fifth Avenue and Windsor, \$100, and even more, would have to be paid for similar accommodations. Prices vary according to the size and location of apartments.

The last, and perhaps the most interesting, picture of "home life in New York" is among private residences. Here you

will see almost as great a variety of exterior and interior surroundings as among the tenements. There are little, plain, modest looking private brick houses in the oldest quarters of the city; miles of brown stone fronts, lining Fifth, Lexington and Madison avenues, and many in other streets, and marble fronted, artistically decorated mansions, that might be the envy of royalty. Front yards, shade trees and flower beds, are luxuries that you could not easily find, except in Harlem wards, among the private houses of New York. Children have to play on the sidewalk or out in the street. There is no other place for them to romp and play tag. Few of those who live in private houses own them. The occupants are a well-to-do class of business men who could hardly be called rich men. They cannot afford to buy a house or a lot. A lot in a desirable neighborhood costs several thousand dollars, while a house in such a location cannot be purchased without a small fortune, so that the great majority of those living in private houses have to be content with renting. This is more expensive as a rule than hiring a flat, which is as private as almost any residence. Private house rents range from \$1,000 to \$10,000, (dependent on the location), a year. Then there is gas and other necessary expenses besides. Men seeking to economize in their domestic expenses find it cheaper to rent a furnished flat in some good location. This they can do for \$1,200 to \$3,000 and upwards, yearly. A man whose income is \$1,000 or \$1,500 a year cannot very well afford to hire a private house in a street where he would care to reside. To undertake to describe all of the private houses — modest and palatial — would require almost unlimited space. I will sketch two. One is occupied by our bachelor Mayor Hugh J. Grant, at 261 West Seventy-third street. It is of brown stone, four stories high, with a Moorish front and a pleasing entrance. It is about the centre of the block between West End avenue and the boulevard, and one of the most desirable locations about the Park. The drawing room is finished in light oak, the walls are a custard color, embossed, and in the fire-place, Mexican onyx and carved oak are beautifully combined. Rugs cover the floor, the centre one being a tiger skin, with the huge head turned to the fender. Curtains of imperial Irish point lace drape the window, beneath hangings of golden-brown plush, and in the doorways

are rich fabrics, one of dark green and the other of mahogany. The furniture is upholstered in olive brocatel, stamped with rose-color.

On the second floor is Mayor Grant's library, done in oak, with sage green walls finished with frieze of mulberry leaves and furnished with red leather chairs. The desk is bound in oxydized steel, and on either end is a table lamp, shaded with a parasol of fluted silk.

The Mayor's bedroom is as daintily appointed as a bridal chamber, for there are crushed roses in the velvet carpet, above are the wall panels, the furniture is mahogany, filmy lace drapes the windows, and over an oriental couch is a slumber blanket of down, satin lined, with a cover that may have been some court beauty's ball dress.

Going over into Fifth Avenue, above Forty-second street, we see a palatial house at number 640. This is the home of Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt. Beyond question, this surpasses any private mansion in New York, if not in America. Passing through the main entrance you find a vast square hall, open straight up to the roof, with two galleries running around its sides, one above the other, and filled with a glow of rich soft light that fell through the stained glass windows with peculiar effectiveness. Every inch of that hall is decorated by master hands. An enormous rug covers the inlaid floor; there are silken hangings here and there, carved chairs and settees, palms and plants. There is a library exquisite beyond description; a drawing room, filled with artistic foreign furniture, its walls decorated by celebrated artists, and its bric-a-brac worth a king's ransom; a Japanese apartment, unique and curious, now used as a billiard room, its ceiling oddly wrought of bamboo, and everything in it Japanese; a dining room in richly carved oak. Very costly houses are too apt, as a rule, to lack the redeeming grace of cosiness and habitableness. That was the fault of the Villard house on Madison avenue, which is well known as one of the handsomest in town, as it is the fault of many another. They are fine and stately, ornate and splendid, but their magnificence is too plainly for the world at large to admire and to praise than for their owners to enjoy.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's own apartments look out upon Fifth avenue. She has a bed chamber fit for the princess who was bruised by sleeping on a pea under seventeen feather beds.

One thing in it is a dressing table, with a great mirror set in silver, and strewn with silver toilet articles of every description. It is covered with old pink plush, and over that hangs a large piece of exquisite point lace, which once belonged to the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, and is worth many times its weight in gold. The bed is of carved and inlaid wood, four posts and a canopy, and it is finished by an embroidered satin covering. Next this chamber is a boudoir or sitting room. As for the dressing rooms, they are lined from floor to ceiling with vast mirrors, and fitted with baths of silver set in precious stones.

The metropolis abounds with contrasts, no less among the homes of its inhabitants, than in other respects. Princeliness of space and brilliancy of architecture, interior opulence and splendor, are met by contracted, humble apartments and homes, sometimes clean, but more often plain and squalid and amid unadorned surroundings. The luxury of Fortune smiles in some portions of the city, giving comfort and happiness, while Fate frowns in others, where poverty, destitution and misery walk from one year's end to another. Here you see residences fit for kings and princes; there cheap, overcrowded tenements, whose occupants are living in dense, in some places squalid, masses, surrounded by a tainted atmosphere and unwholesome moral and social conditions; here families pass their lives luxuriously on an inheritance or acquired wealth; there many thousands of men and women and children, too, are struggling to make both ends meet. So life in New York runs in widely divergent and still diverging channels, forming an impassable chasm that separates these two classes.

New York.

SYDNEY DEAN.

A STORY OF DREAMS.

"There is a great deal more in dreams than even the wisest of us *dream* of." These words were uttered by Bertram Desmond, our club favorite, whose blonde, handsome features showed as much intellectuality as good nature, presided over by an excess, some said, of refinement.

"I have good reason for such an assertion," he continued,

"and I am going to make another that will probably cause you all to think I'm a little 'off,' but from actual experience I know it to be a fact."

We were all glad of some promised variety, for our club-room chat had grown dull and monotonous of late, and here was a hint at a mystery.

"Go ahead, old boy," said I, "give us any amount of the supernatural. This is the time when 'ghosts from churchyards do repair.'"

"I have been half expecting to see my grandfather peep over my shoulder for the last half hour," quoth Maurice Fielding, a dapper little fellow, whom any respectable ghost would have disowned.

It was indeed an uncanny hour! The November wind moaned and gurgled and shrieked like some poor "human" in the outer darkness; and the stray passers-by, seen through the rain and mist, seemed ghostly phantoms, dark and grim, hastening—hastening—whither?

Bertram's voice disturbed the gloomy silence. He had sat for a moment gazing at each in turn; at last he spoke.

"Now boys," he began, "I am perfectly sober, and perfectly serious, in what I am going to say. I don't expect you to believe me yet. I'll wait till you have tested it yourselves. *We can dream just whatever we wish.*"

The tilted chairs came down in unison.

"What!" we all cried in a breath.

"I say that *we can dream just whatever we wish*. I can give you certain rules, physical, mental and moral, and if you adhere to them strictly, the brain will follow out accurately in sleep the route that, waking, you have traced for it."

We were prepared for the marvelous, but this was dangerously near the borderland of the absurd. Disregarding the looks of incredulity that met his gaze on all sides he went on:

"As I said, I speak from experience, though a very limited one, and I think I can give you such directions that any one of you can lead a second life of his own making, more real, if possible, than the waking life. A life of perfect beauty, perfect love, varied only, when he wishes, by a little interlude of commonplace."

Our incredulity was vanquished, not only by the audacity of Bertram's statement, but by the passionate earnestness with

which he spoke. We felt that he not only believed what he said, but that he knew it.

His quick eye saw the change, and he spoke more happily.

"Thank you, boys, I have wanted you to share this gift for a long time, but I was not quite sure of your prosaic natures."

Silence again fell upon the group, while Bertram drew a note book from his pocket.

A deep drawn sigh startled us. It came from poor Merle Dallas, we always called him *poor* among ourselves. He was broken hearted all because of the falseness of a girl.

As Bertram opened his book he continued eagerly:

"Who wishes first to test this dream life? A solace for every earthly ill, a cure for heart-break. Who would not laugh at the stings and arrows of misfortune, the wounds inflicted by defeat, disgrace, it may be, when he can live this dual life, reverse the facts, live the dream, dream the reality?"

"For God's sake give it to me," cried Merle, in a voice husky with emotion.

We all proceeded to copy the talismanic scroll, and left soon after. I shall never forget the look on Merle's face, as he passed out into the mist, a look in which hope had suddenly burst forth, a tiny blossom overshadowed by grim defiance. It was not to him, as to us—child's play. To him—if a success, it would be Life in Death!

* * * *

A week passed before the same half-dozen of us were alone in the old corner of the club library.

We all began eager questionings. One had failed entirely, another had met with a glimmer of success, a third had almost touched perfection, but though satisfied that the plan was no chimera springing from a romantic brain, none of our phlegmatic natures had attained the exaltation necessary for complete success.

With one exception, Merle Dallas, *poor* Merle no longer. He had found his elixir and his draughts were deep. He seemed to have regained perfect health. His eyes, before so heavy and sunken, glittered with, almost painful brilliancy. His cheek, before the hue of parchment, now flushed and paled like a young girl's; his every movement, before dull and lethargic, was now almost abrupt in its intense energy.

Speaking with rapid utterances, he told us how his ex-

perment had been supremely successful. How for seven nights he had lived in an earthly paradise, feeling the arms of his lost love around him—looking into her eyes—his soul gazing into the very depths of her being! How he had found that, after all, she was not untrue—that *that* had been a deception of *the other life*—the life which was now to him the dream.

We could not face him as he spoke, for we felt the hot tears in our eyes.

Suddenly he grasped Bertram's hand and kissed it passionately, with great sobs of gratitude. We arose, one by one, and went out. Merle's hand upon my arm kept me in my seat.

"We shall be married to-night at twelve. I wish I could ask you to the wedding, old fellow, but Bertram hasn't reduced his science to that yet." He spoke with his whole soul in his eyes, and I knew it was more real to him than anything that happened in the waking life.

I pressed his hand and left him, with a vague feeling of apprehension—a grim foreboding of I knew not what.

I dreamed all night of Merle, involuntarily of course, and though on waking, I could not recall my dream, I felt impelled to go with all haste to his hotel.

He had left orders not to be disturbed, he had done so all week in fact, but on strength of our intimacy, I went up to his room and knocked gently, half afraid of calling him from his sweet dream-life.

Receiving no answer, I ventured to open the door.

Presuming on our intimacy, I went directly to his room. There was no sound. I knocked gently, fearful of recalling him from his beautiful dream life, to the night-mare of reality.

There was no answer, so I opened the door quietly. I closed it as hastily as possible.

There on the sofa sat Merle Dallas, with his lost love's head upon his breast, his arms around her, his tears mingling with hers.

Had he dreamed her into his arms? How had he won her back? I dared not ask; no doubt he will tell me some day.

Perhaps his unconscious mind, joined to his conscious will, became in sleep a power that could not be resisted—that vanquished space and brought the wished-for object to his arms.

We need not ask the question, but when misfortune threatens we can try ourselves—to use a life of dreams.

HEALTH NOTES.

By F. L. OSWALD, M. D.*

II.—MIDSUMMER LIFE.

Sanitary Reform, the chief problem of modern civilization, is most sorely needed during the three warmest months of the year. It has often been remarked that a cobbler of hygienic habits has a better chance of longevity than a gardener or a hunter afflicted with ungovernable appetites, and it is equally true that by dint of sanitary arrangements, a cottage in a smoky manufacturing town could be made more pleasant in midsummer than an ill-constructed palace on the airy summits of the southern Alleghanies.

For there is no doubt that, but for the artificial evils of our domestic arrangements, the dreaded dog-day season would be welcomed as the most favored time of the year. Rainy Spring, and Autumn, with its chill nights, would carry but few votes against the warm noon of the year, if the birds in the woodland shade could speak, or the coneys, chasing their playmates on moonlit mountain meadows.

The dread of "draughts," is the most mischievous of the delusions by which the children of civilization have forfeited the midsummer paradise of their instinct-guided fellow-creatures. Even in our southern border-states, where the summer heat rivals that of Turkish-Asia, doors and windows are apt to be closed at the very time when the evening breeze begins to cool the sultry atmosphere, and few natives of those states would find it easy to realize the fact that their prejudice is wholly unknown among nations constituting nearly two-thirds of the human race. "In Persia," says a modern traveler, "the

*Correspondence on sanitary questions, addressed to "Health Notes," care of BELFORD'S MONTHLY, will be answered in these columns, which are intended to bring the Science of Health nearer to the people and intelligently interpret for them the great question that are daily springing up in the domain of hygiene. Special attention will be given to hints and rules relating to the prevention of disease by sanitary precautions, which form the true foundation of medical science.

proprietor of an attractive building site, with or without the implements of artesian exploration, manages to connect his premises with a ditch of running water, conducted in pipes to the stone-paved central hall, and thence to an adjoining yard, for the benefit of domestics and thirsty horses. That yard, and the walls of the casement, are always constructed in a way to give the summer-hall the benefit of a through current of fresh air. On receiving a visitor, a Persian gentleman will first go through the formality of inquiring after the health of some two-score different relatives, and then deliberately conduct his guest to the draughtiest place in the sitting-room, and perhaps express his regret that the wind is so slack to-day and the fan-boy absent.

The Hindoos share that predilection for air in motion. "The young Men's Debating Club of Progressive Natives," says a correspondent of the *Bombay Gazette*, "were last night favored with the presence of several foreign visitors, one of whom proposed to discuss the question of the "best invention." "If you mean from a moral point of view," said his sarcastic correspondent, "I should say the quarantine system of Tippo Sahib, that admitted British merchandise free, but excluded British officials. If in a physical sense, I should say gauze screens, because they admit the night breeze, but bar out gnats."

Florence Nightingale's arguments leave no doubt that the art of cooling our houses in summer is of as much sanitary importance as that of warming them in winter; and the Health Bureaus of the future will employ inspectors of ice-air works and commissioners of refrigeration. But in the meantime private enterprise could achieve manifold improvements upon the conventional methods of house-cooling, if, like our Asiatic fellow-men, we would consent to avail ourselves of Nature's free co-operation. Outside of the tenement Ghettos of our large sea-coast towns, there are few homes where a moderate amount of ingenuity would fail to discover a chance for creating a *through draft*—the most essential condition of a domestic summer resort. During the six warmest months of the year, every region of the habitable globe has its prevailing air currents—somewhat analogous to the trade winds of the tropics; for instance, the semi-perennial southwest breezes of our Gulf-States, or the southeast winds of Northern New

England. By means of wind-screens and well-placed windows, such air currents can generally be concentrated upon any desired point, and this cooling effect can be considerably increased by the aid of foliage and diffused moisture; the spray of a refreshing fountain, or water trickling over a little grotto of porous rocks.

Where ice is cheap, its skillful application makes other refrigerating contrivances almost superfluous. By a combination of air-pumps and ice-boxes the temperature in the workshops of the Government Arsenal of Marseilles was last summer reduced more than forty degrees below that of the outdoor atmosphere, and similar results have been accomplished in several public buildings of Vienna and Washington. Air in large volumes can be cooled and conducted from room to room, just as warm air is radiated from basement furnaces, and the experience of the beneficial effects is apt to modify that excessive dread of moisture which has caused the demolition of so many fine shade-trees in the neighborhood of North American country-homes. About thirty years ago a mania similar to the "Blue Glass Craze" induced thousands of southern landowners to import Eucalyptus trees, in the hope that the aromatic influence of the mysterious plant would render the soil non-malarious. It was proved beyond the possibility of a doubt that climate diseases had become less frequent in the neighborhood of Eucalyptus groves, but it is now almost equally certain that the improvement was due simply to the cooling shade of the plantations, and that any other tree-shade would have answered the same purpose. Savannah, Georgia, with its fourfold rows of magnificent live-oaks and magnolias, has enjoyed a remarkable immunity from summer epidemics, and in the scale of longevity country-parsons are outranked by the *foresters* (forest and game-keepers) of Northern Europe, whose homes are generally hidden in groves of beech and oak trees.

Leaf-trees are chemical, as well as mechanical, refrigerators. Board sheds, intercepting the rays of the sun and admitting all lateral air-currents, would only partly reproduce the cooling effect of a shady grove, for reasons explained by the fact that plants, in warm weather, manage to keep the temperature of their sap below that of the surrounding air, just as effectually as the laboratory of the animal organism reverses

that process in winter. Hence the grateful coolness of forest-arcades, with their vaults of massive foliage — tier above tier of green boughs, breathing tempered air, besides intercepting the glare of the noon-day sun.

Leafy arbors can be made to answer a similar purpose, and an American music teacher of my acquaintance thus contrives to attract a large number of midsummer pupils, by making her cottage a temple of thermal comfort, at the very time when the public schools become unbearable with dust and heat. Her garden wall encloses less than an acre of ground, but nearly the whole of that area is screened by a canopy of wildering vines, trimmed below, but encouraged to branch upward and outward in a maze of tangled tendrils, kept fresh by daily showers of artificial rain. Five long lines of arbors converge toward the windows of the ground-floor, and the air-currents entering the cottage have thus to pass through an intermediate stratum of shade-cooled air.

Our Spanish-American neighbors have effectually got rid of the belief in the necessity of flannel underwear and three daily warm meals. "I see you have followed my advice," said a hygienic physician on entering a garden where a number of children were taking a breakfast of bread and hot milk, "only it would not have been necessary to serve the milk boiling hot."

"Why, what else should we do?" said the materfamilias in unfeigned amazement. "It stands to reason that children ought to have something warm in the morning."

"Could you oblige me to specify that reason?" inquired the sanitary reformer. That question would, indeed, not be easy to answer, and it would be equally difficult to state a rational purpose for the practice of aggravating the blood-heating effect of the summer sun by woollen garments. The best summer dress should be defined in a single sentence: The minimum of dry goods compatible with decency and protection from troublesome insects. For boys of that happy age that can defy the mandates of the fashion journal, a loose linen shirt, linen knee-breeches and a light straw hat would suffice for all practical purposes. Adults have to compromise the matter, but should at least give themselves the benefit of a just doubt in the wisdom of the flannel hypothesis. Instinct would certainly recommend a lighter and smoother material, and the long-lived nations of the East stick to linen, which the Greeks

(as the Romans of the classic era) preferred to all other fabrics during the long summer of the Mediterranean coast-land.*

[To be continued.]

* With post-note concerning inquiries of correspondents, see Chapter I. in July issue.

THOUGHTS ON MATTERS LYRIC AND DRAMATIC.

I heard, lately, at one of Mr. Damrosch's Sunday orchestral concerts, Wagner's "Prize Song" from "Die Meistersänger," arranged as an orchestral piece, and the hearing has made me more sure than ever that the opinion I expressed, in this magazine, some months ago, was correct.

I then averred that had Wagner confined himself to orchestral writing and let the stage alone, he would have shone out with unobscured brilliancy as a great composer, whereas, as a dramatic musician, he labors under the disadvantage of a total ignorance of the voice and the art of singing, and, also, is handicapped by his erroneous notions of stage requisites.

He persistently ignores the fact that the personages on the stage command the attention of the audience by reason of their action and personality, and that the instrumental part is, and must be, subordinate, so that the search for phrases through the winding ways of the harmony, although very interesting to the trained musician, is decidedly tiresome to the average hearer, who expects, justly, to hear the leading phrases from the mouths of the leading persons of the play, and not from the hidden oboe or trombone.

But, when untrammelled by dramatic necessities, Wagner does, indeed, give us the music of the spheres.

His blending harmonies, his prismatic shadings of varying tones, wrap the soul in ecstasy, and his wondrous knowledge of instrumental resource enables him to present an aural picture of the inner soul of humanity as definite and easily to be understood as Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment."

But Wagner is not the only man of genius who has mistaken his vocation.

The painter, Gainsborough, prided himself on his musical abilities, which were very moderate, and the comedian Liston

always insisted that he was a tragic actor lost to the world by unkind fate.

Wagner has thrown away the certainty of immortal fame as a symphonist, for the partial recognition, by fanatics, of a composer for the stage. He has neglected the true field of music for the tinselled theatre. He could have been a great composer of orchestral symphonies; he would be a rather dull and stilted writer of quasi operas—

'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true.

FRED LYSER.

LABOR'S JUST DOMAIN.

"Protection" is established for the benefit of the working man. So said the accredited representatives of the Protectionist party in their platform at Minneapolis the other day, and so say all protectionists. It is intended, according to their position, as a barrier against the competition of foreign pauper labor, and its alleged depressing effect upon the pay of American toilers.

If so, we have again and again been treated to the edifying spectacle of employers of labor, in large numbers, quitting their homes and their business, visiting the nation's capital, and spending months of time and thousands of money, as was the case when the McKinley bill was enacted, that they might be enabled to pay better wages to their employees; for whoever heard of a delegation of workingmen going to Washington to urge an increase of tariff duties? What a pity that such benevolence has been so often disappointed when pay-day has come, after the desired legislation was obtained, in finding itself driven to the necessity of cutting instead of advancing wages.

But does protection increase the pay of labor? That question is settled by the answer to another, which is: Does protection increase the amount of labor to be paid for? Labor, as a wage-earner, is merchandise. It is a commodity, and is as much in the market as wheat and corn, as coats and shoes, as horses and cows, as chickens and pigs. It is something that is for sale, and the price it will command depends upon the operation of the universal law in such things of supply

and demand. If there is a surplus of labor, prices will, sooner or later, go down. If there is a scarcity of labor, they will go up.

Now, what has been and is the bearing upon "employment" of a high protective tariff, by way of increasing or diminishing it, in the different fields that have been entered by American labor?

First, there is the sea. Nearly three-fourths of the earth's surface is covered by water. The whole of that expanse, with the exception of small circles at the Poles, furnishes occupation for man. It is as much labor's territory as the dry and solid land. To no people under the sun does so much of the sea belong as to the people of the United States. With coast lines of thousands of miles on the two greatest oceans, our position with reference to the waters of the globe is exceptionally commanding. It is not too much to say that fully one-fifth of our working population should to-day be getting its living from the sea and the industries incidental thereto. At one time it did look as if we would soon be, what we clearly ought to be now, the first of maritime nations. Our sails visited every ocean, and fully three-fourths of our imports and exports were in American bottoms. Our people exhibited a hardihood, an enterprise and a skill upon the water that stand unparalleled. Why, we were scarcely born as a nation before our sailors achieved what the rest of the world pronounced impossible. Even Captain Cook, the world-renowned navigator, laughed at the idea of Americans trading with far-off Asia, and Lord Sheffield, of the British ministry, declared that Americans would not think of direct trade with China. "They having no article to send there in exchange, no money and no credit." And yet his sneering words were scarcely uttered before there sailed out of the harbor of New York, two vessels bearing the patriotic names of Columbus and Washington—the latter a sloop of only ninety tons—bound for our far-away northwestern coast and cargoes of furs, and thence to Canton. The enterprise, involving eleven months in its execution, was completely successful, as well as very remunerative. The Columbus and Washington were the first vessels to circumnavigate the globe on a trading voyage, as the Washington was the first craft of size ever to be sent on so hazardous an expedition. From that time American commerce grew, and that in the face of desper-

ate opposition from other countries, involving lawless searches, impressments of seamen, prohibitory "Orders in Council," and sometimes downright piracy. America had to fight for her place upon the sea. Our war of 1812 with Great Britain and our skirmishes with France and the Barbary States, were for the freedom of ocean traffic—"free trade and sailor's rights"—and grandly was the principle vindicated. And all this was without the help of subsidies, and at a time when our commerce was in its actual infancy. But where now are our ships? Where now are our American sailors? Our ocean tonnage to-day is less than one-seventh that of Great Britain; less even than that of Norway and half a dozen third and fourth rate European States. We pay out millions every year in pleasure travel to Europe, but our seamen do not get the money. England has nearly a dozen transatlantic lines, and even Belgium and Denmark can maintain their fleets of floating palaces, but no such transports carry the American flag. The last of our "liners" was sold at sheriff's sale. To-day there is a magnificent rivalry on the ocean between competing "racers," but America, although she furnishes the stakes for which it is played, has no part in the game. While Europeans are breaking records upon the broad sea, we are amusing ourselves, like little boys, in matching yachts—mere toy affairs—in sight of land.

But that is by no means the whole of the story. The time was when, as an incident of our foreign commerce, nearly every port on our coast had its shipyard. No further back than the year 1855, we built and equipped no less than 507 vessels for general ocean trade—great stately ships whose construction one way or another gave profitable employment to a mighty army of workmen. We still have all the facilities for ship-building—the materials, the men, the skill, the capital. But now, while a few domestic boats which, to carry our flag must be constructed at home, are launched from our ways, what has become of that splendid ship-building interest of which we just spoke? How many vessels for the foreign trade do we now construct per year? Why, none at all.

Now why, in the name of all that is great and marvelous, this decadence of a mighty interest? To what untoward concentration of accidents do we owe the obliteration of a merchant marine so complete and sweeping that the American flag, except at the tail of an American cruiser, is no longer

seen in many waters of our globe, and an American sailor has become a positive *rara avis*? There is no accident about it and no mystery. The condition just described is the result of a carefully matured system of law-making that must have had that particular end in view from the beginning. Protectionism, according to its intendment, is hostility to general commerce. A prosperous foreign trade and a high protective tariff are as antagonistic as fire and water. Home production, according to orthodox protectionists, is to be built up at the expense of outside traffic. They oppose, as a rule, the importation of foreign made wares; for what is a protective tariff but a tremendous boycott against the world's industry; and obstruction to foreign trade means the destruction of American shipping. Protectionists want no American shipping, unless handicapped by the bribery of subsidies. They know very well that they could have no opponent so formidable as a large home investment in foreign commerce and transportation. They know that every ship upon the sea is a powerful free-trade argument. Hence, quite naturally, and logically, they have arrayed themselves against American ship-building and American ship ownership, although upon the pretext of a pretended patriotism. Foreign built ships are practically forbidden to our citizens, while an ingenious arrangement of duties on materials makes American ship construction for the foreign trade impossible. And so industries that ought to give employment, at a moderate estimate, to one-fifth of our working population, have been quietly, but effectually, doomed.

But how is it when we come ashore? Have American laborers the employment on land to which they are entitled? When we look over the world for the fields that rightly belong to our workmen we discover that, apart from the ocean, there is an immense area to be considered that lies beyond our territorial limits. South of us is Mexico, south of Mexico is Central America, and south of Central America is a continent nearly equal to the whole of North America. Altogether, we have contiguous to us on the south a territory, if we except Alaska, that is three times as great as the whole of our national domain, and all of which, in one sense, is legitimately our property. Being semi-barbarous in its populations, it is and must continue to be dependent on more advanced countries for much of its supplies, and particularly for its manufactured

wares. It is open, of course, to the trade of all the world, but our location gives us an immense advantage. It is no exaggeration to say that the business derived from that quarter should yield employment to nearly if not quite another fifth of our working population. What does that business now amount to? In a recent number of the New York *Evening Post* is a Washington dispatch, giving an abstract of a report to our government by United States Consul Hill, at Ascension, South America, on the condition of Paraguay. I extract the following passage:

"The consul calls attention to the fact that England furnishes forty-eight per cent. of the total imports, and says that, besides a few agricultural implements and a little lumber, none of the imports come from the United States. The trade from the United States may be set down as nil."

That is substantially the story for the whole of that great Southern country of which we have been speaking. Europe does its business, and we look idly on. All the time our interest in the "Monroe doctrine" is overmastering. Even little Samoa, in the far-away Pacific, has intensely excited us. Not for the world would we permit an English or a German flag to float anywhere in the southern portion of our hemisphere, but we let English and German traders quietly possess themselves of our natural heritage, and, by absorbing its commerce, take the bread from our workmen's mouths.

And now, as if our tariff system were not enough to separate us from our Southern neighbors, we have had to go and get into that ridiculous quarrel with Chili, and play the bully toward that little country in a manner to offend all Spanish-American peoples, who are exceptionally proud and clannish, and thus create against us a prejudice that will stand in the way of trade relations for years and years to come. The madness of it, however, is not altogether without its method. Taken in connection with the slights that our government has recently put upon our Canadian neighbors to the North, it is not so difficult to see in it the natural hostility of protectionism to any and all foreign intercourse that points to business transactions.

But will not that curious political invention called "reciprocity" tend to heal the breach between us and our neighbors? Why should it? There is nothing in reciprocity, so called, that

is conciliatory. It is, on the contrary, a measure of antagonism. Retaliation is what it signifies. It says to the foreigner, "you must give up something of value to get something in return." It carries a threat of compulsion that is necessarily provocative. It is an oaken club rather than an olive branch. It implies a policy of give and take that means a disagreement, if not a battle. Of that sort of reciprocity, our distinguished countryman, John L. Sullivan, would seem to be the best exponent we have.

But shutting our eyes to the outside world, whether land or water, and confining ourselves strictly to our own country, the question is, whether, as compensation for its losses outside, protection does not give labor greatly increased occupation at home. That is what is claimed for it, and in proof we are pointed to evidences of increased activity in a few industries, like that in American tin. But the real question, after all, is as to the volume of occupation when it is taken as a whole. It does not follow that because one trade is prosperous under artificial stimulation, all others must be so. A tariff, unfortunately, can unmake a business quite as readily as it can make it. Discrimination—and arbitrary discrimination at that—is a necessary feature of every tariff, and discrimination is a two-edged weapon. Nobody can tell exactly where or what it will strike. When producing interests conflict, as they must frequently do, it is apt to be fatal to some of them. What is food for one may be poison to another. Of this we have a curious illustration in English history, back in the days when protectionism ruled the British isles. In the reign of Edward the Sixth, that it might help the harness makers, the British parliament gave them a monopoly of the leather business. Pretty soon the cobblers were starving. To relieve the cobblers, they were given a turn at the monopoly, and then the harness makers starved. Another instance: The making of cotton prints is now one of England's greatest industries, and yet in George the Fourth's time, in the supposed interest of the woolen and silk trades, the wearing of a calico gown was punishable by heavy fine. As late as our own century, and within the memory of many now living, while woollens and silks in England were exempted from all imposts, calicoes were loaded with a duty equal to one-half the retail price of the goods. No wonder John Morley, in his life of Richard Cob-

den, tells us that "from 1825 to 1830 the trade in prints was stationary."

But we don't have to go to England to find harness-makers and cobblers in conflict with one another. They are here in our own country—plenty of them—and under the operation of the McKinley bill. Wool here is a competitor, also; in fact we have the same battle over again. To help the sheep raisers of Ohio, a heavy duty is laid on all woollen importations, including some coarser grades that are not produced in this country at all. The consequence is, that many of our woollen manufacturers, having to pay extra prices for their materials, are suffering, and some of them have failed altogether. To help the iron barons of Pennsylvania, an onerous tariff shelters all iron productions, with the result that the New England iron makers, who look in part to Canada for their materials, are practically crushed. In their distress, they not very long ago addressed a petition to Congress, which the *Boston Herald* said was signed by men of all political parties, asking, in order that their business might be saved from extinction, that "iron-ore, coal and coke shall be put upon the free list, as they were before the war."

Such cases are not confined to the East. Along the Mexican border, but on the American side, are, or were, a number of smelters that used lead carbonate ores brought over from the state of Chihuahua. Millions of capital were invested in them, and they gave occupation to over 10,000 workmen. But to give a better market to certain influential Americans owning mines that produced similar ores, a prohibitory duty was laid on Mexican ores. The result has been the general abandonment of the smelters referred to, or the removal of their plants to Mexican soil, and their 10,000 workmen have either lost their occupation or been forced to follow their employers into exile.

The cases referred to are by no means solitary. They are a few from many. In fact, a full and exact list of our suppressed or crippled industries, under the action of the McKinley law, would be a most interesting and instructive document. And labor has fully shared in their misfortunes, both in employment and compensation.

But how fares the laboring interest when the circle of our protected industries is reached? Here, if anywhere, must its

betterment be found. But here comes the same question as before. How is employment affected? Is the volume of manual labor increased or diminished among protected industries? Upon the answer turns the whole issue; for, so far as the matter of wages is concerned, with an average of ten cuts to one advance, recorded under the McKinley bill, it will hardly be insisted that the wage-earner is a gainer. Now, with the exclusion of foreign-made goods from our markets—for that is the intended effect of a protectionist tariff—it seems reasonable to infer that domestic fabrics would increase, and with them the labor of production. But generalization in this matter will be found to be subject to several important qualifying conditions. That consolidation of interests and operations by producers in the same lines is one of the natural results of a protective system, cannot be successfully controverted. The hundred and odd "trusts" among American manufacturers that are flourishing under the ægis of the McKinley act, is ample evidence on this point. With foreign competition eliminated, there is no reason why we should not have trusts and trusts. American manufacturers would be foolish not to take to them. But how do trusts—that is, combinations among manufacturers—affect the volume of labor? We answer, that the first effect is its contraction. The reason is obvious. The very first thing that is done, and which we believe in every such case has been done, is the shutting down of certain factories, the object being the limiting of production to the lowest level required by the market. That means the discharge of labor. A leading manufacturer in a certain line, as the story was told to the writer, not long ago was giving the history of the trust with which he was identified, and explaining how, from a condition of absolute unprofitableness, his business had suddenly sprung to a stage where it had paid an annual dividend of twenty per cent. "We did not add to the price of our goods, because that would have repelled purchasers," said he, "but we cut down expenses, and chiefly in the labor department." That told everything. It is not so much the consumers of trust-made fabrics that suffer, as their physical producers. Upon them falls the first blow. Whether in the instance just quoted, the twenty per centum profit had been helped out by a cut in wages, when the need of laborers was diminished, the

writer cannot state, but, if not, he is very certain it will come when the dividend is to be raised to twenty-five per cent.

Although the McKinley act was adopted in the interest of manufacturers, and at their solicitation, it has not increased the number of operated factories. On the contrary, it has considerably reduced it. Never before have there been more blown-out furnaces and smokeless chimneys in the land than at the present time. They are not to be found in our larger cities and vilages alone. Any one familiar with the streams of New England and of the Middle States, knows that it is impossible to follow them any distance without coming to broken dams or the relics of mills that are hopelessly abandoned and slowly disappearing. Desolation reigns where once was teeming industry. The loss is chiefly that of labor. The business of manufacturing has not disappeared. It has simply changed its conditions and its localities. It has passed, under the influences that have been described, from the hands of the many who are comparatively weak, to the hands of the few who are strong. The larger concerns, having first absorbed or crushed their competitors with smaller capital, have then, partly by means of improved machinery, and partly by the control of the labor market, put a pressure upon their workmen that has compelled them to yield the largest product with the smallest amount of bone and muscle. It will thus be seen that, while the business of the country has not materially suffered, and wealth in the hands of a few men has enormously expanded, the working man—by whom is meant the common toiler whose pay is his daily wage—has been steadily losing ground. He has lost in every direction—in the comforts of living, in personal influence, in social position, in common esteem, but in no way so much as in the opportunities for useful and remunerative occupation, which are understood to be every man's natural heritage. The consequence is, that idleness is often forced upon him. Whenever there are strikes of the employed against their employers, in nine cases out of ten there are enough idle workmen in the same line, who are starving for want of occupation, to come in and take the strikers' places. At such times it is our own pauper labor, and not the pauper labor of Europe, that our workmen feel they need to be protected against.

The condition that has just been described is not the result

of accident, nor of unforeseeable and unpreventable causes. No such origin can be claimed for it. On the, contrary, it is a direct and legitimate consequence of a policy under which the workingman's interests have been intelligently sacrificed to those of his employer. It both circumscribes his field of operations and minimizes his employment in it. It rules him from the sea and from adjacent lands; it contracts his opportunities at home. But while it keeps him from the rest of the world, it does not keep the rest of the world, from trespassing on him. There is no duty on incoming foreign labor, and his employers are determined there shall be none. Under such circumstances, it is quite impossible to withhold sympathy from the cramped and troubled toiler. Poor fellow, he is being pressed upon from every side. Expenses of living are increased by the agencies that reduce his pay. Improved machinery more and more cuts into his income. The value of the labor entering into our manufactured goods is steadily diminishing. In 1850 it was twenty-three per cent; to-day it is less than seventeen per cent. Trusts pinch him. They consolidate factories and stop the operation of the least profitable. Then comes the squeeze in wages. It is certain to come. In vain does the victim "strike" against it. Numbers in his case, instead of being a source of strength, is a cause of weakness. His situation resembles that of the captive who saw the walls of his prison slowly closing in upon him, and dooming him to inevitable destruction. He realizes his position—most clearly does he see it, but what does he do by way of prevention or correction? While he feels the pressure and sees the danger, but one idea as to the remedy seems to possess him. That is, with the spectre of over-production, or rather of under-employment, continually haunting him, to utilize the occupation that is before him, by making it go as far as possible. He seeks to monopolize it. His chief, if not his only, thought is to reduce the number of competing toilers. He organizes "Unions" that will forcibly hold the field. He seeks to limit apprenticeships. He fights "scabs" and "rats." He tries to shorten the hours of labor, so that more hands may share the same employment. In other words, he endeavors in every way to accommodate himself to his prison and make the best of it. There is one thing, however, that he does not do. Why does he not array himself, solidly and implacably, against the

policy by which he is hedged about? Why does he not try to break down the prison walls and demand access to the territory beyond? Let him "strike," not so much against reduction of wages, as against the system that narrows his employment. What he needs is the full measure of his opportunities. There is room enough in the wide world for him and for every laborer. Give the American working man, with his superior attainments, a fair and equal chance at the industries that belong to his orbit, and he will have little need of organization, with its strikes and its boycotts, to give him paying occupation. Instead of labor seeking employment, employment would then seek labor. And more important still, in the greatest of all our markets—the market in which the sweat and toil that come of trained and brawny handicraft are bought and sold—labor would then have, as it ought to have, an equal voice with capital.

New York.

JOHN F. HUME.

BOOK REVIEWS: •

The Soul of Lilith: by Marie Corelli. (Lovell, Coryell & Co.).—To expectations based upon her previous literary achievements, this latest work of fiction by the authoress of "Thelma," "Ardath," "Wormwood" and "A Romance of Two Worlds" must be distinctly a disappointment. It is by no means an ill-written or uninteresting story, and might even pass muster creditably as the work of one from whom much less would naturally be expected than from Marie Corelli, but from no point of view is it equal to those precedent books. Intensely earnest feeling, often rising in its expression to the pitch of inspiration, was a quality in those which here is badly replaced by laborious effort—ill-concealed—at "pumping up" earnestness and enthusiasm. Here is, in brief, its thread:

El-Rami-Zaranos, an Oriental person with snowy hair, a jet-black mustache and "fiery, brilliant, night-black orbs," is possessed of wondrous magical arts and an insatiable curiosity about the cause of things. On a satin couch, beneath a canopy of purple and gold, somewhere near Sloane street, he has an Arab girl named Lilith. She died in the desert six years

ago, but nobody would think so from looking at her, for since then she has grown to be a woman, "a matchless piece of loveliness." He maintains in her a perfect semblance of life by means of frequent hypodermic injections of the "Elixir of Life," but she always lies asleep, in the same position, which is that familiarized to the public eye by the figure of the "Sleeping Beauty" in dime museums. Keeping her in that way is quite handy, she being clairvoyant and clairaudient when he wishes to ask her questions about the inhabitants of Sirius, the political system of Neptune, the "red fields and rosy foliage" of Mars, and other little matters—including God and the angels—inconvenient for his personal observation. El-Rami has an amazingly beautiful brother, Feraz, whose habit it is to revisit in trance the star where he properly belongs; and an old Egyptian woman, Zerobia, attendant upon the Sleeping Beauty and possessor of an ineradicable conviction that love is preferable to spirituality. Incidentally, there is an old gentleman whose "magnetic crystal" disc moves with great whirring to the motion of the earth, and reflects totally unintelligible messages from the stars, until finally it smashes him. He has a comic German servant. Then there is a mysterious monk, the head of his own order, which is unlike any other. He only appears once, but that is enough, for he is always practically present, since wherever he may be, he knows everything that is going on, and more too; and when he does come, an awfully brilliant angel drops in, on his invitation, with painful effects even upon El-Rami, who can stand almost anything! To fill in the chinks in the plot are some lords and ladies, a nasty artist and an inspired authoress, whose wonderful genius makes everybody hate her and say mean things about her behind her back, and causes the jealous critics to publish bad notices of her books, which yield her immense revenues nevertheless.

In course of time, El-Rami, finding Lilith's representations of celestial affairs not in accord with his notion, and therefore probably incorrect, has the bad idea of varying the monotony of things by falling in love with her, and thereupon the notion naturally occurs to him that it would be desirable to have her wake up. Unhappily her veins contain no blood, but simply "an electric fluid," so, when she opens her eyes, she suddenly becomes a shapely deposit of fine gray ashes, nothing more, just as the mysterious monk warned him she would, and her

soul sails off to heaven, where Feraz, in France, has already seen the angels arranging a grand reception for it. That convinces El-Rami of the existence of God, which he has previously doubted, and about that time, either immediately before or after, he loses his wits. Feraz takes him, for permanent seclusion, to a remarkable sort of monkery, on the Isle of Cyprus, which is operated by a devout band of Corellian Mahatmas upon a combination platform of Oriental philosophy and limited interchangeable Christianity. Zerobia also goes mad, wanders off at night and dies with her back against "Cleopatra's needle," on the embankment, under the comforting delusion she is on the bank of the Nile, waiting for her lover. And the eternal justice of the kindly gods is demonstrated at the last by their sending a real earl—a rich one—to marry the gifted authoress.

No other author, to satisfy the popular demand for the "supernatural" and "occult" has made so brave an effort to cover the ground as has the authoress of "*The Soul of Lilith.*" She seems to have jammed in all she ever heard of as so classed, including clairvoyance, clairsaudience, samadhi, fascination, paralyzing magnetic shock, thought transference, reading the thoughts of others, prescience, the Elixir of Life, concentration of akasic atoms, evocation of phantoms, invocation of angels and souls to manifest presence, magical demolition of matter, the music of the spheres, temporary annihilation of time, space, and the law of gravitation; and though he does not happen to have any occasion to do such things, we are assured that El-Rami could, if he wished, reproduce the thunders of Mount Sinai, do Aaron's serpent trick, bring water out of the rock and part a sea for an army to march through, as Moses did. And the Corellian adepts on Cyprus know as much about the planets as New Yorkers do of Western Connecticut, at least.

In her "*Romance of Two Worlds*" Marie Corelli made a curious effect to tie together occultism, as she understood it, and Catholic Christianity, re-vamping Oriental philosophy and tricking it out with pretty modern Western decorations. Possibly both are good; perhaps each way leads to the one end, attainment of the ineffable and glorious truth; but they do not lie together and one cannot comfortably march far with a foot in each of two divergent paths. The improved new theories

of faith she sees fit to recommend in "The Soul of Lilith" have still a somewhat nebulous Christian side, consisting of little more than insistence upon the divinity of Christ. Beyond that, she demonstrates quite a kindly feeling for the old gods, and is not perceptibly shocked by the Cypriotes adoring the Virgin mother of Christ as Aphroditissa. But the great strength of her new religious cult is to be in the development—through prayer to a personal god, a respectful attitude towards the angels and sympathetic consideration for humanity—of such super-sensuous knowledge and super-human powers as we now can hardly imagine possible. And she wishes it clearly understood that this is her patent scheme of regeneration and salvation, which must not be infringed upon, or confounded with what any others have thought or taught. She goes out of her way for a malicious slur upon General Booth and the Salvation Army; and in her spiteful fear that well-informed persons may recognize in her preachings only a windy dilution and sensationally fantastic perversion of theosophic teachings, indulges in what it is charity to hope is unintentional misrepresentation concerning theosophists. Even, knowing the best she had to say was already better said in "The Light of Asia," she has not been able to refrain from spitting her venom up at its author. But, so far as that goes, it is very rarely, if at all, she has a good word to say for any author who is not dead. Her attitude reminds one of an advertiser crying to the public: "My face-bleach is the only one good for anything! Use my skin-enamel only and be beautiful forever! Only things bearing my trade-mark are genuine!"

Yes, the "Soul of Lilith" is a disappointment; merely one more of the so-called "occult novels," written by persons whose knowledge of occultism has been evolved from their own weary imaginations, picked from the works of others equally ignorant, or gleaned without understanding from books intentionally misleading to those uninstructed in their real meaning. And, though there is in it much straining after effect, there is no such tenderness of human feeling as in "Thelma," none of the thrilling strength pervading "Wormwood" and little of the poetic beauty vivifying the pages of "Ardath." It is simply "a pot-boiler."

J. H. CONNELLY.

MERCANTILE NOTES.

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA.

This admirable preparation is made from selected cocoa, from which the excess of oil has been removed. It is absolutely pure, and it is soluble. It has more than three times the strength of cocoa mixed with starch, arrowroot, or sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

No alkalies or other chemicals or dyes are used in its preparation.

In chemically prepared cocoas the fine natural color and exquisite odor and flavor of pure cocoa-seeds have been diminished or wholly lost by the severe treatment to which the materials have been subjected. In some cases the loss of the natural flavor is sought to be partially supplied by the use of fragrant gums, wholly foreign to the natural product.

The use of chemicals can be readily detected by the peculiar odor from newly-opened packages, and also from a glass of water in which a small quantity of chemically treated cocoa has been placed and allowed to remain for several days. Comparison with the well-known pure Breakfast Cocoa of Walter Baker & Company will reveal at once the vast superiority of a product which has not been treated by chemicals, but which contains only the finest possible powder of the best chocolate-seeds freed from the excess of oil. The exquisite flavor and odor of the pure product are due wholly to the seeds themselves, since absolutely no foreign matter is added from first to last. Baker's Breakfast Cocoa can be used by students of the microscope and of chemistry as a perfect type of the highest order of excellence in manufacture.

Dr. Sidney Ringer, Professor of Medicine at University College, London, and physician to the College Hospital, perhaps the greatest English authority on the action of drugs, states in his "Handbook of Therapeutics" that "the sustained administration of alkalies and their carbonates renders the blood, it is said, poorer in solids and in red corpuscles, and impairs the nutrition of the body." Of ammonia, carbonate of ammonia, and spirits of ammonia, he says: "These preparations have many properties in common with the alkaline, potash, and soda group. They possess a strong alkaline reaction, are freely soluble in water, have a high diffusion-power, and dissolve the animal textures. . . . If administered too long, they excite catarrh of the stomach and intestines."

In reply to the inquiry, What is the effect on the system, especially on the gastric mucous membrane, of small quantities of dilute alkaline liquids taken frequently and regularly (for example, for breakfast), one of the leading physicians in Boston says: "I would say that while some persons and certain conditions of the system might bear without injury dilute alkaline liquids taken at not frequent intervals, yet the great majority of persons, and those with a sensitive stomach, could not bear the daily use of such liquids without serious injury. It would produce gastritis, or inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach, of varying degree, according to the frequency and amount taken, and the susceptibility of the person. This would be accompanied with many of the symptoms of dyspepsia, and, if carried to any considerable extent, with troublesome eruptions of the skin, and not infrequently with serious disturbance of the functions of the kidneys. I certainly think its long continuance would be dangerous."

AN AUTHORITATIVE ANALYSIS.

JAMES F. BABCOCK, CHEMIST AND CHEMICAL EXPERT, 27 SCHOOL ST., BOSTON.

(Established, 1863.)

BOSTON, Jan. 20, 1892.

This certifies that I have made a very thorough chemical and microscopic examination of the article known as Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa, and I have compared the results with those found from a similar examination of the pure roasted cocoa bean,

I find that Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure. It contains no trace of any substance foreign to the pure roasted cocoa-bean. The color is that of pure cocoa. The flavor is natural and not artificial; and the product is in every particular such as must have been produced from the pure cocoa-bean without the addition of any chemical, alkali, acid, or artificial flavoring substance which are to be detected in cocoas prepared by the so-called "Dutch process."

[Signed]

JAMES F. BABCOCK.

In the chapter on "Brain and Nerve Foods," contained in his recent work on "Nerve Waste," Dr. H. C. Sawyer gives the following unsolicited testimony to the value of Walter Baker & Co.'s cocoa: "Baker's Breakfast Cocoa is a light preparation which can be heartily recommended; it contains only so much fat as can be digested by almost anyone; and it is peculiar in not cloying or palling after a time, as so many cocoa preparations do. Such a beverage is far more wholesome and more agreeable, after one becomes used to it, than tea, which is much over-used. It is especially useful for children; our little boy has drunk it since he was a year and a half old, has become inordinately fond of it, and has kept as 'fat as a pig,' as we say."

A FAMOUS LIQUEUR—ORIGIN OF THE BENEDICTINE CORDIAL.

The famous abbey of Fécamp was founded by the Order of the Benedictine monks in the ancient Roman town of that name, the "Fisci Campus" of the Romans. It was destroyed by the Norsemen when they ravaged that part of France, but was rebuilt in the twelfth century. This monastery stood until the terrible year of 1792, when destruction again overtook it, and only the majestic church attached to it was saved.

Many years previously, in 1510, the manufacture of the well-known "Benedictine" had been set on foot. One of the Abbots of Fécamp, Antoine II, in that year intrusted the pious monk and skillful chemist, Bernard Vincelli, with the preparation of the Elixir of Life, from plants growing on the cliffs, as an antidote to the *malaria* from the marshes around the abbey. Vincelli was so successful, it is said, that the malaria ceased to be feared. The liquor which he distilled proved to be almost life-giving in its properties, restoring those stricken with fever and ague to renewed vigor and acting as a preservative against disease.

The liqueur for a time was only known within the abbey precincts, until King Francis I had it brought to his notice during a visit to Fécamp. King Francis was so delighted with the delicate flavor of it, we are told, that he had Antoine II made a cardinal. The liqueur henceforth became fashionable among the Grand Seigneurs of France, and continued so until the time of the Great Revolution, when abbey and monks were all swept away, and the famous "Benedictine," as a liqueur of the hated aristocracy, came under the ban. All that was saved from the destruction were a few precious relics and some books and manuscripts which were confided by Dom Lemaire, the last Abbot of Fécamp, to the care of a Mr. Legrand, whose family had long been connected with the abbey.

One of the successors of this Mr. Legrand, in 1863, while engaged in researches among the books and manuscripts of the abbey library, which had come down to him, lighted on Vincelli's secret in a faded, time-yellowed manuscript, curiously inscribed. He at once made his discovery known and proceeded to utilize it by restoring to the world the famous liqueur, "Benedictine." This he did, eventually, when the manufacture of the liqueur had become too large for his private resources, transforming the concern into a company. Mr. Legrand besides, impressed with the romantic features of his discovery, gathered together as many relics of the old abbey as possible, forming a museum of monastic antiquities.

The ingredients of the modern "Benedictine" liqueur are aromatic herbs and Cognac, in accordance with the original recipe, using the same sea-impregnated and sun-warmed herbs as those from which Bernard Vincelli distilled his Elixir. The vast cellars of the establishment, excavated from the solid rock at some remote period of the history of the old abbey, formed broad, perfect galleries, intersected by smaller vaults—a perfect labyrinth of subterranean passages. In those cellars the liqueur of modern times is kept in cask for ten months before being bottled, and there, too, are stored the separate ingredients, each distilled from a distinct herb, until required.


In praise of the cordial "Benedictine" little remains to be said in this country; the public has long ago passed its verdict upon the merits of the "great liqueur," and it is to-day a household word. It has no equal as a febrifuge, appetizer and digester, and its taste is as palatable as its ingredients are beneficial, imparting vigor and health to the body.


MAKE MONEY.

ABSOLUTELY SAFE FOR CAPITAL, AND CERTAIN OF PROFIT.

The Atlantic-Pacific Railway Tunnel Company, incorporated in 1884 to buy land, mines, mill sites, water powers, etc., in Colorado, and to operate the same for mining and railway use later on. Seven hundred thousand shares. Par value, \$10 each.

Shares full-paid and cannot be assessed or jeopardized for any purpose. Two hundred thousand shares still in its treasury for sale as offered. More than 4,500 men and women jointly interested as share owners, and, therefore, members of the Atlantic-Pacific Tunnel Company, which is steadily driving a tunnel into the great mineral belt of Colorado, and straight through more than 250 veins of gold, silver and lead ore. The primary object of the work is to reach all these veins and open them at great depths for extensive mining to great profit; and the secondary object, to use the tunnel, when completed, for railway purposes, thus shortening the distance between Denver and Salt Lake City more than 200 miles.

 The company has more than four millions of dollars' worth of property all fully paid for.

 All its interest obligations are met promptly as they mature.

More than 5,000 feet of tunnel already driven, including 3,700 feet into the east side of the Rocky Mountains, 60 miles due west from Denver, Colorado, and more than 1,400 feet of tunnel driven

into the west side of the mountains, as well as side tunnels into veins.

Main tunnel, when completed for railway use, will be 25,200 feet long.

Full-paid, non-assessable, non-taxable guaranteed shares in the above-named company, making the purchaser a member of the company and a joint owner in all the rights, properties, franchises, and profits from sale of ore, land, and mineral, and from all rentals as they accrue. These shares are of the par value of ten dollars each. Present selling price, six dollars each, but no fewer than two shares will be sold at a time.

On money thus invested, the investor will receive fifty cents a year cash as interest on each guaranteed share, making $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent yearly interest on the sum actually invested, and as the company earns the money to pay larger dividends or interest, it will be paid. But fifty cents a year cash interest can be counted on to a certainty. It will not be long before a steadily increasing rate of interest or dividends will be paid.

Every dollar promised as dividends on guaranteed shares named above, paid. Any person can become a joint owner in this, the greatest mining enterprise in the world, who can pay for two or more shares, and have as many votes in all affairs of the company as he or she owns shares. Investment safe, certain and increasingly profitable. Each investor, man, woman or child, becomes one of a great co-operative association, where capital and labor are in harmony and each alike protected. Anyone can invest. Shares issued direct to the purchaser the day the pay therefor is received, and at the end of each year from the date of issuing the shares, the interest will be promptly remitted. Shares, six dollars each. No fewer than two shares sold at a time. Work is carried on steadily, both ends of the tunnel, day and night, advancing about six feet per day. This work is paid for from the proceeds arising to the company from the sale of eight per cent, first mortgage coupon bonds, of which \$700,000 of its first issue of \$2,000,000 are now offered at par, interest accruing from date of investment. Bonds \$250 and \$1,000 each. Interest payable in cash March 1st and September 1st each year till 1907, when the principal will be paid. Interest on bonds paid by sale of gold, silver and lead taken from the properties of the company. With each bond is given an option for the purchaser to exchange it for shares, when the company proves it will be best for the investor to exchange, if he wishes to.

Note these facts.—All properties fully paid for. All interest obligations fully paid. Work going on in both ends of the tunnel all the time. Bringing silver and lead ore from both ends of the tunnel.

These is no better, safer, or more permanently valuable enterprise than this in the world. In time it will pay 100 per cent each year on the investment. Refer to any owner of bonds.

A large illustrated 16-page pamphlet, describing the great work, and the many indorsements of leading newspapers, sent to all who apply, inclosing a two-cent stamp, and giving name and post-office address. Address all orders or letters of inquiry to M. M. POMEROY, President A.-P. R. T. Co., Pulitzer Building, New York City.

BELFORD's can heartily support this enterprise, for it is a holder of the company's bonds, which pay $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest.

THE NATIONAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC OF AMERICA,

NOS. 126 AND 128 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK.

The Annual Entrance Examinations of the National Conservatory of Music, Nos. 126 and 128 East 17th street, New York, will be held as follows:

Piano and Organ—September 12th and 13th, 9 a. m. to 12 m., and 2 to 5 p. m.

Harp, 'Cello, and all other Orchestral Instruments—September 15th, from 9 a. m. to 12 m.

Violin—September 15th, 2 to 5 p. m.

Voice—September 19th, 20th and 21st, from 9 a. m. to 12 m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; and September 21st, from 8 to 10 p. m.

Composition—October 3d and 4th, from 9 a. m. to 12 m., and 2 to 5 p. m.

Chorus—November 2d, from 8 to 10 p. m.

Orchestra—November 7th, from 4 to 6 p. m.

The object of the National Conservatory of Music being the advancement of music in the United States through the development of American talent, applications for admission into the classes of the Conservatory are hereby invited. It is expected that positive aptitude shall be shown by the candidates for admission, without regard to the applicant's stage of progress, and that his or her desire to receive the instruction imparted in the Conservatory shall be the outcome of a serious and well-defined purpose. The successful candidates will enjoy the tuition of the best teachers that can be engaged, and, after graduation, will be afforded opportunities of making known their accomplishments, thus securing engagements. The conditions of admission as to fees, etc. (varying according to the classification of the pupil), are determined by the Board of Directors. Instruction in all branches will be given free to students whose talents and circumstances warrant it. The

course embraces tuition in Singing, Operatic and Miscellaneous, Solfeggio and Theory of Music, Stage Deportment, Elocution, Fencing and Italian, Piano, Organ, Harp, Violin, Viola, 'Cello, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon, French Horn, Cornet, Trombone, Harmony, Counterpoint and Composition, History of Music, Chamber Music, Orchestra and Chorus.

For further particulars, address

EDMUND C. STANTON, Secretary.

MR. M. A. HOLBEIN, THE CYCLIST.

Mr. Montague A. Holbein, the well-known cyclist, has just succeeded in breaking his own earlier "safety cycle" record of 336½ miles in twenty-four hours. He started at midnight on Wednesday, Nov. 18, on the Herne Hill track, and rode almost without halt till midnight of the following day. For the first twelve hours the weather was unfavorable, the cyclist having to ride in a drizzling rain, but at noon the sky cleared, and things went much more smoothly. Nearly five hundred people waited to see the finish, including a great many lady cyclists. At six minutes to midnight it was announced, amid great excitement, that 360 miles had been covered, and at the stroke of twelve Holbein had traversed 361 miles 1446 yards in the twenty-four hours. His longest absence from the track during the ride was nine minutes, which time was occupied by a rubbing-down and a meal of rice-pudding, beef-tea and jelly. The machine ridden was the Coventry Machinists' Company's "Swift" safety, the wheels of which were 26 inches and 28 inches. Its most important adjunct was Harrison Carter's patent gear case and chain lubricator, which completely covers in the chain and chain-wheels, and practically provides a continuous oil bath.

Mr. Montague Holbein was born at Twickenham in 1861, and was educated at the Manchester Grammar School, being then an enthusiast at running, walking and swimming. He commenced cycling in 1888, and in the following year he rode 100 miles in 6 h. 18 m. 10 sec., and 324 miles in twenty-four hours, and in 1890 he rode 100 miles in 5 h. 54 min. 2 sec., and 336½ miles in twenty-four hours. In the present year he has ridden from Bordeaux to Paris, a distance of 360 miles, in 27 h. 52 min. 15 sec.—*Illustrated London News*, Nov. 28, 1891.

PRICKLY-HEAT AND CHAFING.

"The eruption known as prickly-heat is in most cases caused by the corrosive action of the acid perspiration, and often aggravated by friction of the clothing with the skin. Much relief may often

be obtained by applying a lather of the finest kind of soap, and letting it dry in. The soap is sufficiently alkaline in its nature to neutralize the acid of the perspiration and its corroding effects. As a rule, chafing is due to the same cause, and can be cured by the treatment mentioned. In most cases the use of a proper soap is much more beneficial and satisfactory than vaseline or oil of any kind. The oil acts merely as a lubricant to soothe the inflammation. Packer's Tar Soap does the same, and removes the cause of the trouble to a great extent."

IMPORTANT.

Distinguished contributors to the medical press assert that many cases of skin diseases are originated, and others indefinitely kept up, by the use of soaps made from impure fats. They advise the *exclusive* use of *Vegetable Oil Soaps*, and commend particularly Packer's Tar Soap, which is made from vegetable oils, glycerine and pine tar.

IMPORTANT TYPEWRITER DECISION.

NEW YORK, JUNE 15th.—Judge Lacombs, sitting in the United States Circuit Court here, has, on the motion of the National Typewriter Company, of Philadelphia, and the Remington Company, of New York (who conjointly own the patent), granted an injunction against the agents of the Franklin, restraining the sale of that machine on account of infringement of Remington and "National" typewriter patents. The decision is an important one, as it proves the control of the fundamental patents, and may affect other makers of typewriters. In some cases purchasers of machines which infringe Remington and "National" patents may also be proceeded against for infringement.

Dr. W. H. Morse, of the Electro-Medical Institute, N. Y., replied to inquiry made by *New England Farmer*, Boston, whether it was possible to make an Electric Soap: "In Dobbins' Electric Soap, electricity certainly plays a part. It is a remarkably pure article, of excellent quality. It contains no soda or potash, apparently; refusing to turn red with phenolphthalein. Thus the neutralizing property of electricity is apparent; and the presence of alkalies not being manifest, the soap has the effect of not drying skin, hair and nails, as alkaline soaps do." Electricity performs wonders nowadays, and adds to our comfort, convenience and welfare in very many ways, but in nothing is it more wonderful than Dobbins' Electric Soap is, in its speedy attack upon dirt, wherever found, and in its absolute powerlessness to injure fabric or skin. Ask your grocer for it. Take no substitute.

I. L. CRAGIN & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

BELFORD'S MONTHLY

VOL. IX.

SEPT. 1892.

No. 4.

A BRIDE'S STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEAPOLITAN BANKER."

CHAPTER I.

The inquiry, "Do you think it unlucky to take off one's wedding ring?" came with a half-startled air of surprise and alarm from a pair of pretty half-parted lips and still more eagerly from two heavily fringed and expressive gray eyes.

"Yes, dear, very unlucky; you ought to leave it where your husband placed it; it is like undoing the ceremony to take it off." This most depressing reply greatly disturbed the fair questioner, the bride of a month, who had in her childish fit of restlessness removed her wedding ring and was engaged testing its *avoiirdupois* on the coral tips of her dainty fingers. Slowly, and as if it was something uncanny, the truant hoop was slipped back to its place, as the delicate flush on the young wife's cheek deepened with the dawning consciousness of a hitherto unknown crime.

"I wish you would tell me why you think so, Grandma," was the somewhat timid rejoinder.

The elder lady's busy hands had dropped on her knees and her face wore the absent-minded expression which told that "her eyes were with her heart, and that was far away." The question was evidently unheeded, and it was presently amended.

"Grandma, dear, has *your* wedding ring never been off your finger since Grandpa placed it there?"

The second question recalled the old lady's wandering thoughts and she replied with a falter in her voice which heightened the look of alarm on her grand-daughter's face.

"Yes, dear, once."

"O! did anything happen?"

"Yes, love, something which I will never forget as long as I live."

As the elder lady spoke the color faded slowly from the cheeks of the youthful bride, leaving the glowing eyes doubly dark by contrast.

"Don't you think that it is growing cold, Grandma?"

This was said with a little shiver, and looking up, the latter recognized for the first time that her remarks had startled and alarmed her grand-daughter.

"Mind you, Alice," she added hastily, "I do not mean to say that misfortune *always* follows, for of course a very great many people take off their wedding rings sooner or later apparently without any serious consequences, and I don't think that anything really threatens the happiness of a married couple unless the ring is actually lost; still, my dear—"

The sound of a rapid, manly tread advancing on the arbor where the two were seated caused the bride to spring to her feet with a glad cry. For a moment the husband caught a glimpse of a pair of swimming eyes with a world of woe reflected in their shadowy depths; the next a trembling, pliant figure was nestling in his arms and trying to explain amid tearful sobs about the bad luck coming to them both through the removal of her wedding ring.

As soon as the astonished husband could frame an intelligible meaning out of the story told with many interruptions of sobs and kisses and passionate hugs, he burst into a merry laugh.

"Why, you little Silly!" he began, but his voice melted to a tenderness inarticulate in words, although mutually intelligible in love's richer vocabulary.

"Dear, DEAR, DEAR, to think what a sweet little Goose it is after all," commenced the husband after love's exactions had been religiously complied with. "Why, I know ladies who are continually losing their wedding rings. There is Mrs. North for instance—"

"O, George !!"

"Well," resumed George, a little confusedly, "I know of course that she and her husband do not get on very well together, but there are others. There is—let me see—but never mind—I'll tell you what I'll do. I will take the ring off your finger myself and put it on again, *then* that will make everything just as it was," and with this pleasing little sophistry both bride and groom were made happy once more.

As the youthful pair left the arbor the old lady, whose loving heart was wont to grow young again as she contemplated the happiness of the other, softly rubbed the mists from her glasses, as she said with a sigh:

"O, I wish Alice had not taken off her wedding ring."

CHAPTER II.

That the shadows of anxiety had not been altogether dispelled from the breast of the young bride, Alice Montgomery, was rendered apparent to her grandmama the following morning.

The two ladies were seated on a broad piazza whose columns and roof were richly festooned with a wealth of luxuriant creeper, which the gentle breeze, creeping up from the meadows and laden with the smell of the hayfield, just stirred and no more.

For a while the two sat in silence, their busy fingers and the placid movement of their rocking chairs keeping up a kind of rythmical flow of action as soothing as the "creen" of the tidal ebb and flow on a pebbly shore.

"Grandma," said Alice, somewhat suddenly, letting her work fall on her lap, "I can't get out of my head what you said about the ill-luck in removing one's wedding ring. George says that it is an old superstition; and one quite exploded now, but when he leaves me to myself I get quite frightened about it—so, if you don't mind, dear, I wish you would tell me just what happened after you took off your ring."

"Alice, dear, I wish you would forget all about it; your husband is quite right, it *is* really an old superstition."

But Alice was not to be turned from her inquiry, and with gentle feminine persistency she shook her pretty head, imply-

ing that life would be a burden to her until this terrible affair was cleared up.

"*Please, Grannie,*" was the extent of her audible entreaty, but her eyes contained a fervor of appeal which was entirely irresistible, and the old lady, who had by long experience learned the wisdom of an early capitulation to "*Little gray-eyes,*" as she called her grandchild, surrendered with a sigh of protest.

As she recovered her spectacles from her face she became aware of a strangely intent look suddenly visible on the face of her grand-daughter, who was looking at a clump of trees in the distance.

"What do you see, my dear?" she inquired.

"I saw a figure in the copse yonder, which I fancied I recognized, but I must have been mistaken, and the person, whoever he was, has gone away."

"Was he looking this way?"

"Yes, Grandma, and I imagined for the moment that he was beckoning to me, but of course that could not be."

"Do you know, darling," exclaimed the elder lady in a tone of concern, "you must really not be so nervous. You will be fancying all kinds of things if you give way to such hallucinations. I am afraid that trouble of your brother's has effected your health. George must take you for a change of air."

The heightened color on the face of the youthful bride, which had aroused the other's anxiety, slowly faded from the former's face, leaving it pale and wan.

By way of reply Alice stole to her grandmother's side and brushing away the silvery hair with which the rising breeze was playing, imprinted a loving kiss on the time-furrowed brow.

"Never mind my notions, dear, tell me your story," she whispered in the other's ear, but there was a wistfulness in the tone which impressed her aged relation painfully, and she murmured as the other sank to her seat, "I wish you would not insist, Alice."

"O, but indeed I do, grandma," promptly replied the other.

"When I married your grandpapa, dear," began the old lady, "I was in very delicate health. My mother had only lately died, and the fever to which she had succumbed had wasted my strength also. What with the weakness resulting from my illness and grief at the death of my mother, who had been my

only remaining relation, and to whom I was passionately attached, my health was completely broken down, and it was only at the urgent wish of your grandpapa, to whom I had been engaged to be married for more than a year, that I consented to the ceremony at such a time. I felt that I must have change of air, and quickly too, to avoid a complete collapse, and alone in the world as I was I could not bear to go away and leave behind me the only being that I loved and who loved me.

"Henry too, 'urged me sair,' as the old Scottish ballad says and told me that he could readily make arrangements for a six month's leave of absence so that we could spend the winter months in the South.

"After the wedding we sailed for Florida, which was at that time enduring one of its occasional, but short-lived bursts of prosperity. In the old days, long before the war, the State was making money, and the Florida planter as a potentate ranked side by side with the wealthy slave-owner of Mississippi and Louisiana.

"A friend of my husband's family had a plantation on the Gulf Coast of Florida, below Cedar Keys. We had received a pressing invitation to spend our honeymoon on that plantation, and there we finally arrived early in the month of December, after a most delightful voyage.

"At Cedar Keys we had changed our ocean-going ship for a smaller coasting vessel and as we sailed in our new craft up the waters of the Homosassa River I thought that not even in my dreams had I pictured 'a world so fair.' The broad, swelling bosom of the river, the luminous transparency of the atmosphere, the banks covered with a wealth and majesty of tropical trees, and the numerous coral islands dotting the centre of the river and crowned with a perfect glory of foliage; all these thrilled my soul with a sense almost of religious devotion, just as some rare anthem pealing in some old-world church will move the soul to an ecstasy of feeling.

"The planter and his family gave us a hearty welcome when at length our vessel cast anchor off the plantation landing. The plantation had formerly been the home of the celebrated Chief Osceola, of whom you have heard so much. Col. Andrews, who owned the plantation, had always been on excellent terms with the Indians, and among his frequent visitors

was Tallahassee, the hereditary Grand Mico of the Seminoles, the brave and handsome young warrior chief of the tribe.

"Shortly after we arrived at the plantation Tallahassee made one of his customary visits, bringing with him an old warrior of his tribe and three younger chiefs.

"Col. Andrews had allowed the Seminoles to build a few wigwams in an old hummock near the house and in these the Indians lived during their visits.

"Our host was a widower, with two sons, and his house was managed by the usual retinue of colored servants. There was no white woman about the place, and I was probably one of the first of that color whom the celebrated chief had ever seen.

"Tallahassee, although grave and silent, like the rest of his race, and dignified as became the supreme authority in a still powerful tribe, manifested considerable interest in our excursions, and as he knew every inch of the vast forests, and every landing place on the great rivers that were close at hand, his unobtrusive presence was always welcome.

"Gradually a warm friendship, though for the most part undemonstrative so far as he was concerned, grew up between us, and my husband was wont to declare with much quiet amusement that I had made a great conquest and that the renowned warrior-king, Tallahassee, was in love with me.

"Of course, that was only his silly nonsense, and the expressive glances of the Indian's dark eyes were only the result of a certain taciturnity of habit enforced by the danger of talking when it might be that concealed enemies were near. With the Indians the eyes are wont to conduct the necessary conversations more readily than the slower and more dangerous tongue.

"On one occasion the Indian chief, our host, my husband and myself started in a boat to examine the marvelous source of the Homosassa River, a few miles distant.

"This wonderful river springs a full-fledged flood from the ground, and is already a hundred yards in width within that distance of its spring, and so deep as to be navigable for moderate sized crafts.

"When our boat entered the cove where the river took its origin it was with a feeling of fearful awe that I experienced the sensation of floating between heaven and earth. Above us was the pure ether, walled in on three sides by giant palms,

beneath us lay a stupendous well of water, clear as the atmosphere above us and calm and silent as the grave.

"Far down in its transparent depths we could distinctly see every tint and every movement of the smallest fish, just as clearly, in fact, as we could see the movement and brilliant hues of the birds and insects flitting to and fro between the trees overhead.

"To me, unaccustomed to such wonders, the scene verged on the supernatural, and I felt as if there were something uncanny in it, a feeling destined soon to be intensified a thousand fold

"In order to illustrate the transparency of the water, which was there some forty feet in depth to the pebbled bottom, my husband threw some small silver coins, one after another, into the spring, in which, contrary to expectation, there were no air bubbles to distract the view. As we watched them falling down through the water, slowly, as a feather falls through the air, it seemed almost as if they would never reach the bottom. At last one of these coins fell between two great rocks, directly under us, which the shadow of our boat had prevented us from seeing sooner.

"*'Let the Water-Lily look,'* exclaimed the Indian, using the poetic name with which he was accustomed to designate me, and pointing to the coin falling.

"As the small silver piece fell between the dark rocks it seemed to illuminate the gray blackness in which their narrow walls plunged the space between them, until finally the shadow hid it while still falling from sight.

"*'Great Heavens!'* I exclaimed shudderingly, how deep is the water between those rocks?

"*'Ah! who knows,'* replied my husband.

"For a while a spell of silence fell upon us as we lay in the welcome shadow of the fringed palms, so deliciously cool after the heat of the exposed river.

"All at once the accident you wish to hear about happened. In order to cool my fevered hands I had been trailing my fingers to and fro through the cold spring water of the well. The downward position of my fingers, and the shrinking of the flesh in the cold water, consummated the catastrophe, and as I straightened my fingers, to point to a strange variety of fish, my wedding ring—already somewhat large for my hand, emaciated by

long sickness—slipped from my finger, and slid into the water beneath us.

"The scream which burst from my lips directed my companions to the accident, and throwing off his hat and shoes my husband plunged headlong after the sinking ring.

"The Indian had risen hastily to his feet in the attempt to prevent my husband, but before he could get past me in the frail boat it was too late.

"My husband was as visible to us as if he had been in the air above instead of the water underneath. I knew him to be a strong swimmer, so although his plunge had somewhat unnerved me, I did not feel alarmed for his safety.

"But *what* a time it took him to get to the bottom! It seemed as if, struggle as he might, he would never reach it. The fact is, the powerful though unseen current of the giant spring was pressing him upwards with an almost irresistible force.

"At last, grasping firmly with one hand the point of a rock, in order to enable him to retain his position, he stooped to seize the ring. But it had fallen between two pieces of broken coral, and for a while which seemed long to us, but which was probably five or six seconds, it evaded his grasp. At last his fingers closed upon it, and he was about to turn in order to ascend to the surface when a hoarse cry from the Indian caused us to follow the direction of his pointed hand.

"Oh! Alice, child, to this day it chills my soul to tell you what I saw there.

"Out from between those ghastly, ill-fated rocks I told you of, a gigantic alligator had floated up like some horrible creature from the nether world, and I could see the lurid fire of its red eyes and the gleam of its wide open jaws as, with a mighty swish of its great tail, it rushed at my husband, its large body shrouding him from view as with a gruesome mantle.

"I saw Tallahassee, knife in hand, and with his long and hitherto pliant hair bristling like a mane, spring headlong from the boat, and I felt the frail craft rock beneath me from the shock, and then I must have become unconscious for a few seconds.

"When my senses returned and I opened my eyes I saw Col. Andrews staring, rifle in hand, and with horrified, helpless

gaze into the waters which were now red with blood and boiling with an awful invisible conflict. What in God's name was going on in the now hidden depths? I felt as if my brain was giving way, and in my frenzy I strove to throw myself into the water to die with my dear husband if I could not save him. With gentle but firm hand Col. Andrews restrained me.

"'Hold that, and if you can see anything *shoot*,' he exclaimed, giving me his rifle, 'I am going to help my friends.'

"But before he had finished speaking, the violent lashing of the waters ceased, and almost instantly the dark head of the Indian appeared above the crimsoned waters. 'Alone?' Ah no, God be praised, not alone. Across his shoulder lay the blood-stained and insensible body of my dear husband, whom he had snatched from the jaws of death, and worse than death, and child, from that instant I have loved the whole Indian race.

"With a few vigorous strokes the Indian reached the shore, whereon he gently deposited the insensible form of my husband. After a lapse of time which seemed an eternity to me, the efforts of Tallahassee and Col. Andrews were successful and my poor husband began to breathe once more. With ready knife the Indian had cut the shirt sleeve from his right arm and shoulder, which were terribly torn and disfigured by the alligator's cruel teeth. The shoulder blade was fractured and the arm broken by the bite.

"As my husband's eyes opened and rested on my woe-begone face, a faint wan smile crept over his features. He was unable to articulate, but his eyes glanced expressively towards his right arm. I thought he was indicating his injury and showed my distress, but he gently shook his head and whispered faintly, 'my hand.'

"He could not move his wounded arm but I took his rigidly clenched hand in mine and gently strove to open it; but the fingers were set in their grasp and I was afraid to use any force. A look of disappointment crept over his face, and he murmured weakly, 'open it.'

"I did so, and, O child, what do you think I saw? There, embedded in his palm with the fury of his grasp when he found

death setting in, was my poor wedding ring, come back from the depths to me.

"My feelings overwhelmed me, and I well nigh sobbed my life out on my husband's breast.

"The huge alligator had seized my husband by the arm and in spite of his efforts had dragged him to the edge of the deep cleft. In another instant rescue would have been hopeless, but in that instant the Indian's knife had been driven with lightning-like rapidity up to the hilt in the eyes of the great saurian. The blows blinded the alligator and the pain caused him to loosen his hold. His frantic struggles were the result of the continued contest with the Indian. My husband became insensible from the long submersion by the time he was released from the alligator."

When the elder lady finished her tragic story the younger one crept softly to her side, and the tears stole down her cheeks as she buried her face on the other's shoulder murmuring, "O, poor, poor grannie, what a terrible ordeal it must have been to go through."

After the acute feeling naturally called up by the narration of so painful an incident had subsided, the young wife inquired why she had never been told of the terrible affair before.

"Because, dear, I have shuddered even to think of the thing, it left such a horrible impression on my mind."

"Dear Grannie," murmured the other sympathetically, "O, if one-tenth of the misery which you endured happens to me through the removal of *my* ring, I know I shall die, I could never stand any great strain; people were stronger then than they are now."

"I wonder, Grannie, what you were like when you were my age," resumed the speaker. "Have you no old miniatures among your collection of relics?"

"No, my dear, but I have an old scrap-book which contains a drawing of myself, sketched during my honeymoon by my husband, who was quite a famous etcher before that accident to his arm. There is also, I think, an etching of Tallahassee, and one of the old plantation."

Very naturally nothing would content the youthful bride until she had seen the drawings, and her grandmama left the piazza to fetch the album.

When left alone, an anxious expression crept over the for-

mer's face, and the point of her tiny boot tapped the boarded floor, nervously and somewhat impatiently.

"I wonder if that *was* Tom whom I saw beckoning to me in the thicket, and if so what trouble has he been getting into now?"

At that moment, a low voice called her softly by name, and suppressing the scream of alarm which rose to her lips, she turned to find the person of whom she was thinking, her scapegrace brother Tom, half hidden in the shrubbery which separated the main building from some outhouses.

Before she could frame any greeting a letter fluttered to her feet and the alarming visitor disappeared as her grandma returned, album in hand.

All that the letter said when surreptitiously opened was, "I *must* meet you at the end of the Peach Walk at 8 to-night; don't fail to be there; my safety concerned."

Meantime, with spectacles adjusted, the old lady with gentle fingers turned over the leaves of the antiquated album now yellowed with its half century of age.

"There, Alice," she at last exclaimed, "there is my likeness, and really, dear, it is as like you as it can be or else my old eyes are deceiving me."

"O, granny, it is a beauty—like me is? Ah! you are flattering me, and yet, really, truly, I almost seem to be gazing at myself when I look at it. I hope, dearest, I shall be as beautiful as you are when I am old; but I think only a good life can make a handsome old age."

By way of reply the other stroked the beautiful dark brown hair which frowned o'er the fair Grecian features and murmured "You will always be beautiful, my darling; God has given you not only a beautiful face, but a beautiful and unselfish disposition to match it."

"O, Grandma! is that splendid looking Indian, Tallahassee?" inquired Alice, pointing to a well executed etching of an Indian chief, evidently of the Seminole tribe, from the turbaned head and long waving locks.

"Yes, dear, that is our noble friend Tallahassee."

Long the young wife's eyes gazed on the spirited etching which revealed an Indian warrior in his youthful prime, his luminous eyes and handsome aquiline features dignified with all the Seminole pride of race, but wearing, as well, a certain

refinement of expression rarely seen except in very highly civilized society.

But it is very doubtful if the young wife's attention was riveted on the Indian's likeness, for when she raised her head there was an air of troubled perplexity visible on her face which the inspection of the portrait could not account for — was she thinking of her ill-starred brother?

"What you must have suffered, dear grannie. I wonder you could ever bear to hear the name of Florida again."

"No, dear, I have none of that feeling. Some of the happiest moments of my life were spent there, and I am hopeful that I may even visit it once again, now that it is so easy of access."

"I wonder whether our old friend, Tallahassee, has forgotten us yet."

"Why, surely he is not living yet!" exclaimed the granddaughter in an astonished voice.

"Yes, dear, I believe he is; he certainly was alive a year ago although he is now an old and heart-broken man. The settlement of the state by emigrants has driven him from his old haunts and from every new home as fast as he has made it, and the tribe has dwindled down to a mere handful of followers and himself; the very tender mercies of the pale-face are cruel to the red man."

"But did he own no land?"

"His tribe thought they owned it all, but the white man came and wrested it from them, and although our own Government always promised to give Tallahassee a reservation of his own it was never done, and now the old warrior has not even land of his own sufficient to be buried in."

"What a shame! Is it the fault of the Government?"

"I think it is the fault of the Indian Department. I don't think the officials had any bad intentions toward Tallahassee and his Seminoles, who had always been friendly to the whites, but there was no one to urge the red man's claim, and so the thing drifted from session to session, while matters grew worse for the Indians every year. Ah! it is very true that 'evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of heart.'"

"I wish George was a Senator; I would get him to press poor dear old Tallahassee's claim," murmured the young wife in soliloquy, for which tender-hearted little speech the old lady kissed her affectionately as they passed indoors together.

CHAPTER III.

Notwithstanding the day's outward sense of joyousness and rest, in the brilliant sun, softened breeze and lovely landscape, there was trouble brewing for the peaceful New England home, and, one at least, of its inmates seemed conscious of the fact.

"I wonder," exclaimed Alice, as she stood before the cheval glass in her dressing room, attending to those delicate personal adornments with which youthful brides are wont to prepare to receive their lords and masters. "I wonder whether grandma would have told me that terrible story about her wedding ring if she had known that I had really lost mine?"

This momentous question was asked of her *vis-a-vis*, her own brilliant reflection in the swinging mirror before her. As the young bride turned with a look of inquiry to her image in the glass, we may be permitted a passing glance at the reflection which met her gaze.

A tall and lissom figure, with all the graceful lines of the stately Grecian form, combined with the warmer and more womanly outline of the Norman maiden, the youthful matron stood a vision of loveliness which Praxiteles himself might have despaired to reproduce.

As she tossed the burden of brown tresses from her forehead her pure Grecian profile stood out clear and delicate as a cameo against the curtain of dark hair which fell, a rippling sombre cascade, almost to her feet. The dark eyes smiled back a sympathetic glance from the mirror, and then a weary sigh of anxiety clouded the beautiful eyes with trouble.

Why?

The conversation about the removed ring had been resumed in the morning, and in compliance with the husband's request the young bride had again taken off her wedding ring, in order that he might himself replace it on her fair finger; this unfortunately happened on the upper piazza, and in the usual loving conflict with which youthful couples adjust all matters between themselves, the ring had fallen into the garden and mysteriously disappeared.

Search had been made high and low, but unavailingly, and with a feeling of alarm which each concealed from the other, but which, nevertheless, almost bordered on despair, the subject was dropped with mutual consent.

"It is just as well," said the husband, with simulated cheer-

fulness, "I will bring you a fresh ring to-night, and I will put that on your finger myself—*once for all.*"

"Ah, pet, but it won't be *our* ring," the bride had exclaimed with a tremor in her voice, and although the husband had ridiculed the idea that it made any difference, he was plainly conscious of the look of gentle reproach in the outraged eyes of his young wife, and of the justice of it.

* * * * *

Sharp at five o'clock the coachman brought round the carriage in which his young mistress was accustomed to drive to the station to meet her husband. The train arrived punctually but it brought no husband to the waiting wife. It was her first disappointment, trivial in character though it might be, and to the youthful bride it was painful almost beyond expression. As the coachman drove home it required a brave effort to still the quivering lip and to press back the too ready tear.

"O, I hope," she murmured fearfully, "that this is not the beginning of any trouble through the loss of my wedding ring." For a moment the thought appalled her, and then a smile of wonderful relief flashed across her face.

"O! how silly I am," she exclaimed, chiding herself, "of course George is late because he has to buy me a new ring."

This explanation was entirely sufficient, and the once more radiant bride ascended to her room humming a dainty little operatic air, as happy as the mocking bird which flooded the sunny stairway with melody.

But the shadow returned to the young wife's face with ever deepening gloom when the six o'clock and seven o'clock trains arrived and brought no husband with them.

"He is detained on business, dear," explained her grandma.

"Why couldn't he telegraph, then?"

"There is no office within five miles, love, and no doubt he thought he would get here before his message."

But another trouble weighed—and heavily—upon the young bride's mind. The last train was due at eight o'clock, the hour so urgently appointed by her brother for their interview. How *could* she possibly meet both her husband and her brother at the same time?

This brother was a sad scapegrace, and it had been the one

mistake of the bride's married life not to mention his existence to her husband.

"Why don't you tell your husband about Dick?" had urged the elder lady.

"O, I can't bear George to know that I have anybody disgraceful so nearly related to me; if ever he misunderstood any of my actions, or if I was not at hand to explain them, he would be certain to think that I was going wrong, like poor Dick, and it would break my heart. Don't you remember, dear, that night when we were talking about the Wollanders, how scornfully he said 'O, they couldn't run straight to save their lives—it is in the blood—the strain is bad?' That sentence of George's determined me not to tell him anything."

"Believe me, dearest," replied the other, "it was a mistake, and one which grows more serious the longer it is kept up."

"O, I *could* not tell him," returned Alice with a little air of determination; "but, grannie, dear, don't scare me like that."

And so the matter had ended for the time, and fair Alice's opportunity was lost forever more.

When Mr. Montgomery arrived by the eight o'clock train and found no one to meet him, a dull feeling of apprehension crept into his heart. His first thought was "Can my darling be sick? She is in very delicate health."

With hasty steps he sped on his homeward way, denouncing the special business which on that particular day had detained him.

"I'm glad I thought to buy the ring during the day and did not leave it till after business, or I should either have lost the last train or had to come home without the ring."

Entering the house unseen, by the side door, he glanced through the empty reception rooms, noted the vacant dining room, and then hastened upstairs to his wife's apartments, only, however, to find these silent and deserted.

A feeling of uneasiness and oppression took possession of him. "Where can everybody be?" he muttered. "Ah! there are grandpa and grandma coming across the fields, but where is Alice?"

Hastily glancing across the grounds from the window of his wife's boudoir, he caught a glimpse in the gathering dusk of feminine apparel at the end of the long peach walk. The

light was too uncertain, the distance too great, and the foliage too thick for accurate observation, but it appeared to him that some member of the household, probably one of the maids, was keeping a somewhat late appointment out of doors, for with the aid of a pair of opera glasses taken from the adjoining table he could discern the dark outline of a man's dress in close proximity to the other and more flowing garment.

Presently the two figures parted and in the person of the female now hurrying down the peach walk towards the house, the astonished husband recognized his wife.

For a moment he stood gazing, stolidly it seemed, out of the window. Only the dull leaden look creeping over his face, and, presently, the panting breath gave indication of the shock he had received.

That his wife, whom he had considered as pure as the angels in Heaven, should take advantage of his first absence to meet another man clandestinely—another man! Bah! An old lover, for did she not kiss him at parting? Yes, that much the glasses had enabled him to see. The thought was agony a thousand times worse than death.

"O, Alice! Alice, my love, my wife! How could you?" he cried to the unhearing walls, as he put his hand to his head with a gesture of infinite pain.

That, however, was the last wail of love's weakness; then the frenzy of jealousy and revenge seized him and possessed him like a demon, and the look on his face as he took a revolver from a secret panel in the bureau boded ill for his future happiness.

"Fooled, the very first month of my marriage, too!" he muttered, and the words seemed ground out between his clenched teeth.

"—but I will clear this thing up or put an end to it once for all, even if in doing so I have to put an end—"

His voice sank as he passed from a side door and stole rapidly through the garden to intercept the man who had just left his wife.

The narrow path through the woods brought him out, as he had anticipated, in advance of the person whom he had come to meet.

He saw him coming along a hundred yards or so away, and he felt, mixed up with his murderous feelings, a craving to see

the face of the man for whom his wife had forgotten him even, in their honeymoon.

The stranger bade him good evening with an easy, nonchalant air, and was passing on his way to the station—

"Stay!" commanded the other in a hoarse and unnatural tone.

The face that turned towards him, with an air of easy surprise, was wonderfully handsome, and now that it recognized an enemy in the man before it, as insolent as handsome.

"Who are you?" inquired Montgomery, in a calmer tone, of which the other possibly failed to notice the full significance.

The stranger's answer was to flick the ash from his cigar in the other's face, and then to turn easily and coolly on his heel.

In an instant, Montgomery's hand was on his shoulder, and the two men faced each other at bay.

"You met a lady just now, and you kissed her on leaving?" burst from between Montgomery's white lips.

"I certainly did."

"Do you know who she is?"

"Quite well."

"And you dare to tell me that to my face?"

"Yes, and also to tell you that I hope to meet and kiss the lady a great many more times."

"Never, at least, in this world again," grimly broke in the other, lashed to madness by the insolent smile of his antagonist, and stepping back a pace he leveled the revolver full at the stranger's face.

As the other saw the gleam of the barrel he shouted "stay," and threw back his head, but the action was too late, the bullet struck him in the temple, and he fell to the ground, his face bathed in blood.

For a moment the other stood motionless with the smoking weapon in his hand. Then he stooped and looked in the face of the dead man.

All the amazing fury had died out of his heart; he looked towards the home where his wife was awaiting him, and he murmured, "God forgive you, Alice, you have made me a murderer." Then there came to him, as to all similarly circumstanced, the brute instinct of self-preservation. "No one saw me arrive," he muttered to himself, "no one will suspect me;

still, I would like her to know that I had found out her crime and punished it."

As he said this a strange, ghastly smile, weird in the extreme, crept over his face, and he laid on the dead man's breast gently—not in tribute to the man but in reverence of death—the wedding ring which he had bought that day to replace the missing one.

"She will understand by this just how it happened," he murmured, as he turned to go.

Once he looked back and saw the dark form lying on the lonely road, and, so strange a composite is humanity, he felt a thrill of revengeful joy to think how refined a method of punishment he had discovered for his wife.

Poor, short-sighted, misguided man; how little he dreamt of the widespread harm which that small, innocent-looking gold hoop was destined to work.

CHAPTER IV.

The shriek of the railway whistle recalled George Montgomery to a sense of his desperate situation, and, at the same time, suggested a means of escape. The 8.45 fast up-train was arriving. It was due in New York an hour later. There was the barest possibility that he might be arrested on his arrival in New York, but, on the other hand, the general ignorance as to his having been at the scene of the murder, the distance from the telegraph station, and the infinite advantages presented by the great metropolis for concealing his identity, far outbalanced the possible risk, and the fugitive hesitatingly entered the train.

For the first time in his life he anathemized the long well-lit cars common to all, and remembered with regret the narrow and private first-class carriages on the English railroads. How he would have liked to bury himself between their sheltering cushions and by means of a handsome fee to the guard to have secured the compartment to himself.

Who shall describe what the murderer feels during the first hour of his criminal life, when the crime has been unpremeditated and there has been no previous process of hardening up? An hour ago this man was one who rightly claimed the respect of all his fellow men, and had his claim abundantly allowed.

Now he had fallen, sheer and at a single plunge, through civilization's whole strata of respectability, to find himself jarred and stupified by the fall on the bed rock of crime below which nothing human goes. He picked up a paper lying on the adjoining seat, and his eye caught the heading of a flagrant defalcation unearthed that day. Two hours previous he had read the same news and had felt only contempt for the miserable delinquent; now the mere swindler seemed as far removed from him in the category of crime as Lazarus in Heaven seemed removed from Dives in torment.

As the train sped on the remembrance of his wife's infidelity finally drove all thought of his crime from his mind. As memory, ruthless and unsparing, pictured to his gaze all that they had been to each other, and recalled every incident of their courtship and marriage, when he had so blindly and so foolishly thought that they were all the world to one another, the limits of the carriage in which he traveled seemed impossible to hold him, and the old lust of murder crept upon his brain like a returning springtide.

When the fresh paroxysm had spent itself the train entered New York.

Within twenty minutes a carriage stopped at a certain number in Nassau street, and the fugitive, with the aid of his private key, entered his office. As he did so the janitor handed him some letters which had arrived since he left. These he carelessly cast aside, reserving one the handwriting of which seemed familiar. This he laid on one side. There was no lack of decision in George Montgomery's actions. First of all he wrote a letter to his partner saying that circumstances beyond his control compelled his temporary absence, and requesting that until further advised a certain sum be paid monthly to his wife. He also intimated that he had taken with him a copy of the firm's telegraphic code which he would use if necessary.

After concluding such arrangements as he deemed necessary for the proper conduct of the business during his absence, he withdrew from the safe a considerable sum of money, substituting his check on a leading bank for the same. Then, after ringing for a messenger boy, he ran his fingers through his address book and having consulted the shipping list to see as to the out-going vessels, a sudden inspiration seemed to seize

him and he ordered a cab and drove to the private residence of Isamord Hadley, principal owner of the New York & Spanish Steamship Company.

"The tide serves at 3 A. M.," he muttered, as he took his seat in a cab, "and I believe Spain has no extradition treaty with this country, and if she has such a law for murder no American detective could find me there, so long as I have plenty of money."

To the majority of criminals such a reflection would have been like a reprieve from death, but the brooding brow and leaden eye of this man told that there was no balm in Gilead for his tortured soul, and that wherever he went and to the last breath of his life, he must carry with him, like an incurable, malignant cancer, the knowledge of a crime, horrifying beyond conception to his mind, and yet unrepented of, because amply justified by the monstrous circumstance of his bride's infidelity. His unbalanced mind inveighed against Heaven for loading him with a trial almost beyond mortal strength or endurance. Like stormy gusts of passion these wild rebellious thoughts swept across his mind, wrecking and devastating the training of a lifetime as they went, and leaving him faint and breathless with their fury.

During the mental lull which followed one of these outbursts he bethought him of the letter of which the handwriting was familiar; this letter, which he had selected from the others which the janitor had given him, he had placed in his pocket, and he now essayed to open it. The jolting of the cab and the uncertain light of the street, however, made him change his mind, and he returned the letter to his pocket unopened.

Presently the cab stopped and the fugitive alighted. Upon inquiry he found that his friend was at home and ready to see him. These two men had been bosom friends from their boyhood, and their friendship had in maturer years become intensified and solidified by the fact that they were brother Masons in the same Lodge.

Isamord Hadley's face grew white and grave as his friend told him of the event of the terrible evening.

"You surely must be dreaming, George," he said at length, "I have not seen much of your wife, but from what I did see I would pledge my life unhesitatingly on her innocence. For Heaven's sake, man, go back to her."

"Never while I live will I willingly look on her face again."

This was said fiercely and with an air of great determination, but with a quiver in the brusqueness of his voice, and then the poor tortured soul turned his head to hide the great sobs which now shook his frame. The kindly voice and sympathetic eye of his old friend had, for the time being, exorcised the demon of jealousy, and now poor George Montgomery stood revealed a most miserable broken-hearted man.

"You forget the murder," at length he faltered, "how could I ever go back?"

Two hours later Mr. Hadley left his house in company with George Montgomery in disguise. A cab took them to the docks and when they stepped on board the "*City of Seville*" Montgomery was introduced to the Captain as Mr. Angus Forman, a citizen of Chicago bound for Cadiz. As owner of the vessel Mr. Hadley bespoke for his friend every kind attention and assistance which the captain and officers could render him. Before leaving he took an opportunity of explaining to the captain that his friend's journey was partly undertaken on account of his health which had become impaired through overwork, and partly through a recent family trouble the details of which he did not enter into.

At 3:15 A. M. the "*City of Seville*" left her moorings, and when the early summer's morning dawned she was fast leaving the land behind her.

As the outline of the shore grew dim the solitary passenger on board strained his gaze to catch the last glimpse, and the summons of the steward to breakfast fell unheeded on his ears. At length, when the haze hid the land from view and only the heaving billows met his eye on every side, he turned away.

Half an hour later the captain of the vessel saw the body of a man fall prone on the deck. The occurrence was unusual and the captain left his post to ascertain what it meant. He found his guest, Mr. Angus Forman, lying insensible with an open letter tightly grasped in his hand. By the captain's orders the passenger was removed to his cabin, where he shortly afterwards regained consciousness. As sensibility returned his first gaze was directed to the letter, which was still clenched, all crumpled in his stiffened grasp.

"O, unhappy wretch that I am, and more than murderer," he moaned, "My poor, faithful darling, I have killed your

brother and now you must loathe me for evermore. O, why did I leave that cursed ring there to establish my guilt?" As the wailing died from his lips, he turned from the light as a creature stricken to death retreats to the darkest corner of its lair to die in.

That night the strange passenger of the "City of Seville" was raving in delirium, and for weeks, while the sailing vessel plowed on her monotonous way, he lay between life and death.

At length there came a day when the watchers by the invalid's side surrendered all hope, and it was then that, for the first time, the captain felt it incumbent upon him to read the letter which had apparently precipitated the catastrophe.

In itself the letter gave little clue to the secret of his passenger, but coupled with the latter's incoherent ravings the captain was able to arrive at the fairly accurate knowledge of what it was.

The letter was addressed to George Montgomery and was evidently from his wife's grandmother. In it the writer intimated that her granddaughter, through dread that it might lessen her husband's love for her, had concealed from him the fact that she had a scapegrace brother. The old lady thought that any secret between husband and wife was harmful, and in that belief she had thought it best to make him acquainted with the fact, so that he might find some opportunity to pave the way towards inviting his wife's full confidence, and so remove what might be a future cause of grave misunderstanding. "I am the more anxious to set you two right on this matter," she continued, "because I feel that sooner or later you will yourself hear of my wretched grandson from outside sources, and, if the indications are correct, sooner rather than later, as he is again in some trouble or other, and likely to come for help to his sister, as he has been in the habit of doing. It seemed to me that I saw him lurking about our house to-day, but my eyesight is very defective and I cannot speak positively as to this." The letter concluded with an urgent appeal to him to remember his wife's sensitiveness of mind as well as her delicacy of constitution, and to invite and not force her confidence.

After he had finished the letter the captain looked at the name on the envelope. He was a self-contained, trustworthy

man, and beyond a prolonged "Ah—h," as he noted the discrepancy between the names Montgomery and Forman, he gave no utterance to his feelings, as he passed to his cabin where he again sealed up the passenger's letter and addressed it: *Mr Angus Forman.*

At midnight the captain was summoned to the sick man's side. "He is sinking fast," explained the first officer in a low tone, "but he is conscious at last, and wishes to see you."

CHAPTER V.

As Alice Montgomery was returning to the house from the Peach walk, where she had met her brother according to his appointment, she caught a glimpse of her husband hastily entering the wood. He was walking fast, and before she had decided to call him he had entered the wood and was lost to her sight.

"He is searching for me," she murmured, pleased at his apparent precipitancy, and yet a little anxious as to how she was to explain her failure to meet him. As she followed him into the wood her steps grew slower as she found herself unable to frame to her own satisfaction an excuse for her very glaring omission.

"He must have gone to the Lake Summer House thinking to find me there," she presently surmised as she came to two cross forest paths. Saying this she entered the road opposite to that which her husband had taken. When she reached the Summer-House and found it empty, a look of alarm for the first time crossed her face.

"Oh, I hope he has not met Tom," she whispered to herself half in dismay. At that instant a shot rang through the wood startling her almost into a cry. "I wonder what that can be," she exclaimed, "George has no fire-arms; but perhaps it is some one shooting at the squirrels."

After a moment's hesitation she retraced her steps towards the direction of the report, and passed into the foot-path taken by her husband some ten minutes before.

This brought her to the turnpike road, which was deserted but for an object lying on the ground some fifty yards away, and not clearly discernible at that distance in the fading light,

A strange tremor filled her breast and almost palsied her limbs as she moved toward the inanimate object lying so still and awful and, now as she neared it, fast taking the semblance of a human body.

There are moments whose experience no pen can describe, and far be it from us to attempt the impossible. What of agony and horror Alice Montgomery suffered when she saw her brother lying dead on the highway, while his parting kiss was yet warm on her lips—must be endured to be understood. Her first impulse was to give way to her uncontrollable grief; but at that instant her straining eyes caught sight of an object which froze the first cry on her lips. This was the new wedding ring which shone cold and distinct against the dark coat worn by the dead man. As it lay there it seemed to show the fell intent with which the murderer had placed it on his victim's breast.

As if carved in marble the young bride stood there staring at the dead body, and at the awful ring. So silent and still she stood that the birds fluttered near to her on the road, the squirrels stopped midway in their flight, and sat upright in the dusty way to gaze at her.

Then she stooped and removed the ring from its place, murmuring in a low monotone, "the ring he bought for me to-day." She looked at it strangely and almost coldly, and finally placed it in her pocket-book. Only a little shiver and a gasp disturbed the calm—that was all.

With a desperate effort and a self-possession bordering on the horrible, she removed the revolver from the dead man's pocket, and peered into each separate chamber. Alas! they were all full. For an instant the long white fingers grasped the weapon and then a cartridge driven from its place fell into her palm. This she also placed in her pocket-book. Then she stooped and picked up the empty shell which had dropped from the murderer's pistol. Would it fit her brother's weapon? It did; the pistols were of the same make and of similar calibre.

Her next task was a still more terrible one, but it was performed without a tremor of the quick and capable fingers. With gentle and unfaltering touch she took the match-box from her brother's vest pocket, and having abstracted a single match from it she returned it to its place. Then, moving into the shadow of the wood lest the flame should attract attention,

she applied the lighted match to the empty chamber, smoking and discoloring it as if it had been recently fired.

This done, she laid the revolver close to the outstretched hand of the dead man.

"God forgive me," she said in a low tone; "for making my brother a suicide; but it is to save my husband's life."

This was said with the same unnatural calm, and then the speaker knelt beside the dead man and kissed him on the lips which were still unchilled by death. Once, twice, three times, her lips colder than those of the dead, sought his face, then she took out her handkerchief to wipe the blood which was penetrating the poor, unseeing, wide-open eyes. Then, remembering the part which she had to play she refrained.

"God help me, my deceit has killed my brother; I must try and save my husband." Murmuring this, she turned from the dreadful spectacle on the road and passed into the shrubbery with a strange mechanical woodenness of step, as if the shock which had spared her brain and hands had benumbed or paralyzed her lower limbs.

As she neared the house her grandfather rose from his seat on the piazza, and advanced to meet her.

"What is the matter, child?" he cried, alarmed beyond all measure at the ghastly face on which the seal of great horror had been stamped, and at the unnatural calm of his granddaughter's manner, as she stood before him with staring eyes whose dilated pupils suggested insanity.

"Grandpa, do go down to the road," she murmured pantingly, and with a strange catch in her voice, "down by the white elm tree; something terrible has happened to Tom." And, her gruesome work being ended, poor over-spent nature gave way, and she fell unconscious to the ground.

When she had been restored to sensibility and carried to her room, her grandfather, calling the colored butler to follow him, went to investigate the cause of her emotion. The gardener who was found watering the plants in the front, was also summoned to accompany his master.

What the three found the reader already knows. The old white-haired grandfather uttered no sound, and only the exclamations of the horrified servants broke the weird silence.

"A lamp and a stretcher, Julius, quick!" exclaimed the old man, silencing with a wave of his hand the lamentations of the

others. Then he stooped and put his ear to the chest of the silent figure; long and patiently he listened, and then, as if reluctant to believe the worst, or still uncertain, he undid the coat and vest and applied his ear to catch the faintest flicker of life, if any such were left in the prostrate body.

"Your ear is younger than mine, try whether you can hear any action in his heart." This was said to the butler who bent his head in silent obedience to the commands of his master.

"Seems to me that I can hear *something*, sah!"

The minutes appeared hours while the two waited in the gathering gloom for the return of Julius with the lamp and stretcher. At last, however, he arrived and the inanimate was carried gently to the house. Five minutes later a mounted groom left for the nearest doctor. When the latter had made his examination he announced that life was not extinct, and that while it hung by a thread, there was still room for hope. The bullet had fractured the skull and caused concussion of the brain, but the latter organ had not been penetrated, the missile having glanced from the bone, in consequence of the slanting position of the forehead at the moment of firing.

"I think it right to tell you," the doctor said at parting, "that while the patient's life may possibly be saved, his reason will probably be endangered. Do you think the young man intended to commit suicide?" he added by way of inquiry, as his last remark was received in silence.

"I think not," was the reply, "he was full of life, and was constantly getting into trouble, but nothing weighed heavily on his mind; no, I imagine that he took out his revolver to fire at some over-bold squirrel, perhaps, and while examining the chambers to see whether they were all loaded he probably touched the hair trigger unintentionally. That I think, may be the correct solution of the mystery."

"I have no doubt, that it is," said the doctor, as he turned to go, "Good night, sir."

CHAPTER VI.

When the young bride, Alice Montgomery, pale and wan, the mere spectre of her former self, left the sick room for the first time, a month had elapsed from the date of the events nar-

rated in the last chapter. The interval had brought no tidings of her missing husband, beyond the intelligence conveyed by his partner that he had visited the office on the night of his departure, and arranged for her maintenance during a prolonged absence. This uncertainty as to his fate had greatly retarded her recovery, and the triumph which her youth had thus far gained in dragging her back to life was, as yet, too uncertain to mitigate the anxiety felt by her aged relations. Her brother had recovered from his wound, and had, in a measure, regained his health, but the mental disorder predicted by the medical adviser was now only too apparent. Of the occurrences of that dreadful night he had evidently no recollection, and he never spoke of them. His mind seemed perpetually occupied with monetary troubles, and no assurance on the part of his grandfather that these had all been adjusted served to allay his apprehension. From a youthful creature of erratic habits he seemed suddenly to have passed into care-worn middle life, burdened with a thousand gloomy anxieties.

Altogether the house of Arlington lay in a sombre shadow during those bright Summer days, and many silvery hairs were added to the aged heads of its owners in the long weeks of trouble and grief through which they had to pass.

"Grandma, have you got my purse?" suddenly asked the widowed bride, while seated on the veranda one afternoon in the early days of her convalescence.

"Yes, dear," replied the other, a delicate flush mantling to her cheek as she thought of its contents—the cartridge and the wedding ring—"shall I fetch it?"

"Please, dear; has anyone else seen it, Grannie?"

"No, love; I have kept it locked up since the night of the—the accident—"

No more passed between these two on the subject, but each understood the other, and if the gloom did not lighten with the mutual understanding, their hearts grew stronger to endure its burden.

"Why do you not wear your wedding ring?" her grandmother inquired one day.

"I lost it the morning George left."

A look of perplexity crossed the other's face, but the trouble in her grand-daughter's eyes checked further inquiry,

* * * * *

When the "City of Seville" sailed into the port of Cadiz the captain of the vessel handed a sealed envelope to his passenger, Angus Forman, with the assurance, somewhat stiffly delivered, that his secret, whatever it might be, was safe with him.

The other received the envelope in silence, and when he broke the seal and found the letter from his wife's grandmother, which had been the means of revealing his victim's identity, he read it again without apparent emotion.

During the long weeks of delirium and slow recovery to health in which he had passed the interval of the sailing vessel's slow passage, he had discounted all human misery it seemed to him, and as he stood on the deck, the mere skeleton of his former self, he felt alike indifferent to the approach of weal or woe.

Far down in the breast there ached the dull, ceaseless pain of a love forever lost, which drowned every other feeling.

When the Customs House officers came abroad he was surprised—after a languid fashion, and as one thinking of some casual acquaintance rather than himself—that no detectives accompanied them, and that he was not arrested for murder, but when he found that no inquiry was made for him and that he was at liberty to go and come as he pleased, there was no corresponding relief or elation visible in his manner.

On bidding the captain adieu he thanked him for his great kindness. "I owe you my life," he remarked, "and when I am certain that I am grateful to you for preserving it I will thank you more warmly," with which enigmatical sentence he passed ashore.

As health returned his tortured mind sought relief in excitement, and he left Cadiz for Madrid, where he strove to allay the grief that gnawed at his heart by plunging into the wild excitements of that hot-headed and hot-blooded capital. After a time the ferocious excitement of the weekly bull-fights ceased to deaden the agony that preyed at his heart, and he allied himself with a revolutionary movement, which had the advantage of promising excitement with some risk to the life which had long been a burden to him.

The Carlist rising seemed like the first glimpse of Heaven's good will and he embraced the opportunity it afforded. The contagious excitement aroused by the Pretender thrilled through his being, and, at length, he opened his soul

to his fellow-men. It were more correct, perhaps, to say fellowman, since his sole companion and confidant was a much-traveled Spanish soldier of fortune, whose desperate circumstances, as narrated by himself, had first melted the icy reserve of the heart-sore wanderer.

As the two traveled together to the front, the stranger, by insidious inquiries gathered piecemeal George Montgomery's history. More particularly, however, he seemed interested in the bulky telegraphic code which the other carried with him, and he was puzzled he said, with his eternal smile, to understand how a book of the kind could be of any practical value. He appeared to be unlettered in business ways, and the other, to while away the long evenings explained to him the working of the code, as he would have elucidated any ordinary puzzle.

"It seems plain to you, doesn't it?" said his friend, one night, laughingly, as he clasped his head in his palms at the end of a long explanation, "yet I swear the whole thing is Greek to me. I suppose my brain must be unusually dense."

That night a false alarm was given, and in the confusion George Montgomery was parted from his friend. When order was at length restored and the former endeavored to collect his baggage, he found that his telegraph cipher was missing. A hasty march was made from the dangerous locality, and in the darkness he was parted from his friend, whom he never saw again. "It is the fortune of war," he remarked somewhat bitterly to himself, for he had grown to like his new found friend, and in the daily exigencies of an exciting life he soon forgot his passing acquaintance.

The date of this alarm was the 5th of August. On the 10th the firm of Alford & Montgomery, in New York, received a cable message in cipher, of which the translation was—

"Please remit by cable to the Bank of Madrid, five thousand dollars, payable to my order without identification.

GEORGE MONTGOMERY."

On receipt of this dispatch the firm telegraphed to Mrs. Montgomery, and received in reply a request to assure her husband that all was well, and to beg him to return to his wife without delay.

On the evening of the 10th the Atlantic Cable carried the following message in cipher.

"We have remitted five thousand dollars, by cable, as requested. Your wife entreats you to return, and says 'All is well.'"

ALFORD & MONTGOMERY."

When this message was delivered and translated, the receiver smiled strangely as he lit a fresh cigar, adding, after he had established its fire, "Seeing how easy it has been, I'm only sorry, friend Montgomery, that I did not cable for twenty thousand dollars instead of five thousand dollars. It was a bright idea to steal that very useful code of yours."

At that moment the clank of a heavy sabre on the marble floor of the hotel smote on his ear, and the weight of a heavy hand fell on his shoulder.

"I arrest you, senor, at the instance of the Bank of Spain."

"The charge?" fiercely ejaculated the other, finding his struggles useless.

"Forgery," was the grim and laconic reply.

"Ah! well, that is an old hallucination of the bank's and easily answered; let me light a cigarette any way," urged the other, with simulated indifference, as he turned the folded dispatch towards the light. The officer made no objection and presently his prisoner ground the ashes of the telegraphic message beneath his heel.

* * * * *

At Arlington, Alice Montgomery waited with agonizing anxiety for a cabled reply to the loving message which she had sent across the ocean to her unhappy husband. As the days passed without bringing her any answering message she persuaded her husband's partner to telegraph again to Madrid. Still no response and yet another message sped on its way beneath the ocean, only, however, to result in the same stony silence.

At length, in reply to a letter sent to the Bank of Madrid, there came the intelligence that the \$5,000 remitted had never been applied for, and that the Cable Company had only been able to deliver the first message, all the others being still at the Hotel where the husband had received the first one.

Perhaps the information that her husband had received the loving message which she had sent him and had closed his ears and his heart to her piteous appeal was the bitterest drop in the cup of Alice's affliction; and for a while it seemed as if in grinding the ashes of the cablegram beneath

his heel in the hotel at Madrid, the villain who had stolen George Montgomery's cipher had likewise ground out the life of his now thoroughly heart-broken wife. But no thought of compunction crossed the mind of the felon, now languishing in a Spanish cell and torturing his mind how best he could manage to get hold of that money in the bank, so that with a portion of it he might bribe his jailors and regain his freedom.

"I wonder how my American friend enjoys fighting the Spanish troops?" he asked himself one day as he sat under the great whitewashed wall of the prison court rolling a fresh cigarette.

At that moment George Montgomery, sorely wounded, was bleeding his life out on the sunny slopes of the Sierra Morena mountains, and murmuring brokenly, now faintly, now passionately, as his fever ebbed and flowed, the name of his dearly loved wife, whom fate had at last, to all appearances, forever separated from him.

CHAPTER VII.

In a Spanish monastery George Montgomery recovered from the wounds which had so nearly proved fatal, and, by-and-by, when the last gleanings of the autumnal crop of grapes shriveled on its southern walls, he felt the dawning of returning convalescence.

As his eye, released from the shadow of death, swept the panorama of mountain ranges and smiling valleys visible from his lofty eyrie in the monastery, earth seemed very fair to him, and the life, so hardly retained, acquired a double value in his sight.

His mind with recovering strength began to regain its equilibrium, and his disordered brain was at last able to review in proper perspective the situation as between himself and (first) his wife and (second) his crime.

As his thoughts, purged from the dross of passion in that habitation where nothing unworthy could live, calmly reviewed the situation, he felt abased to think how selfishly he had acted.

Clear to him it seemed, as the evening star which rose on his view nightly and darkened every other constellation by its brilliancy, that his duty was to have communicated with his wife on

the first available moment after learning of the horrible mistake he had made in assuming her brother to be her lover; and this he ought to have done at all hazards to himself.

Was it too late? What might not have happened in those months of silence?

These question tortured his mind day by day with ever increasing violence, and finally, and reluctantly, the holy brotherhood permitted the departure of the wounded man in order to enable him, while yet perhaps there was time, to make atonements for a grievous wrong.

He bade the monks adieu with unfeigned regret. The odor of sanctity which seemed to pervade the very walls of the monastery had impressed him powerfully; he had seen how, while ministering to human trouble and endowed with broad human sympathies, the brothers still held themselves "unspotted from the world," and he felt, on bidding them farewell, like an African traveler, who leaves behind him the last well and the last glimpse of verdure to plunge into the unknown and illimitable desert beyond, strewn with the skeletons of those who have gone before.

He shuddered at times when he reflected what possibly awaited him as he remembered that awful figure lying on the cold road with the night descending on it like a pall. He shuddered but he did not hesitate. The monastic teachings had cleared his brain and outlined a path which he had determined to follow, if his life lasted, until he reached the desired goal.

He still had ample funds in his possession and he was accordingly able to reach Cadiz without delay. Immediately on arriving he wrote a long letter to his wife explaining fully the circumstances under which he had fled; he concealed nothing; it was part of his merited punishment he felt (and that not the least painful) to be compelled to make the humiliating confession to his wife that he had suspected her fidelity even during their honeymoon.

The writing of this letter was a terrible ordeal and called into distressing activity the keenest emotions.

Never perhaps had the reasons for utter despair taken such palpable shape as when the closing lines of his own letter lay before him in all their stern significance.

"I shall never cease to love you while life lasts," these said

"but I know that I can now awake in you only feelings of abhorrence as the murderer of your brother. I will not try to see you again, for indeed I think that one glance of reproach from your eyes would kill me outright where I stood.

"I am leaving this city within twenty-four hours not to return. I cannot give you my address and I would not if I could. I have only one request to make, that you will endeavor to blot all recollection of my most unhappy self from your mind. And even that miserable solace is, I feel, to be denied me, for however time might efface all memory of me as a husband, eternity itself could not obliterate the horrible recollection of me as your brother's murderer."

* * * * *

The following day, when the "City of Havana" sailed for Cuba, George Montgomery (or rather Angus Forman, for he had resumed his assumed name) was one of the passengers.

Why he had made the West Indies his objective point he might perhaps have been unable to decide. The reason that he gave to himself was that his mind required yet another change of scene, while his enfeebled body demanded that it should be to a still warmer clime. Deep down in his heart, however, he was conscious of another reason, a craving or soul-hunger to be nearer the Mecca of his heart. He fought in vain against the tumultuous joy which swelled in his breast when an inward voice whispered day by day as the vessel surged on its way, "half way home," and yet he told himself with a despair to which each breath of hope added keener poignancy that the second half of that way his feet would never traverse.

On the fifth day out from Cadiz an event occurred which had a great effect on his after life. As he stood on deck listlessly watching a school of porpoises that raced alongside the ship, he was conscious of a commotion among the sailors. The cause was the discovery of a stow-away among the merchandise in the hold. As the wretched prisoner was dragged forward for the captain's inspection Montgomery recognized in him an old companion, the Spanish soldier of fortune, De Leon, who had dissappeared on the night of the alarm when they were on their way to join the forces of Don Carlos. To the readers this enterprising gentleman is known as the man who stole the telegraph cipher, who used it to cable for \$5,000

and who finally wound up in a Spanish prison before his roguery was consummated to his satisfaction.

By appealing to the cupidity of his jailor he had at last induced the latter to secure a temporary substitute and leave of absence for a few hours from the jail in order to obtain the money from the bank, which the latter had been instructed to pay over to George Montgomery, on demand.

He had gone to the bank under the keen surveillance of his confederate, the jailor, only to find, however, that the advice to pay the money had been canceled.

This was a death-blow to his hopes, but the hardy villian, surmising that liberty even without wealth was better than incarceration, determined to make a bold dash for liberty while he had the chance.

Watching his opportunity he tripped up his disappointed and now furious companion, the jailor, with such violence as to rob for the space of several minutes that baffled functionary of what little intelligence he possessed. De Leon's knowledge of the purlieus of Madrid enabled him to hide in safety until a suitable opportunity arose for him to leave the city, and through his ingenuity as an adventurer he was able to reach the coast in safety. There, he had been able to secrete himself on board the "City of Havana," while the careless sailors were enjoying their afternoon siesta.

The wretched man's starved condition, and the misery of his appearance aroused no spark of pity in the breast of the unfeeling skipper, whose moustache bristled with rage at the thought of the daring and effrontery of the man who had perpetrated such a fraud upon him and the owners of the ship.

"Fifty lashes on the bare back at once and to be handed over to the authorities in Havana on landing," was the sentence decreed, with the accompaniment of many elaborate and inspiring Castilian oaths, by the haughty Spaniard. His desperate situation paralyzed the stow-away into silence. One glance at the ruthless face of the captain satisfied the poor wretch that appeal was hopeless, while means of escape there were none, only the wide waste of waters as a refuge.

As the hunted gaze of the captive scanned all the faces around him he suddenly drew back as if struck in the face by

a blow, and cast his eyes downward to the deck. He had recognized George Montgomery. In an instant he summed up the situation in this wise: "If this man identifies me I shall be handed over to the authorities at Havana, not as a suspicious character, but as a thief and a forger, and that, added to my conspiracy with the jailer and my escape, will ensure me twenty years of the galleys."

As the thoughts crashed like a shell through De Leon's brain, he forgot about the flogging which he was about to receive; the enormity of the terrible punishment awaiting him in Spain obliterated every other thought. All his native hardihood had deserted him, and he hung limp with closed eyes against the mast to which he had been lashed in readiness for the ordered whipping.

He was vaguely conscious of a sudden silence among the men around him, and at length opening his eyes fearfully, he saw Montgomery in conversation with the captain, and pointing towards him. He saw, or at least concluded, that his worst fears had been realized; that the man he had robbed had recognized him, and as he fancied he could hear him detailing the particulars of his crime, he closed his eyes hurriedly and the pallor on his face whitened to the hue of death.

In his conclusion that Montgomery had recognized him the miserable culprit was correct, but as the reader is aware, the former had no cognizance either of his theft or of his other attempted frauds, and his conversation with the captain at the moment was simply a proposition to pay double compensation to the ship's owners for the fare of which they had been defrauded, together with a handsome *douceur* to the captain himself for the liberation of the prisoner.

The captain listened in moody silence, but under his lids an avaricious gleam shot outwards and downwards. "Captain! he is an old fellow-traveller of mine, and a right good fellow, let him go; if you had ever seen him as I have seen him, in good circumstances, you would be shocked at the change in his appearance; he has suffered enough already, God knows!"

This appeal moved the captain not one whit, but it provided a way for him to secure the proffered consideration, and the grimness of his features relaxed as if the other had released him from a disagreeable and painful duty from which naturally his whole soul revolted.

"Say no more, Senor, your assurance as to that unfortunate gentleman's respectability is received unreservedly. I can, of course accept nothing for myself, the knowledge that I have been of service to you is in itself sufficient reward (this with a profound bow and radiant smile), but my duty to the owners of the ship compel me to accept your offer to recoup us for this man's passage money. If, however, you will see the purser these details can readily be arranged. I will instruct him to receive the money;" whereupon the captain left for the purser's office.

When George Montgomery had settled accounts with the purser, he had not only paid double fare for his erring friend, but he had in response to a somewhat broad hint from the purser paid a further sum of \$250, which the latter intimated would be the probable fine imposed on the captain if it were discovered by the owners that he had not inflicted the usual punishment on the stow-away. Perhaps it was to avoid the possibility of the owners discovering such a flagrant dereliction of duty that no entries were made in the ship's book of the sums handed over that day!

When George Montgomery returned on deck he found the inanimate figure of his old fellow-traveler still bound to the mast. In response to his glance of surprise at the captain, the latter explained with a smile and another overpowering bow that he thought Senor Forman might like to release the prisoner himself.

Accepting a knife tendered by one of the crew he advanced to the mast. The sight of the pale and haggard features covered with the glassy moisture of a sudden and unspeakable terror might have moved a heart of stone. The heavy lids still tightly closed the horrified eyes, and the whole aspect was that of the dead.

"I have come to release you," George whispered in his ear, but the other gave no sign, save only that a dark flush began to creep up over his neck.

"Don't you remember me, old friend? Great Heavens, a glass of brandy here quick! The man is dying!"

The eyes had opened wide and stared horribly while you might count five, and the fugitive color had died suddenly away and the body fallen a dead weight on the ropes.

But "good news never kills," and at length the sorrowful knight of fortune recovered consciousness to find himself alone

with the friend whom he had wronged, and who was now bending over him in eager solicitude. His bonds had been removed and he lay in his friend's cabin. When he had satisfied himself that he was not the victim of some hallucination, and that he was really at liberty, he took his friend's hand between both his own, and kissed it again and again, while the hot tears rained unheeded from his poor eyes.

"Ah, you are very weak," explained his friend, "but here comes the cook with some nice nourishing soup."

CHAPTER VIII.

George Montgomery took an early opportunity of explaining to his friend De Leon that, for certain reasons, he was travelling under an assumed name. To the other, it is lamentable to add, this appeared the most natural thing in the world, and he never gave the matter a second thought.

The devotion of the rescued stow-away to the friend who had saved him was touching in the extreme. He followed him like his shadow, with a dog-like fidelity which awoke the sneers of the supercilious Spaniards. There were occasions when these sneers roused the ire of the patient De Leon and prompt retribution seemed very near the heads of the offenders, but the butt of their shafts recollected himself in time and dissembled his wrath, conscious that he was not as yet quite out of danger, and that so long as he was on board ship and within touch, he was by no means beyond the reach of Spanish malice.

At length the island of Cuba was reached, and the two friends left the ship in safety.

On the night of their arrival, as they were seated in the Hotel Pasaje, in Havana, the second officer of the ship, who had been celebrating his return with some old friends, entered the Hotel. When he saw De Leon he pointed him out jeeringly to the friends who accompanied him as "the stow-away."

He had been a special offender in this respect on board ship, so that it scarcely needed the fresh insult to fire De Leon's blood.

When the latter noticed that the officer's companions were regarding him curiously he rose to his feet with much deliber-

ation, and lifting his full wine glass from the table he threw its contents straight into the officer's face. As the latter endeavored to wipe the wine away, De Leon, with the air of a Grandee of Spain, raised his hat to the other gentlemen; then fixing his gaze on the officer, he said, "I am at your service, Senor."

The interposition of the hotel officials prevented any continuation of the quarrel there, and the entire party left together. George Montgomery, who accompanied his friend, was in dismay at the quarrel and the duel with the officer which seemed impending.

"You do not know, my friend, what you are about," he said. "If you knew what it was to have blood on your hands you would die rather than shed it."

The other glanced at him strangely for a moment and then replied, "In anything but this I would obey you willingly, but I am by birth a Spanish noble, and this man has insulted me. I have avenged that insult, and now I should be a coward if I did not give him the satisfaction he requires."

At this moment one of the officer's friends approached Montgomery and informed him courteously that the gentleman who had been insulted demanded satisfaction, and intimated that the more promptly it could be afforded the more it would be to the taste of his principal.

As George Montgomery hesitated and then protested that nothing would induce him to sanction a duel, De Leon took the matter into his own hands, and said, "This gentleman is the only friend I have in the city; he will not act, therefore I must dispense with a second, and I say I am ready now to meet your principal. I have no preference as to weapons, but as the choice rests with me, and to save time, I name the rapier. I am content to accompany you alone, and as soon as we can secure the weapons I will go with you and settle the matter."

The other bowed gravely, and, promising to return in a few minutes, he left.

"Good-bye, for the present, at least," exclaimed De Leon with hand outstretched to his friend, as his opponent's second returned with the rapiers under his arm. "If all goes well I will return to the hotel in a couple of hours, and, if not, why then dearest of friends, adieu," and he raised the other's hand

to his lips and kissed it, not formally, but tenderly and even passionately.

"O! I cannot let you go alone," returned the other, "it is all wrong, I know, and can only lead to untold misery in the future, but I cannot turn my back on a friend."

In reply De Leon pressed his hand, and together they entered one of three carriages which had been summoned for the use of the party.

A drive of twenty minutes landed them on a lonely spot hedged in on three sides by lofty palms and a dense undergrowth of palmetto, and on the other side by the blue waters of the bay where a solitary craft lay moored near the shore.

The moon was high in the heavens and the night was almost as clear as day.

When De Leon ran his fingers over the weapon which was handed to him, he seemed jubilant with gaiety. "My friend," he exclaimed, "if I thought I was going to die I would make a confession to you; I did you a great wrong once. But I shall spit that wretch like a lark, and I cannot afford to lose your friendship, so my confession must wait."

While the preliminary arrangements were being made the movement on shore had attracted the attention of the look-out on board the low-lying craft at anchor a few hundred yards away, and presently a boat put off from the ship containing the three officers on duty, who correctly surmised the cause of the unwonted gathering and came ashore to see the fight.

As they joined the group they saluted its members courteously but carelessly, as men who were seldom wont to crave permission for their presence, and were indifferent whether it was accorded or not, an impression which was heightened by a certain swagger in their manner which savored more of the buccaneer than of the naval officer, and also by the superfluity of weapons which they carried.

When the duellists had taken their places the contrast in the expressions of the two principals was very marked.

On De Leon's face was an air of smiling assurance which seemed to goad his opponent almost to fury. He had fully regained his strength during the weeks that had elapsed since his discovery on board ship as a stow-away, and the muscular neck and powerful arms promised that, given equal skill, the

moon would have left her proud elevation in the sky before his physical powers would surrender to mere fatigue.

At last the signal of attack was given and the fine steel blades slid along each other as their owners felt their way to the attack. Then the officer shot out his weapon apparently full at the broad breast of his antagonist. But no harm was done, and the ring of the steel hilts as they clashed together was the only sound which was borne on the night air. A temporary lock of blades prevented any further attack and when they were disengaged the two began afresh the seeing-sawing with their weapons.

De Leon, however, had already gauged his opponent's ability, and before the latter could fathom his intention or do anything beyond blindly advancing his weapon, the other's rapier had disengaged itself from his blade, slid like a lightning flash over his arm and pierced his neck.

The fight was over almost ere the weapon was withdrawn, and the officer, choked with blood, staggered backwards and fell into the arms of his friends.

At that instant a shrill double whistle of warning was heard from the ship and the officers belonging to it retraced their steps rapidly to the boat. At the same moment a body of Spanish troops plunged through the palmetto, cutlass in hand.

"Hallo!" shouted De Leon to the retreating officers, "take us with you."

His suspicious brain had surmised a trap and he dreaded the troops as foes. The law and order of Spain he dreaded as much as suspected Christians in former ages feared the Inquisition.

The reasons which impelled the officers to consent to his request may probably be found in the fact that both looked able, powerful men, and one at least had just proved himself to be a very efficient swordsman.

"All right, in with you—quick!" shouted the first officer by way of reply, and the two took their seats hurriedly in the boat, which immediately pushed off from the shore.

* * * * *

The vessel was found on a closer acquaintance to be engaged in the contraband trade, and the captain in command, in consideration of the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars,

agreed to land the two passengers on the main-land of Florida. The arrangement suited his own purposes for the moment, and the two were accordingly landed in safety at Punta Rassa; where they engaged a boat and its owner, a Florida oyster dredger of villainous appearance, and, had they known it, of still more evil reputation.

With this man they entered into a contract to take them through the great Lake Okechobee, with which he assured them he was familiar, and thence northward through the chain of canals and lakes which led to within reasonable distance of one of the principal termini of the very limited railway service of Florida.

Why did George Montgomery choose such a route?

He would probably have found it hard to give a reasonable explanation. When he landed in the State it seemed sufficient rapture for the moment to feel that he was once more on the same continent with his wife and that no terrible width of ocean divided them.

Still he could not forget that he was a fugitive from justice and that in all probability the "hue-and-cry" had been raised against him as the murderer of his brother-in-law. He shuddered as he thought that on his first visit to a railway station he might be confronted by a reward offered for his own apprehension.

And so, satisfied with the thought that day by day he was creeping or drifting nearer to the woman for whom his whole soul and body hankered, he seemed to find a temporary contentment in his lot.

His preoccupation of mind rendered him the most unsuspecting of mortals, and so hastened a catastrophe which came near terminating prematurely his wanderings.

In taking a bundle of papers from his pocket one day a package of notes of large denomination fell to the bottom of the boat. As a matter of fact the parcel represented five thousand dollars, and with a \$500 bill as its outward symbol looked, it must be confessed, its full value.

As the eyes of the boatman fell upon the parcel they glared at it with a greed which De Leon read at a glance and carefully noted. The owner of the notes neither saw nor recked of the commotion aroused by his carelessness. De Leon,

however, not only saw the error but made it quite clear to the boatman that he understood him.

"Ah! my dear friend, there is trouble for us both ahead," De Leon muttered, as he softly soaked the boatman's cartridges in the limpid waters of the Lake Okeehobee while that worthy slept. "I," he resumed, "am a soldier of fortune, *you*, my worthy ruffian, are simply a murderer! but beware, De Leon watches!"

As he referred to himself as a soldier of fortune it is possible that he was endeavoring to discriminate to the satisfaction of his conscience between a genius of *la haute finance* who, in extremity, and with the touch of a master, borrows a telegraphic cipher and uses it with brilliant, if ephemeral result, and a simple highway robber.

It is but just, however, to the brave De Leon to say that his cheeks tingled with shame whenever he thought of the very scurvy trick he had once played on his old and unsuspecting friend.

"Ah! it is a sorry business to rob a whole-souled generous man who trusts you blindly."

As De Leon reflected thus, the boat lay at anchor for the night on the broad bosom of that inland sea, Lake Okeehobee,

"I think," he whispered to himself, "I ought to mention that message to my friend; it might lessen his distress; and yet how can I let him know how I have wronged him and tried to defraud him? I cannot do it."

* * * * *

Three weeks later they stopped at a landing place on the Kissimmee River in order to obtain some fresh food. They had passed through the great Lake in safety and also through its principal tributary to a point north of Fort Kissimmee. That stoppage was the first of any consequence since they had left Lake Okeehobee, and it is possible that the careful watch observed by De Leon having been without result up to that time, his vigils had grown somewhat careless.

This, however, is mere matter of conjecture, but on the night of the landing De Leon woke up from a heavy stupor to find the boatman raising his ax to slay his friend Montgomery. De Leon essayed to rise to his feet, yelling out an alarm to his friend as he did so. The assassin, however, had taken the

precaution to tie the other's limbs, loosely enough so as not to awaken him, yet in such a way as to prevent him rendering any sudden assistance to his friend.

The immediate result of De Leon's alarm was to divert to himself the blow intended for his friend. For a moment the yellow, devilish face of the boatman bent above him with a look of indescribable malice, the next the ax descended full on poor De Leon's helpless head, and with a groan he sank unconscious into the bottom of the boat.

The boatman turned in time to see that Montgomery was awake and feeling for his pistol, then, recognizing that the game was up, he jumped ashore.

When he got the distance of about a hundred yards from the boat, and so out of pistol range, he raised his rifle, which he had taken up as he left the boat, and fired. Thanks however, to poor De Leon's thoughtfulness in saturating the ruffian's cartridges the fellows murderous intentions were foiled, although he tried shell after shell before he gave up as useless his efforts to kill Montgomery.

The latter, oblivious of the murderer's persistent attempts to shoot him, was stooping over his wounded friend, endeavoring to stay the frightful loss of blood from the blow given him by the native. The wound had not been what it had been intended to be—immediately fatal. When De Leon saw the axe descending he had moved his head so as to evade the full force of the weapon, which had accordingly somewhat glanced in its stroke.

Still the wound, although not instantly fatal, bade fair to prove so ere long, and Montgomery groaned when he thought of his inability to render his friend skilled assistance.

When he saw that the hemorrhage still continued in spite of all his efforts, a feeling of desperate helplessness seized upon him, and his eyes scanned the land to see whether no possible help was within sight.

While his glance was turned toward the prairie a boat suddenly collided gently with his own, and, to his amazement, he found a powerful Indian seated in a birch canoe alongside.

The Indian made a cordial yet dignified signal of friendship, and almost exhausted his English vocabulary with his greeting, "How do?"

In despair the other pointed to his dying companion and

then to the woods beyond, indicating that the murderer had fled.

The Indian took in the situation at a glance, and paddling to the shore he gathered from the armless socket of an aged live oak a handful of spider's webs; this done he removed the other bandages and placed the webs against the wound.

The fine clinging meshes of the webs did what the cloths had failed to do, and the terrible bleeding stopped. De Leon opened his eyes at length, and his friend rejoiced to see that he was sensible and as yet, at least, free from fever.

"Friend, come near to me," faintly whispered the wounded man, after looking wistfully at George Montgomery for a time.

"I am going to leave you, George," and his voice rested tenderly as a woman's on the other's name, "and now that I am dying I want to tell you about a wrong that I did you. Stoop lower!"

CHAPTER IX.

Alice Montgomery's health steadily drooped as the weeks went by and brought no sign from her husband in reply to her loving message, and when at length she received the letter written by her husband on leaving the monastery, its utter hopelessness served only to add to her misery and further to undermine her health.

"We must take our poor darling South for the winter," said the old grandmother to her husband, "or we shall lose her;" and her sad-eyed partner sighed acquiescence.

For Alice the spring of her life seemed broken and look which way she would the horizon seemed dark and hopeless.

Her brother's malady showed no signs of improvement; he went about pursued by a thousand phantasmal monetary cares—a craze of his brain for which no remedy could be provided and which was only kept within bounds by his habit of spending long hours daily in signing imaginary cheques in payment of inextinguishable loans.

In the late autumn an accident happened to him which accomplished what his medical advisers had considered to be well nigh impossible in the ordinary course of nature.

While hanging a picture for his sister one day, the step-

ladder on which he stood gave way and precipitated him through a large pane of thick plate glass. The sharp edges of the glass cut his face and neck severely and the result was a most terrible and alarming bleeding, which was only stopped after such a loss of blood as imperiled for a time the sufferer's life.

This loss, however, served to ease and finally to entirely remove the pressure upon his brain resulting from his bullet wound, and when he came back to consciousness from the long fainting spells which succeeded the loss of blood, he inquired feebly of his sister, where he was, and whether she knew who the man was who had shot him.

His life, from the moment George Montgomery's bullet had struck him until now, was a complete blank. When Alice Montgomery learned from her brother's lips what had taken place between him and her husband on the night of the quarrel, she, gentle soul, had no blame for the latter, although she loaded herself with bitter reproaches.

"My poor husband; what must he have thought to see me meeting and kissing another man surreptitiously, when he believed I had no male relation living excepting my grandfather!"

Her husband's letter had prepared her for her brother's confession, but the details as furnished by the latter, showed that the crime had been the result of but a momentary frenzy of jealousy, which, as a woman, she could readily forgive.

When she took her first walk out of doors with her invalid brother the last shock of autumn had stripped the trees and covered the sward with a dense matting of leaves, which the colored gardener was leisurely removing with a large rake.

For a while the two stopped to speak to the old servitor and then the latter resumed his work.

Suddenly Alice sprang with a cry from her brother's side and seized the gardener's rake.

"Stop! I saw something flash in the light just where your rake is."

Softly she turned over the crumpled mass and there, at last, lying on a withered chestnut leaf, and round and clear as the first day it was made, lay the wedding ring lost on that fateful morning, so many weary months ago.

Hidden in the dense green of the turf during the Summer

season, it had become exposed by the withering of the grass, only to be promptly covered by the falling leaves.

First glancing at the initials and date cut on the inside of the hoop to see that there was no chance of mistake, Alice pressed the ring again and again to her lips, cooing and murmuring glad words of love to herself the while.

"This is my wedding ring," she explained to her greatly astonished brother, "which I lost on the day of your—your first accident, and all my trouble, I am sure, resulted from that loss. Now its recovery seems like an omen of good luck. O, I wonder where on the face of the world my dear husband is! I want to send him a message to tell him that all will be right if he will only come back." And then as the apparent hopelessness of his return came back to her mind the bright light died out of her eyes, and she resumed the walk with her brother in silence.

* * * * *

At the same hour George Montgomery learned for the first time from his dying comrade's lips about the message which his wife had sent him by cable—"Come back; all is well."

He had no words of reproach for the man who had atoned for the harm which he had done by sacrificing his life for him, but even in the midst of his great and new-found happiness, he groaned to think what dire complications the want of a reply to that message might not have entailed.

The Indian had towed the boat to the shores of the beautiful Lake Rosalie, in whose wonderful hummocks that branch of the Seminole tribe which still clung to the Grand Mico, Tallahassee, had long built their wigwams.

The Indians bore the wounded man gently up the bluff on a deer-skin litter and laid him on a soft couch of prepared Spanish moss, or old man's beard, as it is sometimes called.

Over the sick man's couch a great live oak flung its protecting shade, high above and impermeable to either sun or rain. On all sides the same gigantic trees with their dense evergreen foliage towered to the skies, their vast limbs festooned with the long draperies of the flowing Spanish moss. A wide open space lay within a vast forest of these trees. The space was large enough for the encampment of an army, and as the mighty span of the live oak branches enabled them to overlap far overhead, the whole looked like some vast cathedral orna-

mented with delicate fretwork and bathed in a soft and appropriate religious gloom.

To the left of the wounded man lay beautiful Lake Rosalie, across whose broad bosom a refreshing breeze swept which fanned his fevered brow.

To his right, and far within the natural retreat, stood a cluster of wigwams, in whose entrances could be seen groups of squaws of all ages curiously regarding the new arrivals.

After a proper interval had elapsed, the aged Chief Tallahassee came forward from his tent to greet George Montgomery. The Chief was a man of commanding and exceedingly dignified appearance. He was evidently in nowise forgetful of the glories of the tribe of which he was head, even although that tribe had now dwindled down to a mere handful.

The braves who stood by his side were men of gigantic stature, and the Czar of all the Russias owns not warrior more true, or courtiers more obedient or of superior address.

The turbaned heads, clear aquiline features, and long wavy hair served to distinguish this race from all others on the Continent of America. Beside their intellectual faces and stalwart frames, the cunning and ferocious Apache, with his meaner physique, shifty eye and animal profile, looked as the hyena looks beside the royal lion.

George Montgomery despatched a letter to his wife, availing himself of the services of an Indian to reach the nearest postal point. Allowing an interval of ten days to elapse, the same Indian returned for a reply.

None, however, came either that week or the next, and after the third week the Indian went back no more, and the gloom returned to George Montgomery's brow.

He would fain have sped northward himself to investigate the cause of this silence, but his dying friend still lingered, and as his end drew near he seemed more eagerly to crave the other's society.

"George—it will not be long—wait and close my eyes, and say a Christian prayer over my grave." And George, in sore trouble, waited.

At length it was clear that the end was at hand and poor De Leon begged his friend not to leave his side that day. As George sat by the other's couch his ear caught now and then the utterances of delirium of his dying comrade.

"George! they are coming, and will soon be here. If they come before the sun sinks behind Lake Rosalie I shall die happy."

Then he slumbered, and George's head sank on his breast in sad and heavy meditations.

"See! they are coming!" suddenly cried De Leon, rousing from his stupor and startling the various members of the tribe within sound.

George glanced anxiously at his friend who was now struggling to a sitting position and pointing across the Lake.

"Look! Look!" continued the dying man, "they have come in time."

As Montgomery's eyes followed the other's hand he saw, far in the distance, a small steamboat crossing the lake. He leaped to his feet and then sat down, bitterly adding aloud, "Why should I excite myself, it is probably a party of surveyors."

* * * * *

An hour later, George Montgomery and Alice, his wife, stood hand in hand by the death-bed of De Leon, and the latter's dying eyes seemed only to have waited for this, for when they saw the happy re-union they smiled a last benediction, and then closed forever.

The meeting between husband and wife, inexpressible as it was in words, was a profound surprise to both. Mrs. Montgomery had gone South at her grandmother's request, and George's first letter was still following her. During their stay in Florida the old lady heard that Chief Tallahassee was camped near Lake Rosalie, and she conceived the brilliant idea of visiting her former friend, and, at the same time, lending some additional interest to her granddaughter's life.

With some difficulty she had secured the use of a small steam yacht, with what result the reader already knows.

Tallahassee and two of his braves were absent when the boat arrived.

When the former silently entered the camp, rifle in hand, he found himself suddenly face to face with Mrs. Montgomery and the elder lady.

As he saw Alice a wonderful light leapt to his eyes, and in the soft Seminole tongue he murmured, "It is the Water Lily

come back," and he stooped and kissed the fair young hand which hung by her side.

"Ah, no, Tallahassee," exclaimed the elder lady, with a rising mist in her eyes and a quiver in her voice which showed that she forgave the present neglect for the sake of the old and faithful memory. "Water Lilies fade as even great warriors fade. I am the friend whose husband you saved at Homosassa, and this new Water Lily is my granddaughter."

Tallahassee recognized his error and his eyes had a soft and tender light in them as he scanned the aged though still beautiful lineaments of the woman he had known and loved so many years ago. Then he gently took her hand and raised it to his lips, saying tenderly as he did so, "the Water Lily blooms afresh every Spring, but Tallahassee, the Seminole, fades and dies."

That night, as the full-orbed moon shone on the waters of Lake Rosalie, Alice explained fully what had only been whispered when they met. Her brother, she told her husband, had recovered and no one save themselves knew who had wounded him. He, on his part, explained that some one else had received the message she had sent to Madrid begging him to return; but the name of the man who had received it he did not divulge, so that in mingling her tears with those of her husband over De Leon's lonely grave by Lake Rosalie, there was no bitterness from the thought of wrong done by the dead.

As George replaced on his wife's hand the ring which had been lost, their eyes met in a long eloquent glance, misty with happy tears. "I will take good care not to take it off again, darling—that is what you mean, is it not? for I am sure that whatever others may say we will always believe that it is very unlucky either to take off or lose one's wedding ring."

THE END.

New York,

J. SELWIN TAIT.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Knight of the vanguard of knowledge, peer of the kingdom of thought,
 Prophet, and priest, and bard, thou hast sung for futurity, wrought
 For the ampler after-time, for the kindlier soul's increase,
 For the higher, humbler faith, for the purest, heavenliest peace.

Thou hast hidden thy gold and rubies in thy quartz of rough-veined verse;
 Thou hast probed the secret soul with thy questions grave and terse;
 Thou turned'st the lamp of thy mind on the palimpsest of the heart;
 Thou didst strain in the bonds of Time, now Eternity's ward thou art.

Thy sheaf of years hung full of the green hope of thy youth,
 Nurtured by secret dew from the heaven of love and truth;
 No blast of malice can shake, nor Time's envious mace assault
 Thy spacious structure of song, arched over earth's storied vault.

Thou didst spurn the Egyptian's lure, thou didst cleave to the race enslaved;
 Thou didst dwell unknown to those for whose weal thou hadst tyrants braved;
 Thou beheldst the burning bush, thy feet the mount had trod,
 In the glare of the angry cloud thou stoodst face to face with God!

The glory of song in thy heart lit thy face with auroral ray;
 Thou heldst our wisdom in trust, the chief of transition's day;
 Unbated by churlish age, thy lone, far-sighted stand
 Was the Pisgah heights of song o'erlooking the Promised Land.

Rest crowned with the proud assurance thy verse was not wrought in vain,
 Though the century turn aside to its idols of pleasure and gain;
 Thou wilt be heard aright when the lutes and the laughter have ceased
 And the soul is alone with its stars, undazed by the glare of the feast.

This leasehold thou hast exchanged for a wider and fadeless life;
 The swaddling bands of flesh thou hast cast to a world of strife;
 Thou hast traversed the waters of Death; thou hast found thy chosen mate,
 The sybil of burning song, the revealer of words of fate.

Where the pure Venetian night falls a spangled, huge concave,
 Did thy venturous spirit wing forth like a prayer from a dome-crowned nave;
 Like Arcturus throned afar in a mist of twinkling shine
 Starts thy star on the heaven of song, loved guest of the trophied nine.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

C. L. BETTS.

IS IT THE FARMER'S TURN?

An impression is abroad among the farmers that the country is on the eve of an economic revolution. It matters not in what section of the Union the subject may be investigated, the conclusion, which the candid observer will reach, is, that the farmers are in a state of expectancy and political unrest. Regarding both the great parties with distrust, without well-defined ideas of what they need, of the form in which or the quarter whence relief ought to be sought, they are fast becoming a political factor of very uncertain quality. Certain would-be leaders may advocate so-called panaceas for all the ills that agriculture is heir to; but the mass of the farming population has not yet given in its adherence to them. What may be the result, if the best statesmanship of the nation does not address itself to the solution of the problems arising out of the present condition of agriculture, no one can foretell.

Such a condition of public opinion among so numerous and important a section of the population cannot be safely ignored. History teaches that all great social and political changes have been preceded by an unsettled state of the popular mind. As before a thunderstorm the air is heavy with signs of the coming tumult, so the social atmosphere appears at times to be surcharged with influences, that explode in the form of civil or foreign wars, or great moral or political upheavals. It is by these that the great leaders of mankind have been projected upon the stage. Cromwell did not bring about the triumph of English parliamentary government, nor Washington the independence of the United States, nor Luther the Reformation, nor Bismarck the unification of Germany. Back of these great events, and before the appearance of these leaders upon the stage of action, an undefined and indefinable sentiment was abroad among the people, the meaning of which is clear enough to us now, but few were wise enough to foresee

it. Great changes come when the people are ready for them. The emancipation proclamation would have been so much waste paper if public opinion had not declared by the clanking of a thousand printing presses, the eloquence of ten thousand pulpits, the roar of artillery and the ceaseless tramp of soldiery, that it was ready for this crowning act.

That the farmers are restless under the existing condition of things, is not a matter for surprise. Numerically in a large majority, the great producing element of the population, the owners of much of the wealth, and the real makers of the country, they feel that they are, as a class, uninfluential and scarcely considered in settling the domestic or foreign policy of the nation. Between money lenders and high interest, railway managers and high freight charges, middlemen and high commissions, and higher speculation, the farmer feels that he has been fortunate, if at the end of the year he finds himself where he was, in a financial sense, at the beginning. He produces only what the world needs and not more than it needs. There is not too much wheat, or corn, or beef, or butter, cheese, or fruit, produced. Millions of people, possibly the majority, have to do with too little of these things. They would willingly have more; but between the farmer and the consumer of his produce stands the army of money lenders, railway managers and middlemen, legitimate and otherwise, who make produce so costly that consumption is restricted to the least possible quantity. The charges which produce has to bear from the time it leaves the field until it reaches the consumer are kept at the highest point consistent with the transaction of business. To exact "all the traffic will stand" is a principle which obtains not among railway men alone.

The farmer must have money with which to make improvements, to buy stock and implements, to raise and market his produce. He is producing money's worth—the only things which at the last analysis have any intrinsic value. All other things are of value only so far as they will secure what we eat or wear; but the economic fabric of most countries is based upon the supposition that, as the last resort, gold is what every man wants. Hence the farmer learns to his surprise that the amount of money available does not depend upon the amount of necessities of life produced, but upon the ease with which gold can be secured. He does not pretend to understand the

mysteries of finance --possibly he has much company in his ignorance—but he observes that it is the men who control the gold which the world could do without, who control the amount of money in circulation, and not the men who produce what the world must have. In his unsettled state of mind he listens to suggestions of remedies, which would probably be worse than the disease. Rightly or wrongly, he believes that it is to the advantage of financiers to keep the supply of money less than the demand, just as it is to his advantage not to glut the market with produce. His ideas are doubtless very crude, are probably very full of errors, and could be readily answered by the merest tyro in finance, that is, to the satisfaction of the financial world; but the farmer keeps on thinking. He must think. The heavy interest on the mortgage or on the bank loan makes him think.

The farmer must use the railways. His customers are not at his door. Hence the price of his produce is largely regulated by the freight charges on it. He is not unreasonable. He is content to pay what it costs to handle his produce, and that railway owners and managers shall have a fair profit on their investments and reward for the labor and responsibility of management; but he believes that he is paying interest upon money never invested, but evolved by a species of financial jugglery. He is told that freights are now below a paying basis; but he sees capitalists fighting for new railway franchises, and building lines, to compete for traffic which it is claimed does not pay. In a daily paper this week are two items side by side—one telling of an agreement among transcontinental lines to advance passenger rates, and the other of the arrival of the officials of a transcontinental line, now in process of construction, to inspect the proposed terminal facilities. One does not need to be a political economist, or a skilled financier, or a railway magnate, to know that men do not rush into enterprises that they know are foreordained to be a loss. The farmer cannot be convinced that railway promoters build railways with their own money. If they do, he argues, they would have less money when the road was done than when it was begun; but they usually have more. He wonders how it can be that men, who had nothing to begin with can build and control railways and become millionaires, especially if the railways are such unprofitable ventures that it is only by the

exaction of exorbitant freight rates that they can be made to pay their way.

The farmer cannot trade directly into the consumers of his produce, because it would involve in most cases a loss of time out of all proportion to the value of the goods sold. Hence he has need of the services of middlemen, to whom he is willing to pay a reasonable reward, but he objects to combinations among middlemen to create artificial surpluses or shortages. He finds it difficult enough to contend against the variations in meteorological conditions, without being handicapped by fluctuations in prices due to speculation. He looks out upon his yellow fields of ripening grain, on which God's sunlight and showers are pouring their richness, only to reflect that the mildew of speculation may undo what the forces of nature are accomplishing. He is beginning to ask why some broker, who never handled, much less sowed a grain in his life, should make a fortune out of wheat in a day, while he, after a hard season's labor, "has nothing coming to him but the tax collector and the sheriff." The legitimate middleman, who sells and delivers produce, the farmer regards as his friend, though sometimes the friendship may be costly; but he is beginning to look upon the produce gambler as his worst enemy.

Such are some of the ideas that are abroad among the farmers. Other ideas are mixed up with them. They have heard that the government must do something to develop manufactures and have borne, without much complaint, their share of the burdens, imposed for that purpose. They have been told that the government must do something for shipbuilding and the increase of commerce, and they have not objected. They are beginning to think it time that something was done for agriculture. Such partial measures, as the increase of duties on certain lines of produce, imposed by the McKinley bill, will not satisfy them. American farmers are too well-informed to be deceived into the belief that as a body they are injured by competition from foreign countries. In certain localities, imported produce may lower prices; but it cannot be successfully maintained that the price of the staple farm products of the United States is affected to any appreciable degree, over the country as a whole, by imports of the same class of goods. Nevertheless, the farmers think that the government ought to be able to do something for them. Nor are they to blame for

so thinking. For a quarter of a century the dominant schools of politics have been preaching that prosperity is the creature of legislation. This monumental fallacy has hosts of adherents, who ignore the fact that the settlement of the great prairies and the development of the vast mineral wealth of the country were sufficient of themselves to beget phenomenal prosperity. Those who are interested in class legislation, and their wealth enables them to control the so-called organs of public opinion, insist that the mighty advance, which the country has made in wealth, has been due to certain acts of congress. According to their doctrine, "the last and best gift of God to humanity" would have been worthless, unless it had been hedged about with a tariff wall. The farmer has been told so often that congress can do this, that and the other, for this, that and the other industry, that it is no wonder he asks that something be done for him, and that he listens to propositions of the most unreasonable character. The situation is grave enough to demand the most earnest attention of the leading statesmen of the country. To allow political mountebanks and adventurers, or even honest, well-meaning men, untrained in public affairs, to shape the ideas of millions of farmers, is full of danger to the nation. "If the blind lead the blind, both will fall into the ditch," and it will not help matters any to know that neither of the partners in misfortune meant to tumble. There may be much rare humor in styling the efforts of farmers to formulate their grievances and devise remedies, "bucolic statesmanship," or "the advent of hayseed into politics," or "the throes of political parturition." It is a well-worn joke that tells of the antediluvian contemporaries of Noah assuring each other that there was not going to be much of a shower, but it represents very well the attitude of the political writers who think they can turn aside or check the farmers' advance by a sneer or a cheap witticism. It is certainly true that Farmer Hayseed has gone into politics, and it is likewise certain that he has gone in to stay.

The political, social and financial situation is further involved by the rapid exhaustion of the arable public domain, and the certainty that, within a very few years, the United States will cease to export breadstuffs and, before long, food products of any of the staple varieties. The arable public domain is, from the national point of view, now practi-

cally exhausted, the available total being probably not more than 30,000,000 acres. Competent authorities estimate much lower than this; but it is not necessary to be exact, and it is safer to place the figures high enough to avoid any dispute. Including state, railway and school lands, and the unoccupied land of individuals, there is possibly an area of 100,000,000 acres available for settlement, including 30,000,000 of irrigable lands, as reported by the Public Land Commission in 1879. The increase of population will require all this area by the close of the century, after which the United States will be in the position of the nations of Europe, where room can be made for farmers only by the subdivision of individual holdings, and where the demands of the growing population can only be met by the enlargement of the cultivated area on existing farms, a general improvement in the standard of cultivation, and a cessation of the export of food products. Whether we accept or not Mr. C. Wood Davis' estimate, given in the *May Arena*, that in 1895 the United States will cease to be an exporter of breadstuffs, we cannot deny that the date will not be remote. An examination of the trade returns will show that the maximum of these exports was reached some years ago, and that a marked decline has set in, subject, of course, to fluctuations, but none the less definite.

I am aware that Major Powell, in an article in the *Century Magazine*, has given an estimate that there is an irrigable area of probably 1,000,000,000 acres. Without stopping to consider how far this estimate is consistent with the fact that in 1885 the total area of lands of all classes in the hands of the government was 561,000,000, which implies that private owners hold over 400,000,000 of land requiring irrigation, or the other fact that the total area of all the states and territories included in the Missouri Valley, the Mountain Section, and the Pacific Coast Section, and also the Indian Territory, is under 1,000,000,000 acres, it is sufficient to point out in this connection, that the question of wholesale irrigation implies the expenditure of incalculable skill and money, which can only accomplish large results after years of exploration, survey and experiment. The existence of such a vast area of irrigable land, if it does exist, only alters the nature of the problem to be solved and does not lessen the difficulties attending a solution.

In view of the foregoing considerations, it ceases to be a

matter of surprise that the farmers are beginning to ask whether their turn has not come. There are signs of a storm in the political and financial horizons. It is time to prepare the ship for the gale, which will only serve to bear the full-freighted bark onward to safer seas, if the hands which hold the helm are strong enough and the vessel is headed in the right direction.

SEATTLE.

CHARLES H. LUGRIN.

A JUST TAX.

Of all the schemes for raising governmental revenues, our National system of protection is the one most inveighed against, and we have but to turn to the maxims of political economy to discover the reason. The great objection to protection is, that it violates the principle which holds that no greater amount of taxes shall be imposed than is necessary; and not only is the amount levied greatly in excess of the needs, but the excess does not pass into the coffers of the Government at all; and not only does the surplus referred to fail to reach the National Treasury, but the course it actually does take is from the consumer to the producer—from the needy many to the aggrandized few.

The Government, in effect, says to the manufacturer, "I will levy a tax upon your product, and you can make the people pay you the amount of the tax on your sales, and upon what they buy from your foreign competitor over and above what you are able to sell them; I will collect the tax." The consumer pays both taxes—to the American manufacturer upon the home product, and to the Government upon the import, and, as the domestic production is many times greater than the importation, so is the amount which the consumer pays upon the former many times greater than that which he pays upon the latter. For instance, if the American production of a certain protected article be ten times as great as the importation, for every dollar that is paid to the Government as duty upon the import, the home producers receive a bounty of ten dollars.

While it is manifestly unjust to force any branch of industry to contribute unduly to the support of another, there is a yet graver consideration with regard to this particular application, which is, that it takes the money from the great mass of the people, with whom it is a token of national prosperity, and gives it to a pampered set, in whose hands it may become (and has it not already become?) a lever inserted beneath the very foundations of republican institutions. Corporation, trust, combine, monopoly, despotism, and an enslaved people.

Like a vampire, this oppressive incubus has fastened upon the body of the nation while it slept, sucking the blood of free circulation of wealth, and gorges itself not only to sate present thirst, but also with the hope to weaken its victim beyond the power of effectual resistance when awakened.

But if the people are to rise in their might, while it is hoped they yet have the strength, and fling this paralyzing giant of evil into the pit of human error which has swallowed up so many of the abortive creations of man, is there any other system of taxation in vogue to which they may turn in confidence that, sooner or later, it shall not meet the same fate? Nay, for there is none just, albeit any is preferable to this, and the citizen will never remain satisfied while he recognizes that he is paying a tax which does not fall upon his neighbor, or paying a greater sum in proportion to his abilities than is paid by some fellow-citizen.

It is the grand prerogative and destiny of a free people to work out the problems of justice, and the march of human progress will never be stayed until the banner of freedom is planted upon the glad bourne of absolute impartiality to all, and its fond adherents see its ample folds spread to the breeze in benison above their heads and bathed in the kindred sunlight of heaven.

What to tax is a vexed question: it should not be asked at all, because it involves the idea of seizing upon one value and passing others by. The trouble with all the systems of taxation in practice or proposed is, that they would saddle the load upon some class or fraction of values, instead of letting it rest evenly upon the shoulders of all values, when it would scarcely be felt by any. Instead of seeking to discover what can best support a tax, we should seek to tax everything. All values should be taxed, or, to be more precise, all values in

operation; for, if a value is held in disuse, not competing with other values and not profiting the owner, neither should the state derive revenue from it so long as it remains quiescent.

Any value in operation may be regarded as a sale, and a tax should be upon every sale,—whether of produce or property, time or labor, the use of property, the use of money, or anything whatsoever that the owner uses to his substantial benefit; the amount of the tax to be a fixed and universal percentage of the selling price. With such an exchange of values as does not involve a money consideration, the party approached should be regarded as the seller, and the amount of the tax should be based upon the market value of the article exchanged.

But how is such a tax to be levied? The most available method would be by the use of stamps, designed for the purpose, to be cancelled or destroyed at or before the time of sale. This would be merely an extension of the plan already in successful operation in our internal revenue system.

Wherever practicable, the stamp should be affixed to the article sold or its receptacle. With real estate, and all property the sale of which is matter of record, the stamp should be affixed to the deed-conveyance, and made a part of the record. Pay-rolls should require stamps attached to cover their amount, and be subject to Governmental inspection.

The law enforcing such a system as that proposed, in common with others, would be liable to evasion; but, with the espionage of the Government, the penalties inflicted by the law, and the watchfulness of the obedient tax-payer in his own interest against violation, in order to keep down the general rate, the amount of evasion would hardly be great enough to characterize a serious objection to an equitable, universal and minimized taxation.

CHAS. C. ANDERSON.

RICHMOND, VA.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

The question of inter-oceanic communication, across the narrow neck of land which connects the North and South American continents, is one that has commanded attention since the discovery of the Western World. Indeed, it was the first question which that discovery suggested for solution, for this narrow neck of land is the only, but effectual barrier, which interposed to prevent the realization of Columbus' theory that the East Indies might be reached by sailing westward from Europe.

When the fact was at last forced upon men's minds that there was *not* a passage provided by nature, the more intelligent and far-seeing at once suggested the idea of an artificial channel. Even Balboa and Cortez touched upon it, and the project was definitely urged upon Philip II. by Gomara, the Spaniard, in 1556, but there was not in Spain the energy and ability to grasp so vast an undertaking. For a long time afterward there was no thought of an inter-oceanic canal, until Humboldt awakened new interest in the subject, and indicated the Valley of the Aratro and the Isthmus of Darien, as points where, in his opinion, examinations should first be made.

In 1825 Nicaragua invited the co-operation of the United States in the construction of a canal by way of Lake Nicaragua and the river San Juan, but with no satisfactory results. In the course of the following years, many other attempts were made, and all possible routes, methods and plans were examined and discussed, but nothing came of them until 1879, when an International Congress convened, in Paris to determine the location of an inter-oceanic canal across the American Isthmus. The merits of the Nicaragua route were ably advocated by the delegates from the United States Government, Admiral Daniel Ammen and engineer Menocal, and by other engineers of high repute.

This convention, however, was thoroughly under the control of De Lesseps as to committees, and largely so as to the body of the congress, and, therefore, against the earnest protest of

the ablest engineers; in the world, the scheme of a sea-level canal at Panama was approved.

The honesty of the motives of De Lesseps can hardly be questioned, and his persistent obstinacy and willful blindness can only be attributed to a strange fatuity such as sometimes dominates a great man. Flushed with the success of Suez, he would listen to no arguments or objections; *that* had been called impossible, and *this* would be an equally brilliant triumph and vindication for him, and bring great money returns to all who believed in and supported him. How far these expectations have been realized is well known. In 1888, when it was claimed that the canal would be in operation, \$250,000,000 had been expended in actual work on the Isthmus, work was abandoned for want of money, and the company suspended with the enormous liabilities of \$422,000,000.

In February, 1889, the Congress of the United States granted to Frederick Billings and his associates, as incorporators, a charter under the name of the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua and Costa Rica, with a capital of \$100,000,000, and the right and authority to increase the same to \$200,000,000. Important rights and concessions have been obtained from the Governments and ratified by the Congresses of Nicaragua and Costa Rica, which have a common boundary for some distance in the San Juan River. These include all privileges for the canal and a railroad, ten miles of which are now in actual service, and telegraph line along its route; also land grants amounting to a million and a quarter acres, mostly on the line of the canal. In June, 1889, the company established permanent headquarters at San Juan del Norte (Greytown), erected large storehouses, hospitals, dwellings, and other buildings, and the work of construction has been vigorously pushed. The course of the canal is to be from Greytown on the Atlantic to Brito on the Pacific, a total distance of 169.67 miles, of which 140.78 miles are free navigation and 28.89 actual excavation and construction. At the highest point of the route is the great inland sea, Lake Nicaragua, providing a vast water supply at the summit level, and obviating by its size as a reservoir those destructive freshets, such as characterize the Chagres River, which have been one of the greatest difficulties at Panama. This lake is very deep and affords free navigation to the largest ships for 56.50 miles of the course; it is only fifteen

miles from the Pacific, but, singularly, has only one outlet, the San Juan River, which empties into the Atlantic.

To the west of the lake a cut of eight and one-half miles carries the canal to the Tolo basin, where, by damming the Rio Grande River, five miles of free navigation are secured at the altitude of the lake, 110 feet above the sea level. At this dam two locks lower the level 85 feet, and the canal continues in excavation down the valley of the Rio Grande for two miles to the last lock, a tidal one of 30 feet lift, below which it enters the upper part of the harbor of Brito, one and a half miles from the Pacific. The eastern course follows the San Juan for 64 miles, then continues for 12.73 miles through the San Francisco and Machado basins, a rock-cut of three miles, and the Deseado basin four miles—the required depth of water and the level of the lake being maintained for this entire distance by means of dams and embankments. Then by a series of three locks, the canal is brought down to the sea-level, and after 12.37 miles of soft excavation, reaches the Atlantic at Greytown. The estimated cost for building and equipping the canal is \$100,000,000. The commercial value and far-reaching results of this great enterprise almost exceed the limits of thought. The natural growth and development of the Pacific States and Territories will furnish thousands of tons of traffic to the canal for the hundreds that exist under present conditions. The lumber trade of Oregon and Washington presents the most notable development of any line of commerce that can be cited. In 1886 the total shipment was 6,000,000 cubic feet; in 1887 it amounted to 48,000,000 feet; the amount cut in 1888 is estimated at 706,985,000 feet, and its value at \$7,750,000. The shipments abroad of lumber from Puget Sound were valued at over \$5,000,000. It is estimated that the forests of Washington contain not less than 175,000,000,000 feet of uncut yellow and red fir, and the timber field of Oregon is 25,000 square miles, a quarter of the superficial area of the State. Lumbermen of Washington estimate that the opening of the Nicaragua canal will add \$2 to the value of every thousand feet of lumber standing around Puget Sound, and the same is true of the still larger timber fields of the Alaskan Archipelago, the estimate being based on cheap transportation, for the cost of ocean transportation as compared to railroad is as one and one-half to ten.

Another important feature is yet to be mentioned. The opening of the canal will practically make our coast line continuous from Maine to Alaska, and our coasting trade will thereby receive an impetus that can hardly be overestimated. It already amounts to over 500,000 tons per annum between our Atlantic and Gulf ports and Central America and Columbia. Steamers, built for the purpose, trade along the shores of the Caribbean Sea, exchanging our articles of commerce for the products of the tropics; but the best harbors and the richest districts and most valuable products of these neighbors of ours, are on the Pacific side, where our vessels cannot reach them, so they fall to the British and other steamers that ply on the west coast, and the trade goes to Europe.

The products of Nicaragua are numerous and valuable, although the resources of the country are as yet almost entirely undeveloped. In the hilly region of the northwest coffee is grown in large quantities. Brazil wood grows in abundance in the forests, and plantations of sugar, indigo and cacao abound everywhere between the lakes and the Pacific. The Chantoles region, east of the lake, is a grazing country, supporting thousands of cattle. Farther east are the gold and silver mining districts of La Libertad, Juigalpa, and others not so well known. The dense forests which cover portions of the country are rich in rubber, cedar, mahogany, and dye-woods, and trees and plants too numerous to mention, of medical and commercial value.

In its climatic features Nicaragua is exceptionally favored. Lying between the elevated mountain masses of Costa Rica on the south and of Honduras on the north, the average elevation of its own mountains is hardly 1,000 feet; it is thus the natural thoroughfare of the northeast "trades," which rush in from the Caribbean sea, sweep across the eastern slopes, break the surface of its lakes into sparkling waves, and then disappear over the Western hills, aerating, cooling and purifying the entire country, destroying all germs of disease, and making Nicaragua the healthiest region in Central America. The scenery of the eastern portion of Nicaragua is of the luxuriance peculiar to all tropical countries. In the vicinity of the lakes and between them and the Pacific, the isolated mountain peaks, which bound the plain of Leon on the northeast, the mountain island of Ometepe and Madera, in Lake Nicaragua,

the towering masses of the Costa Rican volcanoes, and the distant blue mountains of Segovia and Matagalpa, seen across the sparkling waters of the lakes, charm the eye with scenic beauties unsurpassed in grandeur, variety and richness of coloring in any other country.

In shape Nicaragua is an irregular quadrilateral. Its longest side extends from the Gulf of Fonseca northeasterly to Cape Gracias a Dios, 290 miles. From Cape Gracias a Dios south to the mouth of the Rio San Juan, the Caribbean coast line is 250 miles long; thence nearly due west across the Isthmus to Salinas Bay, on the Pacific, is 120 miles. The Pacific coast line, extending northwest, is 160 miles long. The area of the country is 51,600 square miles. In point of size it stands first among the Central American Republics. Between the lakes Managua and Nicaragua and the Pacific is a narrow strip of land, from thirty to twelve miles in width, stretching from the magnificent plain which surrounds the cathedral city of Leon, in the north, to the rolling fields of indigo and maize and the cacao plantations which environ the garden city of Rivas, in the south. The beauty, fertility and salubrity of this region is beyond praise; its undulating surface becomes hilly near the Pacific and within a few miles of the ocean breaks into the coast range, from five to twelve hundred feet in height. Looking from the summit of one of the western hills, the garden of Central America, containing the city of Rivas and a half dozen small towns and villages bowered in orange groves and palms, and surrounded by plantations of sugar, indigo and cacao, lies spread below.

When the Nicaragua canal is built it will stand at the gateway of commerce on the Western Continent, as Suez does in the East, to take toll of more than one-half of the commerce of the world. It will reduce the water distance from New York to the Pacific ports, now 13,000 to 14,000 miles, to 4,500 to 5,500 miles; the distance from Europe to Japan by 3,000 miles; and, besides this saving of mileage, it lies directly in the path of the great belt of steady trade-winds, which will carry a ship all most all the way from Europe to Japan without tempest or calm. The whole work preliminary to the actual digging of the ditch is accomplished. The space of two years will be occupied in the dredging through the eastern delta, but as the work of construction is being pressed for-

ward with the greatest energy, there is but little doubt that the canal will be an accomplished fact long before the time mentioned in the concession has expired.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

FREDERIC MYNON COOPER.

THE DOVE'S DOG.

A dove in broken flight, dropped at my window, crying—
 A timid, hunted thing,
 With shattered foot and wing
 Not white, as doves are white, like clouds in summer flying,
 But white with pain of sighing for the spring.

I placed it in my cote, that it might mate another:
 Poor dove! an endless ban
 Of twittered scorn began.

Alas! that one bird's note an envious bird may smother,
 And one dove hate its brother, like a man.

A Dog—a currish beast—not even worth the killing—
 Unfit for hunt or guard,
 Crawled feebly through the yard,
 And made his beggar-feast on crusts bestowed unwilling—
 Though ice-crusts were less chilling and less hard.

And lo! the two were twin; dumb feeling came to alter
 The rough, unsightly stump,
 And show the lean breast plump.
 Pain's kinship made them kin—where love would halt or falter—
 And Caliban loved Walter for his hump.

Death found the dog's retreat; and we the burial aided;
 A service short and terse—
 A shovel for a hearse—

A pauper's winding sheet—some brown earth thinly spaded;
 Ah! life may be degraded—death is worse.

The second morning, when soft bread-crumbs we were heaping,
 The white dove came not near;
 So searching by the mere,
 We found it, Oh, you men, with loves in confined keeping,
 That dove would shame your weeping at the bier.

There, where the dog lay dead, we found the dead dove staying—
 The buried heart caressed
 By the still friendly breast—
 Its maimed white wing outspread, so like an angel praying
 It must have died in saying, "Dead one, rest!"

JOHN W. O'KEEFE.

SNARING DEMON AND ANGEL.

(A Photographic History.)

By E. D. WALKER.

"And how then was the Devil dressed?
Oh he was dressed in his very best,
With a saintly robe and a pate that shone
With cool delight in a red hot sun."

"When many a day had come and fled,
When grief was calm and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmenie's soul had been sung,
When the bedesmen had prayed and the dead-bell rung.
Late, late in the gloaming, when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the western hill,
When the ingle lowed with an airy lome,
Late, late in the gloaming, Kilmenie came home."

"This little one is the rarest photograph of all, and the one I promised you — of the Devil. It was pretty expensive too But those Moslems are such rascally fanatics that I prided myself on doing what they would have killed me for a thousand times."

"It looks as if it might be the inner shrine of Mecca;" I ventured.

"The same; you are good at guessing."

"Not the apple of Islaam's eye!"

"It's a crab apple, like their bitter progenitors of your pippins."

"But where is the Devil? I'm curious to gaze on his physiognomy."

"He's in the apple."

"Tell me what you mean, and how you did it, Dan."

Dan Evarts had just returned from a long travel. As boys we had both caught the amateur photography fever and our many tours together in search of attractive subjects had cemented us closer than brothers. We both preferred this style of hunting to any other sport, not so much because of its harmlessness, as because of its prodigious range. With the all-seeing sun for ammunition, we could shoot every thing and there was no trouble of cooking or stuffing the game we bagged. We carried a menagerie of creatures, even mountains and rivers in our boxes. The eye of the camera preserved all the visions it beheld with us. Gradually the idea possessed us until it made a traveller of Dan and a nature-lover of me.

For three years he had been wandering through Asia as a special correspondent of a New York paper. Of course we had many yarns to spin, but they chiefly centered about our pet amusement and were illustrated with photographs. When you come to think of it, it is surprising how much one can do with a well-galloped hobby.

As I saw him off I had jocosely remarked, "now Dan you say you are going into some hot regions. If you find the Devil anywhere, bring me his picture, will you?" And Dan said he would.

He had shown me his Chinese and Hindoo spoil, and while we were going over the Arabian journey we came upon the subject of the above remarks. Dan answered my query by saying:

"You know a Mohammedan would rather be stabbed than photographed. Photography is the most abhorred of sacrileges. A camera is more terrible to him than a Gatling gun for two reasons. He believes it a violation of the second commandment, 'Thou shall not make any likeness,' or worst yet, it may create confusion on resurrection day. The angel of judgment may take the copy for the original and leave the man in limbo. Let a Moslem see you taking his picture and your last day is come."

"Well, just to spite the detestable Turks, who have served me many a mean trick, I vowed to do the interior of the mosque of Mecca."

"Wasn't it danger enough for you to go there and pass your Yankee effrontery for devout Mohammedanism?" I asked,

"I knew I could safely get there as Burton did, because I was at home in Arabic, had a good knowledge of the Koran and of the Mohammedan prayer book, and from India I had carried an Arabian name. The great risk was with my machine. Before I joined the caravan at Cairo I fixed the camera for the pilgrimage and covered it with date matting, packing the sides with the dried fruit. It easily passed among the pilgrims for a bundle of provisions. I properly performed all the Mussulman prayers and rites through the hot journey, and at last joined in the short 'Behold the birthplace of the prophet.'

"We passed between precipitous rocks into the main street of Mecca, and approached the Gateway of Salvation, as they call the principal entrance to the great temple. It is a magnificent structure surrounding a square open space with broad colonnades surmounted by one hundred and twenty domes on slender columns, and punctuated by seven minarets. In the center of the square unroofed interior is the famous Kaaba, the black stone which fell from heaven, in token of Mohammed's mission, and which every pilgrim kisses in order to make certain his entrance into Paradise. Before this we prostrated ourselves, with heads bared to the blistering sun, and gave prayers of thanksgiving.

"Between you and me it is only black basalt, like many a mountain near by. However I smelt of it, not desiring to catch the scurvy from it, and exclaimed in pious Arabic, 'In God's name, and God is greatest.' It is at an outside corner of a cubical stone building draped in black cloth with silver embroidery. This is the Moslem Holy of Holies. We went through the devotional gymnastics in Shaker style, walking seven times about the structure, four times slowly and three times at a trot. Few pilgrims enter the little Kaaba chamber, as it involves a heavy price and binds those who receive the mark of the place not to wear sandals, or to touch fire, and not to lie. The last oath particularly is a rare luxury for a Mohammedan, but some of the saintliest seek these vows. The fellow who does this must be pulled up into the high entrance through which all the light and air of the room comes, and then put through a special ceremony.

"While the crowd was thickly clustered about this little spot, I devoutly selected a choice position in one corner of

the enclosure, and in a moment the edifice and all the thousands of its pilgrims with the Kaaba in the center, were inside of my lens on a six by four plate. But that moment was enough for one keen old villain to catch the gleam of the glass and spot me. It was a very peculiar coincidence.

"Just after I covered my case and was congratulating myself on the exploit, there was a great commotion near the Kaaba. The priests were shouting 'catch the desecrator,' but no one seemed to notice me. Presently the excitement moved across the enclosure, following a certain wicked-visaged sinner with a crooked nose. He seemed a witch-hunter. With a sly bare-footed tread he came toward me, and pointed me out in rasping tones, saying:

'Here is the black magician who seeks to harm the Holy Temple.'

"There was an ominous surging of the throng toward me, and I began to shiver. If he could prove my act I knew they would tear me to pieces. So I denied the allegation and recited a prayer in proof of my good orthodoxy. Still he was unappeased, and asked me in fiery tones what that conjuror's trap of mine was. I coolly unwrapped one side of the bundle and showed him and all of them the dates.

"'Infidel, I saw light flash from an evil eye. Thou art a wizard,' said he savagely. Immediately the mass of hotheaded heathens prepared to pummel me. Their knives were drawn from their sheathes.

"'Nay, brother,' replied I suavely, making a sacred sign of Islaam. 'Thy falcon sight must have seen this,' and I slipped out a round pocket mirror. 'These dates seek the blessing of the Prophet's cradle to nourish the soul of my aged father. May the name of Allah fill the earth!' Then I repeated a long prayer for the pilgrims, in meek serenity.

"The other worshipers said that I was a saint, and when I looked around the old rascal had sneaked off. Then the attention of the crowd was turned again to the outcry of the priests that some of the gold embroidery of the Kaaba interior had been carried away, and every one was in excitement over it. That saved me. You may believe that I quickly concealed that date bag in my chamber.

"I didn't print the photograph until I was alone in my tent on the way from Mecca; and what do you suppose it was?

That is it. Look and see. Do you notice that crook-nosed heathen standing in the little cubical building?"

Closely examining it, I saw him.

"That is my accuser—the devil. You see he holds something in his hand. Try your magnifier on it."

"It looks like a fancy ornament, but I can't make out its nature," I replied.

"It is gold embroidery. It happened that my camera went off just at the instant to catch him in the act of seizing the precious relic whose robbery had raised a howl through all Mecca. He was a dealer in Mohammedan relics, and had gone in there to take the vow which would establish his veracity. He attempted to defray the fee expenses by cutting out a choice memento, while the priests were too busy to see him. As he hid it in his robe he saw my lens, and diverted the attention of the multitude from himself by starting the riot which threatened to dissect me.

"While we lingered just beyond three whitewashed stones, a few miles from the holy city, which are called the three devils, because of evil legends attaching to them, and at which all good Mohammedans cast seven pebbles from the neighboring brook, I delayed with my dates to catch the picturesque scenery around them. I had just found a corner hidden from the caravan, when who should come along but this wretch with a comrade. I had heard this fellow taunting him with suspicions concerning the golden cloth of the Kaaba, and had seen dangerous daggers shoot from the culprit's eyes. I slid into a deeper shadow, and presently the crook nose drew a knife and stabbed his accuser to the heart.

"There's more truth in the devil's presence here than I thought," mused I. "It isn't every day you can catch him so handily. So I turned the camera on him for a moment, locked him safely within, and watched. The villainous saint buried his victim with a pile of stones, and sauntered back to his tent, relieved of a disagreeable neighbor.

"Afterward I met him in Cairo. He was peddling sacred relics, and tried to swindle me with a story about the medicinal virtues of one of the hairs of Mohammed which he had just brought from Mecca. It grew on a camel. I had his second picture in my pocket, and pulling it out I held it up and said, Bismillah, thou liest, and thy soul shall never rise from death.

Moreover, thou art a desecrator and a murderer. When the resurrection angel comes to thy grave I will show him this and say: 'See, he is mine already!'

"The horrified old sinner gazed upon his visage with glaring frenzy. He tried to seize the damning image, and as I dodged the knife he threw, he shrieked, 'He is indeed Satan's slave as I suspected. Slay him, ye faithful!'

"As I ran I slipped the photograph in the lining of my hat. They carried me to an official, demanding that I be burned as an infamous wizard. But they couldn't find the picture, and I called for the consul, who knows me and my habits. I insisted upon a trial, saying I was truly a magician, and would show the relic dealer to be the devil himself. The photographs proved my charges against him of violating the Kaaba and of murder and the association of him with the rock of Satan convinced them that he was the proprietor of that territory. I believe he was executed soon after. But if it hadn't been for the consul I would have been done for, too, because of the photographs which endangered the resurrection of so many pilgrims. As it was, I had to leave Cairo by night on a special train.

"So you see I have kept my promise."

That was Dan's story, which called out mine. I wouldn't give it abroad if he hadn't urged me to, saying it was the strangest he ever heard and ought to be recorded.

"It is a great feat, Dan, to steal the keystone of Islaam, and I'm proud of your achievement," said I, and truly, for Dan is my hero, and I think he will photograph the North Pole yet. "But I think I have a rarer picture even than that, though there is not much prowess connected with it. It was one of those mysterious fortunes that some call accident. Did you ever photograph an angel?"

Dan looked keenly at me, then smiled. "No, there aren't any where I have been."

"It came about in this way," I explained. "I was studying celestial photography. You know a camera with a telescope attachment and delicate chemicals will find many stars and nebulae that are not down on the charts.

"Well, I was climbing a mountain up in the center of the state for a clearer atmosphere, and just before sunset I observed a small cottage nestling against the spruce forest. A few acres were cleared below it to pasture some sheep and cows, and to

make a small farm. Something about the simplicity of the spot drew me to it, though it was remote from any village,—a home in the mountain wilderness. The straight column of blue from its chimney calmly ascended the sky signalled an extraordinary peace to me. But I didn't think of that. You know how acquaintance with country people chases the poetry from such ideas. I merely noted the place as a convenient couch for the night.

"When I had filled my slides with the contents of the gap in Orion, I boxed all but the last one, that remaining in the camera, and trudged toward the light of that cottage. I don't know when I've been so impressed with the sense of snugness in a harbor. You have doubtless felt the pull of a grand mountain lifting you up into its embrace.

"As I neared the house a collie gave warning and came to meet me. At his bark the door opened and a bushy faced Scotchman stood there awaiting me, with a candle in his hand, his wife leaning upon his shoulder. When he saw me distinctly he said, 'It's but a stranger, Jane.' Jane turned as if disappointed and sat down, while I entered at the man's invitation and asked for a bed.

"What think ye, Jane? There's na chamber save Kilmenie,' said the good man, yielding the decision to his wife."

"Well, Kilmenie canna say nay, Tom. Give it to'm. Donna ye ken she's gaed hame noo?'"

"I canna help feelin' she's aboot. An' why sat ye the can'le in the wayside window, gien ye thought na the like."

"For the wayfarer that longed for rest like her. An' mayhap some day the coomer wod bring's tidin's o' her. Cam' ye fra aboo, sir?"

"This addressed to me. 'You are on top of the mountain here, madam; I said; what do you mean?'"

"There's muckle higher climbin' than this, sir. Oor Kilmenie's gane up't. Gien ye cam doon ye micht ha' spied the dear."

"I don't know what came over me, but I answered half fancifully, half by a strange impulse, 'I have an eye here that finds unseen stars. Perhaps it might see her.'" They looked at me incredulously and I was ashamed of my boldness.

"Jane replied, 'Ay, but mon nanna tak her ohn he clim her gait.'

"They were a quaint couple, this Thomas Lang and his Janet. As I talked with them that evening I learned that they had chosen their home from its wild resemblance to their native highlands in the old country, bringing their child Kilmenie and the collie Davie with them. It was not until the next day that I obtained from the hired man, James, the story of Kilmenie's strange disappearance several months before. He said that the most thorough searching of all the woods and wells gave no clue to the mystery. The farmers concluded that she was drowned in the neighboring lake during a somnambulistic fit, for she had often been seen wandering about abstractedly, oblivious of all surroundings. Janet, who was the master of the house, simply said: 'She was an angel that bided wi's awhile, but one gowd sunset paved her way to the gowden gates and she gaed through.'

"They showed me a small attic room with one window in the roof, where I took my precious camera to sleep with me. The furniture was only a little chest, a tiny mirror, a rocking chair and a primitive melodeon, beside the bed. I couldn't resist trying the melodeon, as it was open and the seat in place as if some one had just left it. To my surprise it was in excellent order, though of weak tone. In fact I got to quietly dreaming over it from Mozart to Mendelssohn and then to Beethoven and off on a reverie whose meaning I could not fathom, but it was something as delicious and airy as the pine aroma filling the place. I was aroused from it by the barking of Davie; not the agonizing howl of a dog tortured by vibrations too complex for his ear, but a glad welcoming bark. He scratched at the door too and whined when I wouldn't let him in, but Mr. Lang called him down and I went to bed.

"The moment I woke I saw that I had thoughtlessly left the slide of the camera open and spoiled the last plate of the previous evening. I took it out and was going to wash it off but holding it up to the light the picture of the wall and chair which faced the lens all the night and morning contained also a faint human form.

"Carefully I developed and printed it, but in handling it with over caution as I lifted the glass from the paper it slipped and was scattered on the floor. However I had an impression. the form was of a maiden. She was fair and delicate as a child, with flowing hair and white garments, but with a strong

and mature expression that showed a perfect poise of her beauty. I had never seen such a charming creature and wondered how the camera had seen it. Then the scientific habit came over me.

"I observed that the window in the roof carried the light precisely at the angle to catch the chair to best advantage. But how about the occupant of the chair? Examining the floor, I found that under the rockers it was somewhat worn, as if that had been a favorite spot for someone. I knew that the sun's magic leaves on the nearest screen an invisible picture of everything it sees. Was it possible that a person sitting there day after day might enable the light to impress on the wall an undiscernible composite which the hyper-sensitive vision of the camera detected when my eyes were unequal to it? I would show the picture to Lang and his wife and that might decide it.

"At the breakfast table Janet said to her husband, 'Tom, had ye ony dream i' the night?'

"Nane save o' Kilmenie's coomin' "

"'Ca' ye that nane, Tom?'

"'I thocht it but the pictoor o' my desire.' "

"'Ay, but las' night I saw the lass clairer than ever. Davie saw her too, I ken by his yelpin' o' joy. Think ye dowgs have veesions?'

This was my opportunity. Taking the photograph from my coat I handed it to Janet.

"Ye ha' made a pictoor o' her chair, sir. But o' what boon is the seat lackin' the sitter?'

"'Do you not see her there?' I asked.

"'I wood wi' o' my heart, but there's naught, save the rocker.' "

"I looked at it myself and, surely enough, there was nothing more. The angel's face had faded away.

"'But there was a girl's face there when I printed it. Tell me how your daughter looked.' "

"'She was fairer than a' the daughters o' men and purer than the mountain brook. When the win' played wi' her lang hair ye'd ha' clept her a wood sperrit an' I dooted but it micht soom da' bear her awa'; so fool she was wi' heavenly thought. An' oft her face shone like the three on the mountain wi' the Lord o' licht, as gien she beheld mair than she cood speak. She wasna' muckle help o' washin' dishes, but the coos and

sheep looved her like the fairy she was. Her milk pail wasna' tippit and spilt even by black Kittie who aye poots her foot in't gin anyone else milks her. An' Davie couldna' rest till she was by.'

"As his name was spoken the dog barked his assent.

"'Poor Davie misses her sair like Tam and me.'"

"Again he barked his sorrow.

"'Hoo can a man wi' wit say a dowg has na sowl. He worshipped the lass as a saint wad his maister. I dawdna send her for the coos after dark lest some brownies tak her. But Tam, dootin' a', bade her get them one fine evenin' and she jist gaed to the lan' o' the leal, that flows wi' milk and honey.'

"This might fit the maiden whom I had seen and whom I could not forget like the photograph. But then the print couldn't be expected to hold so delicate a vision as fast as a wooden chair.

"After breakfast the chairs were pushed back from the table and Janet handed Thomas the Bible, from which he read the morning lesson. It was one of those routine geneological chapters that a course reading often must plough through, in the Pentateuch. But the sturdy grit of the clansman was bound to find nurture in it, and found it as he read:

"And Enoch lived sixty and five years and begot Methusaleh, and all the days of Enoch were three hundred and sixty-five years. And Enoch walked with God, and he was not: for God took him."

"Then he knelt and the hired man and I did the same, while Janet covered her eyes and prayed for us in a singular language that I still remember:

"'Good mornin', Father in Hav'n. We're at thy feet to seek na' blessin' save to gang wi' Thee oop and oop beyon' clouds till we fin' the way o' Enoch like oor Kilmenie. Yemaun ha' looved the lass muckle to tak her so close. Winna ye let her ken we lang for her mair than the coos and collie, mair than the angels who guidit her. Gien it wadna be speirin too muckle, we'd wish her back a wee bit when she's rested. Ony-way keep's in thy gait so we'll overtake her and her maister and Thee at hame. Amen.'

"I couldn't help lingering there several days—to study celestial photography, you know. I focused that spot on the wall several times, but for some reason I couldn't get anything

but the chair and plaster. Either the best collodion was too weak a sensitive, or the nitrate was too strong a wash, or the melodeon may have changed the atmosphere. Janet moved it out the second day, saying frankly that my music was not like Kilmenie's.

"When my vacation closed and I had to return to work for a year that face haunted me.

"I have seen more beautiful faces. But it is the inner symmetry and grace which shine through her energies in every circumstance that illumine her thought and beautify her actions like a censer encased in crystal.

"I could have sworn, while I was studying, particularly at music, she was with me. I could not refrain from writing to Thomas and Janet about it and from them both I had very quaint and hearty letters.

"When the time came for my next year's outing of course I accepted their invitation for a visit. They welcomed me as cordially as Davie did. I asked Janet if I might use the melodeon in Kilmenie's room, saying I had a special reason for it, and with Scotch discernment she answered.

"I was daft to take it awa'. Ye'll fin' it there open for ye and mayhap the music'll build a Jacob's ladder which ye can clim and bring her doon.'

"As I wandered about, Collie Davie always accompanied me after his chores were done. Whenever I played the melodeon he lay in a meditative mood near me. Sometimes his eyes moved slowly about the room in a queer fashion as if tracing some object, and every night he would jump up barking at one strain in a certain Schubert movement of peculiar elevation,—one that ought'nt to vex his tympanum near as much as several other passages that he ignored. But dogs are strange people, you know, especially collies.

"One evening I photographed the rising moon as it gazed through the pines. When printed there appeared a figure standing beside one of the trees; for all the world like the airy nymph of the grove watching my performance with a smile at my obtuseness. It was the same sweet face looking full in mine. That is the photograph I was going to show you, as it hasn't faded like the other."

Thereupon I took it from an inner pocket case and handed it to Dan, adding "You may not see the features clearly. Very

few do. In fact I never found anyone except Janet who truly saw them, though several have pretended to. But they are perfectly distinct to me, and she confessed afterward that she was standing there at the time."

"I only see a misty shrub beside that largest tree. Perhaps your eye pours some chemical over it. But it is a fine picture of the moon," said Dan.

"Well, it used to come and go with me too, but now it shines like a beacon. Perhaps it will appear to you as I tell the rest.

"You may be sure that Davie and I went to those pines every evening after that. About a week later we were going toward the full moon and my eyes were dimmed by the brilliancy of the huge silver mirror so that I did not notice the dog run on ahead of me. Presently he was barking and jumping off at some distance and as I approached him there seemed to be someone with him. Gradually the shape became more substantial, and in a few steps my soul went out to hers as our eyes met, and as, with devout aspiration my hand touched her soft warm fingers.

"I think I died then. Is it not death to forget the world and time and space, to awake in the heaven of love-thoughts, to live on a cloud level, touching the mountain tops, and ever since I have to rub my eyes occasionally to be sure I am not dreaming. It is like a reverie of music, like a tropical river voyage.

"Do not think I am going to tell you how I won her. I couldn't if I would, for I used no persuasion, and I can't understand how a gross material chap like me could attract a seaphic spirit to re-enter the island prison of earth, once having escaped. I think that it must be that we were both tuned to the same chord, and in all the music of the spheres she missed that companion note. She told me so once but I couldn't believe it. Somehow that melodeon opened a door between us, and she came back from the majority to join the lower corps of the orchestra with me.

"I took her by the hand and Collie ran ahead announcing us to Tam and Janet. Even the dog seemed clarified from his lower propensities, for as we went through the stretch of pasture near the house, we came upon a woodchuck some distance from his hold. Collie started to bound for it and then hung

his ears and turned back to us though neither said a word.

"Thomas burst into an interrogation from Hogg's poem which had suggested the name of the child 'as pure as pure could be.'

'Kilmenie, Kilmenie, where have ye been,
Long hae we sought both hold and den,
By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree,
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where got ye that joup o' the lily sheen
That bonny snood o' the birk sae green,
And these roses, the fairest that ever was seen ;
Kilmenie, Kilmenie, where have ye been?'

" 'I dinna ken, father dear,' she answered.

" 'It was impossible for her to give any account of herself except in the glowing expression on her face, that told of experiences happy and golden, though unremembered. But Janet's intimation told her the nature of Kilmenie's wandering and she summed it for herself by saying:

" 'She's been, Tam, where the dootin' fingers and fist winna gang. See ye na by the gleemer o' her coontenance she's ascendit wi' Moses and Elijah and Enoch and the innoomerable company o' the elect ?'

" 'It was not until the next day that I ventured to kiss her, each kiss seemed a touch of the humming bird, initiating me into higher chambers of thought than all the philosophies.

" 'We were married in the grove by an old fellow-countryman of Thomas, Dominie Andrews, near an altar-shaped stone covered with moss.

" 'On the way a silvery cloud overtook us, and passing overhead, its pearl color shifted to purple and a few drops were sprinkled upon us.

" 'Thomas took it as a bad omen and quietly said to himself, 'Here be tears for them that's wed to-day, and separation soon.'

" 'But I flouted the superstition, saying, 'No, father, 'tis the baptismal blessing of the skies.'

" 'Our honeymoon was spent among those hills, often I brought my Kilmenie here as the priceless pearl of all the Indies.

" 'Some months ago I was taken sick. They said I had fever. I must have been frightfully crazy, for in all that

strange wandering I seemed to be fighting, scrambling, working to get into a castle where some one had hidden Kilmenie. Once she made the night lustrous by coming to one of the windows, speaking my name, and pointing to an open door at the base near me, through which I might reach her. I plunged up the stairs and was crossing a narrow ledge on the roof when my foot slipped and I fell down, down; it seemed a bottomless ravine.

"Painfully I pulled myself together, and looking up I saw the castle, a tiny, distant thing on the high cliff above me. Still it cast toward me a light whose meaning I well knew. Then came a far call, 'Dear Love, I am coming,' sounding as the sea. Swiftly the light neared me and soon Kilmenie was clasping my neck. I tried to rise and climb with her, but something held me down, kept tugging like a shark to draw me below, away from the peaceful castle gardens on the cliff, and when I woke to consciousness and saw the sick chamber about me, there was still that sense of oppression holding me from the way I would go.

"They told me I was recovering from a long illness. It seemed an infinite moment to me.

"'Where is my Kilmenie?' I asked.

"'You must not see her now,' they said, 'wait till you are stronger,' and no persuasion could induce them to grant what I longed for as the desert flower thirsts for dew.

"After several days, when I kept entreating for Kilmenie, they said, 'We have waited until you were able to bear it. During your dementia she gradually pined away, following your decline. At one time you were so low that the doctor said 'He is gone.' Then Kilmenie put her arms about your neck and with the words 'I am coming,' she died. But the doctor was mistaken. Slowly you have recovered, but Kilmenie was buried two weeks ago.'

"'Then why did the doctor bring me back? But they could not bury Kilmenie. Will you open the door and see if she is not waiting to come in?' and my whole soul went forth in an appeal for her.

"To gratify my whim, the nurse opened the door and then closed it, saying 'She is not there, sir'.

"'Yes; here she comes', I answered, as she walked up to my bed and kissed me with a touch of unspeakable calm.

"I observed that her lips were soft as air, but she always was very gentle. And as she went out somehow the closed door did not move. But I cared not. I was rested from all that journey and I fell into sweet sleep, dreaming that she was going with me up the precipice and it was a beautiful road, but easier to her light feet than to mine.

"They tried to make me think that Kilmenie was dead, even showing me her tomb. Some people say so to this day, and that I see visions. I admit that she always wears one dress, but it is spun from silk that doesn't wear out; and never consumes any food at the table, but she obtains a finer nutrition than I have; and makes no noise going about, but the mightiest things are noiseless, you know. She never gets tired and is always at hand when I earnestly desire her. Let me introduce you to her. Her she comes.

"'Kilmenie, this is my old friend, Dan Evarts, the traveler.'"

Dan stood up and looked around but appeared to see nothing.

"Here she is, Dan, standing by me."

Dan moved toward me, held out his hand and bowed, but his hand was nowhere near her.

"Are you blind too, Dan?" I asked.

"I'm afraid I am to what you see," he replied.

"Well now, scientifically, I'll prove your defect. I will photograph her before you. Kilmenie, will you please stand over there by the wall while I try this camera."

While I was fastening the sensitive plate, Kilmenie rubbed it with her hand. I thought, she was spoiling it, but she whispered slyly "My wash is the best." Dan was sightless of her motion, like an owl in mid-day. Even as she posed he saw only air.

I developed it with her help and the print was a perfect likeness, glowing with her radiant beauty. Holding it to him I said "Now, Skeptic can you not see as well as a glass lens?"

"Heavens, Ned, she is there! An angel as you say! I am a bat."

Then taking up the picture I first showed him he exclaimed, "And I see her here now, the same face and form and all. Will you ask her to forgive my dullness. You are a Magician. Why don't you exhibit and get rich. I see why you shake

your head. She has melted away from both now. Some film must be added, or rather removed, by the viewers to bring out the true picture. There she shines in them again! Well, Ned old man, put this down as beating the experience of a circumnavigator, and I'll swear to it."

And that is the reason I have told the interview.

Late of THE COSMOPOLITAN.

E. D. WALKER,

"FROUGH DE SOUF."

HOW A PUPPY AND A ROOSTER BROUGHT ON A DRAUGHT.
LURAY CAVERN.

"Mammy" always objected to being called fat.

She said herself that she was "full;" and there were times when no one could doubt that she was right.

Sometimes, indeed, she admitted under protest that she was stout; but it was very evident when she was fishing for a compliment in the way of a disclaimer from somebody else; and those who wanted to secure her favor, on occasion, were never so sure of it as when they told her that she was plump, perhaps, but that no one would dream of calling her stout—and as for *fat*—no one but a lunatic would suggest such a word to describe a woman of her fine build.

Still, there were those who differed from this vain.

The vast expanse of Mammy's figure as she ambled about the yard or stopped to laugh, in her jolly way, suggested an adiposity which could be described by no other word in our language so well as by the little one of three letters which she so disliked.

Her laugh bordered so strongly on the oleaginous that it usually seemed to lubricate the muscles of humor in even the most profound pessimist who heard her.

She was a never failing source of entertainment and good humor in our own party, and there were reasons to believe that she furnished no small amount of entertainment to others as well.

She furnished much of that spice of existence — the unexpected.

One day, shortly before we started on our journey in which

she was to pilot us "frough de souf," she waddled in with this information.

"Idon' reckon y' alls knows hit but dey ain' gwine ter be no mo' rain befo' de fuss Cheusday er nex' mont."

"For heaven's sake, mammy, how did you find that out?" asked Ben.

"Easy nuf. De hyar (hair) on de puppy tail all fuzz de wrong way, an' one ob dem yaller roos'ers done make like he gwine ter cackle."

"And that always brings on a drouth, does it mammy?" inquired Ben satirically.

The old woman had nursed Ben when he was a baby "an' fotch him up all de way fum a little shaver," as she expressed it, and she was therefore, very quick to detect in his tones any latent desire to discredit her statements or to make fun of her "signs."

She bridled up, therefore, and replied with crushing dignity and unwonted discrimination.

"Mebby dey don' bring *on* no drout; but I notices dat de drout come erlong des 'bout de time dat dem two beases dus dat a way; dey ain' no two ways erbout dat."

"Oh, go along, mammy, you do make me tired," said Ben. "You've got a 'sign' for everything that happens and a sign for everything that don't happen."

Ben had no intention of dismissing mammy when he told her to "go along," and as the old woman knew this very well, she threw down the gauntlet for her sign without fear of rebuke or failure.

"Mebby I is, chile, mebby I is, don got mo signs dan de facs er de case er gwine ter bar out; but I'll des ergree fer ter drink de las drop er wattah dat fall twix dis an' nex' Chewsdays week."

And she could have done it. It was several weeks after this strangely produced dry spell that we all sat on the porch of a Virginia house, in the moonlight, and talked with our host of our plans for a visit to Lury Cavern, the following day.

We wished to go in an open carriage, the better to see the thirty miles of country over which we wished to travel by one route going and by another returning, for we were to start from this point, also, on another journey the following week, and had arranged to make this beautiful plantation our headquarters in the mean time.

We had found our host a mine of information about the interesting features of the Valley of Virginia, in which he and his father and grandfather, before him, had been honored residents on the same plantation, and had held the office of "Esquire" in the successive generations with entire satisfaction to the law-abiding portion of the community and to the terror of evil-doers.

Presently the form of Mammy appeared from around the end of the porch. She was on her way to the negro quarters.

"Mammy!" called out Ben.

The old woman waddled in front of the porch and with that inimitable "curchey," as she called it, of the olden time, said, "Yeas' suh!"

"I wish you would catch that pup out there and shave all the hair of his tail, and tie a rag over the head of all the roosters on the place to-night before you go to bed."

Our host looked up in puzzled surprise. Everybody else laughed.

"Ben, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Pattie, but she continued to laugh as she explained, in an aside, to our host.

"Befo' de good Lawd on high! Mos Ben, what I gwine ter do dat fer?" exclaimed Mammy. "What dat pup done do ter you, dat you gwine ter do him dat away? How I gwine ter ketch all dem chickens?"

"Lasso them," said Ben, with the most exasperating seriousness. "Lasso them. I'm not going to have any mistake about the weather to-morrow and have our trip to the Cave spoiled, just because some fool rooster takes a notion to fuzz the hair on his tail the wrong way and scare a meteorological pup 'till he cackles like a hen."

Mammy was furious. She understood at once, the attempt to throw discredit on her "sign." It made her all the more indignant because it was "'fo' company," as she was pleased to call any stranger.

Dignity and elaboration were her weapons at such a time. She drew herself up and replied. "I ain' bless wid de acquaintance er no hyarry (hairy) tail rooser, Mos' Ben; an' I don' know nuthin' erbout dis yer meetumlogicus pup; but dey one thing wat I notices—I notices dat nobody fotch me no rain wattah fer ter drink de time wat I told yo' alls dat.

"An wat I says den I sticks ter now; dey ain' gwine ter be no rain fer nine days arter dem two beases do dat away, meetumlogiens er no meetumlogiens," and Mammy waddled out of the gate in high dudgeon, talking to herself all the way to the "quarters" about having "fotch dat boy up an' now he gone an' ketch manners like dat erlong er livin' up Norfamox de rif-raf er creation an' mixin' wid Jap'-neesies at dat college. I des know hit guine ter be dat away. Hit bleegee ter be! Dey hain' no two ways—hit des bleegee ter be dat away!"

And the poor, loving, old soul shifted Ben's transgressions onto the shoulders of the only Japanese gentleman she ever saw, and whom, she learned with deep disgust, was a classmate of the boy she had "fotch up" with so much pride and care!

On the way to the cave the next day she was in the best of humors. Ben was wisely silent about her signs; and the weather was glorious, so we inferred that the puppy and the rooster had been duly circumspect, without undue attention from Mammy, and all went well.

It was a glorious drive over a country whose beauties are too well known and too widely sung to need one word from my pen.

Hanson who stands six feet three in his boots, and has the bearing of a Roman senator, sat on the front seat and dispensed wisdom to the party, until Pattie reduced him to a state of humility by calling him "Governor"; a title he had earned early in life by an incipient inclination to rule everybody and everything with an imperial sway.

Whenever he became unduly dictatorial or oracular some member of his family addressed him as "Gov." and it seldom failed to have the desired effect.

At the cave a party of ladies and gentlemen from Baltimore heard the title of derision, supposed Hanson to be—as he looked—some distinguished potentate traveling with his suite—and in the general desultory snatches of talk, as we rambled about in the cavern, they one and all addressed him as "Governor" and referred all matters of contest to him for decision.

Mammy was very angry when she heard it; later in the day.

She mistook it for presumption on the part of strangers. She was perfectly willing for us to guy each other; but she drew the line right there.

The rest of us greatly enjoyed the joke, and Hanson was as uncomfortable as a man could well be.

He did not care to explain to a lot of strangers the origin of his title, and he squirmed under the seeming imposition upon them if he did not explain. Ben fairly danced with delight when he saw these strangers pay the utmost attention and deference to our "Gov." whom we were badgering, so potent is the ensignia of power with the lion-seeking multitude.

They referred all questions to "the governor," and returned to Baltimore under the impression that they had spent the day gathering wisdom from a distinguished official, never once dreaming that they had addressed a dignified private citizen by a nickname used only by his intimates when they wished, as Ben expressed it, to "sit upon him!"

Mammy objected to going down into the cave.

"Lawsy, chile," said she, "I reckon I gwinter see all de inside ob de yeart (earth) dat I wantar arter I daid. I gwinter stay on top er de groun' whilse I kin, sho's yo' bawn.

"If dey anybody wantar go grophin 'roun in de bowels ob de yeart 'zamnin' (examining) de wuks ob de ole boy, dey kin; but hit sholy am de las' place dis chile gwinter take a intrus in.

"Sides dat, how I gwinter crope 'roun frough holes dat dey does say ain' no bigger dan a grow'n' hawg (hog) alley—an' me *full?*"

So mammy kept her "full" proportions on top of the earth, and the rest of us braved "the old boy" in his spacious limestone halls.

He had made splendid work of it.

A king's palace, a queen's boudoir, are not more gorgeous, nor a robber's cave more gruesome, than rooms to be found in this marvelous subterranean testimonial to nature's age and power.

Here was a fallen column, fluted and frilled, frescoed and festooned by the accretions of thousands of years.

Drop by drop the lime water fell, grain by grain the base was formed; ages upon ages left their trace of work, and still no column.

Then it began to grow. Drop by drop, grain upon grain, this mighty column formed, until it stood like a gigantic

monarch of the forest. Then it fell. No one can tell the why of its fall. The when can be computed only approximately. Its great body lies stretched on the floor of the cavern like the trunk of a mighty tree felled by a bolt from heaven.

But the drip, drip, drip of the lime water above went steadily on, until, standing on the prostrate form of this splendid fallen monarch stalagmite rests another whose base reaches back into the morning of the world and laughs to scorn the written history of its creation as the blundering babble of barbarians; the prattle of mental babes.

One feels very young, indeed, in the presence of such a veteran, and rather a creepy feeling comes on if left long alone in the company of a companion, whose growth has been so slow, is so imperceptible to the eye, yet who has achieved a stature and an age that defies computation in mere years, the reckoning to be done by thousands and grouped in periods!

The cavern was discovered by accident and was, for a long time, the property of a man whom the war had left too poor to develop it, or rather, to so arrange for the safety and entertainment of the public, that its wonders and beauties might be shared by those not adventurous enough to grope about by the uncertain light of a tallow candle, in endless passages, over bottomless pits, along slippery ledges, to nobody knew where, and to return, nobody knew how or when.

Now, there are many miles of plank walk laid where the footing had been precarious, either from the shelving nature of the rocks or because of their slippery surface.

Canyons are bridged over, dangerous places guarded, intelligent and experienced guides provided, and when I was there, seven miles of the cavern was illuminated by electricity and, at times, made gorgeous beyond description by calcium lights.

Every effort has been made to preserve the shapes and conditions in which the Cavern was found, and Nature is not sought to be improved upon; but rather to be exhibited, in safety, in her own unequaled freaks.

To one who has not seen this Cavern no idea can be given of it by word or picture for the simple reason that nothing on the outside of the earth can be used as an adequate illustration,

We may say that the folded and draped curtains of stone resemble the portiers dividing one room from another; but this really gives but little idea of the marvellous effect of stone drapery—many feet in length and spanning the archways of spacious and varied halls—so exquisitely adjusted, *and so thin*, that you may place your fingers behind or between the folds. and see through the stone the pink and rounded flesh!

Nor has Nature neglected to weave borders of deeper shades in her draperies of stone.

Bands of brown with bands of white here; frills of gray with an edge of blue there; the effect is intoxicating to the sense and paralyzing to the reason.

The roof of the "Bridal Chamber" is studded with brilliants that give back the electric light in all the tints and scintillations that cluster in an opal or flash from a diamond's polished facets when held against a velvet background. Yet this does not tell its beauty.

The organ pipes that simulate so well the part of the instrument for which they are named, give back the graded tones when struck and make one dream of gnomes and unnamed gruesome things that ordered this from Nature's factory and played upon it, strange sad tunes, when yet the world was young—and man was not.

All this, and more, I had been told before I saw the cavern.

I thought I had some basis upon which to form a conception of its wonders and its beauty; but if the world is stranger to a new born babe less comprehensible, more wonderful, than were these miles of cavern halls and brilliant views to me, then I do not wonder that the shock to light and sense is first received with tears.

Human companionship becomes a necessity here. The silence is so intense—the strangeness so awful. I would not like to be alone in these wonderful halls of nature; but it is a silent companion one wants; one capable of intelligent, enlightened sympathy, not the magpies who whistle the coming strains of music in your ears or explain, with full illustrations, the next act while sight and sense is filled with present scenes.

The little jests and flippant gibes of guides and visitors alike, seem strangely out of harmony with all the place; like

the jingle of a hand-organ breaking in on the subdued and distant strains of Loehngrin played softly by an orchestra.

I suppose it is not possible to build professional guides on the orchestra plan, however, and the magpie public is a pervasive bird with gold within its little claws to spend; and room within its little scull to let.

The particular magpie which attached itself to our party was an amusing bird—in its way.

He explained all about the how and why and whence of this marvelous Cavern, without once feeling the necessity of a knowledge of geology and with none of the modesty which even a limited amount of that useful study might have imparted. He was of opinion that Jehovah, some six thousand years ago, bethought him to run this little tunnel and to decorate it with especial reference to its utility as a drawing card; when it should be discovered by his connivance; in the nick of time to reimburse Page County, Va. for certain losses sustained by her during the late unpleasantness.

The fact that most of the money collected by the various ingenious methods devised to do as much of the reimbursing each twenty-four hours as circumstances will permit, comes from the pockets of Northern curiosity seekers appeared to give force and color to his argument.

I was truly sorry to part with him. He was as interesting as any fossil remains picked up on our journey.

I am told that he has dispensed wisdom in a small church, hard by, for many, many years; so I may hope to meet him again, and, in time, I may become quite well informed as to the ground plan—so to speak—of all of the works of Jehovah.

When I do I will let you know.

NEW YORK.

HELEN H. GARDENER.

WHAT A REFORMING PRESIDENT COULD DO.

I should like to get a realizing sense of that occult power of resistance to which it is asserted that every reform administration must sooner or later succumb. It is asserted, not only by people holding official positions in Washington, but by intelligent lookers-on, that the pressure for office is of a nature impossible to withstand. And it would seem that its power is in some way or other occult. A deputation of congressmen asking the President for an office is a plain matter enough; thirty or forty deputations asking for as many offices are also plain matters; the hotels full of office-seekers are palpable facts easy to comprehend. But it would appear that there is something behind all this, not easily to be grasped, which is too potent to be withstood. A person high in authority recently said: "A half dozen senators will come here and demand an office and sit for an hour or two to get what they are after." When asked: "Why not let them sit," he could only shake his head. I cannot understand what terrible thing would happen if this profane experiment were tried. Of course, if persons in office have made engagements, they will find it difficult to avoid fulfilling them. Besides, if they are thinking about their own private and particular interests, they will not wish to make powerful enemies. But no administration confesses to have made such engagements, and the members of no administration are ready to declare that they are thinking about their selfish interests and not about their higher duties. What could senators and members of Congress do? Congress cannot turn out an administration. It has indeed control of the purse strings and might in indirect ways annoy an administration. But the country would not support it in an attempt seriously to hamper the business of the Government by withholding appropriations. Disappointed members of Congress might perhaps injure the political careers of the men composing the administration, although even upon this point I

have my doubts. For the rest I do not see that they could do more than indulge in strong language in the recesses of their hotels and boarding-houses.

Congress has perhaps a share of that sense of importance which has often been observed in assemblies of men having many privileges and immunities. Corporate bodies are apt to have a high opinion of themselves and to cherish a strong *esprit du corps*. This is true even of private clubs, but it is especially true where these bodies can pass laws and vote appropriations. The English House of Commons, for instance, is an extraordinarily conceited body. Congress is no doubt very powerful, but it is not omnipotent, and it certainly could not dominate an administration whose motives the country respected. Perhaps, I may add, the mysterious difficulty of reform administrations, to which allusion has been made, simply means the advantage of position which three or four hundred determined men, familiar with the ground, have in dealing with a half a dozen persons, who are new to Washington. This and another cause, which is not in the least occult, namely the desire for a second term, perhaps explain the mystery.

Now suppose an administration to come into power which has really at heart the reform of the civil service and the destruction of patronage. Let us suppose the President to be a civil service reformer. The American reformer feels that the great need of the country is a respectable civil administration. This need runs through many phases of our public life. State and municipal governments need it as well as the national government. Nay, even the standard of private morality is lowered by the spectacle which our public life affords. All this must be changed. The National Government, rather than remain a source of demoralization, should be a beacon of honor, good sense and good taste throughout the country. An administration of our national service is required which shall make it so. These are the sentiments of the civil service reformer. I can see no reason why a government which held these sentiments should not pursue a course of action consistent with them. The complaint is indeed made, and justly made, on behalf of government officers who would like to be reformers, that all the talk at Washington is one way. Perhaps once a month a college professor walks into the White House and speaks a word of comfort to the reforming Presi-

dent. This visit of sympathy excepted, the reforming administration meets with nothing but vilification. This is no doubt the true state of the case, but it is just one of those conditions which a reform administration must expect to reckon with. Of course persons who have nothing to ask from the government but good administration will not visit Washington with the assiduity of people who are after bread and butter. Furthermore, such persons do not care to be imposing themselves upon the notice of those in authority. But in their distant homes they will observe and approve and, when the time comes, will be ready with effective support.

Now it so happens that the administration, or perhaps we should rather say the President, has it in his power to go of his own motion a good way in the direction of reforming and improving the service. He has the right to include within the classified service all, or nearly all, offices which are not subject to confirmation by the Senate. The railway postal service was so included in the last months of Mr. Cleveland's administration, and President Harrison has included the census employes. The heads of bureaus and divisions, deputy collectors, postmasters appointed by the Postmaster General and certain other minor officers might be so included. It may here be said that it is to be feared that no arrangement of the civil service can be permanent which does not suppose a fairly equal division of offices between the two great parties. The President, therefore, might, before including these offices in the classified service, make appointments in these places until they should be about equally divided between the two parties. The departmental heads of bureaus and divisions at Washington are not politicians and need not be touched. But deputy collectors and postmasters are usually politicians, and a new administration, wishing to please the party which elected it, might reasonably make removals until the two parties were about equally represented in these offices. These offices, being included in the classified service, would thus be removed beyond the reach of patronage. So far the President would be merely acting upon his rights under the civil service law.

But, even in making those appointments which require confirmation by the Senate, the President may of himself do much to remove them beyond the reach of patronage. It is obvious that he may himself lay down the principles by which he is to

make his appointments. In making these appointments it will be necessary for him, even more than in the case of the inferior offices just mentioned, to aim at an equal distribution of places between the two parties. If the opposite party has preceded him in power, he will have to make removals until his own party gets its share. Unless he did this, he would not have the necessary support of his party. It is absolutely essential that he should not do more than this. If he turns out all the opposite party, that party after the next election, if victorious, will turn out all his appointees. But how shall he do in making appointments to succeed the half that have been removed? Shall he practice in making these appointments the principle of rewarding political service? If his aim is to work in the direction of a permanent service, it may not be wise to make appointments upon this principle, because the opposite party, when succeeding to power, may object to the retention of men who have been its active enemies. Shall he ignore the principle of rewarding political service? He will thus arouse the enmity of politicians. But he will have already done this by the evident sincerity of his reforming intentions, he may wisely think it is as well to be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb. I believe that to take the highest ground at this point would be the wisest and the safest course of action. Let appointments then be made for fitness. But how shall the President accomplish this? It is not the easiest thing in the world to find out through this great country who the fittest men are. He is precluded from asking the advice of those persons to whom it would be natural to have recourse in the first place, namely, representatives in Congress. If the Government ask senators and congressmen where to find the fittest men, they will of course recommend their friends and adherents. Members of Congress must, therefore, not be asked. How else then will it be possible to find out? Much, it may be said in reply, may be left to the departments at Washington. It so happens that they have, among their records, papers from which it is easy to judge of the qualifications of certain former officers. These men, no doubt, owed their original appointment to political influence. But the senators who appointed them are dead or out of power. Notwithstanding that they owed their appointment to political influence—all office-holders did so till within a few years—they made good office-holders. They

spent some of the best days of their lives in learning to do the work of these offices. Either of the great parties hereafter, in coming into power, will find a number of men to appoint of whose fitness the records of the departments will furnish ample evidence. This is particularly the case with the party now in power, for the reason that it has so long been in possession of the Government that it will be able to make a selection from a very large number of former servants. Perhaps it may be said that to reappoint these persons would be unpopular. It is perhaps considered that somebody else should have a chance. This view is based upon the theory that offices are intended for the support of the people who occupy them, not upon the principle that the Government has certain work to do and is in search of the fittest men to do it. The statement often made in announcing a new appointment, that the appointee has never held office before, as if that were something in his favor, indicates a queer condition of mind. It is much as if it should be announced, with a flourish of trumpets, on the part of a newly employed lawyer or doctor, that he had never had a client or a patient.

There may be better ways of constituting the service than filling it with old office-holders. But the method of making selections from among former employes would have this advantage, the administration would be provided with a corps of servants of proved capacity without on the one hand having to ask the assistance of representative politicians; and, on the other hand, without incurring the risk of a job put upon it by friends, or of bad advice from trusted private sources of information, and without having to meet the triumphant ridicule of the enemies of reform consequent upon such misfortunes. Of course, a service so constituted would not be immediately what it might be made in a quarter of a century, but it would do very well as a beginning.

In proceeding thus far the President is only acting upon his constitutional power of appointment. If the Senate rejects his appointees, he may send in other names selected in the same manner. He will have done his duty, and the service would be in a good condition while his administration continued. But what steps shall he take to provide for the future? It is at this point that the action of Congress becomes necessary. What, then, shall Congress be asked to do? Congress

may, perhaps, be called upon to place the offices which the President has filled according to the methods above suggested within the classified service. A constitutional objection may be made to this. The civil service act provided examination for offices not appointed by the President. It may be a violation of the constitution to attempt the control of offices appointed by the President.

It is not necessary to consider this objection. Civil appointments requiring confirmation might be placed upon precisely the same footing as military and naval appointments requiring confirmation. All promotions of commissioned officers in the army and navy require confirmation by the Senate. A military or naval officer holds his commission upon precisely the same terms as such civil officers as consuls, namely, during the pleasure of the President. The President and the Senate together could in a day turn out all the officers of the army and navy and fill their places with ward politicians. We have a military and naval service because there is a tacit understanding between the President and the Senate that the Senate shall confirm promotions in the army and navy made upon a certain system. We might have a civil service in the same way. Congress could very easily give some form of encouragement to such an understanding, which any subsequent administration would be obliged to respect.

The four years tenure of office, applying to such offices as postmasters, collectors of customs, and internal revenue, etc., does not seem to be a very important obstacle. The President may remove at any time during the four years term. On the expiration of the term, it is not necessary that the officer's name shall be again submitted to the Senate. He may hold over until his successor is appointed, and the President may simply indefinitely postpone appointing his successor. A President who wished to remove him, could do so during his term of office, and a President who wished to retain him, could do so after his term of office had expired. The effect of the four years act is largely moral. As it stands now, it is an expression of the view of the Government that officer's are appointed for a limited term of years and not to serve during good behavior. The repeal of this act would be an expression of the changed view of the Government on this subject.

With the hope of obtaining congressional consent and sup-

port, the President might make the following proposition to Congress: The service is now about equally divided between the two parties. Let it be allowed to remain as it now is. It should be easy for both parties to accept this arrangement. The chances in favor of the parties at the next election are about even. You Democrats, in case you knew the Republicans would carry it, would be glad to let the service remain as it now stands. You Republicans, in case you knew the Democrats would carry it, would be glad to let it remain as it now stands. Why should not both parties join hands to establish as permanent the present condition of the service, which experience and future administration in accordance with the methods now proposed will in time greatly improve.

What will Congress do? The average congressman is doubtless unfriendly to the reform. He is the result of the spoils system. Of course there are men in Congress who are there by virtue of eminent abilities, but the mass of congressmen are the result of the spoils system. This system has, in the course of years, produced a man who has ability in controlling bodies composed of men who are in politics for bread and butter. This is the man who goes to Congress. This state of things has produced him, just as the present system of one mile races for three year olds has produced a horse which at an early age can run a short distance at a tremendous pace, an animal inferior to the old horse, but which can do better than the old horse the one thing necessary to be done. I know it is said that members of Congress are much maligned and misunderstood people. We hear them even represented as opposed to the spoils system. It is said, for instance, that congressmen are persecuted with demands for office and would be glad not to be bothered with them. This is no doubt true. Nobody likes to be bothered, but they would rather be bothered than cease to be members of Congress. I have heard it said, for instance, on their behalf, that they are never so happy as when their party is out of power, because they are then free from the disagreeable duty of seeking offices for their constituents. But even at such a time members of Congress owe their hold upon place to the hopes of their constituents for future office and to the authority the members still retain in the disposition of state and municipal offices. There is, indeed, no doubt that members

of Congress are attached to the system which has made them. But will they be able successfully to resist reform? They have not been able to repeal the civil service act, although some of them have from time to time threatened to attempt this. But they can more successfully resist new reforms. They certainly, however, can not stand out against public sentiment. Where then is public sentiment? One of the most unpleasant things which a friend of reform hears from a congressman is that in his district the people don't like the reform and are really in favor of rotation in office. I do not believe this. Those people who have a near or even a remote hope of office, are no doubt in favor of rotation. But the bulk of people who are earning their living in private business care little about the subject. They are amused, perhaps, by the scramble for office, in some such way as they are amused by a yacht race or a baseball match, but they would hardly wish to have a demoralizing system preserved in order to afford them entertainment. On the other hand, they like dignity in a government, and there is scarcely anything which would so lend dignity to a government as a decent and courageous management of the civil service. Public sentiment then, if wisely appealed to, might act upon Congress. It is easily conceivable that Congress might be compelled by it to support a government which attempted such an administration of the civil service, just as it was compelled to pass the civil service act.

If the constitutional difficulty in the way of making offices requiring the confirmation of the Senate part of an organized service is not serious, are there practical difficulties that are insuperable? Of course, the lower grades in all departments will be filled by competitive examination. Now, a word about competitive examination. It is, no doubt, a very imperfect means of ascertaining the fitness of officers. All it proves is the ability on the part of the candidate to pass examination. Its main advantage is that it destroys patronage. Drawing lots, or any other method of selection, would do the same. But it does this and provides the Government with fairly good service also. It may not be the ideal way of finding out the fittest man, but the experience of nations is that it works pretty well in practice. There is no doubt, at any rate, that it furnishes better men than the system of appointment upon the recommendation of politicians did. Nor is it found that

its result is to burden the Government with men deficient in those practical abilities which cannot be discovered by examination. Men with the higher abilities may be obtained by selection from among those admitted to the lower grades by competitive examination. The work of the lower grades is usually clerical. The power to pass a good examination is a very fair index of ability as a clerk. Among persons admitted to the lower grades of a career by this means there will be some superior to the rest in judgment and other native qualities. These would be the men selected for the higher places. It is in this way that the system works in other countries. Men in other countries are advanced by reason of ability and seniority, although, since it is scarcely possible to eliminate favoritism from the management of human affairs, political and social influence also plays a part. We might do the same here. In case political influence should be found too active in selections for promotion, recourse could be had to the system of promotion upon examination. Every promotion in the United States army or navy is made upon examination. A commodore, for instance, before being made an admiral is examined. It will probably be found, however, that the method of promotion by selection practiced in the civil services of other countries will work sufficiently well in this.

Of course under an organized service it will be often convenient to transfer officers from one part of the country to another. If the collectorship of New York were vacant, it would be filled by the appointment of the collector at Philadelphia. Something like this was done by the last administration in transferring the appraiser at Boston to New York. This method of procedure might indeed be contrary to some of our customary ideas. We have not been familiar with the practice of appointing citizens of one state to fill federal offices in another. The custom has been, for instance, that the New York postmastership is filled by a New York man. This is not necessary, however, and we should soon get used to the new way. The intention of the Government in former years probably was that appointments should be made in this manner. It was formerly the case that the postmaster-general was considered to be the postmaster at every postoffice in the country; this was the meaning of the word "general." The local officer was described in his commission as "Deputy

Postmaster." So late as Mr. Hayes' administration, Mr. James' commission as postmaster of New York read: "Deputy Postmaster." This fact serves to point to such an intention. Such, at any rate, was Calhoun's idea, and he was assuredly no friend to a strong federal administration.

I have endeavored in this article to show that an administration could of its own motion go a long way toward effecting a complete reform of the civil service and that it would stand a good chance of getting the necessary support from Congress. Of course, it could not compel the support of Congress, but it could do its own duty and in doing that could accomplish a good deal. I can see no reason why the plan sketched here, or one with the same objects in view, is not perfectly practicable for an administration to pursue. Naturally a President undertaking such a plan of action must think of reform rather than of a second term. And why should he not? Would it not be better for him, not only from the point of view of duty but even from that of interest and ambition, that he should do so. Is it not better to have been President for one term and to have done something and to have obtained the respect of the country and the good word of history than merely to have held on to office for two?

NEW YORK.

E. S. NADAL.

IN MEMORIAM.

The inscrutable mystery of God's providence.
An orchard set with thriftless, graceless
trees,

Dwarfed, scraggy, yellow-leaved, whereon
no bees

Gather in May time, where is naught contents
The eye, nor tempts the palate, nor presents
The feeblest hope of fruit; save two, and
these

So fairly grown and rich in promises
They make the planter ample recompense.
Chicago, Ill.

And while the husbandman with prayer-
ful care

Watches and guards and cherishes them,
starts

A black cloud from the sky, so seeming
fair,

Spits fire on one and blasts it, and
departs.

The other poisoned in its heart of hearts
Drops leaves and dies, is this the plant-
er's share?

HENRY MARVIN BELDEN.

WORD PAINTING.

We hear it frequently claimed for certain authors that they possess the faculty of painting natural or imaginary objects in words so as to produce vivid pictorial effects; and this power cited as a proof of their more than ordinary genius. Thus many assert that Ouida, William Black, Blackmore, and pre-eminently Swinburne are great word-painters, when, upon close examination, their writings are found to contain but few defined pictures.

Such critics confound mere descriptive writing with word painting, which, being the art of illusion, relies entirely upon a lively awakening of the imagination for its effects. It is at once the slave and the master of this great mental faculty—the slave, because subservient to its necessities and law; the master, when in its proper employment, it controls, exalts and enchants.

The pictorial power of language is the most limited of all its attributes, and for these reasons:

I. A pictorial effect is produced by the harmonious arrangement of several parts into a whole which can be comprehended at once.

II. The writer, from the nature of his art, is compelled to exhibit in succession these parts, for language, his medium of expression, is consecutive.

III. The imagination, in viewing one after another the several traits of a picture, loses sight of the whole in the consideration of its parts.

An example from Tennyson, whose word-pictures are unsurpassed by any modern writer, will render these statements clear:

"He look'd and saw that all was ruinous.
 Here stood a shattered archway plumed with fern;
 And here had fall'n a great part of a tower,
 Whole, like a crag that tumbles from a cliff,
 And like a crag was gay with wilding flowers:
 And high above a piece of turret stair,
 Worn by the feet that now were silent, wound
 Bare to the sun, and monstrous ivy stems
 Claspt the gray walls with hairy fibred arms,
 And sucked the joining of the stones, and look'd
 A knot beneath of snakes, aloft a grove." Enid.

Here are the several parts of a beautiful picture described in felicitous language; but what illusion is produced? The poet has led us in well closed order, from part to part of his subject, yet the imagination, overburdened with details, can form no vivid conception of the whole.

Language has the power of producing distinct images by single strokes, but not of combining them into pictures. A painting strikes the eye at once, for it is composed of *co-existent* parts, but if the painter were to show us in succession *separated* parts of his picture, leaving to the imagination the task of fusing them into a whole, what impression would his work produce? Yet our so-called word-painters proceed in exactly this manner. They present us with a succession of images and expect us to combine them into pictures.

What then is a word-painting? Take another example from the same poet, that grand fragment, *The Eagle*.

"He clasps the crag with hooked hands;
 Close to the sun in lonely lands,
 Ring 'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
 He watches from his mountain walls,
 And like a thunderbolt he falls."

The reader of these stanzas is conscious of a far more vivid illusion than that produced by the first example; and is not the reason obvious? In the first, we have the minute details of a fixed, inanimate scene; in the second, a single object with its glorifying attributes of crag, and sky, and sea. The first is descriptive writing; the second, word-painting.

But let us examine the picture critically. The mind is fixed at once upon the eagle, as the central figure; and every detail

serves only to bring out his form in stronger relief. Each word adds an essential trait to the whole. The first line of the second stanza, "The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls," is one of the most beautiful in the whole range of poetry. If you have ever watched the sea from a great height, you may have observed that the waves appear as wrinkles upon its surface, which seem to "crawl" slowly toward the shore. Remembering this, you can readily appreciate the fidelity to nature of the poet's expression.

As a trait of the picture we are considering, its effect is wonderful. The crag on which the eagle stands, "ring'd with the azure world," is suddenly lifted to a vast altitude, and the subject is endued with a grandeur superior to nature. In this lies the secret of the word-painter's art. He must not servilely transcribe from nature; he must transcend her; carrying the imagination to greater heights than could any painted canvas.

Writers of genius rarely dwell upon details; they are panoramic in their method. Any appreciative reader of Shelley can understand the meaning of this term. Here is an illustration from *The Witch of Atlas*.

"By Macris and the Mareotid lakes,
 Strewn with faint blooms like bridal chamber floors,
 Where naked boys bridling tame water snakes,
 Or charioteering ghastly alligators,
 Had left on the sweet waters mighty wakes
 Of those huge forms: within the brazen doors
 Of the great Labyrinth slept both boy and beast
 Tired with the pomp of their Osirian feast.

And where within the surface of the river
 The shadows of the massy temples lie,
 And never are erased—but tremble ever
 Like things which every cloud can doom to die—
 Through lotus pav'n canals, and wheresoever
 The works of man pierced that serenest sky.
 With tombs and towers and fanes t'was her delight
 To wander in the shadow of the night.

A pleasure sweet doubtless it was to see
 Mortals subdued in all the shapes of sleep.
 Here lay two sister-twins in infancy;
 There a lone youth who in his dreams did weep;
 Within two lovers linked innocently
 In their loose locks which over both did creep
 Like ivy from one stem; and there lay calm
 Old Age with snow bright hair and folded palm,"

It has been stated above that language has the power of producing distinct images by single strokes; and here we have a fine exemplification of that power. Image succeeds to image, each beautiful and each standing alone. The mind is freed from all effort of memory, and passes from one to the other untrammelled. The imagination may be lured, but it can never be forced. It is palsied by exertion. Hence the magical effect of the panoramic method. Lovely visions are presented to the mind like dissolving views, each growing so naturally out of the other that we follow the chain without consciousness of mental effort.

Gen. Lew Wallace has employed this method with marvellous power in *Ben Hur*. His account of the crucifixion is a series of wonderful word-pictures which no artist could hope to imitate successfully with his brush.

But perhaps the best example of panoramic word-painting to be found in English prose is the account in *Martin Chuzzlewit* of the stage ride to London undertaken by Tom Pinch. Here are a few passages; "Yoho, past hedges, gates, and trees; past cottages and barns, and people going home from work. Yoho, past donkey chaises, drawn aside into the ditch, and empty carts with rampant horses, whipped up at a bound upon the little water course, and held by a struggling carter close to the five-barred gate, until the coach had passed the narrow turning in the road. Yoho, by churches dropped down by themselves in quiet nooks, with rustic burial grounds about them, where the graves are green, and daisies sleep—for it is evening—on the bosoms of the dead. Yoho, past streams, in which the cattle cool their feet, and where the rushes grow; past paddock-fences, farms, and rick-yards; past last year's stacks, cut, slice by slice, away, and showing, in the waning light, like ruined gables, old and brown. Yoho, down the pebbly dip, and through the merry water splash, and up at a canter to the level road again. Yoho! Yoho!" — — — "Yoho, among the gathering shades; making of no account the deep reflections of the trees, but scampering on through light and darkness, all the same, as if the lights of London fifty-miles away, were quite enough to travel by, and some to spare. Yoho, beside the village green, where cricket-players linger yet, and every little indentation made in the fresh grass by bat or wicket, ball or player's foot, sheds out its

perfume on the night. Away with four fresh horses from the Bald-faced Stag, where toppers congregate about the door admiring; and the last team with traces hanging loose, go roaming off toward the pond, until observed and shouted after by a dozen throats, while volunteering boys pursue them. Now, with the clattering of hoofs and striking out of fiery sparks, across the old stone bridge, and down again into the shadowy road, and through the open gate, and far away, away, into the world. Yoho! See the bright moon! High up before we know it, making the earth reflect the objects on its breast like water. Hedges, trees, low cottages, church steeples, blighted stumps and flourishing young slips, have all grown vain upon the sudden, and mean to contemplate their own fair images till morning. The poplars yonder rustle, that their quivering leaves may see themselves upon the ground. Not so the oak; trembling does not become *him*; and he watches himself in his stout old burly steadfastness, without the motion of a twig. The moss-grown gate, ill poised upon its creaking hinges, crippled and decayed, swings to and fro before its glass, like some fantastic dowager; while our own ghostly likeness travels on Yoho! Yoho! through ditch and brake, upon the plowed land and the smooth, along the steep hill side and steeper wall as if it were a phantom hunter. The beauty of the night is hardly felt, when day comes leaping up. Yoho! Two stages, and the country roads are almost changed to a continuous street. Yoho, past market gardens, rows of houses, villas, crescents, terraces, and squares; past wagons, coaches, carts; past early workmen, late stragglers, drunken men, and sober carriers of loads; past brick and mortar in every shape; and in among the rattling pavements, where a certain seat upon a coach is not easy to preserve. Yoho, down countless turnings, and through countless mazy ways, until an old Inn-yard is gained, and Tom Pinch, getting down, quite stunned and giddy, is in London."

When we lay the book aside, after reading these passages, we feel that we have just alighted from the box with the hero of the journey. The bits of life and landscape presented by the writer have been executed in a bold, sketchy way, and are as full of suggestiveness as the etchings of Whistler.

Another characteristic of true word-painting is SENTIMENT. Read the first four lines of the second stanza, quoted from Shelley,

"And where within the surface of the river
 The shadows of the mossy temples lie,
 And never are erased—but tremble ever
 Like things which every cloud can doom to die."

What a beautiful effect! And is not the cause apparent?

"*Like things which every cloud can doom to die.*" There is a pathos in the simile that touches the heart. It is no longer a mere picture that we admire, but wonderful soul-stirring vision. A feeling of sadness takes possession of us, and excites the mind to an exalted perception of its beauty.

Everything without us produces an impression within, and Sentiment is the expression of this inner feeling. Sentiment, therefore, as applied to word-painting, is that element which gives pictorial creations a human interest. Thus, when Shakespeare, in one of his sonnets, describes the leafless trees in winter as

"Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang,"

The beauty of the sentiment heightens the effect of the picture; and when Shelley likens the sunset clouds to

"Splendor-winged moths about a taper,
 'Round the red west when the sun dies in it,"

the glorious coloring of the sky is suggested by the figure, and the imagination grasps the subject without effort.

The poetical pictures of Byron are all deeply imbued with sentiment. He gave a human interest to everything he wrote worthy of his name. A sublime egotist, he regarded nature as part and parcel of himself, and unconsciously endowed her with a soul. He is floating on the placid surface of Lake Leman; twilight has fallen, the wind has gone down, and the sail of his boat flaps idly against the mast. He paints, or let us say he suggests the scene, in the following exquisite stanzas:

"It is the hush of night, and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
 Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
 Save darken'd Jura, whose cap't heights appear
 Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
 There breaths a living fragrance from the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood, on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more,"

"He is an evening reveller who makes
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill;

At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
 But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
 All silently their tears of love instill,
 Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues

"All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:
 All heaven and earth are still. From the high host
 Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain coast,
 All is concentr'd in a life intense,
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
 But hath a part of being, and a sense
 Of that which is of all Creator and defense."

Strictly speaking this is not a word painting. There is nothing definite about it; it is vague and shadowy; but the spirit, the *sentiment* of eventide, envelopes the picture in a magic atmosphere. The chirping of the puny grasshopper, the occasional note of the bird sounding from the brake, the floating whisper on the hill are all admirable traits, suggestive of the peaceful twilight hour. The outlines of the scene are sketched in a masterly manner, but the picture derives its highest value from the sentiment it expresses.

As regards descriptive writing, the happiest effects can be produced by Charm. According to the great German critic Lessing, Charm is beauty in motion, and in all lengthy descriptions this fugacious element is essential to success. Take the following illustration from Tennyson.

"A land of streams! some like a downward smoke
 Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn did go;
 And some through wavering lights and shadows broke,
 Rolling as slumbrous sheets of foam below.
 They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
 From the inner land; far off three mountain tops,
 Three silent pinnacles of aged snow
 Stood sunset flushed; and dew'd with showery drops
 Upclomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse."

There is nothing fixed or inanimate here. It is a living landscape of flowing waters, smoking vapors, wavering lights and shadows, and snow-crowned mountains bathed in the flush of sunset. It is in the use of this element of Charm that

descriptive writers of genius excel. Charm and Sentiment infuse all writings with life; and if authors would remember the utter inadequacy of language divested of these two elements to produce pleasing effects we would have fewer meaningless efforts at description and word-painting in our literature.

CHICAGO.

JOHN P. RITTER.

EVOLUTION.

The stars are but fragments of light,
Lost out of the heart of the sun;
Your eyes were once stars of the
night,

Ere your body and soul were one.
The moon is a planet long dead—
You have stolen her face—who
knows?

And silence is music unsaid,
And June was evolved from a rose.

The nightingale once was a maid;
The whip-poor-will but a poor lad;
He crieth of penance afraid;
She of innocence holy and glad.
The brook was a wave of the sea;
The rain a white cloud in the sky;
The lily, a youth, fair to see,
But what under Heaven was I?

The will-o'-the-wisp was a brave,
Gone mad with a lover's despair;
With a lantern he comes from the
grave,
To seek for the dead maiden fair.
O, hate is but love gone astray!
The wind was a Wandering Jew;
From night is born glorious day,
But what in the wide world were
you?

A flower—a flame—wind or sun?
Something beautiful, blessed and
free—

Spencer, N. Y.

Two souls were we woven in one—
Whatever a *soul* may be.
O, what were we there—who can
say—

During ages we each have forgot?
We only may guess it to-day,
But *separate* we can be not.

The butterfly once was a soul,
If the one that went by me were
you,

In a silken cocoon would I roll,
'Till my soul grew a butterfly too.
The vapors go back to the sea;
The sea into vapors shall lift;
One atom of all life are we;
All life in one atom may drift.

From Winter the Spring doth un-
fold;

From sleeping we wake to rejoice;
Immortality can not grow old,
Though nothing be left but a
voice.

So the grass-hopper chirps in the
grass,
And the West golden gated we
see;

Through its arches some day we
may pass,
God knows what we after may be.

EVYLYN C. ROE.

HEALTH BY EXERCISE.

The growing favor of exercise in the form of out door sports both for men and women (and especially for women) would seem to indicate an improvement in the general health and strength of the rising generations. The law of health is most certainly Exercise; whether it be the physical or the mental that needs development and strengthening it is only to be accomplished by exercise. But this exercise must be rightly taken or more harm than good may be the result. Because the right use of a thing is of great benefit it does not necessarily follow that an indiscriminate use of such thing will be beneficial. Water is of immeasurable value to man and yet physicians tell us that "water has killed more people than war or pestilence combined." Alcohol can be used with benefit as a medicine, yet there is no doubt that its general use has been a thousand times more of an injury than a help to mankind.

And so it is with exercise. Overwork kills thousands and makes the lives of millions more or less of a torture year by year.

The fault is not in exercise itself but in its erroneous application.

The amount of exercise that suits one is far too much for another and might be scarcely enough for a third. Like food the amount of exercise should be determined by the individual want, and Nature never fails to inform us when we have had enough of either. But we fail to heed nature's voice; because Carrie B— can play lawn tennis four hours without a stop, it does not follow that you or I could do the same.

But it is not for those who are able to take vigorous exercise that we write so much as for those whose physical condition will allow only gentle exercise or whose business does not admit leisure for out of door sports.

These two classes can be the most benefited by systematic exercise if applied in a scientific manner.

There are certain physiological principles which should govern the taking of exercise if the weak are to be made

strong, the enfeebled to become vigorous and healthy. In the first place it is absolutely essential that quick movement be avoided. All exercise must be of movements that are slow and deliberate. We realize the great importance of this rule when we remember that quick movements are usually nervous movements and are made at the expense of nerve force, while slow movements are muscular movements and therefore employ the muscles rather than the nerves. Now the people for whom we are writing are those mostly afflicted with that now popular malady "Nervous Exhaustion" and certainly haven't any "Nerve" to spare, so we see the absolute necessity of conserving their nervous energy while taking any sort of exercise.

The object of exercise is, first, to strengthen the muscles; the result is an increased and more active circulation, a quickening of the various organic functions which means a larger and better supply of good blood which will not only build up and strengthen the muscles but will also strengthen and invigorate the nervous system, including the brain. Weak nerves are an impossibility with strong muscles and conversely strong nerves are out of the question while the muscles are weak.

Another important rule, never to be forgotten, is not to overdo. Exercise that is followed by exhaustion is always harmful. A safe rule is to always stop when you feel that you could do more, or never do as much as you can do. Dr. Holmes said "He did not dare write as funny as he could," so in exercising we should never go to the limit, but always keep some energy in reserve. If such care be taken even the weakest can take sufficient exercise that will be followed by exhilaration instead of exhaustion,

Many of us have labored under the popular delusion that we could get strong by taking strong medicines, and have drugged our systems with "Tonics" and "Bitters," and "Emulsions," and what not, only to be disappointed and to learn that there is no other way but Nature's way. As there is no "Royal Road," no short cut—to learning so there is no short cut from weakness to strength; if we attain unto health and strength it must be by a slow and gradual change and not by any magical transformation. In view of the fact that there is not a single case on record of anyone's being made strong by using medicines, is it not amazing that we still cling to the delusive faith

in the power of drugs. On the contrary, the many thousands who have attained health and strength by right exercise bear witness to the efficiency of Nature's method.

There is a use for drugs, but it is not and cannot be to strengthen. The effect of drugs is to tear down tissues but not to build up: Nature does that if it is done at all. If by artificial stimulant in the form of medicine we try to hurry Nature we but tear down the faster without adding to the power of Nature to build up. Generally speaking there are but three (3) important effects produced by the use of drugs, viz: Tearing down tissues, stimulating the action of the organic processes, and the deadening of the nerves. We all know the disastrous consequences of an indiscriminate use of drugs which produces the drunkard, the morphine or opium eater, or the inveterate doser who is always under treatment, and always complaining. Yet a rational use of drugs in the hands of a skilful physician may be of immense benefit to suffering humanity. But from the nature of things they cannot be a substitute for Nature's method of development. We are constantly learning that "Kind Nature's way is best," and in many things is the only possible way. The so-called curse upon Adam, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread," contains something more than theology; it expresses a physiological principle—that health and strength come by exercise. There is no other way or if there is, it has yet to be discovered.

Let the weak and nervous try a regular course of exercise for a few months and they will be surprised at the results. A fully appointed gymnasium is not necessary for such work. A pair of dumb-bells and a set of chest-weight pulleys will furnish exercise for many sets of muscles, the possession of which was never before suspected. Even with only a pair of "bells," most of the muscles of the arms and trunk can be more or less exercised. Do not make the common mistake of buying the heaviest dumb-bell to be found. Three pounds is ample weight for a man (professional athletes use no heavier for regular practice), and two pounds, or lighter, for women. Let all the movements be deliberate, thus making the muscles do the work and not the nerves, and commence by exercising but a few minutes at a time, and gradually increasing as the strength increases. When beginning any exercise it is well to first exercise the chest and lungs, which quickens the action of

the heart, thereby enabling the muscular system to more quickly respond to the exercise, while not forcing the heart to respond to heavy exertion so suddenly. If there are those who think they have no time for such a course, we would say that every ten or fifteen minutes on rising, and also before retiring, will give results, if followed up regularly, that are marvellous. Especially will those be helped whose work is mostly brain work, and the exercise before retiring will be found to be most wonderfully effective in producing a sound and restful sleep. The brain after long hours of work cannot rest unless the blood be called to other parts of the body. This is exactly what light gymnastics does, thus relieving the brain of its over-supply of blood, and sleep necessarily follows. If the exercise be sufficient to cause slight physical weariness, sleep will more surely be induced, though care is necessary not to go too far, for we all know the evil of great exhaustion, when we have been "too tired to sleep."

To those who have, like the writer, spent thousands of dollars in a vain attempt to become strong by the use of medicines, medical appliances and change of location and occupation the economy of a trial of the plan outlined above will certainly commend itself. Having been most wonderfully benefited (with an investment of only fifty cents in a pair of dumb-bells) by a few minutes exercise two or three times a day, which in no way interfered with a regular daily occupation, the writer feels that he can speak from experience. The records to be found in many hundred gymnasiums are ample proof of what can be accomplished by a more thorough and elaborate system of exercise, especially when taken in a scientific manner according to known laws of physiology and hygiene.

The many who are obliged to endure long hours of tedious and tiresome toil each day will not only find such a system of exercise a great rest, but a source of renewed strength, enabling them to perform their daily tasks better and with much less fatigue.

For instance take the young man (or young woman either) who must sit a large portion of the day without any support for the back (or long standing, which has much the same effect). At night he comes home weary and tired out, may be with a dull pain in the small of the back. Some rest is found

in the cessation of work, but more effectual rest will be found in a gentle exercise; an exercise that brings into play many muscles entirely at rest during daily work as well as those that have been kept at a more or less constant tension during the day, by more of an expense of nervous force than of muscular energy. Physicians realize that "nervousness" is rapidly becoming a peculiarly American malady brought on chiefly by the "high pressure" mode of life in our great cities. This great consumption of nervous energy is not to be made up of by any use of drugs in the shape of nervine or nerve food, but by giving the nerves a larger and better supply of good pure blood. The only way to obtain such is by an increased food supply which increased muscular exercise will demand; the exercise is imperative, as under no other conditions will the system receive or assimilate the larger quantity of food.

The poet was not far from right in saying:

"Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense
Lie in these three words, Health, peace and competence."

He has rightly placed Health as the first requirement as we know that without it peace is almost an utter impossibility and competence is of no avail in producing comfort or happiness. Above all things man desires comfort, without comfort life is a dreary torture and thousands prefer to "shuffle off this mortal coil" rather than live a life of endless discomfort and misery. If then, health is so important a factor of life we cannot too soon learn that the supreme law of health is Exercise.

EDWIN MEAD.

Marquette, Mich.

"VI'LET," A MISSOURI IDYL.

I am a wandering artist. I have crossed and recrossed the continents and the broad stretches of ocean.

I have seen the sun rise on the border of the Japan Islands; I have watched the noon glow as its rays kissed the peaks of the Apennines; and I have seen the day close in behind the Golden Gate.

I thought I had seen and heard all there was of nature and music, and that life held no new ambition. I had no lack of money, and I had no family excepting a half-sister and a bachelor uncle whose heir I was. My goings in and comings out were of little interest to anyone.

I had been traveling over the Middle States for more than three months, sketching and passing the time away until I should go to California, where I intended spending the winter with my uncle Rufus. My track wound around a brood of little villages in the southern part of Missouri, one of the most picturesque spots I had ever seen, and I determined to stay in that section for a time. Consequently I took up my abode with an old couple in the outskirts of L—.

My landlord and his wife possessed little education or cultivation; as the world takes it. They seemed to know nothing of the great world outside of Southern Missouri. During the rebellion they had endured hardships and poverty and all that a war could bring of anxiety and fear. Mrs. Breck told me one day that she had a daughter once who had married a soldier, a captain in the Northern army, and that after three years' of married happiness the young wife died, leaving a baby girl. I did not ask her what became of the baby girl, for I was not fond of youngsters at that period of my history.

One evening, sometime after my arrival, after a long tramp, I came home by way of the east pasture. This was a spot comprising perhaps ten acres of clover and blue grass, and was dotted here and there with oak trees. Away to one corner I discovered a small natural lake, long and narrow, and having

an inlet which stretched too far away for me to see its head. It all seemed to me familiar, and yet I had never crossed the east pasture before.

I watched the water's slow waving for sometime and then went home musing and trying to make an excuse for the little lake and its surrounding trees and grass coming into my mind and claiming my acquaintanceship without even waiting for me to show a tendency to be friends.

It was near sunset when we had finished supper, and we went out to sit on the front porch until it should be dark enough to light the lamps. I remember Mrs. Breck's face as she sat between me and the growing shadows. It was a good face, strong and showing will and endurance; and something I should have called "soul" in a younger woman seemed to linger there as though it were an old friend. She had been rather silent before, but something made me want to hear her talk.

Mr. Breck sat on an old-fashioned "split-bottom" chair, smoking his usual evening pipe, and remarking occasionally upon the political questions of the day. He sat for an hour thus, and then, absently hitting the bowl of his pipe on the palm of his hand to clear it of any ashes that might remain, he looked far across the country as if in a dream.

"You have a very fine bit of scenery over there in the east pasture," I said to Mrs. Breck; "I stopped there as I came home to-night."

The old lady turned her gaze first on me, and then she looked toward the pasture. She hesitated a moment, and looking back at me, said:

"I reckon it is a purty place; anyhow Vi'let says 'tis."

"And may I ask who Violet is?"

"Oh, Vi'let, she's our Susan's baby. Susan died when the baby weren't mor'n three monts ol', and me an pa raised her."

The old lady's face lighted up, and I apprehended that I was to hear more of "Vi'let" than I cared to know. What interest could I find in a baby girl three months old? But stop—she must be older now.

The old man got up quietly and went out to see if everything was ready for the night. The old lady continued:

"Vi'let makes picturs of that water, and her room used to hev the walls all marked up 'ith sich things as the lake an the trees 'round it. She is cumin' hum next week. She's ben way

back to New York to see her pa's brother an' his wife. They hain't got no children, and they writ Vi'let to come an' see um. She's ben gon this six monts, an' pa an' me'll be mighty glad to see her back down here in Missury."

I secretly wondered what manner of person Miss Violet could be, so I said:

"Indeed I should think you would miss her very much."

"Yaas, we do. Her an' pa used to go fur the cows, and I used to watch them cum across the east pastur, and Vi'let swinging her little yallow bunnet. Seems no time 'tall sense she was a little gal, and then she used to set out yere an' show me what she called skitches of the woods an' river an' weeds. Pa must git her little boat out an' paint it up so's she kin hev it when she cums back. Yaas, it's sum lunsum 'ithout Vi'let."

I think I tried to show Mrs. Breck some sympathy when I told her that I was glad that Miss Violet was coming home, and that I was quite sure the young lady would be very glad to see her grandparents; then, after bidding her good-night, I went into the low room that had been assigned me as a bed-chamber.

After lighting the one small lamp the room afforded and turning the blaze down so that the dim light would touch up the old furnishings of the room to fit my fancy, I threw myself at full length, regardless of my dusty clothes, upon the white bed. I remember now that I lay on my back and pil-
lowed my head upon my two arms folded beneath, and that I looked straight at the wall at the foot of the bed, just where the light struck a poor little pencil sketch of the lake. Then I knew why the scene of the afternoon seemed so familiar. I also remembered having laughed at the little sketch the day on which I came into my room at Mr. and Mrs. Breck's. I got up quickly and went to the picture. Yes, there it was. I could discern what was intended for the boat tethered to a tree on the bank. And there in the corner in crooked characters was penned "Violet Gregory."

So this young lady and Mrs. Breck's "Vi'let" were the same maiden, and she had aspirations toward art. Then it came to me again, as it often had before, that the very people who have the least skill or genius are the ones who so proudly put their names, hands and seals to what is worthless to humanity—worthless to art, more than worthless to trade. In those

days one of my chief pleasures consisted in berating people in general for ignorance and presumption. Since then I have grown broader and less wise.

I determined to get away before the would-be artist should come back to the home of her adoring grandparents. That night I dreamed that I went out boating, and that my boat ran against a rock and flew into splinters. I was thrown into the water. I tried to swim, but could not. Just as I thought to sink I saw a little barque with a blue figure in it coming speedily to my rescue. I awoke.

I had a fancy to carry the sketch with me for a few succeeding days, as something to keep me company on my solitary sketching rambles.

One evening I returned from one of these rambles to find another person added to our interesting household. She sat on the steps of the porch looking as happy as I did not feel. As I neared the porch the new member rose and stood quietly awaiting my approach as though she were in the habit of waiting for dusty young men to come up and fall at her dainty feet and worship.

But there she stood, a picture of loveliness. She might have been seventeen, she might have been twenty-five. She extended a little white hand for me either to disregard or take into my color-stained one. I took it. Any man would.

"I suppose this is Mr. Miller?" questioned the being.

What pure language, with just a hint of Southern languor.

"It is," said I.

"I am Violet Gregory, and my grandmother will be back very soon. She was called over to see Mrs. Wilson's baby, who is ill.

I had met "Vi'let." Just then Mrs. Breck came up the walk, and seeing we had become acquainted, looked very much relieved.

"We're mighty glad to hev our Vi'let hum agin," said the old lady; and then she went quietly away, like the sensible old grandmother that she was.

My sketching days grew more and more pleasant as they glided into weeks and then into months. Each day unfolded to me beauties in Violet I had never known before, and I began to realize something of a man's dependence upon his fellow-

creatures. I never knew before what an utter failure I had made of my life and of my work. There was that gentle girl living along the quiet walks of life, seeing and gathering its simple wild roses, while I looked for hot-house plants. I was not content with my futile efforts, and more often than not I became disgusted with myself almost as much as with other people. She put her soul into the lessons she learned every day of natural law and of music and of harmony. She was an artist such as a good man once spoke of when he said that the poet is not alone the man whose creations we read, but that he also who appreciates and receives poetry has as much right to the title.

One evening we were on the lake, in her boat, where we had been shooting here and there in quest of flowers growing on the banks. My young sailor had grown tired and had dropped the oars, so they trailed in the water, making silver veins on either side the boat. She had never looked to me before so beautiful, so calm, and so serene. She seemed to me the very embodiment of contentment and unalloyed happiness. I did not see her eyes, for they were turned away, but thinking to catch something of her feeling, I said, gently:

"Miss Gregory, do you never wish for more than you find enclosed by these Missouri buffs?"

She raised her head and turned her eyes full upon me. I saw a look that seemed to me like a concentration of all the clouds in the sky.

"Do I never want for anything I have not? I want to see and know all the virtue and beauty there is in this world. My visit to my father's brother gave me a taste of what there must be in the world away from here, and sometimes I have such inexpressible longings for the things out of my reach that I do not seem to be here at all. Then I think of my grandfather and grandmother, and know that they would miss me, since my mother is dead, and I conclude that it is much better to stay here. Sometimes I have thought I would go into the great world and work as other girls do, but I do not need to do so for the living there is to be gotten from it, for my father's little fortune is ample enough for my need, and—"

She stopped breathless, and then looked confused. I tried to fill the pause by saying something to make her know that I understood something of her feeling. I do not remember

what words I used, but that does not matter; I had found my friend ambitious. I thought then that I would have every girl ambitious. I thought nothing could disappoint me so much as an individual, especially a girl, without aspirations. I do not know that I ever thought this before, but it suddenly came to me as Violet gathered up her oars and sent the boat flying along in its course. I saw something like defiance in the girl, where I had before only seen meekness and resignation.

"If I had been a boy I should have been a sailor," she said, "and I do not know," she continued, laughing, "but I might have become a pearl-diver."

"The last part of your statement seems to me quite probable," I said, "since you seem to be getting all the pearls out of life possible."

"If my father had lived he would have taken me East to one of the big schools where it is said young ladies become so accomplished. It must really be very nice to be accomplished."

I felt quite like a father to the young thing. I leaned over until I could take Violet Gregory's two hands in my own as she held the oars and I said:

"My dear little girl, do not sigh for the big schools in the East, nor for what you call accomplishments, but go on as you have been doing all your life. Learn more of the knowledge to be gleaned from your own simple surroundings. I have learned lessons of great wisdom and strength from that very knowledge imparted by your sweetness and grace and cheerfulness. Rest assured others will learn from it. Here in the quiet you find out and appreciate the words of great men and women; here in the coolness and freshness you apply them to life. No, Violet, do not seek to be different from your own self, only as you grow broader and richer in your own way."

As I said before, I do not know how all this came to me at once, for I had never thought such things until that summer—not until I had met Violet Gregory. The thoughts were no doubt there, but it must have been the cunning of her small hands that tore the webs away and dislodged them from their hiding.

We went home quietly in the dusk.

Three more weeks of mental enjoyment and mutual understanding followed that evening. Every day she spent in flitting around the house, helping her grandmother and saying sweet nothings to the grandfather who stroked her hair,

At last the day came when I was to continue my journey toward California. I had said my farewells to the old couple, and Violet had followed me down to the gate, where a wagon waited to carry my luggage to the station.

I opened the gate and went outside. Violet placed her hand in mine in her sweet, frank way. I clasped the small fingers a moment, and left the maiden by the old gate.

* * * * *

I had been with uncle Rufus a year, when, one bright morning, the old gentleman called me into his library.

Uncle Rufus is a self poised, complete-in-himself man, and when he called me, I knew instantly that he had something of interest to impart.

"Do you not think you are working too hard, nephew? he asked, and, not waiting for a reply, continued, "I have a little expedition for some one to undertake for me, and if you are willing to lay aside your work for a month or so, I would prefer having you go."

I had been working on some studies for a New York art exhibition since my arrival in California, and in order to have them completed before the opening of the exhibit, I had labored diligently, hardly stopping for the necessary courtesies of life; and, fearing my inspiration would leave me should I cease work for only a short time, I felt rather reluctant to try carrying out my uncle's undertaking.

"You see," said uncle Rufus, "before the war, while I was in college, I formed a friendship with a young fellow named James Gregory. We went into the army together when volunteers were called for. I was wounded in the first year and received my discharge, but Gregory's daring, coupled with his wise fore-thought, soon gained him promotion. He was a strong man, and one to put life and courage into the weakest or most timorous.

"At the close of the year, I came out here for the sake of my health. We corresponded at first as long as business and circumstances would allow, but finally I ceased to receive letters from him, and I learned some time ago of his death, which occurred a few years ago. Since that time I have been trying to get trace of his little girl, whom he used to mention in his letters. I do not know whether he left anything for her support and education or not.

"Now, this is the commission I have for you. I am too old to go on such a search. I want you to find her, see what her circumstances are, and if she is in need of money I want to provide it and I want to educate her. James Gregory's child must not know what if Rufus Judson can find her."

"James died in New York; but the child was, at that time, living with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Breck, in southern Missouri, though I do not know exactly where."

I had grown much interested in his recital, but his last words brought me to my feet.

"Why, what is it, boy?"

"Uncle," I exclaimed, "I have already found the child. She is Violet Gregory."

"What do you mean?"

Then I told him what I knew of the family, and when I had finished, he said:

"Well, you can go anyway, and as I do not doubt in the least but that she is the daughter of my old friend, you may take with you my invitation to her and the old couple to come out here and visit me for a time. Make it urgent. Tell her I want to see her and am too old to go to Missouri," with a smile.

I very much doubted my persuasive powers, more especially as they had been so little used in my selfish existence, but when I thought of the little cottage resting so peacefully and so quietly there among the bluffs, I wanted to see it once more; I wanted to see the quaint old man and the sweet-faced old grandmother; I wanted to see Violet.

Four days later I reached L—. The sun was just dying in its grandeur and glory, and the moon was rising, clear and silver.

As I neared the cottage, I began to be more eager, and all the months I had been at work rolled away, and it seemed but yesterday that I left the place.

In answer to my rap, Violet came to the door. I knew even in the dusk.

"Do you not know me, Miss Gregory?" I questioned.

She said nothing, but extended her little hand to me. She did not ask me in, but she came outside, and silently we walked down the path where we could see the little lake gleaming through the grass and trees.

When the moonlight fell upon Violet's face, I saw a change

that shocked me. What had made my little friend so thin and so sad?

"What is it, Violet?" I said, when we had reached the water's edge.

"O my friend, I have been so lonely. I seem to have lost ambition and courage. I have no aim now, nothing to keep me here and nothing to call me away. Grandfather and Grandmother died within a week of each other six months ago, and I am alone. I would visit my father's brother, but I feel there is some mysterious something else for me to do, yet, I can not think what it is. I do not seem to be able to stir."

I forgot uncle Rufus' commission. I only thought of the suffering of this little one, and I felt myself worse than a brute. I had never written her, and she could not know that I would be sorry for her in the sorest trial if I only knew. But with the feeling of humiliation, came a wild longing to take this poor child and shield her from the lonely world.

I knew now that the noblest love is, after all, friendship in its highest phase. The silent workings of this friendship had made me more faithful in my work. I dared hope that it was the mystery of this power that held my wild flower for me. It could not be plain-faced accident that led the weary artist, worn out with marchings that brought no benison, to this simple out-of-the-way place. It was part of the plan of his life.

I turned to Violet. I did not know her thought, but I opened my arms, and called:

"Violet."

She looked up, and laying her head on my breast, as a tired child would do, she said, simply, "I know now why I waited."

I am still a wandering artist, but now there is one wanders with me. My wife sees all of the world she once dreamed of, and, now, after four years' travel and study, we are going back to uncle Rufus, for he writes that he is getting old, and wants to shift some of his responsibilities.

I have won success. I have worked hard, guided by the criticisms and inspired by the love and faithfulness of one dearer than all success.

CHICAGO,

HARRIET HAZELTON SINNARD,

SODA SPRINGS SMITH.

In Colorado, as perhaps, in other mountainous regions, they have a way—not so common now as formerly—of giving a person a sobriquet which shall distinctly point out the distinguishing characteristics, or the calling of the individual. Every old-timer who has risen above the dead level of mediocrity has a handle to his name. So, too, have many who have fallen below that level. Thus it was that a plain, simple and red-headed Smith of Missouri, who came for his health, and so, found every pleasant day sitting for hours at a time near the soda springs, alternately drinking their waters and resting his emaciated and elongated body, came to be called "Soda-Springs Smith." In time, even the family dropped the old Missouri appellation of "Sandy," and adopted the new "Soda." True, it was not much of a change. Perhaps that is why he was never heard to object. But then, this particular Smith was good-natured and mild-mannered—I prefer these adjectives to others synonymous with laziness—so that he would not have seriously objected, I think, to being dubbed most anything which the fanciful imagination might suggest as appropriate. He used to playfully say to his companions: "Call me anything jest so you don't call me too airy o' a mornin' nor too late ter meals."

This was some of his genuine, imported, native Missouri wit, which he came by honestly; for it was an heir-loom.

Well, when "Soda" arrived at Manitou in the early '70's, he pitched his tent in the shade of the willows up Williams' canon, because it was conveniently near the mineral springs and the *Fontaine qui Bouille*. "Soda" was not much of a French scholar, hence he never attempted to pronounce the full name of the boiling little stream. He called it "Fount-ing," just as he was particular to say "mounting," instead of mountain. "Soda" always put on an "ing" where he ought not; and as persistently left it off where common usage required that it should be left on. However, he made no preten-

tions to "book larnin'." Once, when asked if he was a grammarian, he indignantly replied, "No, sah, I'm a Missourian."

"Soda's" family at that time consisted of a wife, whom he spoke of as the "ole woman,"—though she was not yet thirty, or "her." Reference to her was invariably in the third person. Then there was a little girl, sallow, blue-eyed and freckled—who answered to "Milda." They all came out to Colorado in a covered wagon drawn by oxen; and "Tige," the yellow "cur of low degree," lived on the axle grease all the way from Pike county to El Paso. In the party was Mrs. Smith's cousin, Reuben Jones, a young man of twenty-five years. Most anyone would say he was a handsomer, as he certainly was a younger, man than Smith. Young Jones helped his cousin with the labors of the camp, while Smith was trying to reduce his "ager cake," by drinking the soda spring waters. I learned these details afterwards.

I had often met "Soda" at the springs pavilion, but his disconsolate, discouraged look repelled familiarity, and so, though I frequently sat on the opposite bench, I never felt quite like obtruding myself upon his attention. I had, however, a curiosity to know this strange man's history, for I thought I could see that he had drunk the very dregs of the cup of sorrow.

I waited. One day the opportunity came. "Soda" was out of tobacco. He approached obsequiously:

"Stranger," said he, "hav yer any o' th' weed 'bout yer pusson?" I produced a plug of navy.

"Whar, mought I ask, does yer claim ter be frum ter these parts?"

"Chicago," I returned civilly.

"Chicago! Wal, do tell! Did yer ever meet up with Cadwallader Johnson? Cad. went thar ter work on a reload seven year ago, mebbe eight, this comin' spring. Him must 'a' bin twenty-one, an' 'bout my size, an' jest a leetle crossed."

I was compelled to admit I had never made the young man's acquaintance, though I stated that I might have met him on the street and would not now recall him since his eyes might have been so slightly crossed as to not attract particular attention; or, they might have been operated on before I saw him.

"Thet's strange," observed "Soda" "fer Cad. wuz an on-common good mixer! an' was never back'ard in goin' forward

ez I wuz. Then yer'd a know'd him frum his eyes ef yer ever caught him squar'. Don't think he'd ever doctor 'em 'kase him sorter liked 'em that-a-way."

Again I waited for him. The way to get intimate with a real, native Missourian is to let him do most of the talking.

"I 'low yer'll excuse *me*, but I makes it a pint ter ax ev'ry pusson thet I see a-ailin' thar jedgment on these head waters."

"Well," I said, "In my opinion, they are unexcelled."

"Sum sez one thing, sum 'nother; sum sez they is good fer one 'fliction then again tother sez they is'nt. It don't stand ter reason thet th' same stuff will cure rheumatics which is in th' bones, an' ager cake which is in th' stummick. Yer know too much sal'ratus or soda, will spile the best 'o biskets. My own notion is thet too much o' this heah sodawater will rot yer, jest ez too much rain will rot yer boots. 'Peers like water o' any kind makes me sort o' slack-twisted."

"Why don't you change to the Iron Springs water?" I modestly inquired

"Lor' me, frien', I'se swilled iron water enough, I reck'n ef et war all in a lump ter make a cook stove, an I kep on till my blood got to rusty thet th' skeeters wouldn't suck et. 'Taint no use talkin'; et may be good fer sum fo'ks, but I'd rether hev my in'ards et up by soda than rusted out with wet iron. Guess mebbe I'se been a drinkin' these heah waters already too long, fer I'se got so I kaint work no moah. I'se jest like th' soda-water, pretty much all fizz, an' no bottom, an, powerful weak."

"That's too bad, for I suppose there is plenty of work to be had here," I said.

"Not so pow'ful much, my frien'; not so pow'ful much; but thar would be ef ev'ry man wuz ez gen'rus an' public speerited ez Col'nel J. B. Wheeler, an' Jedge Archie Williams, an' sich. Them fellers knows how ter make money an' likewise how ter spen' et. I allus 'low that thar's a right smart in know'n' how to spen' ez in knowin' how ter make. I love a good, open fist ed spen'er."

"Have you done well in coming here," I asked, trying to show a friendly interest in the poor fellow's welfare.

"I made money han' over fist in th' airy days. 'Twasn't no trouble ter make money them days. 'Twas five dollars fer goin' ter th' Springs fer a load. Wal, then I met up with sum

bad luck; I lost my team, frien'; yes, I lost my team, an' sence then, I hev'n't met luck on th' road onst, while afore thet, I wuz a-meetin' her at every turn in th' road, an' she was as principally comin' down hill. Then th' relroads begin comin an' they jest *killed teamin' ded*; So, I thought 'twur'n't wuth while ter buy 'nother team; sence then I'se hired out now an' then driven' spress."

I think "Soda" wanted to change the subject of conversation

"My frien'" said "Soda," "I reck'n I'll hev ter bother yer fer 'nother chaw o' thet terbaccy. Thanks! I kinder cottoned ter yer frum th' fust. I knowd yer wuz my kind o' people— don't hev much ter say, but keeps up a pow'ful sight o' thinkin', eh?"

"Yes," I answered, "I was always rather reserved.

"Excuse me, frien', but what wuz yer name thar?" he inquired.

I felt that there was a suspicion in "Soda's" mind that I had changed my name, since coming to Colorade, on account of some crime committed before leaving home; but I answered civilly.

"Reck'n yer hev'n't been heah long 'nuf ter git a new one. I got one mighty soon though," and then he proceeded to tell me all about it.

"Her an' Milda got ter callin' me 'Soda,' an' her used ter say ez how her couldn't keep house without 'soda.'" The poor fellow smiled at the feeble wit.

"Her wuz alluz a right, pirt woman;" he added, and drew a long sigh.

I felt that something dreadful had happened. I would approach the subject delicately; but how?

"Yer ever see one o' these heah mountin' clouds bust?" queried "Soda."

I answered in the negative.

"Wal, I hopes yer never will, nuther. I wuz *in* one wunst."

There was another period of silence.

"It wuz this a-way. I wuz sittin' heah one summer arternoon, jest like we 'uns air doin' now. I hed left th' camp 'bout ten o'clock. All ter onst, thar wuz a cloud no bigger'n yer hand hangin' over th' canyun. Th' fust thing I knowed, th' water cum a-tumblin' an' a-rollin' like mad. I jest cuts loose fer

camp, but lawzee, mister, yer couldn't no more git up thar then yer could fly ter Denver. I fotched up on a big holder an' sot thar an' waited. Jest then th' old 'Jackson' wagin cum floatin' by in pieces, an' then th' tent poles, tent an' oxen, then ole 'Tige' chained ter th' pole. My frien', I reck'n yer never see sich distruction sence th' days o' Noah."

Here, "Soda" shifted his attenuated frame. I saw that the narrative visibly affected him, and I trembled for its climax. He seemed in deep thought and reluctant to proceed.

"Your poor wife and child, did they, too, go down?" I ventured.

"Soda" leaned over me as if for sympathy and in a low tone said:

"My frien', betwixt me an' you, the ole woman done tuck up that mornin' with thet triflin' white trash, Rube Jones 'bout two hours afore thet spout cum, so her wuz saved. Her lives up thar now, on his ranch in th' Park. 'Taint thet so much; but say, yer, don't know, my frien', how et do break a poor men all up ter lose his *only ox team*.

"Your little girl? Tell me about her," I queried tentatively.

Soda's pinched face grew paler, and his voice lowered to a muffled and husky whisper as he proceeded slowly:

"Her war saved too, but poo' leetle Milda! 'Peers es ef I kin see her leetle weezened face an' sorrerful eyes now. Wal, frien', hear me, 'peered like her couldn't stan' et no longer, th' bad way her ma treated her pa, an' so, arter awhile, her kinder pined, understan' me, an' kep' on a pinin' till her lost her grip entirely. Poo' leetle one, her went gentle like,—jest es th' sun drops down th' mountin' an' lets go o' day. Say, my fren', lossn' th' ole ox team wuz es nawthin' ter thet, — No, nawthin'!"

The poor fellow sighed and felt up his throat as if to press down the lump that made it so difficult to articulate. Then, rising and leaning on his old hickory staff, he added pathetically:

"I reck'n ets time I wuz a goin' up ter water th' flowers. Mebbe yer mought likes ter go 'long up? 'Taint fur, — jest under th' clump o' trees at th' head o' th' gulch. Say, my fren', et 'peers ter me up thar I kin hear th' rustle o' angel's wings; an', mebbe, ef yer heart's atune, yer'll hear 'em likewise, when we gits ter th' poo' leetle kid's grave, thar under th' quakin' asps."

Soda leaned heavily on my arm, and we stopped frequently to rest. I never had noticed before how transparent his bloodless hands were. His cough, too, was more violent in its paroxysms, and it seemed very difficult for him to breathe.

"A trifle slower, fren', jest a leetle slower. Some mought think ter see me thet I hed consumption. 'Taint thet at all. Its rheumatiz an' bronchitees. Could get 'long with th' cough all O. K. ef et wus not fer th' rheumatiz touchin' my heart' 'casionally. We air mos' thar."

We toiled on slowly up the gulch. Soda looked so tired and exhausted. He leaned more heavily on me. As we turned a sharp point of rocks, I saw a woman sitting on a mound beneath the shade of a few aspen trees,—a sun-bonnet hid her face.

My companion reeled a little, and his limbs became limp. I almost dragged him to a log by the road-side. As I rested his head on my knee, I saw his gaze fixed on the woman under the trees. He tried to speak. I put my ear close to his mouth and caught only ~~two~~ words, "*Milda's ma.*"

Then the woman hurriedly ran toward us, threw herself at my feet and grasped the thin hand of the lifeless body and covered it with kisses, sobbing: "Sandy, honey, what did yer do it fer? Didn't yer know thet yer old woman hed come back ter yer, Sandy?"

And, as I turned to go, I heard the low, gentle rustle of the aspen leaves.

Topeka, Kas.

W. C. CAMPBELL.

A TELEPHONIC INDISCRETION.

A man undoubtedly plays the fool many times in his life without finding it out himself, so his serenity is not disturbed thereby; but occasionally the knowledge breaks upon him like a thunderbolt, and he is as dismayed and crest-fallen as if such a thing had never happened before and as if his friends were not already quite accustomed to such revelations. I speak from personal experience.

Without being an egotistical man, I had entertained the idea, up to a certain point in my life, that I was what the boys called a "level-headed fellow." But "pride goeth before a fall." On the twenty-eight day of December, 1889, I made a fool of myself.

Though I have forgotten, possibly, the exact dates of the discovery of America and the signing of the Declaration of Independence, *this* day stands out sharply and distinctly in my memory. The symptoms began to develop early in the day and culminated in a raging fever at night.

I went to the telephone about nine o'clock A. M., and while waiting for connections, became an unintentional eavesdropper to a conversation which possessed a gruesome interest for me. The hollow, sepulchral tones of two voices in conversation were perfectly audible, though they sounded like those from the tombs. Did you ever hold the 'phone to your ear and notice how eerie the far away voices sound as they vibrate over the wires? They seem like voice-spirits, without body or being, flitting out from a shadowy nowhere and calling in hollow tones over the deeps of space. I am sure no spirit voices would ever affect me as these did. The conversation ran as follows:

"Hello, Grace."

"Oh, Nell, is that you? Hello!"

"I couldn't come over this morning so I thought I'd chat a few minutes over the wire. What kind of a time did you have last night?"

"Oh, awfully stupid. Thought it would never end!"

"Anything particular said?"

"No, but he was full to overflowing with high tragedy and would-be pathos. He sat and stared at me, between his spasmodic blurts of conversation, with watery-eyed unspeakableness. The little cox-comb! I have just tolerated him through pity, and to think I should have to be so bored by him now, is too much. I had only the first act last night, the great soul-crushing, heart-rending scene is to come to-night."

"You heartless creature, what do you mean?"

"Oh you know well enough. He asked me, very impressively, if he might not hope to see me a few moments alone at the Lloyd's party to-night. Of course you know what that means. I fear I'll not be able to put him off any longer. It is a case of 'now or never' with him, for he is going away to-morrow, you know."

"I'd like to be a mouse."

"Well, I assure you I should prefer being a mouse, to going through what I am sure is inevitable. I shall feel like inflicting corporal punishment in the good, old-fashioned form, and sending him home to his mother; but instead of having that delicious privilege I must listen graciously and say, 'no thank you' with a dignified politeness befitting the occasion."

"Well, say, someone else is going away to-morrow!"

"Y-e-s"—this with a noticable tremor.

"Any other chance for a mouse?"

"You're too enigmatical!"

"Ha-ha! I suppose so. You make me laugh!"

"Hope you enjoy it."

"I do immensely. What dress are you going to wear?"

"White and gold—favored colors you know."

I got my connection just then, so heard no more. It is hardly necessary to say I had heard more than enough, certain as I was that I was the subject of the conversation.

Up to the moment I went to that telephone I had thought Grace Rereton the sweetest and most lovable girl in all the world and I had resolved to ask her that very night to marry me; for I was going to South America the next day for a year,

and I had dreamed of the happiness of calling her mine; of writing to her and having her picture to carry about with me; and at last of coming home and making her my wife; and then of the pretty home that we would have, and of so much beside that a man would feel silly about confiding to paper, but which all men in love indulge in? And now my dreams came up and mocked me. I was ready then for the first time in my life to accede to all the bitter things that men before me had said of woman's perfidy. But surely none could have equaled the heartless creature who had so completely duped me. No, not completely either, thanks to the timely warning.

How my heart had thrilled with hope last night as I left her, and how sweetly conscious and yielding, she had seemed when I asked to see her alone to-night for the last time before I went away. The last time! How almost tragic that had sounded as I said it, thinking, as one always must on the eve of a long journey, of the possible accidents of travel, of sickness or even of the final separation which comes through death. A year had seemed an eternity to pass without seeing her sweet face; and now, well I would see her once more, and let her know that I was not her dupe—that two can play at the game of double face. How she would wonder! I had to laugh at the melancholy joke. But the worst of the joke was that it hurt me so bitterly; but she should never know that.

At last the evening came, after a day of busy preparations for my long trip. I was haunted all through the day with a sense of having forgotten something. I had thought of sending her flowers to carry that night. I had intended that they should be flowers of such matchless beauty that they would attract the attention of all, and proclaim to the world in their silent way—"See; this is the one of all women whom I delight to honor. See, I crown her my queen!" And now—oh, bitterness!

As I entered the Lloyd's ball room, somewhat late that night, I saw her standing near the door. She saw me too, and I fancied she flushed slightly and for a moment my heart beat wildly—perhaps she had not meant me. But, what was I thinking of! Of course she had been talking of me; and then I shut my teeth tight and mentally called myself a weak, drivelling fool. I saw who had called the pretty flush to her face—that little snob Throckton, as he sailed up and reminded her

with a simper that that was his dance. I saw she paused a moment as if waiting for something. There was my chance to show her she was nothing to me. I sauntered coolly by her, giving her in passing the slightest, most distant of bows, as I walked over to Sally Norton and asked for a dance. She whirled past me a moment after and I could not but notice that her face had grown very white.

She had on the white and gold dress; but the gold of her hair outshone the gold on her gown. Even in my rage I was forced to admit that she was fairer than other women—that they looked poor and mean beside her. Who would guess that so beautiful an exterior covered so black a heart?

The evening sped on and I devoted myself to Sally Norton. This, on the eve of my departure, seemed to have some significance to those who observed it, and I was content to let it rest so. Once, just once, in the change of a dance I was obliged to waltz with Grace Rereton. I fancied her hand trembled as I took it in mine, but beyond that there was no indication that she knew me, for not a word was spoken. Toward the close of the evening I met her coming from the conservatory on the arm of Throckton. I now knew who the "some one else" was who was "going away." 'Twas he—Meredith had told me he was going off to a ranch in Texas. He laughed as he asked me to imagine that little swell riding a bucking bronco. "I hope the little devil will break his bones," I replied. Meredith looked at me and said, "You're somewhat ambiguous. Do you mean you hope Throckton will break the bronco's bones, or the bronco break Throckton's?" "Either," I replied. "I don't care which."

Bah! to think I had ever loved a woman that could love that little nonentity!

I was off the next morning before any of the fashionable world was astir, so I did not see her face again. Did I wish to? I can hardly say—man is verily a strange bundle of contradictions.

What I did during my stay in South America has little or nothing to do with my story. I was superintending the construction of a railway in the United States of Columbia. That kept me so busy that I had no time for moping; but I could not forget my grievance. In every letter I received from home I expected to read the announcement of her engagement to

Throckton, but it never came. I wondered sometimes why I had been so sure those girls were talking of me. What if it had been just the other way—that she meant Throckton? But no, that was scarcely probable—it was not reasonable to suppose that two fellows would say and do just the same things on the same night. But then, again, how was I sure that the Grace and Nell of the conversation were the girls I knew? There were unquestionably other Grace's and Nell's in town.

Why did I not talk to her as if nothing had happened and sound her, so to speak? Unfortunately that thought came too late.

Month after month passed wearisomely; but the year came to an end finally, and so did the railway, and there was nothing to keep me longer. New Year's day found me once more at home enjoying the greetings of my friends. As I was strolling down to the club I met Meredith. "Hello, old fellow! Glad to see you back. Come along with me, can't you? I'm going to call on Grace Rereton."

"No, thanks, Meredith—I might meet Throckton."

"Oh, the deuce take Throckton! He's married to a girl down in Texas—a regular Amazon. Didn't you know that? Well, I don't wonder; no one thought it worth mentioning. Great Cæsar! I see now what prompted that pleasant little wish of yours that night at Lloyd's—jealous by thunder! Oh, come now; if I wasn't so glad to see you back again, I'd tell you you were a precious idiot! Such a girl as she, care for a fellow like that? I thought you knew better."

"It's all well enough for you to talk, Meredith, but you don't know."

"No, I don't know what you're driving at, but I'm mighty sure of one thing—Grace Rereton's a trump, begging her pardon for the language. If you don't believe it you are clear off the track."

"I used to believe it, and I should like to think so still, but I cannot."

"Now, see here, old boy, I don't know what's in your mind, but I think I can give you a point or two. Perhaps you did not know that I am engaged to Grace Rereton's best friend, Nell Farnshawe (never mind about congratulations now) and through her I know the history of her affair with Throckton. His cousin and Grace were room-mates at boarding school.

When he came here a stranger, his cousin recommended him to Grace's tender mercies. You know how the boys guyed him. Well, she felt sorry for him and treated him with greater kindness than he would otherwise have received. He rewarded her by falling desperately in love with her and making an ass of himself at the same time. He just simply dogged her around like the cur he was, and made life a burden for her. He proposed to her the night before he went away and she refused him. Until this minute I never could understand the sudden break between you and Grace, when everybody was expecting a quite different climax. I knew you cared for her, and I could not believe she had refused you. By George! I have a notion to drag you up there this minute and make you explain. The poor girl has suffered this last year, for she loved you and had every reason to suppose you cherished a like feeling for her. You won't go? Well, I suppose you can find a way out of it by yourself. I'll see you soon again. Good by."

I object to personalities, particularly those that refer to myself, so without going into details, I will simply say that I called upon her very soon, confessed that I had been hasty, idiotic—everything; berated myself generally, and the dear girl was sorry for me and—well, all my old-time dreams of a sweet little wife and a beautiful home have since been realized. She was talking of Throckton, not me.

The moral is, young ladies: Do not talk over confidential matters by telephone; and young men, don't jump at conclusions about women. Men's meaning you can guess at with a slight cue, but that of women is past finding out unless you are initiated.

EMMA BELL.

Evanston, Ill.

THOUGHTS ON MATTERS LYRIC AND DRAMATIC.

Phoibos Apollo is enthroned in Grecian Myth as the God of the sun and of music, and, like other potentates, he is given to the destruction of his own work.

The more glowing his beams the less tuneful his lyre till, in the heat of summer, it twangs not at all, or with such feeble tone that it is drowned in the clash of Coney Island brass bands, and, quasi "Comic Operas." Even the Carnegie Temple is silent for obvious reasons no doubt.

Therefore there is but little of importance to dilate upon in the way of music.

The "Robber of the Rhine" died, strange to say, a natural death, whereas he ought to have been electrocuted by reason of his innate iniquity from a dramatic, and insanity, from a musical point of view.

He was a robber indeed; everything about him was stolen from his chesnut jests to his worn-out tunes, all of which were "familiar in our mouths as household words."

The only thing worth picking up, was the topical duet between a tall, lissome woman with no spine and "Bunthorne" Ryley which was funny.

How is it that managers, presumably intelligent, will spend their money and peril their reputations for judgment by insulting the public with such literary larceny and such music platitude as Messrs. Barrymore and Puerner have heaped up in this receptacle for stolen goods, this Robber, not only of the Rhine, but of all the rest of the world?

Mr. Hayden Coffin, the imported baritone, is a nice, slim young man, with a nice slim voice and an uncertain purpose in acting. He is neither better nor worse than shoals of young men who are persuaded by their too partial friends that they are singers, but who fail to persuade the ruthless public to share that opinion.

There has been, evidently, a great sum of money spent on the presentation of this piece, but the lion's skin, be it never so lustrously tawny and have ever so gorgeous a name cannot hide the donkey beneath it—especially when he brays!

The "Music Hall" has invaded us, and has come to stay. The favorite and characteristic amusement of the London Cockney and the Parisian *Bourgeois* is now the chosen delusion of the Broadway Dude.

The infection has spread from the Bowery dives upwards through Koster and Biall's 23d street latitudinarian Lounge, to the hanging gardens of the Casino and the Madison Square, and will not stop till it spreads over the 42d street Reservoir in a gigantic "Cafe Chautant" where we shall be regaled with all the ancient and mossy "wheezes" that used to delight the frequenters of Bartlemy Fair and still charm the senses of "Arry" and "Jacques Bonhomme" and their attendant females.

Well! perhaps it is better that people should be treated to

what they can understand and enjoy than to be forced to fads and driven to dullness, by having rugged harmonic puzzles presented to their feeble understandings by Teutonic cranks.

Anyway the Roof Gardens are cool and comfortable, and one can smoke.

It is a crying shame that men without capital, or credit to serve for capital, should be able to perpetrate wholesale swindles like that of the late King Kaliko upon poor, ignorant, confiding chorus singers. In this case the wretched people were kept hard at work from nine in the morning till five in the afternoon, rehearsing for fully five weeks, and received—nothing! So it was with the "Fall of Plevna." So it is with dozens of other "snap" productions sprung upon society every season by irresponsible speculators who, like the much abused "Sweaters" live on the flesh and blood of innocent victims. Vampires are they and leeches, almost as criminal as the Coal Barons and Iron Dukes who endow libraries and erect palatial music halls and churches in the hope of bribing Heaven to condone their crimes. But the theatrical bloodsuckers have not yet succeeded in getting laws passed to justify and protect their villainies, and till they do they should be punished—if possible.

It seems to me that Messrs. Abbey & Grau have raked the operatic world with a fine-toothed comb, and caught all the best singers. Surely, since the dear old days of La Grange, Nautier Didice, Amodio, Beneventano, Brignoli Salvi, etc., we have never had such a galaxy of genius as these astute managers presented to us last season, to their profit and to our gain, but the promise for next season exceeds the performance of the last, great as that was.

It may be conceded now, that art has conquered brute force, and that Signor Belle Canto has vanished Herr Leit-Motif on the battle ground of Opera.

And yet the victor is generous, and the vanquished will not be trodden underfoot. Leit-Motif will have a show. He will be given his chance and will give his best work, leaving the merely ultra teutonic fads, such as "Parsifal" to their native land.

We shall have a truly cosmopolitan opera, suited to all the varied tastes in one cosmopolitan domain of song, and surely that is the true policy.

We are a composite people made up of the most energetic

and adventurous of a world, and, as such, have various idiosyncracies and various fancies. The German has his "Volklied," the Italian his "Barcarolle," the Frenchman his "Romance," the Spaniard his "Bolero," and the Briton his "Ballad," to appeal to the hearts of the people and to serve as a basis for their individual schools of music, but we have no peculiar form of expression, as yet, and so must appeal to all the others. Luckily our taste is so universal, our appetite so omnivorous, that "all is fish that comes to our net."

As yet, music is with us a patchwork. I will not say "crazy-quilt." We have not toned down into a "school," and therefore our National Opera must be akin to our National Constitution. A number of sovereignties united by a bond of brotherhood, but retaining the autonomy of each. We are musical Home-rulers, and Messrs. Abby and Grau have worked upon true democratic lines, and have ignored all "Force-bills," whether German, Italian or French.

"We pay our money and we takes our choice," to use the expressive slang of the peep show.

I am glad to see that Harry Pepper's admirable idea of giving a lecture on the Ballad, adorned by illustrative performances of that simple but charming school of music, have pleased the people and that he is encouraged to add the equally characteristic style of oratorio to his repertory. Mr. Pepper has an excellent voice, sings well, and delivers his remarks plainly and expressively, "with good emphasis and discretion."

If he should succeed in bringing the pure, simple ballad into form, we should be spared the awful infliction of hearing embryo singers striving after operatic effects far beyond their inchoate power, for many a one can sing "Annie Laurie" pleasingly, which would and does torture our ear with "Casta Diva."

The ballad and the glee are the true music of the home-circle.

The Scena and the Cavatina, should stay behind the foot-lights.

Every day I am more and more convinced, that the Anglo-saxon is out of place in French Opera Bouffe. Firstly, the English language is too downright, too stern, for the light tripping measures that skim over the dangerous places of Gal-

lic suggestiveness. It is too earnest, it means what it says, and so, what is fun in French is coarseness in English.

Besides Opera Bouffe is, in France, witnessed by men only. If you see women at the Bouffes Parisiennes you are told that they are Demi-mondaines, or Americans, or British, the "*jeune personne comme il faut*" is never visible.

Now the best half of our audience is made up of the gentler sex, therefore the dialogue has to be expurgated, Bowdlerized in fact, and English jests (?) must vainly strive to supply the place of French *persiflage*.

The adaptations too, are of the clumsiest. From Furnie to Burnand in England, and from Norcross to Smith in America, the dialogue and lyrics are halting and inane. Their fun is fustian and their wit mere buffoonery.

The English comic opera is that of Gilbert and Sullivan, sarcasm set to jingle. That is the "understanding of the people" and will not "bring the blush of shame to the cheek of beauty" whereas the touch-and-go-riskiness of French Bouffes are as uneasy in English dress as a modern dude in a suit of ancient armor, a slab-sided yankee in regimentals, or a self-made man in evening dress, besides being like a skater on thin ice, liable to break through at any moment, and come to grief.

Then, again, our actors do not and cannot understand French comedy—they are too heavy, too stolid, too provincial, for indeed as yet we are but provincials in art, lyric and dramatic.

Compare the performance of Lorenzo in the "Mascot" by M. Mezieres with that of Mr. Dixey, as given of late at Palmer's theatre, New York; the first quaint, witty and simple; the second dull, heavy and strained. One all life and gaiety, the other all stupidity and vulgar gaggery.

The Lorenzo of the Frenchman was a queer, funny, eccentric old Prince—that of the American a coarse, stupid boor. The Frenchman playes his "Binon," or bagpipe, deftly and without violent effort, the American brayed on a trombone, without regard to the meaning or the music.

The Frenchman made Lorenzo in his decadence, a strolling minstrel. The American makes his an Irishman!!!, why or wherefore, it was impossible to tell. In short M. Mezieres understood the part, Mr. Dixey did not, that is all.

Mr. Lenox, in his interpretation of the farmer Rocco was evidently inspired by the astral body of Denman Thompson,

for he made him a pure Yankee from Connecticut; at home among stones, onions and corn, but woefully out of place among vines and pomegranates. He too, instead of playing the pretty pastoral tune, given him by the composer, on a shepherd's pipe, or Hautbois, squeaked unmeaning discord on a cracked clarionet, by which double error the intention of the composer and librettist was set at naught, to be replaced by vile clowning, unworthy of a nigger minstrel show.

Miss Camille D'Arville, on the other hand, made of the original rough peasant girl in homespun and wooden shoes, a dainty damsel in silk and lace, a stage mascot indeed, very far removed from the real Italian "Contadina" garlic scented and with hay in her sabots, as Mml. Theo used to play the part.

In fact the Mascot as given at Palmer's theatre was a vulgar variety show, not a French Opera Bouffe, and yet scarcely a critic had the perception to recognize nor the courage to tell the truth, but accepted the garbage set before the poor public as wholesome food, to be swallowed, without remonstrance: a mixture of grease, tar and soapsuds, offered as "*Omelette Soufflee*."

It looks as if the heretofore "Home of Comic Opera," the world-renowned Casino, after falling gradually from its high estate, is about to imitate the Alhambra and Empire theatres of London, and become a mere music hall, lacking, however, the very important elements in those resorts of the flighty and dissipated; the demi-monde and the drink.

The Casino is to be a Bowdlerized Alhambra, without a "paddock," without drinking bars; all virtue and vulgarity, temperance and tumbling, refinement and razzle-dazzle.

The new policy may "catch on" for the ways of the public are past finding out, but it does not look probable to the non-managerial eye.

Chicago.

FRED LYSTER.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

CHICAGO—OUR NEW HOME.

An examination of the earliest authentic records of the doings of men will show that one of the first was the building of cities. As the narrative goes on one will find plentifully sprinkled through it the statement that such and such an one gat him to a certain place and builded a city there, and called it so and so. How he did it, how long it took, what inducements he offered to newcomers, what the climate was, how much water-power or valley land existed, how much rich country was or would be dependent upon the new place, the stately old history never condescends to say. It does not even hint at what the founder and his assistants said upon those points.

The industry still survives, but all the conditions seem to have changed, for there is not a case on record where any modern attempt to deliberately build a city succeeded. The private history of every State in the Union is full of stories of town-building, yet wherever there exists a sizeable metropolis it is sure that it grew there of itself, like a mushroom engendered from a floating spore, and in spite of men and their endeavors. Swamps and hills hold them, malaria nourishes them, geographical, commercial, and climatic considerations make them. There is nothing which so entirely sets at naught the alleged foresight of men as do the caprices of town-sites and the utter failure of resources so palpable and self-evident to all comers.

A striking evidence of this is in the teeming metropolis where this magazine is published. Before anybody knew definitely that it existed it had grown to a population of a million. Immediately after that, and while the fact was discussed as a happening, it had added thirty-three per cent to that somewhat striking figure. And its resting-place was an irredeemable swamp—swamp, sand, jack-oak, barren, and coarse grass as high as a horse's back. The estuary of this huge slough was a little forked creek. Lone and wide and far stretched an inhospitable and unknown prairie. A little government fort was by-and-bye erected on the bank of the little stream, and the Indians diverted themselves by one day killing nearly all its people. There was never anything more futureless and forlorn and desolate within the memory of living men and women. If the idea of building a city in this region had ever deliberately occurred to any man he would instantly have said that the head of the lake, a few miles away, was naturally and necessarily the proper spot. He would have refused, as hundreds did refuse, to have any dollars embedded in a hopeless swamp.

Yet Chicago came. It survived one of the most desolating fires in history. It rose first upon capital borrowed and strangely lent again, and purchased that capital entirely for itself in less than twenty years. It is big, teeming, wicked. It has excited the bitterest of human passions in the breast of those whose secure and ancient business it has stolen or captured or wooed away. Nobody knows what to do with it; it does not know what to do with itself; but it grows. Its towering architecture has grown to be a platitude; its Temples and Auditoriums and "Rookeries" are as things which must be excelled. Its accidents, its fires, its crimes, its ambitions and successes are looked for as matters of course by the morning papers of the civilized world.

But this city is not, and no great city is, important for itself alone. It is because it is the central point for many millions who may live and die and never see it. When, once in a lifetime one of these, some few out of the great number, visits this awful puzzle and jumble of humanity, what does he think of it? He is a man out from among his fellow-men, governed, as we all are, by our ideas of life as we have found it. He may be middle-aged, and he knows it all. He thought he did. One

cannot puzzle him with any new developments in the realm where all his troubles have come to him. His first sensation in the city is undoubtedly one of abject, homeless, friendless lonesomeness. The crowd hurries by, and acting by his natural right to go as slowly as he pleases, he gets jammed and butted and pushed and angry. The first inquiry he makes about where to go and how to get there introduces him to the queer sensation of knowing that the other person has "sized him up" in the space of ten seconds and knows that he is the marked man, who was never, or in any other place, thus set apart; a stranger in a great city. He is astonished to find that there is something about him, he has no idea what, which is visible even to callow youth from across the street. This is one of his first sensations. When he comes to understand it he will be a changed man.

His next sensation will probably be an adequate conception, for the first time, of the cruelty of humanity. He will realize with an indescribable bitterness that all the churches, whose spires point heavenward on every hand, have not in the least effected the selfishness of this vast crowd. He does not know without experience how sharp and bitter is the competition between man and man, not for wealth, but for bread. He will see the black ribbon of a funeral threading the crowd at a trot, and will know that there is here a sure realization of the fact that the dead are dead. He will perchance encounter a queer battalion of the Salvation Army, parti-colored and grotesque, and kneeling in the gutter and singing hymns to the accompaniment of tamborines, and he will feel that in this strange atmosphere even religion is out of the common course.

More than all will he be impressed by the grisly companionship of splendor and misery inevitable in every capital. In barbarism alone is there equality. There is a triumph that is greater than that of arms, or brains, or industry, or religion. It is that of aggregated money. It buys and sells and rules. It makes church, state and court its unconscious instruments. It glitters with splendor. Genius offers itself to it as a servant, and is labeled by it with a number and set to work as part of a huge human machine. There is no harm intended; perhaps there is none done. It is the drift of humanity; the way of the world. It has always been so. No man can find a

remedy save in the primeval estate wherein all are equal and all are poor. But it is in the great city that the unaccustomed eye finds it and sees it and wonders at it, the great text of socialism written in every street, carried as a placard by every man and woman, emblazoned upon the lineaments of every face. Squalor and Splendor; there is hardly a middle ground. The imperial palaces of trade, marble-lined and turretted and glittering with aluminum and crystal, are but the hives where toil vast armies of those who earn over and over again every day the fee for a license to live.

The newest item of all to the rural or semi-rural visitor is the field into which woman has entered. For the living-earning woman is a new creature in this world, who in a manner defies all instinct and tradition. How many thousands of her there may be here the writer does not know, but she is everywhere. The vast emporiums of trade, at the size and business and extent of which the oldest resident can never cease to wonder, are full of her. Where the clang of falling iron resounds all day long; where endless wheels dizzily and ceaselessly turn; she has her corner. In the crowded world she can no longer wait. Wind and storm must no longer delay her. Time must be to her now as it is to a man, with the curse of Eden inexorably upon her, bearing all the burdens of her nature. She has entered into the contest by tens of thousands. Age, misfortune, widowhood have nothing to do with it. And how does it affect her? Not at all. Here then, oh stranger, from green fields and umbrageous woods, is the strangest puzzle of all the city offers you. We have unsexed the world, and left it essentially unchanged. This is still the woman to whom you will offer your seat in the crowded car. It is still she whose face is unsmirched by the glare of publicity, and to whom daintiness and femininity remain as ever. You may as well confess, in your hours of calm reflection, that Chicago and her streets and marts have taught you one more lesson, given you one new item, about that incomprehensible creature who is your mother, your sister and your wife, but whom you will never entirely comprehend, should you live a thousand years.

In every great city nothing is ever exactly right, and nothing is entirely wrong. Yet everything is a little better than could have been expected. Is not the whole solid mass an

exhalation from a swamp? Could the wisest man that ever lived have foreseen its existence at all? Could genius or skill have made it? Yet never in the history of civilization before has so much been done in such a time, or so well. Are there filthy streets? There are such everywhere, and here a turbulent population of householders and plutocrats, regardless of all parties, will see them cleaned. Does the stifling coal-smoke burden the air and hide the sun? Understand that cleanliness backed by ingenuity and argo will yet clear the skies. Do the cables break, and leave you stranded shelterless and without cable-car or nickel on your tired way to home and rest? They do, and every man is interested in the problem of how, underneath or overhead, and in the immediate future, to get what he is willing to pay for in the way of transportation. He will get it. Go you and buy lots where you think they will reach.

Nevertheless, the striking iniquities and inconsistencies remain. Humanity in its broad lines and general rules is ever the same. Huge palaces are erected for profit only, which pay no taxes because they are the property of a church. The strictest piety opens its doors to its tenants for worldliness on the Sabbath, because agglomerated and joint-stock religion owns the beautiful structure. On this same day the parks and the theatres are full by day and night, and the saloons all the time. Far from all the ways and doings of continental Europe is a continental Sunday under the control of the descendants of the Puritans. In the same place, and at the same time, a great World's Fair, Babylonian in its magnificence, full of the wonders of the world, organized with a skill and carried forward with a pluck unknown before, will be closed every Sunday. If it is to be intended by this, that Chicago is to be the battle ground of the coming fight between so-called orthodox Sabbatarianism, (of the seventh-day order) and the declaration of the Master himself, who held that "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," then it is time that the gauntlet should be thrown down. We have outgrown the doctrines of the Pharisees and the American people of the nineteenth century will so demonstrate.

* * * * *

A place like this is necessarily the home of that which, speaking generally, we designate "brains." We do not mean alone the work of men's hands. Its guiding power, as in

all cases of success, is a high order of human intelligence. Does intelligence mean the existence of a literature? Has Chicago, or the vast field of which it is the center, any possession of that kind? If not, is it going to have it? Is there any room for a magazine?

This is a disputed and somewhat tender point. There are experiences such as make literature, and without which there can be none. These experiences are rare and extraordinary, and have been had by people whose shrewdness is backed by an education of the schools and whose tastes have been formed by every opportunity that any others have enjoyed, and who, with their own eyes, have seen all the processes of the erection of an empire. Until the West of the United States came into being no generation had been accorded such a privilege. It is the mother of a school of thought and feeling unique, intense, captivating. From this great source has already come that which is best in American literature. Those who think have only to write. They need not carry their wares longer to those whose judgment is trained to certain standards of style, who reject new flavors, who follow axioms, who believe a feast of reason should be all dessert. We cannot transplant the East and make it grow in Chicago. The experiment has been tried and has repeatedly failed. But we may foster an indigenous plant. In all faith we are going to try. All our ambitions will be entirely filled if we can make of BELFORD'S that which may truly be called a western magazine. Any monthly which does this will have a clientage both east and west—and this includes the south, which is becoming an integral part of the west. It will give us something for which we have long waited.

We are looking for, and distinctly want, the thoughts of the people whom we shall attempt hereafter to especially serve. The soul of literature is not a form of words; it is not distinctively a style; it is the feeling that is behind it. The literature of the west has been enacted; it has been *done*. A vast and unknown crowd carries about with it, unused and unknown, an experience, a habit of thought, even a poetry, which is so new that it is adventure, so strong that it is romance, so fresh that it is like a new creation to whomsoever catches its spirit. It lacks a vehicle of expression. The great romance of American history has been carried about in shreds and patches by thousands of people

who lived and died with their stories untold. Whatever of these fragments can be caught and held will find a place in the pages of this magazine.

THE PRACTICAL WORKING OF THE AUSTRALIAN BALLOT LAW IN A GREAT CITY.

Chicago in last April held an important election at which aldermen and township officers were for the first time chosen under a modification of the Australian ballot system. The first experiment under this law was had in the fall of 1891, when county commissioners and some minor officers were elected, but on that occasion little public interest was aroused, and the election of April 5th must be taken as the crucial test of the new system. Public opinion had been greatly exercised over newspaper exposures of alleged corruption, or as it is euphemistically termed, "boodling," by members of the City Council, seven of whom were indicted by the grand jury. Some of the aldermen accused were candidates for re-election and in other wards a formidable revolt against machine politics was inaugurated.

The Election Law of Illinois provides for Chicago a Board of Election Commissioners of three members, who have entire charge of the electoral machinery. As the law requires that these commissioners shall be appointed by the judge of the County Court, necessarily a political partisan, and that two at least of such commissioners shall be selected from the two leading political parties, it is customary to speak of the commission as non-partisan. As a matter of fact the system has worked fairly well, and no complaints of injustice have been made the people having full confidence that their votes will be honestly counted.

Until the adoption of the present law elections in Chicago were conducted on the same general lines as in most great cities. There was a full modicum of rowdiness at the polls, an unsavory gang of ticket-peddlers, challengers and friends of the candidates; thumpers, ward-heelers and professional sluggers infested the neighborhood of the ballot-box, puffed the smoke from vile cigars in the faces of the voters and generally made pronounced nuisances of themselves. Up to within a few years there was no registry law; colonization,

repeating and substitution were frequent and flagrant. Dead men and men long removed from the precinct were voted for by enthusiastic friends, and the time-dishonored motto, "Vote early and often," was fully lived up to. It would be too much to claim that all these evils have been swept away, but at least most of the grosser ones have been. There is order and decency at the voting places, even in the "tough" districts. The strict enforcement of a registry system has done much to prevent fraudulent voting, and, better than all, bribery and intimidation have been rendered practically impossible. Working men can no longer be driven to the polls like sheep and voted as street-car magnates or directors of great corporations dictate, for the ballot is secret and inviolate.

Experience has shown that it is possible to hold a fair and honest election in spite of the "machine," and it has been demonstrated that the Australian ballot system works to advantage even in so heterogeneous a population as that of Chicago, with its countless thousands of foreign-born citizens. At the fall election of 1891, when the system was first tried, there were nearly 10,000 votes disqualified out of a total of 112,000 cast. At the election of last April more than 133,000 votes were recorded, and of these less than 2,000 were rejected as spoiled.

The Illinois law as it now stands provides for a register of all qualified voters and no man whose name is not upon the register can vote. Under a recent statute the men who have persistently refrained from registering in order to avoid jury service find their names listed before those of registered voters. The registry law, however, works some hardship, especially to traveling men. The judges and clerks of election sit only on one day prior to the Spring election, and only two days prior to that in the Fall. In the latter case the sittings are held four weeks and three weeks before the election. Men accidentally absent from the city at such times suffer by reason of their failure to get their names on the register, and in a city which contains so large a number of commercial travelers as Chicago does this is a serious matter. Additional days of registry will have to be provided, and incident to this the compensation of election judges and clerks will have to be increased. Much extra work has been imposed upon these officials, whose pay is but three dollars a day—or for each elec-

tion nine dollars for a judge and twelve for a clerk, this calling for three and four days' service respectively. The clerks are charged with the duty of canvassing their precincts in order to complete the register and the work is often slurred.

The leading features of the so-called Australian ballot law, as adopted in Illinois, are as follows: All ballots are printed at the public expense, thus doing away with that unmitigated nuisance, the ticket peddler. Any convention or gathering representing a party which at the previous general election cast not less than two per cent of the entire vote of the electoral division may nominate candidates, and nominations may also be made upon petition signed by a small percentage of qualified voters. The names of candidates are grouped upon the ballots under the headings of their political affiliations, as "Democratic", "Republican", "Peoples", "Trade and Labor", "Prohibition" or "Independent". In England, where another modification of the Australian ballot is used in the election of Guardians of the Poor, etc., the names are printed in alphabetical order, with nothing whatever to signify the party affiliations of the nominees. It is clear, however, that such a system would lead to confusion here, especially where presidential electors, for instance, were to be chosen, and it must be taken for granted that some system of grouping the names under a party label is actually necessary where practically all nominations, from President to Poundmaster, are made on party lines. It rests in the discretion of the Election Commissioners to decide as to the headings and there is something more than a possibility of trouble arising over the "regularity" of a nomination, especially where a "bolt" occurs in a party convention. One enterprising candidate for Alderman at the recent Chicago election managed, by means best known to himself, to secure a nomination from three parties, Democratic, Republican and the People's Trade and Labor organization. His opponent ran as an "Independent Republican" and the gentleman of the triune nominations was very comfortably snowed under by some three hundred votes.

The polls open in Chicago at 6 A. M. and close at 4 P. M. and the counting of the vote must be completed before the judges and clerks can separate. It is a sufficient comment upon the new system to say that at the last election the returns from every one of five hundred and fifty-nine precincts of

Chicago—a city covering one hundred and eighty square miles of territory—were in the newspaper offices by 1 A. M. Heretofore, as the writer can testify by sad experience, it was usually three or four in the morning before a table could be completed and then there were many missing precincts and incomplete returns. Of course at a general election, such as the next Presidential contest, where Congressmen, State and County officers, etc., are to be chosen, the ticket will be of formidable dimensions and the count may be delayed. But experience so far is in favor of the new system as being simple and efficient.

The law imperatively forbidding any electioneering or soliciting of votes within one hundred feet of the polling places was strictly enforced, and the increased accommodation for voters, one hundred and eighty square feet being the minimum space allowed at a polling place, proved a great convenience. Separate booths with curtains and guard rails were provided, and into one of these booths the voter passed after giving his name to the judge of election and receiving a ballot upon which the judge had marked his initials for verification. The voter then, in perfect security and seclusion, marked his ballot by putting a cross against the name or group of names for whom he wanted to vote, folded the ballot so that the marks could not be seen and handed the paper to the judge of election, who dropped it into the ballot-box, after identifying the paper by his initials. The entire process occupied but a minute and the voter passed out as soon as his ballot was deposited.

Some question has been raised about the alleged increased cost of the system over the old one. The introductory expenses have been large. For instance, there was an outlay in Chicago of \$18,000 for booths and \$7,000 more for guard-rails, rods and curtains. But these furnishings will serve for many elections. The printing of the ballots now falls upon the State or municipality, but the whole tendency of modern legislation is in favor of removing all impediments in the way of candidates and this reform had to come. That better and cleaner polling places should be furnished, and that the voter should be freed from the solicitations of politicians and the threats of ward bummers and political heelers, had grown to be an absolute necessity. The election was quiet and orderly

and the general consensus of opinion was highly favorable to the new system.

A few words ought to be said about the effect upon the voting. As has been mentioned before there was something like a popular revolt against boodling and bossism, the city newspapers without distinction of party assisting in the movement for reform. The net result of the election was extremely gratifying to all good citizens, for the corrupt element was routed, horse, foot and dragoons. It was impossible for the ward bosses, the representatives of street railroads, gas companies and other great corporations which for some occult reason always take so strong an interest in the success of their own particular friends in the City Council, to bring pressure to bear upon their employes. The citizen received his ballot from the election officers, marked it as he chose and deposited it in the box in perfect security from intimidation. The possibilities of bribery are destroyed, for the would-be purchaser of votes has no surety that he will get value received. It is no longer possible for the foreman or manager of a factory or the big contractor to range his men in line and furnish each with a ticket, march them to the polls and see that they vote it straight. In this respect a great advance has been made. There may be changes of detail needed; the practical workings of the system may suggest modifications and reforms, but one thing is certain: Chicago has found in the Australian ballot system something a good deal better than she had before in the way of a law of elections and she will certainly not lightly abandon it. The increased cost is not large and if it were ten times greater it would be a small price to pay for a fair vote and an honest count of the vote.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Fair to Look Upon by Mary Belle Freeley (Morrill, Higgins & Co., Chicago). A book of this character, daintily illustrated and trenchantly written, epigrammatic in turn, clever in treatment and handling, is yet a book which cannot be approved. It consists of a series of graphic sketches of the historic women of the Old Testament from Eve to Ruth, with Hagar, Rachel, and Bath-sheba included. The animus of the writer, who is undoubtedly a clever woman, seems to have been to show that in patriarchal times the chief delight of women was to deceive and triumph over their husbands. She treats the beautiful story of Ruth, for example, as if Ruth had been a none too reputable grass-widow with a South Dakota divorce in her pocket. For Sarah, the mother of Israel; for Rachel and Rebekah, she has little respect. Her sympathies chiefly go out to the wife of Lot, and her characterization of that person is that "She was loving, tender, daring, but disobedient." In effect disobedience to duty and morality appear to form in the author's eyes the primal duty of female humanity.

The book is smart, but it tampers with sacred feelings and sentiments. It makes light of the beliefs of many millions and shatters many idols. It is doubtful whether it is wise to shake a child's belief in Fairyland or to rudely upset the conceptions of romance entertained by older children. Something sentimental should still be left, but this writer ruthlessly tears away the veil and with keen analysis and searching sarcasm demolishes the treasured fancies of our youth. She has done her work well and the book will be widely read, but we cannot help wishing that she had turned her talents to better account.

CHICAGO.

JAMES MAITLAND.

Money, Silver and Finance: by J. Howard Cowperthwait (G. P. Putnam's Sons).—Most men misquote the passage of Holy Writ which assures us that "love of money is the root of all evil." Money in itself certainly is not, or is equally truly the root of all good. It is a queer thing either way, the cause and cure of many mischiefs, the maddenier of otherwise sane minds, the seducer that ruins the most virtuous, the "one thing needful" to him who would secure social salvation. Everybody thinks he knows what money is, but very few can define it as easily as they can get it or lose it. All good Americans are orthodox in their worship of the almighty dollar, and yet they treat the coined image of their deity with contempt, preferring to carry in their bosoms the musty rags of Scripture which testify of his supposed existence. What is a paper dollar? It is supposed, by the superstitious to be the perishable equivalent of one hundred cents' worth of silver bullion, and President Harrison, in his 1891 message, gaily asked us to believe that "for every dollar of these notes issued a full dollar's worth of silver bullion is at this time deposited in the Treasury as security for its redemption." Of course he made an amiable but a very pardonable blunder in this, but where is the man who ever tried in any way to make a dollar go further than it can who did not make a fool of himself? If anybody wants to swap his paper for Treasury coins, there is a pretty fair stock of them on hand, and the Government will be only too grateful to any other great fool who will load his carts up with its circular slabs of silver.

The Treasury has at the present moment \$400,000,000 in silver stowed away. Mr. D. A. Wells has reckoned that if all this were turned into dollar coins it would require 1,000 railway freight-cars, carrying eleven tons each, to move the lot. If it were melted and made into a solid silver column a foot square it would reach over six miles high, the Washington column being 550 feet. It would take 220,000 men to carry this load, at 100 pounds per man, and if a man were to count the dollars at the rate of 200 a minute for eight hours a day and seven days to the week, it would take him eleven years. And yet the Treasury keeps on piling away seven tons of silver every working day of the year!

We produce heaps of the raw material, so that the dollar-minting industry has flourished finely, and the articles have be-

come as cheap as any other drug in the market. In 1873 silver brought 118½ cents an ounce. Each year since then the price has dwindled until, in 1888 it sank to 83 cents. In the technical language of the economists silver has been depreciating, is now depreciated, and is likely to depreciate still more, unless the silver kings who reign over their subject voters coerce the Government into booming their commodity into an artificial prosperity. Here the common American people come into the arena, and have the audacity to ask by what right any government, or party, or gang of monopolists, presume to rob the wage-earner of 17 to 20 cents on the dollar for the sake of enriching the millionaire. A clear-headed, plain-spoken voicer of this protest against the resort to limitless coinage of silver, is Mr. Cowperthwait, in this book of his. He deals with this most complicated of subjects in an admirably thorough way. He gives reasons, each reason buttressed with statistics and facts, for his hearty opposition to the arguments of the bi-metalists. If this country does not restrict its present rate of coining dollars, he says, it will surely come to pass that we shall be compelled by the world's markets to use silver only, which will mean loss of profit and prestige.

Mr. Cowperthwait combines the accomplishments of a well-read student with the practical sagacity of a successful man of business. His work is well worth reading; the statesman and economist can profit by his arguments, and the tyro in finance will get an insight into the hard subject. This style is clear and forcible, and any person who can read cannot fail understanding every thing he writes. Such men as Mr. Cowperthwait are an acquisition to literature that this country needs badly.

NEWARK, N. J.

OLIVER H. H. LEIGH.

Republic of Republics: by B. J. Sage, Washington, D. C.—The termination of the imprisonment and the abandonment of the prosecution for treason of Jefferson Davis are now matters of history, but the reasons which conduced to the sudden changes of public policy, are to many unknown and inexplicable. The purpose to make "treason odious" was not only openly avowed, but was sustained by public opinion, and advocated, by party voice, to be made effectual "by hanging traitors."

The consistency of the dominant party seemed to demand,

and the passions of party cried out for the trial, conviction and execution of Mr. Davis. When, therefore, the whole program of vengeance was abandoned, despite the defiant challenge of the accused and without his having sought clemency by any word or act, the public surprise was not only very great, but the result was deemed averse to the fortunes of the Republican party. While it is a fact of no small importance, that time and the sober second thought and feeling of reason and mercy, softened the vindictiveness of successful warfare, yet there was a potent influence also which did much to contribute to the conviction that the acquittal of Mr. Davis would be the moral conviction of the Republican party. That conviction was promoted by a *brief* on the law of treason, purporting to emanate from "P. C. Centz Barrister," which was sent from England to many leaders of the dominant party in the country, including the President. The brief argued not only that a prisoner of war was protected by the *jus gentium*, but also that the character of our commonwealths and their union, was such that the allegiance of the citizen was naturally due to the state, and that this allegiance was the real ground of its being treason to levy war against the Union-Government of the States—the language of the Constitution being "levying war against *them* or adhering to *their* enemies." The brief further argued that each state had absolute possession and control of her citizen, his family and all his belongings; could punish him for disobedience and overt enmity: and, in fact, did compel Mr. Davis, and all others of her citizens, to go with her and fight for her. And the absurdity was presented, of a citizen being subject to be hung by one power of the country for doing what another authority could hang him for not doing. It was further argued that Davis or Lee were carried out of the Union and put in a new one, and that citizens generally were by law put into the field and made to fight each and every one, "having as little volition as an infant of emigrating parents"—the legal or moral question having been settled by the collective people. So that the three vital elements of a crime—volition, intention and act—could not concur. It was obvious that the states were actors throughout—commanding their citizens—and assuming all responsibility for their acts in the premises. This theory was shown to be supported by all American history.

The brief exhibited such a profound acquaintance with the history and philosophy of our Constitution, that in the absence of any such name as that of the alleged author among the legal profession of England, the Hon. Judah P. Benjamin was believed to be the author. Its effect upon the purpose of the prosecutors of Mr. Davis is, of course, only conjectural, but it is a fact that not long after its reception in this country a marked amelioration of vindictiveness was manifested, which from that day grew stronger until finally there came about the most complete backdown and abandonment that the history of celebrated trials presents.

After reading the brief, President Johnson remarked, "It is historically correct and strong in logic," and Mr. Charles O'Connor, the leading attorney for Mr. Davis, wrote to the author :

"Should you be in this country before the trial, I would be happy to confer with you on the subject; as your close attention to, and thorough understanding of, the leading topics in the discussion, give you great facilities for usefulness."

This invitation led to conferences, resulting in the author being employed as one of the counsel.

When, in 1868, it became evident that the trial would be evaded, the author prepared a third edition, (the second, under the title of "Davis and Lee," having been issued in New York in 1866), concerning which a most distinguished editor wrote to a leading publisher, "You will be surprised, as I have been, at the extraordinary mass of historical support which the argument receives." The edition referred to [500 pp] was sometime afterward published at Philadelphia.

The Brief and the extended argument so impressed leading members of the bar, and received so many commendations from the ablest jurists of the country, that its real author, Mr. B. J. Sage, of Louisiana, prepared a new and revised edition, which was published by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, in 1881, the pseudonym of "P. C. Centz, Barrister," being retained. As this edition is exhausted, a fifth is now published, bearing the title *Republic of Republics*, by B. J. Sage, Washington, D. C.

Such are the cause and history of this remarkable work on our Constitution—a treatise by far the ablest and most convincing that has appeared from any author.

No more opportune time than the present for a recurrence

to first principles, and for a study of the origin and purpose of the Federal Constitution, has been presented since the formation of the Federal Government. The whole Federal system; the relations between the agency and the principals, *i. e.*, between the general Government and the constituting States, are either misunderstood or misrepresented; a deliberate intent is manifested, and an effort made by the Republican party in Congress to divest the States of their right to conduct the election of their representatives; and as to this and all other usurping schemes, the mere suggestion of a constitutional objection or doubt, calls forth expressions of ridicule. Representative Dingley, of Maine, recently said in the House:

"I must confess that I have little patience with those excellent gentlemen, who always find a constitutional objection in the way of right action." And in the Senate Mr. Morgan, of Alabama, remarked, "I know, Mr. President, that it is in vain that I should in this tribunal present a question of constitutional law in connection with any measure at all that anybody desires to pass. One puts himself in reach of ridiculous remark and criticism whenever he ventures to do so."

If the Constitution is to remain the supreme law of the land it must be protected from the many usurpations now-a-days attempted, and be restored to the respect and veneration it received from all parties, until there came over it the present anti-democratic and revolutionary cloud, and the sacred covenant became a subject of jest and sneer, and evasion or discretionary change by the agents in whose hands it was intended to be forever a trust.

The publication of the 5th edition of the "*Republic of Republics*," is therefore most timely. A recurrence to the constitution itself; to the writings and opinions of the authors and framers; to the *facts* which underlie it, and to the same in which it was established by the States, may stop the usurpations, which under the Republican party, bid fair to change the whole character of our political system, and defeat its wise and beneficent design.

The learned author has wisely avoided all schools apolitical thought, he has kept clear of all theories of Constitutional construction which had their origin *since* the system was organized. He thus escapes all partisanship and rests his views of the Constitution on *facts*, which are indisputable.

These facts, the author finds in the writings of the fathers, in the proceedings of the convention which framed, and in those of the conventions of the States which established the Constitution. The authority of men, who since the establishment have risen into eminence as jurists, statesmen, leaders and politicians, however great may be their abilities, virtue and knowledge, is nevertheless to be accepted with less reverence than those who framed the instrument and discussed its provisions in order to persuade the people to adopt and ratify it.

Neither the resolutions of '98 and '99, and Madison's report—nor Tucker, nor Taylor of Carolina, are summoned to bear testimony to what the framers designed or what the states established.

All these were great and virtuous leaders of parties under the Constitution, and each and every one had a fixed purpose with an honest end, but nevertheless their opinion and judgments were influenced by their surroundings and were not impartial as to the *facts* that brought the Constitution into existence another reason which induced the states to establish it.

No more honest and faithful mode of arriving at the truth as to the reasons and causes moving the States to secede from their "perpetual Union," and "to form a more perfect Union," could have been devised. By it all suspicion of partisanship is removed, and the work stands out as a faithful and truthful compendium of what the Fathers thought and said and did in framing the instrument; what the States intended to establish by adopting it; and, finally, what "the consent of the governed" was given to, when they, as individual citizens, voted in their respective States, for members of the ratifying conventions.

It is this conscientious adherence to the writings of the Fathers, this faithful abstention from all interested opinion that will commend this work to every student, who desires to understand the Constitution of his country. The author seeks only the indisputable facts of our country's history and their relation to the country's Constitution.

It was not the "Rights of Man" or the theories of government which called into existence the Federal Constitution. The *rights* were fully established already and were defended by the societies which the people, who served the rights, combined to form; and the *theory* was also pre-existent, for it was simply self-rule, *i. e.*, democracy. So that the purpose then on hand was as

stated by Chancellor Pendleton, "to bind in one ligament the strength of thirteen states"; or as Roger Sherman said for "Sovereign States" to unite to protect "their rights" and promote "their interests," that is to say; the people, as republics were becoming a union of free states, or a republic of republics. By that means *they* secured "the blessings of liberty," of their members and citizens by the full strength of one of the grandest and strongest government on earth. Hamilton, Madison, Jay and we may say Washington said (in No. 12 of the Federalist) that the purpose was to unite the then present thirteen states and those to arise in the future. Down the vista of time the fathers saw and provided forty-four states, comprising 65,000,000 souls.

The author teaches no doctrines; has no hypothesis; makes no inferences or conjectures; and neither guesses nor wishes anything, but dealt, as the fathers did, with actualities; and hence has all the history and sacred records of the country at his hands—an embarrassment of riches. If he presents a theory at all, it is that which the facts make, covering the ground of the subject, just as the stones of a pavement cover a given area.

The fathers had before then states as facts; they made the union and Constitution as facts; every word and every meaning, and the intent of all, were established and stated as adamantine eternal facts. Many illustrations might be given but the space allotted will allow only one or two. For example, they found human slavery a fact, and they kept it a fact—provided for its continuance, preservation and increase, with Constitutional guarantees. The perpetual union under the articles of confederation did not provide for the recovery of fugitive slaves—the more perfect of the union of the constitution provided for the rendition of fugitives from service or labor. The commerce among the states and with foreign countries, deranged by conflicting if not too selfish regulations of rival states, was a fact which primarily and principally called the states together. Thus every power granted by the states to their federal government can be traced to an existing fact which in some way or other stood out to arrest attention and demand conservation.

It has been Mr. Sage's work to collect all the *data* apposite to the subject, and to arrange them logically, so that

they shall themselves inexorably bear the reader to sound conclusions on every topic of discussion. No way for escape is open, for every point is so overwhelmingly proved, that no scrap of adverse evidence can be found.

To show the plan and manner of the author's argument one specimen must suffice:

"Was our federal system several distinct and sovereign political bodies, self-united and consequently superior to the voluntary bond; or were there pre-existent bodies reduced from states to provinces, and consolidated into one commonwealth or nation? This is a simple inquiry of fact."

He then quotes from Mr. Webster's speech in 1833, as the fairest and best statement and reasoning of the consolidation school, that the Constitution was made "by the people of the United States in aggregate"; that therein, they the said people or nation "distributed their powers between their general government and their several state governments"; that this was their "supreme law"; and that by it "state sovereignty was effectually controlled."

As to these assertions the author says, "they are either true or false; I shall prove them herein to be entirely and absurdly untrue;" and he proceeds to adduce a score of the most illustrious witnesses America ever produced, each and every one flatly contradicting the above statements, decisively too, for they themselves personally saw and knew and aided in establishing the facts to which they testify.

Part I, Ch. VII, of the *Republic of Republics*, presents the witnesses, namely, Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Madison, Jay, John Dickinson, Governor Morris, James Wilson, Fench Coxé, Samuel Adams, Roger Sherman, Ellsworth, Pendleton, John Marshall, Wedell, Fisher Ames, Theophilus Parsons, Bowdoin and Cabot. The following extracts from their evidence are consistent with the whole mass. Hamilton, Madison and Jay testify that "if the new plan (of the Constitution) be established, the Union will *still* be, in *fact* and in *theory*, an association of States or a Confederacy"; (Federalist No. IX) and in Nos. 39 and 40 in setting forth "the real character of the Government," they say, "each State in ratifying the Constitution is considered as a sovereign body, independent of all others, and only to be bound by its own voluntary act;" and they repeat that "the Constitution proposed" regards "the

Digitized by Google

States" as "distinct and independent sovereigns"; they also demonstrate that the nation does not establish, and that "the new Constitution will be a *federal* and not a *national* Constitution" as to its establishment.

The testimony of the above cloud of witnesses is all *idem sonans* with these extracts, and it was before, and ought to have been known by, Senator Edmunds when in the *North American Review* he asserted that "the doctrines of the Republic of Republics are wholly unfounded," and that "the people of the United States, as a whole people and as one people, established the constitution and granted legislative power to a Congress created by the Constitution itself." There being no evidence, no proof, no facts or authorities to sustain Senator Edmunds, the remark was wholly gratuitous, unfounded in fact and destitute of truth. If further evidence of the senator's ignorance or misrepresentation is desired, it will be found in the emphatic language of Madison already quoted from Nos. 39 and 40 of the *Federalist*.

The distinction between the *Republic of Republics* and these latter-day expositions of the Constitution is that the former is composed of statements resting solely and absolutely on the Constitution, on historical facts, and on the sacred records of the country; while the latter-day expositors rest their views upon "interpretations after establishment," aided by their own assumption, inferences and conjectures. The first is fixed and certain; the second variable, changing with the motives, the passions and the political ends of the interpreters, and, like "the Chancellor's foot," an unreliable measure of justice and constitutional law."

If we must have "schools" in our politics, let us have a text-book of facts as well as a text-book of theories of interpretation. Mr. Sage has supplied an incontrovertible compendium of the facts, as set forth by the framers and establishers themselves. His only theory is made up of facts, and his only exegetical views are those of the great men who devised carefully and ably explained, and were trusted by the people to "execute the Constitution." If, then, the author is wrong, if, as Senator Edmunds says, the "doctrines" are "unfounded," then Hamilton, Madison, Jay and Washington, and their colleagues were wrong, and did not know and understand what they did and said.

Though the *Republic of Republics* is an amplification of the brief referred to, prepared for the defense of Davis and Lee, yet the author does not consider the right of secession as being involved either in that argument or the present work. All sentient beings can of right, use all means of self preservation, the instinct of which is natural and vital. But he combats the theory of Prof. Bledsøe and others that secession is a constitutional right. The author's views on this subject will be found elaborately and forcibly set forth in the chapter on "Secession and Coercion" in Part I; and in the chapter on "Conservative errors" at the close of Part III.

The work is thorough from preface to finis, a plea for the preservation of statehood, and is not at all narrowed to sectionalism. The great triumvirate of expositions in the official Federalist, declared that "the object of the Federal Constitution is to secure the Union of the thirteen primitive States

* * * and to add to them such other states as may arise * * *." The Constitution provides that the Congress of States may admit such "New States" "as may arise" and be acceptable "into this Union" of States. Twenty-nine have been admitted, one by one, and there is an incontrovertible presumption that the *intent* of the establishers was that our system should forever be, in *theory* and *fact* "the several States which may be included within this Union" to use the eternal words of truth expressed in the first article of "the Supreme law."

It is well to mention here as showing the absence of partisanship that most of the author's criticism are adverse to the views of leading Democrats.

In conclusion this remarkable work is invaluable as a book of ready reference to the treasures of American constitutional history and records, as well as to the statements and views of all the leading fathers thereon. Its very complete and analytical index, however, will enable the student, editor, or statesman to command readily its resources and its abounding citations in the text point out the original authorities for all statements.

The book should be in all public and private libraries; and a text book in schools and colleges and universities, so that it may lead the youth and manhood of the country back to the covenant and faith of the fathers.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

NATHANIEL TYLER.

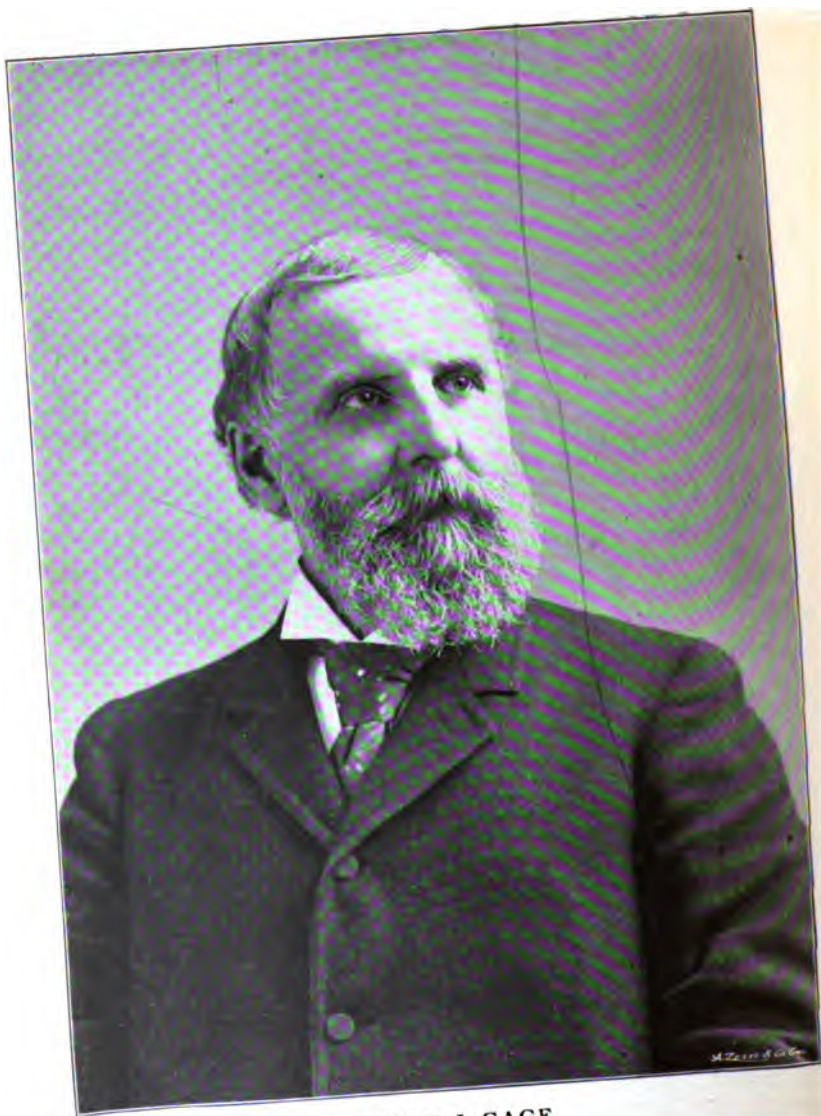
Imperial Purple, by Edgar Saltus, (Morrill, Higgins & Co., Chicago). A new book by Mr. Saltus deserves something more than passing notice, for if that author does not always please he invariably interests the reader. Early essays in the field of eroticism have been charged against this writer, partly with justice. Of these it can only be said that, whatever their demerits from the standpoint of the purist in morals they amply satisfied the critic of literary style. In the present work Mr. Saltus has broken away entirely from his earlier subjects and has chosen a new field of labor. How well and industriously he has toiled in this field "*Imperial Purple*" will show. Here we have no emotional studies of imaginary characters, no warm descriptions of love scenes, no tragic incidents and denouncements of the romantic school.

This book gives too briefly, (for where a work is good one may well wish for more of it), in a series of graphic sketches the review of the lives of the Cæsars, from him who conquered Gaul to the sybarite Elagabalus—Child of the Sun. The salient characteristics of Rome's imperial rulers are drawn, not in chalk, but in China ink. It is a magnificent study in sepia, a dramatic presentation in which the lights and shades of color are those of Rembrandt; the word-painting worthy of Carlyle. Mr. Saltus spares neither man nor woman in his caustic epigrams, but for all this, he shows an appreciation of what was good in the historic characters whom he has again caused to live. The work is especially deserving of credit, in these days of long-drawn out rhodomontade, for that its style is trenchant even to brusqueness, masculine and virile.

CHICAGO.

JAMES MAITLAND.

10



LYMAN J. GAGE.

BELFORD'S MONTHLY.

VOL. IX.

OCTOBER, 1892.

No. 5

THE MEN WHO MADE THE WEST.

The history of the great West, of the men who made it and the men whom it has made, cannot be compassed within the limits of a magazine article, or a book. It is the history of half a continent; this development of half a century. Forty years ago there was not a railroad running into Chicago; to-day it is the focal point of 80,000 miles of railroad, with connections extending over every division of the United States, Mexico, and the Dominion of Canada. Vast commonwealths by the dozen have been carved out of the virgin prairie; mineral wealth transcending the dreams of romancists has been developed; cities of metropolitan importance have sprung up by the score; millions of acres have been brought under cultivation since 1850. The continent is girdled by railroads; San Francisco is less than five days' journey from New York; you can ride from Chicago to the seaboard within the limit of a day. Commerce, finance, manufactures, invention—all have shared in this wondrous advancement—and with all this and through this, men have come to the front. These men helped to make the West what it is; still more did natural forces combine to make the men.

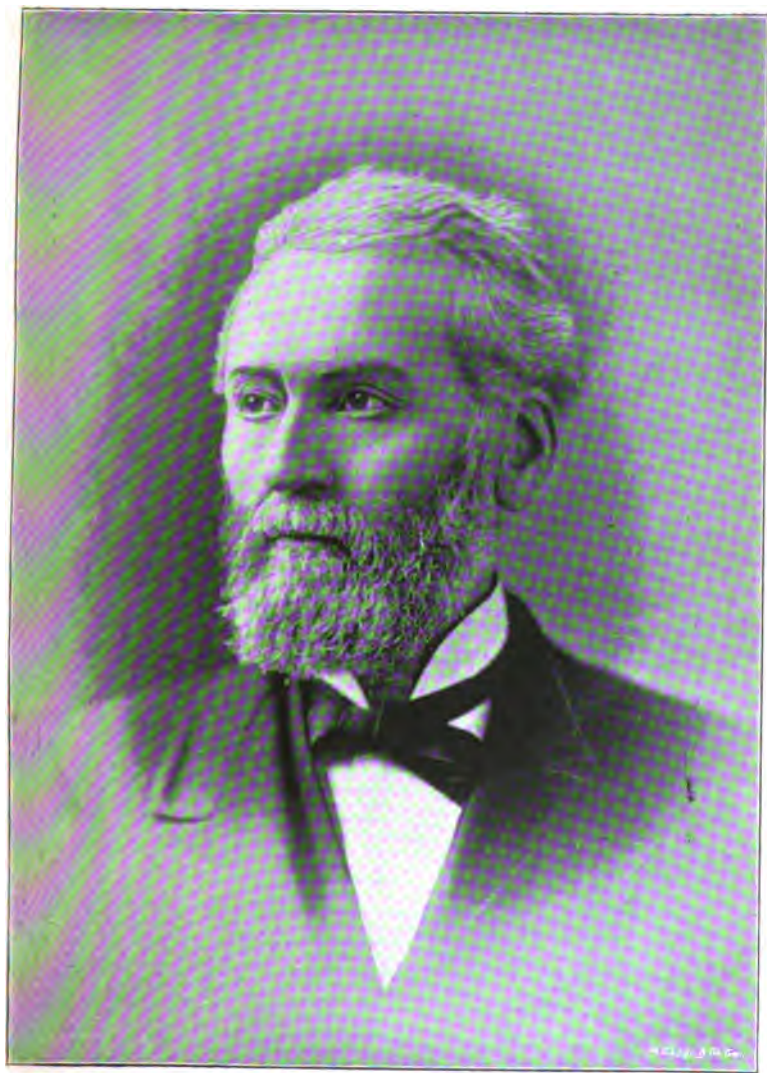
In every field of usefulness; at bench and bar, in commerce and in the forum, in manufacturing industries, and in the halls of legislation, the West has produced men of mark and weight—men of light and leading. Generations to follow, reading the life-story of these creators of an empire, will say with truth, "There were giants in those days."

We propose in this and succeeding articles to furnish a series

of sketches of the history and life work of the leaders of thought and action who have been permanently identified with the development of this mighty West; who have grown up with it, and whose names are household words with us to-day. We deal with the men as they are and without favor or distinction; the sole qualification being that they are enrolled in the ranks of those who have helped to build up the great commonwealths which span the western half of the American continent. Sketches of men eminent in science, invention, commerce, law, the bench and bar, the fields of literature or trade, the learned professions, or the political arena, will find a place in the pages of the new Western magazine. The record of these men is that of to-day and of the last quarter century—a period fraught with greater advancement of civilization and culture than any hundred years preceding it. The subjects of our sketches are with us and among us, their early struggles and their later triumphs are part and parcel of the history of the great West of to-day—the chosen and elected seat of empire of the North American continent. They need no further introduction.

Among the leaders of the financial world of the West, Lyman J. Gage may be counted in the first rank. For over thirty years he has been prominently connected with banking affairs, having begun as a cashier and risen to the presidency of one of the largest National banks in the country. A poor New York boy, having only the advantage of a common school education, he came West in 1855, and engaged in business in Chicago. A few years later he became connected with the Merchants Loan and Trust Company, and later with the First National Bank. A safe, conservative financier, Mr. Gage has on every occasion proved equal to the emergency. After the great fire of 1871, and during the panic of 1873, his wise counsels and prompt decision did as much to restore public confidence as could be done by any one man.

Mr. Gage, although he has uniformly declined to accept public office, elective or appointive, has always taken a decided interest in the discussion of social and economic questions. He is an authority on statistics, a deep thinker, a ready speaker, and a writer of no mean ability. He took an active part in the Economic Conferences held in the Recital Hall of the Auditorium in 1889, and on all occasions has shown himself a believer in the open and untrammelled discussion of measures of social reform. When the World's Columbian Exposition was inaugurated, Mr. Gage was



JOSEPH MEDILL.

unanimously elected president of the Board of Directors, and in that position rendered magnificent service to the great project. Pressure of private business compelled him to resign this office, and upon this occasion his associates of the directory presented him with a magnificently bound illuminated book, containing a testimonial of his worth, and resolutions of the regard in which he is held. The motto attached to his portrait well expresses the feelings entertained as to his character by those who know him best:

"Honor and fame from no condition rise,
Act well thy part, there all the honor lies."

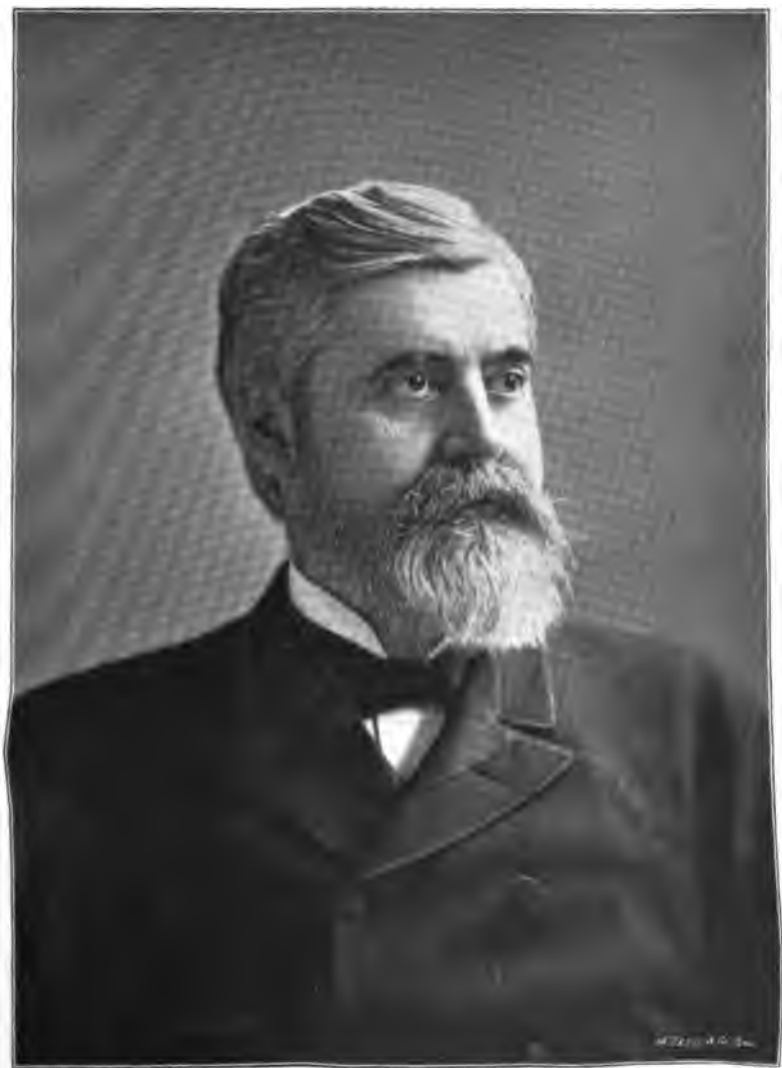
As soldier, lawyer, jurist and publicist Walter Q. Gresham is well and favorably known, not only in the West, but throughout the United States. Born in Indiana sixty years ago, he received a good education and at the age of twenty-one was admitted to the bar of his native State. Just before the breaking out of the civil war he was elected to the State Legislature, but on his country's call to arms he resigned his position to accept a commission in the volunteer service. At Atlanta Col. Gresham was severely wounded, and received the brevet of Major-General of volunteers for his gallant services in the field. In 1869 President Grant appointed him United States District Judge for the district of Indiana, which position he resigned in 1882, to become Postmaster-General in President Arthur's cabinet. In July, 1884, on the death of Secretary Folger, Judge Gresham became Secretary of the Treasury. In the following October he was appointed United States Circuit Judge for the Seventh circuit, which position he still acceptably fills. Judge Gresham was a prominent candidate for United States Senator in 1880, and at the Republican National Convention held in Chicago in June, 1888, he received 123 votes on the third ballot. During the recent political campaign the name of Judge Gresham was suggested in several quarters as an eligible Presidential candidate. His known sympathy with the working classes, and the breadth and liberality of his views commended him to the managers of the Labor party, but Judge Gresham's Republicanism was of too sturdy a type to permit him to accept a nomination at the hands of any other party, and he respectfully declined. Still in the prime of life, and possessed of a logical mind and great capacity for work, Judge Gresham bids fair to long occupy the judicial bench which his legal talents and high character adorn.

Another distinguished legal luminary, equally eminent as a

statesman and a scholar, and one who has filled for nearly fifty years a prominent place in political life and in legal circles, is Lyman Trumbull. Born in Connecticut in 1813, he removed to the State of Georgia, where he acted as principal of a college, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. In 1837, at the age of twenty-four, he removed to Illinois, and for forty-five years he has been identified with the West, its building up and its growing fortunes. In 1841 Mr. Trumbull was elected Secretary of State of Illinois, and seven years later was chosen a justice of State Supreme Court. Judge Trumbull in the early days acted with the Democratic party, and was elected to Congress as a Democrat in 1854. Before his term was out he was chosen United States Senator for the term commencing March 4, 1855.

The slavery question was beginning to become a living factor in politics, the Republican party was forging to the front, and new issues arose and clamored for solution. Senator Trumbull differed with his distinguished colleague Stephen A. Douglas on the slavery question and cognate subjects, and found himself unable to act with the Democratic party organization. In the great campaign of 1860, his name was prominently considered as a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination, but the Senator favored the nomination of Mr. Lincoln and gave his support to the great Illinoisan. In 1861 Senator Trumbull was re-elected. He gave a steady support to Mr. Lincoln's administration, and took an active part in the passage of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery. But when the impeachment of President Andrew Johnson came before the Senate, Mr. Trumbull was one of the nineteen Senators who voted for his acquittal. Later he acted with the Democratic party, which in 1880, nominated him for Governor of Illinois. Judge Trumbull resumed the practice of law in Chicago, after leaving the United States Senate, and even yet, although far advanced in years, is reckoned among the foremost members of the bar of Illinois.

The Dean of the journalistic profession west of the Alleghenies and the most prominent of the Republican editors of the United States is Mr. Joseph Medill, editor and principal proprietor of the Chicago *Tribune*, with which paper he has been identified for nearly forty years. Born in New Brunswick, of good Scotch-Irish stock, in 1823, he removed to Ohio when a boy, practiced law for a short time in Massillon, and then began his newspaper career as the editor of a Whig and Free Soil paper in Cleveland. But the little town by the lake did not afford free scope for Mr.



JUDGE WALTER Q. GRESHAM.

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100

Medill's abilities, and he sought and found a wider and more promising field in Chicago.

In 1855 he purchased an interest in the *Chicago Tribune*. Mr. Medill took an active part in the foundation of the Republican party, which he has supported consistently for many years. After the great fire of October, 1871, while the city lay in ashes it was felt that there was no time to quarrel over partisan elections for municipal officers. An agreement was reached between the leaders of the Democratic and Republican parties, at which what was known as the "fire-proof" ticket was prepared to be voted for at the pending city election. Mr. Medill was elected Mayor on this ticket. He had served in the previous year in the Constitutional Convention, which revised the organic law of Illinois. To him is due the introduction of the system of minority representation, as applied to the election of Representatives and the limitation of municipal bonded indebtedness to five per cent. of the taxable valuation.

Mr. Medill took a lively interest in civil service reform and was appointed by Gen. Grant a member of the Civil Service Commission. On several occasions his name has been suggested as a representative of the United States at Paris or London, but all such offers he has uniformly declined. First and last he is a newspaper man, and under his guidance the *Tribune* has become a power in the land and the leading exponent of Republican principles in the West.

George M. Pullman stands in this list as one of the most successful creators of a great industry whom even this century of vast undertakings has produced. From the smallest of possible beginnings he has worked up a gigantic business, not only in this country, but in Europe, and has revolutionized the entire system of railroad passenger travel. It was in 1859 that Mr. Pullman began his connection with the sleeping-car enterprise, and prior to that time the accommodations offered to long distance travelers were of the most meager description. Mr. Pullman's chief idea was to adapt the sleeping-car for occupancy by day, as well as by night, and to so improve the accommodations as to render railroad journeys of extended duration a pleasure rather than a toil. His first essay met with little encouragement, but he still persevered until now the Pullman Palace Car Company own, or control, more than 2,300 cars, which are run over roads having a mileage of 125,000 miles.

But, aside from the immense industry of which he is the parent

and still the guiding and controlling spirit, the name of George M. Pullman will go down to fame as a builder of cities. Nothing more unique in its conception and construction than the bustling, manufacturing town, which in ten years has attained to a population of over 12,000, has ever been seen even in this busy West. In 1880 the Pullman Company decided to concentrate their various manufacturing interests in one place and selected a site near Lake Calumet, fourteen miles from the then center of Chicago, but now included within the corporate limits. The purpose was to provide not only facilities for manufacturing palace cars and other railroad appliances, but to furnish homes for the thousands of employees necessary for the conduct of the works. Most cities grow up gradually and without plan. The cross-roads grocery and tavern swells to a hamlet, a village, a town, has a boom, and becomes a city; but this was not to be the case with the town of Pullman.

Cities which grow up, especially if they extend rapidly, suffer by reason of the lack of preparation in the beginning and retain many of the most objectionable features of village life long after they have quadrupled their populations. But Pullman was born full-grown. Before a brick was laid for factory or residence, the whole site was thoroughly drained and a perfect water, gas and sewer system put in, the streets macadamized and planted with trees, and the entire plan for a great manufacturing city mapped out. Churches, schools, a theater and public halls, markets, a public library building, parks and public squares were provided. Side by side with the vast manufacturing buildings, rose the comfortable and well-appointed brick dwellings designed for the employes, who number some 13,000 to 15,000 in all.

George M. Pullman, the creator of this new city and the man whose name is identified with luxurious railroad travel throughout Europe and America, began life in the year 1831, and at the age of fourteen years struck out to get his own living. As clerk in a New York village store he received the princely remuneration of forty dollars a year for four years. Then he learned a trade—cabinet-making—then became a contractor in a small way, and finally, like so many other enterprising sons of the East, changed his base of operations to the rising city of Chicago. He is now a hale and healthy man of threescore, a millionaire several times over, and a thorough representative of the push, vim and vigor characteristic of the men who have helped to make the West, and whom the West in return has made wealthy and famous.



GEO. M. PULLMAN.

Potter Palmer, the millionaire real estate man, and proprietor of one of the largest and finest hotels on the American continent, was born in the State of New York in 1826, and began commercial life as clerk in a drygoods store. He removed to Chicago in 1852, when the city claimed a population of 60,000, and established a drygoods business which grew rapidly. This he maintained until after the close of the civil war, when he sold out to Marshall Field and Levi Z. Leiter, and the firm became Field & Leiter.

Mr. Palmer had always great confidence in the future of Chicago and showed his good judgment by purchasing large amounts of property on Michigan avenue, State street and other down-town thoroughfares. It was through him that State street was widened and made available for a great retail street. Among his investments was a fine lot on the North shore on which he has built a palatial residence.

But it is as a hotel-keeper that Potter Palmer has won the widest fame. As early as 1869 he built on State street what was then the finest hotel in the West. This was destroyed in the great fire of 1871, only to be rebuilt on a much more extensive scale.

As illustrative of the influence which the German-Americans possess, in the matter of building up the West, the career of Anton C. Hesing may be taken. His connection with public affairs has been an extended one, while, by reason of his connection with the *Staats-Zeitung*, the foremost German newspaper of the West, he has become even more widely known. Mr. Hesing, although over sixty years of age, is a man of striking personality, and looks as he is, the embodiment of strength and vigor. He has always taken an active part in the establishment and maintenance of benevolent and social organizations among the German-American citizens, and the Old People's Home at Altenheim has been his special care.

As with the father, so with the son. Public affairs and the editorship of the *Staats-Zeitung*, occupy the time of Mr. Washington Hesing, one of the most genial and popular of men. Mr. Hesing, although he has never sought elective office, has filled important appointive positions in connection with the Board of Education and similar adjuncts of the city administration. It is understood that he aspires to become Chicago's World's Fair mayor, and he does not deny the soft impeachment.

Judge John P. Altgeld, the Democratic candidate for Governor of the State of Illinois, began life with few advantages of position, but by industry and application, with the help of that good for-

tune which the growing West bestows upon her sons, he has risen to a position of affluence as well as power in the political field. Judge Altgeld some years ago served a term as Judge in Cook county, but retired from that position in order to administer his large real estate and building investments. He has always taken a great interest in social and economic reform and has contributed articles on such subjects to the leading magazines and reviews. Still a young man, and in the possession of vigorous health, Judge Altgeld has made a reputation as a public speaker as well as a writer. He is of German extraction, and holds the liberal views characteristic of his race.

Philip D. Armour has in his employment enough men to constitute a respectable sized army, and his various establishments transact an annual business of over \$70,000,000. Although many times a millionaire, Mr. Armour personally attends to his vast business, reaching his office before his clerks, and being among the last to leave. The ramifications of this business extend over Europe and America, and the products of the Armour packing houses are known in all parts of the globe.

This busy man to whom every moment of the day brings its task, this man who deals in millions, and settles operations involving hundreds of thousands with a "Yes" or "No," has another side to his character. If you would see him at his best find him at the Armour Mission on Thirty-third street, Chicago, where fifteen hundred children receive instruction and look to Mr. Armour as their guide, philosopher and friend. The Mission was endowed by Mr. Armour's brother, Joseph F. who bequeathed \$100,000 for its support, and it has been liberally supported by the subject of this sketch.

Philip D. Armour, who is of Scotch descent, was born on a farm in Madison county, New York, in 1830, and spent his early years in farming operations, acquiring meantime a common school education. In 1850 he went to California by the Overland route, but did not long remain in the Golden State. He returned to Wisconsin and became connected with John Plankinton in a packing house at Milwaukee. The firm of Plankinton & Armour made a great deal of money during the war and in 1875 Mr. Armour, who was already a millionaire, transferred his operations to Chicago. Since that time his business has been extended with incredible rapidity until he and his associates control the entire packing interests of the country.

Chicago, Ill.

JAMES MAITLAND



JUDGE JOHN P. ALTGELD.

ON THE LEATHER—AND OFF !

A ROMANCE OF THE SADDLE.

CHAPTER I.

It was in South Africa, but for once in a way it has nothing to do with ostriches.

This is how it came to be.

In health I was no better than I ought to have been, and the worthy leech whom I consulted on mine often infirmities handed me the following prescription :

R. Three months up country with plenty of horse-back exercise ; to which was appended the abbreviation station summend ; which by interpretation runs, to be taken immediately.

This prescription may appear to many as a mere placebo, but I assure the reader it did not assume that aspect with me. Riding ! Why I knew nothing about it ; had never cast my legs athwart the small of a horse's back in my life. "Cod liver oil three times a day and drop the cigars" would have been an easy order in comparison. I felt half inclined, as I passed the hospital on my way back to my rooms, to order a bed in the surgical ward in advance ; for I was fully determined to act upon advice which I felt ought to be good at two guineas.

When I said that I had never stridden a horse in my life I did not adhere to the strictest veracity. For I must confess that in my tenderer days, horsemanship had been more or less of a *hobby* with me.

Let me describe to you my whilom steed, yclept Cairnbrogie. This noble beast originally belonged to my elder brother, who himself undertook its "breaking in" with such unqualified success that the animal came into my possession with its right eye out, an ear missing, a compound comminuted fracture of the south-east fetlock, and a tail as bald as an ebony ruler. Curvetting, estrapade, and all the like little sinfulnesses of equine minority had been thrashed out of Cairnbrogie through the instrumentality of the business end of a toy drumstick ; and the only *mettle* the horse possessed when he reverted to me consisted in a few sporadic brass headed tacks which fastened the remnants of a hay stuffed saddle to his back, and a coil of number four gauge wire, which bound the fractured fetlock above alluded to. Nevertheless, even in my day Cairnbrogie was a "selling goer," and

covered his ground to such purpose that an addition to the family I patronize necessitated his removal from the nursery to a disused attic where he finally fell a prey to dry rot. Poor old Cairnbrogie ! I shall never forgive myself that no one was by to perform the last offices, and 'close his one remaining eye.

* * * * *

In a week's time I found myself in the heart of the pathless *Karoo*, 400 miles up country, at Bleak House, the farm of a certain Mr. Bagstock, a comfortable gentleman who did little else for his living than breathe and count sheep.

Having been forewarned that the nearest dwelling to Bleak House was some ten miles distant, and that Mr. Bagstock's family consisted merely of a wee toddling note of interrogation of about three summers, I had prepared myself for quite a quiet time, and had brought with me heaps of books—solid mathematical ones—wherewith to while away the evenings and intervals between medicine taking. Judge then of my pleasant surprise when after a cordial greeting I learnt from Mr. Bagstock that two young lady guests—nieces—were at present making things hum at Bleak House.

Now I love mathematics passing well ; but there are several other things I love as well—perhaps better. For instance, I love to meet with “decided hits” in any of my undertakings ; I also love to fall in with “undecided misses” wherever I may happen to find myself. Wherefore I had a sort of presentiment that the mathematical programme might have to be postponed *sine die*.

* * * * *

“Miss Lilian Huntencross; Mr. Ogilvie”—that's me with pulse at 130. Before the introduction was well over, I loved Miss Huntencross with all the deep earnestness of my nature. Love at a glance. Here in form and feature was a nearer approach to my ideal than I had ever hoped to see “ripe and real.” That Miss Huntencross's lips were opening roses, that her teeth were glistening pearls, that her figure was gracefully lissom—*tout cela va sans dire*.

Miss H. had a nose just sufficiently *retroussée* to indicate a delicate piquancy and originality of manner. Her rich hazel eyes had just enough of the dreamy and spiritual without being cant-help-it and die away, and she spoke with a slight foreign accent which to me was absolutely irresistible. Withal, Miss H. was possessed of that comely dignity, which, twin sister to beauty,



ANTON C. HESING.

while it nips in the bud any symptoms of undue familiarity, stimulate; to a chivalric acquirement of a dignified intimacy.

"Miss Daisy Stewart; Mr. Ogilvie"—this time pulse normal. I only gave enough heed to Miss Stewart to perceive that her face was what would be called interesting and sympathetic rather than fascinatingly pretty—a homely face which I had seen in replica over and over again. When the summer sun floods the azure we pay but little heed to the thin gauzy film which after sundown we honor as Queen of the starry heavens.

Miss Stewart called Miss Huntencross, Lily. Henceforth I shall follow Miss Stewart's example, thereby combining tender associations with a saving of space and printer's ink.

There was *one* little point about Lily that I did not like; she was horsey to a degree. Horseflesh and the turf constituted the menu of her mental pabulum; and off the saddle she seemed to find life altogether hollow and insipid. Every little article of apparel admitting thereof was fashioned after the similitude of a horse shoe—except the brooch, which was a five-barred gate of gold effectively closing the interior lacuna which ever characterizes your sporting collar, *a la mode*. Now although up to date I had harbored an ingrained dislike to the horsey woman, I felt that I could not let so trifling and really unfounded a prejudice stand between me and such a treasure as Lily, who in all other respects commanded my warmest appreciation. My idiosyncrasy must be battled with and overcome, and above all my inexperience of horseflesh and horsemanship must be kept dark at any risk. For there is only one word that approaches a correct qualification of my ignorance of matters pertaining to the stable. I refer to the adjective abysmal.

If Miss Stewart had any specific shortcomings (other than those common to her sex) I didn't perceive them, but then that may have been that I was too busy elsewhere to look for them. True there was a certain charm in the half sadness of her look, and in the sympathetic manner in which she listened to all one's words of wisdom, yet so far as I was concerned this was counteracted by an evident want of character and "go." She was altogether too plastic, too simple, too much of a Copperfield's Dora. To my thinking, she was the kind of girl that ought to sleep in a cradle. The youthful essayist on girls might well have had such specimens as Miss S. in mind when his contempt reached an acme in the statement: "There are many girls who have never killed a cat."

But I fancy I hear the fair reader indignantly challenging me to vindicate my parentheses in the last paragraph.

Well, there is one fault which all women I have yet met with possess; a fault scarcely noticeable in youth, but which intensifies with ripening years. They all love darkness better than light, not that their deeds are evil, bless 'em! but simply because chemists have not as yet discovered an absolutely "fast" color for curtains and carpets. Then again, all women—but to our story.

Every one who knows the right way on of a horse, has heard of the famous Epsom race-course in England, where annually such world-wide known races as the Derby and Oaks are run. But few may be aware that close to the race-course there stands a college where my young idea was taught to shoot. Now, I would defy any one, be he never so unsportsmanlike, to pass through the course at Epsom college without picking up, in addition to such attainments as the indifferent rendering into continental languages of such dogmatic incivilities as "*the pen, the ink, and the paper of my aunt, are better than the pen, the ink, and the paper of your mother's uncle,*" much hearsay knowledge of things pertaining to the turf, turfy. The grounds for my defiance being that I myself gleaned a fair amount of such information. All this stood me in good stead with Lily. I spoke familiarly of the jockey Archer, as "Old Freddie." I sketched for her special behoof a ground plan of the Epsom course, and grew excited over reminiscences of the famous Tattenham corner. I spoke convincingly on the subject of martingales and principled betting. I let myself loose on the connotation of the term "welching," not forgetting the while to intersperse my remarks with such explanations as "Yoicks," "Whoo-oop," "Tally-ho," which seem to be especially acceptable to the sporting ear. Even Miss Stewart who was not much of an enthusiast, seemed much interested. She listened to me with a peculiar amused sort of smile, which had it been smiled by other than the confiding Miss S. I should have pronounced tinged with an underwash of skepticism.

That Lily was impressed I have not the slightest doubt. "How delightful!" she exclaimed. "I *should* like to see a Derby run, in fact I should love to ride in one myself. *Of course* you ride, Mr. Ogilvie?"

Now there are a good many hard things in this world; but to own up to incompetence in a subject on which for the last half hour or so you have been expatiating as one with authority, at



WASHINGTON HESING.

100

beauty's feet, is hard enough to top Mob's scale of hardness and scratch crystalline carbon itself. If Lily had merely asked, "Do you ride, Mr. Ogilvie?" I think I should have owned up to the truth (more or less), and told her that I *used* to be a great hand at it, in my younger days, allowing her to infer from my emphasis on the word "used," that through the effects of disuse I must in the meantime inevitably have lost my seat. But when she asked the question in such a manner as to clearly indicate herself thoroughly convinced of an answer in the affirmative, with her "*Of course* you ride," what could a fellow do but reply promptly, "Ride? Ra—ther?" Any way that's what I did, reinforcing the laconism with a racily conceived and spuriously enthusiastic "you bet!"

Thereupon it was arranged that upon the morrow before breakfast we should all three go for a spin; before breakfast—because Miss Stewart and Lily, having arranged a visit to Kimberley, were leaving by the mid-day train, and the station was three hours away.

"Leaving so soon?" I asked with a catch in my voice, and trying to look like a cab driver when he receives his legal fare. I think Lily liked that look; it seemed to reach her, for she answered with more warmth than her wont, "Yes, I am *very* sorry, but it's a long standing promise, and we must go. It is only for one short week, Mr. Ogilvie." *Short week* forsooth! Short *Æon*. When that evening I retired to my room I noticed that some feminine hand had been busy since my arrival in the morning, draping with silk remnants and tricking out with ribbons as woman's hands only know how. Moreover, two vases of flowers exquisitely arranged diffused their incensed breath through the apartment. Whose work was this? Not the black Hottentot servants; nor Mrs. Bagstock's. The former were incapable; the latter had been busy all day in the dairy against the Kimberly market of the morrow. A few scraps of ribbon, and the right hand, and the barn is a palace. I went around and kissed the decorations severally, at each osculation ponderously sighing as I whispered passionately the name of names, "the fair, the inexpressive she"—my Lily! Still I was not happy; the course of true love never did run smooth. The matter of the morning ride was a mental cucumber and precluded all cerebral serenity. This ride couldn't be! Something *must* occur to prevent it and save me from ridicule, and perhaps (I shuddered) sudden death; the horses not to be caught and "kraaled" in time; sickness of

some sort; mild, balmy earthquakes just to upset and untidy things a bit; some such *contretemps*. I never in all my life, except on one occasion in the Bay of Biscay, felt so ready "To drop head-foremost in the jaws of darkness, and to cease." Yet every black cloud of despair has its silver lining. After all, had I been so far wrong in saying I could ride? Who knows? Why should not riding come intuitively to me, as does the art of swimming to some, and the graceful and intricate athletics of courtship to the many? Trial is proverbially the only gauge of capability. Solacing myself with such sarcenet reflections, I fell into the velvet embrace of Morpheus.

CHAPTER II.

On the eventful morning I awoke to that indistinct and numbly painful state of consciousness which needs no description to those who have experienced awakening to a day of anticipated ordeal. Rushing to the window, I flung it open and pushed back the sun shutters. A wealth of dazzling sunlight and an intoxicating wave of fresh morning-scented air flooded the room. Bother it! I had expected as much. A poet couldn't have dreamed himself a finer wedding day on a lobster salad, and *pate de foie gras* supper.

The table-topped mountains and the conical Kopjies dotting the Veldt, stood out clear in the level sunlight, clothed in the rich browns and grays of early morning; the mimosa and blue gums bathed their uppermost branches in the surface waters of an inverted aerial ocean of richest cerulean dye—a deep infinite blue pierced only here and there with the snowflake flash of locusts' wings; the mocking birds out of sheer superabundance of careless joy were singing themselves into ulcerated throats; but the spirit of Gallio was upon me, and I cared for none of these things.

From the sheep Kraal, where the Hottentot hands of Isaac and Jacob were already busy sheep-dipping, came the plaintive bleating of ewes that had lost scent of their baptized lambs and ceased to be comforted. In a neighboring Kraal, Abraham in selecting the horses for our projected ride, seemed in deadly peril of his life.

Already he had singled out two, but the third was over skittish and was affording him a grand opportunity for a display of the resources of his vocabulary. At last however, the animal was



POTTER PALMER.

cornered, but just as Abraham was about to lay hands on it, a final charge at the kraal wall razed a portion thereof to the ground, and a fierce stampede ensued.

For a moment my heart bumped violently at my epiglottis. Would they all escape?

In the face of the universal principle of the malignity of matter (in accordance with which bread and butter never fails to fall grease downward, and India-rubber works best on paper that is not worth cleaning), I was bold enough to hope with something akin to faith that a kind providence was watching over me, and that they would all get loose.

So they did—all except one old fool of a horse, which from that time forth I hated as I hate a spring cleaning or a cold water shave.

"Frisch gewagt ist halb gewonnen" brought me but thin comfort as I dressed myself for the part I was unwillingly cast for. Swinging the small mirror to command the whole of my person from the white folds of my cravat—fixed with a safety pin just far enough foul of the perpendicular to impart a certain jaunty flavor to the whole—down to my tightly fitting yellow leggings. I flattered myself that I at least looked my part.

Yet stay! Happy thought! Selecting from the vase of flowers a spangled nerine lily—most gorgeous flower that blows—I wiped some pollen off it with my lips and then pinned it carefully in the left lappel of my coat. It was a big lappel, and if its button hole did not actually extend over, it went quite near enough to the cardiac region of my anatomy for all purposes of delicate symbolism.

Gloving my hands the while, I walked round to the front of the house where the steeds were in waiting.

There was Lily blooming in the freshness of the morning air, fairer than her sisters of the field who in turn with folded hands out Solomon Solomon in all his glory; and Daisy too in a cunningly tilted saucy little sailor hat, and a tightly fitting black habit which was a realized fashion plate—by George! I had up to date failed to thoroughly appreciate Miss Stewart.

Having selected (I could have found it in my heart to have followed in both cases, the example of the early Christians, if needs had been) and having duly disposed of the day's meteorology, my flower of flowers requested to be helped into her saddle. Now I had enjoyed but an illiberal education, and I knew no more how to proceed about assisting a lady to the leather than I

knew of my own mind or any other vast subject. In my quandary I asked Lily to excuse me a moment until I had ungloved. Meantime, Mr. Bagstock, who had come round to inspect the trappings, was saddling Daisy and by keeping my weather eye open, I learnt the *modus operandi*.

"Now," I said, as Lily's number three foot lost itself in the comparatively limitless Sahara of my paw; "one, two, three and go!"

Gracious! I used too much force and Lily as near as a barn-door tangent slithered over the off side of her horse. I grasped the folds of her disappearing habit, and righted her just in time's nick.

She neither smiled nor spoke, but regarded me with a sort of myopic, thoughtful look.

Mr. Bagstock then apologized to me for what I was already perfectly acquainted with, to wit, that I had not the horse it was intended I should have had.

Moses, an immense and gaunt thing in horseflesh, was no beauty. He had a nose with a contour like a boomerang; and a demoniacal, threatening look in his eye that the caisson had failed to exorcise. He literally bristled with good points—not the subtleties that are apparent only to the trained and initiated eye; but good solid objective points that I myself could discern and could have hung my hat upon. As a clothes horse, Moses would have fetched his price anywhere, and in the event of a thunderstorm I'd sooner have taken a pew on the point of a lightning conductor than have ventured within a radius of a hundred yards of this porcupine of a horse.

Placing my foot in the stirrup, and clutching hold of a projecting rib, I swung myself into the saddle; my right leg stuck dangerously on the razor edged promontory of the brute's hind-quarters, and for a moment or two I wobbled threateningly; but Lily did not notice, and that was enough for me. My word! but it is a grand sensation that of embracing a horse—even a Moses—with your legs for the first time. You seem to participate in the strength, endurance and all the other noble qualities of the species bestriden. You feel you must breathe deeply to sufficiently oxygenate the larger and more vigorous life that is dawning; and you are fain to unloose the bottom button of your waistcoat to accomodate the soul's plethora.

I was disturbed in the enjoyment of this exhilaration by Mr. Bagstock, who came round to my side, examined the curb criti-

cally, pointed out to Abraham that the left stirrup strap was faulty, that he must buy a new one before the saddle was sent out again; and finally confided to me that Moses was a trifle vicious, but that I should be all right if I kept him well in hand—all of which I must confess, I found rather disconcerting. Yet I managed to put a good face on the situation, and toying the horse's mane from one side of his neck to the other with my riding whip in approved fashion, remarked threateningly, albeit somewhat tremulously, "So ho, Moses, my boy! So ho, sir!"

Whereupon the brute turned his head right round, after the manner of a duck laying its dorsal feathers, and stared me straight in the face with such a truculently defiant look, that I forthwith proceeded to assert myself, and smote him on his hebraic nose, so that he back-jumped, and that mightily. Up I sailed silently, but the noise of my down-sitting was as a grievous hiccough, and for a season there was scarcity of wind within me. But I had stuck on—a born horseman evidently. This conclusion cheered me and acted as baking powder to the dough of my spirits. At the same time I thought it well to change my tactics; from the aggressive and assertive I veered round to the conciliatory and adopted Codlinian policy, patting Moses' neck and mollifying him with "So beauty." "Gently then." "So there" and other such horsey soft solder.

After having got Mr. Bagstock, much to his mildly hinted wonderment, to hitch up my stirrups till my profile described a couple of right angles, we left the homestead at a walk. Suddenly, as we passed the Kraal, Moses stopped dead; all coaxing and the current incentives, hard to reproduce on paper, were impotent to move him. In fear and much trembling I set my teeth, cuddled the saddle tightly with my knees, and applied the riding whip gently and tentatively to his flanks. The brute nor sighed, nor moved. I grew bolder with the whip and at the instigation of Mr. Bagstock tickled the animal's ribs with my heels. Still Moses was obstinate. Finally I dismounted, drew the reins over the horse's head and tried traction, *vis a tergo* having failed. The brute merely craned out its neck so that neck, head and rein formed one horizontal straight line, planted his convex forelegs out in front of him, and stood firm as the everlasting pyramids.

I had to give it up. Mr. B. took the reins, mounted, and much to my chagrin the animal moved off at a mere word. As soon as we were out of sight of the Kraals, Mr. B. resigned his seat in my favor, assuring me that there would be no more difficulty. This

was all very well ; but it did not dispel the uncomfortable consciousness that Moses knew himself master now, and knowing might presume. Miss Stewart, at this juncture, expressed her intention of deserting us. Mr. Bagstock, she said, was anxious to know about the level in the upper dam, and as she had a slight headache she elected to leave us to our canter, and take a quiet walk up the Kloof as far as the dam, so as to be able to report thereon, and set Mr. Bagstock's mind at rest.

"A quiet walk"—I clutched at the last straw, and replied gallantly, "Oh no, Dai—. Miss Stewart, that would never do ; if *you* go up the Kloof, we *all* go, that's settled ! See how strongly Moses even is of my opinion ; for some reason or other he seems dead nuts on worrying up that Kloof."

"Oh, that's only because his feeding run lies up there ; there's not a spark of gallantry in Moses, I assure you," retorted Miss Stewart. "No, I'll not hear of it, positively I wont ; I insist on your having your canter with Miss Huntencross, so *au revoir* till breakfast."

Miss Stewart meant well. She was not altogether devoid of a penetrative consideration which under other circumstances I might have more graciously welcomed. Hitherto I had been under-rating Daisy,—that is to say, Miss Stewart. Soon emerging on a level piece of veldt, Lily suggested a canter. I hate to snuff, and sip, and dally over physic that must be taken, so I expressed myself quite ready, and off we went.

Thud, thud, thud ! and every time a widening landscape between my person and the saddle, accompanied by a noise like that produced by bashing a semi distended and leaky football bladder. Thud, thud, thud ! bush, brake, and stone were gradually losing their individuality in a blur of painful consciousness as I—I was going to say, flew along through space, but on second thoughts, flight by no means connoted the nature of my locomotion. The jolting made my brain whirl and splash in its pan ; a cold tremor shot down my vertebral column, and clammy beads of perspiration started from my brow and chest. A wall of thick Cimmerian blackness spread before my eyes, and the demon asphyxia was closing its talons on my throat. Yet I was sufficiently conscious to wonder how long this was going to last. I thought kindly of those at home, and wondered if they were up yet. I thought kindly of death, and wondered whether it would be a curb or a headstone ; and then with that strange tendency which exists to work the most trifling and idle fancies into the mosaics

of our most highly colored tribulation, I wondered quite disconnectedly whether it would be bacon or chop for breakfast.

From these mingled meditations I was soon recalled to my actual situation. A spirit of emulation had seized on the horses; each strained to be the van; quicker and quicker on a hurricane's wings was I whipped through space. First one foot lost the stirrup, then the other slipped through up to the heel; round began to slide the saddle, and in my extremity I clutched at Moses' back hair. Further and further, inch by inch, was I slipping round to destruction, when in the midst of my dire confusion and incipient delirium, the advice "Keep him well in hand" sounded loud in my ear. I took it as well as I knew how. Throwing the reins from my left hand, first it, and then the dextral stole softly round the horse's neck and met in front in nervous clasp.

Thus was I ignominiously borne along through space, for what seemed to me hours of solid soul-plowing agony. But I was past caring about ignominy; I only hoped that death would not much longer delay its sweet reprieve. Then Lily must have reined in suddenly; for Moses stopped in sympathy dead as a door-nail or as Julius Cæsar.

In passing I may remark that the suddenness with which a horse puts an end to its canter is somewhat of an experience and surprise to the tyro. As a rule, we get accustomed to the gradationally continuous, and the absence of sharp demarcation lines is ever insisted on. But there is a discontinuity and ruggedness in the manner of a horse's stopping that is disconcertingly painful, and provocative of an almost uncontrollable desire to dismount summarily.

I tried to right myself before Lily looked round, but only partially succeeded.

"Mighty Jehu!" she ejaculated, on seeing my plight, in a tone of questioning, and with a pretty surprise and *empressment* all her own.

I attempted nothing in explanation, but merely replied irrelevantly, "By George! but that was creamy, eh? Yet woe is me; on account of my new hat."

"We had better turn and look for it," said Lily, eyeing my unbonneted head and disheveled locks with a shade of perplexity in her looks.

"No, no!" I replied enthusiastically, "don't let's curtail the ride."

But Lily was obdurate, and added strength to her proposal by recounting the horrible agonies of a friend who was a prey to chronic sunstroke. To oppose her I felt would be indelicate. On returning I did my best to give the pace—a deliberate one and for a short distance managed to get along with a degree of discomfort which was a perfect anodyne compared with my recent experiences.

But Pride—that was my flower's horse—forged ahead in spite of me, and a well worn proverb was justified. No sooner was Pride to the fore, than Moses, taking umbrage at a sheep's skeleton that lay blanching in the sun, shied, and threw me violently on the soft of my back in a bed of stick-grass, which was ready to harvest and simply bristling with seeds which for powers of anything but gentle insinuation stand unrivaled. The sight of a derelict horse careering along with empty saddle, and stirrups flying out like streamers is so highly amusing that your true sportsman will revel in the mere picture time after time. But as I found, the amusement is tinged with a certain pathos, when that horse happens to be your own, and your point of view is a bed of stick-grass a couple of miles from home.

Lily turned her horse, and rode up to me. All the tender look had vanished from her eyes. Far from doing the ministering angel, she never even inquired if I was hurt. Coldly she eyed me as she, over sternly I considered, remarked :

"I'm sorry I can't oblige you with a clothes brush, Mr. Ogilvie. I'll canter home so that Abraham may ride out my horse for your disposal ; or perhaps you would feel safer in a buggy."

How shall I describe my feelings at this juncture ? The iron was deep in my soul. Easing myself of the classical sentiment :

"Trust an epitaph, a woman, or any other thing that's false," with a fervor of which I had believed myself incapable, I plucked the nerine lily from my breast, crushed it to a juicy pulp in my hand, dashed it on the ground and madly regretted that I could not get up and dance on the mess. For parenthetically be it known that I had fallen on my left side, and could not raise myself from my left arm ; "which had the peculiar feeling that it was somebody else's, although, amazingly enough, the fingers jerked at will.

"Frailty, I'll no more of you ; I'll to mathematics—dear old mathematics ; equations, at least, you may depend on ; only treat them properly and they'll always turn out true. What fun every one will make of this incident ; I'll be a laughing stock even to

the nigger hands, confound 'em, and every body else!" Thus soliloquizing in the acidity of my soul, and easing myself of other casual unrecorded benedictions on things and people in general, I suddenly espied a cloud of dust at the entrance to the kloof. Presently therefrom emerged Miss Stewart, leading the recalcitrant Moses by the bridle, and making straight for my undignified resting place.

"More feline amenities," I purred to myself.

But I have been wrong on other occasions.

"You are not hurt I hope, Mr. Ogilvie," said Miss Stewart, bending over me with a look of such anxious melting sympathy that I felt I ought to have concussion of the brain and a brace of broken legs to deserve the half of it.

"I'm afraid there is something wrong with my arm, Miss Stewart," I replied.

A certain delicacy forbade my alluding to the stick grass seeds which were pricking me like ten thousand stifled consciences. "Oh, it's broken!" almost cried Daisy. "I am sure it is, Mr. Ogilvie, I'm so sorry. Allow me to help you up. There, hold it to your side, so. Now where's your pocket-knife?"

Daisy held the broken arm while the other one rummaged my pockets. What next? An amputation? Phlebotomy? or what is it to be? I wondered as I handed her the implement.

She disappeared round the off side of Moses and in a moment or two returned holding the left stirrup strap and stirrup in her hand.

"I just thought as much," she said. "A clean break! I have known most dreadful accidents occur in this way; I thought at the time that it was risky of Mr. Bagstock to let you away after noticing the condition of the harness."

The next moment, the strap—severed at the fault to which Mr. Bagstock had alluded and with the edges of the cut so dexterously jagged and roughened that the master saddler himself would have pronounced it a *bona fide* wear and tear break down—was being tied round my neck to serve as a temporary sling by the girl that looked as if she ought to sleep in a cradle!

"It must be very painful," said Daisy, as she gave the sling a final adjustment, her pretty—yes, I repeat it, superlatively beautiful—little features screwed up into the very idealism of suffering.

I have since learned that Daisy is right, on a low average, ninety-nine cases out of a hundred; and her surmise on the present occasion is a fair sample of the wrong hundredth case.

As to the incidents of our return home, Daisy riding and leading Moses, I walking at her side carrying the stirrup until such time as Abraham came upon us with Lily's horse and relieved us of Moses; how sometimes our eyes met, and then how we quickly looked away again, though that was foolish, for I think we both enjoyed looking at each other; what was said and what was not said, but eloquently looked; and how we both agreed that the Karoo mile is some hundreds of yards too short; lo! are not these things indited in the Books of the Chronicles (*q. v.*)?

When we arrived at Bleak House we found that Miss Hunten-cross had already started for Kimberley. Of course it was far too late now for Daisy to think of going; the Kimberley express which runs only once a week with the foreign mails had by this time started. Daisy bore her disappointment bravely, and I lied recklessly in telling her how awfully sorry I was.

When Mr. and Mrs. Bagstock learned the nature of my injury, they instituted such a stir as never was. Mr. Bagstock rushed for the Buchu brandy, then ransacked the house for the "Family Physician." Mr. B. started Isaac summarily for the nearest medicine man and then hurt himself trying to carry a sofa out to the verandah. Daisy, too, caught the epidemic, and rushed round feather pillows and rugs and eider-downs; and the Hottentot cook was told off to make beef tea on the spot.

"You must have been leaning pretty heavily on the stirrup, Mr Ogilvie," said Mr. Bagstock, "or else it was further gone than I thought for. Most unfortunate accident, sir—most unfortunate."

I could see the old man was troubled and felt some responsibility; so I replied, "Mr. Bagstock, what do you imagine would be the fate of a man who has never sat a saddle in his life before," (Mr. Bagstock's eyes opened) "when his horse shies as unexpectedly as violently at a sheep's carcass? It was not the fault of the stirrup strap at all, so let your mind easy on that score," I added, smiling, and simulating with my first two fingers a scissor-like cut at my sling. "It occurred to Miss Stewart that it might spare me a good deal of humiliating circumlocution if I could show a broken stirrup strap to the many curious who are sure to want to know just how it all happened. It is a put-up job, Mr Bagstock, and with respect to misfortune, I beg to thoroughly disagree with you; it is the most fortunate accident that has ever occurred to me in my life."

At this moment Daisy approached with a tray laden with beef-teas, and jellies, and toasts, and nursery nastinesses. Hanging

from her arm was a huge scarf of liberty silk—dear me! Where had I seen silk of just that shade the other day? Mr. Bagstock looked perplexedly, first at me, then at Daisy, then at me again; gradually his features began to brighten up with a look so devilishly sly that I wondered if his christian name too was Joseph. His forefinger being tired he leaned it against his sinister nostril, and the dust that was blowing caused him to wink ponderously two or three times in quick succession. All at once he remembered that he had got something important to do somewhere, he couldn't quite recollect what it was or where, but he was certain it ought to be done at once; so "would I kindly excuse him!"

Daisy in removing the leather strap and replacing it with the scarf, brought her face so close to mine that I—on second thought I won't tell; but may heaven forgive me for the act as freely as she has long since done.

* * * * *

And oh! the joy of those halcyon days!—"sweet transparent embodiments of the breath of summer evenings, shimmer of moonlight, songs of birds, and scent of roses!" As I gaze on the faded scarf that is draped as well as I know how from the rack that holds my oldest, foulest, blackest, dearest pipes, those days come back to me in the guise of filmy reminiscences of some pretty pastoral story-poem read in the long ago, rather than as memoirs of actual personal experiences.

As the fragrant smoke of Transvaal tobacco curls and eddies up to the ceiling I kill over again that puff-adder which presumed to bask on the very ledge of rock that Daisy had selected as a resting place; I hear a dear voice tell me how brave I am, and I recall how at the time I thought the same myself, but didn't let on.

As the breath of Nicotiana, supreme goddess of destructive distillation titillates its way to my sensorium, I once again roam the flower carpeted Veldt. I find a new flower; a new species I pronounce it, but Daisy refutes my decision. I count the stamens over again, then she counts, and we can't agree till we collaborate over the arithmetic, I using as an abacus fingers almost as delicate as the subjects of dispute, and telling off the tens by such an approved method that there was no forgetting or mistaking. At last I do stumble on a new variety of composite; and we suggest names for it, but there is a flaw in them all, till—happy thought!—I christen it *Daisy Stewartiana*, because of its rarity. Then some one affects black wrath, boxes my ears when

I am off my guard, and succeeds in looking about as angry as a pauper that has found a dime.

Thicker and thicker grows the atmosphere, and as a very particular photograph that adorns the opposite wall fades from my view, the honest, hearty valediction—the “God bless you; So long” of the good souls of Bleak House rings in my ears; and something—what other could it be than the nitre in the tobacco—burns on my lips. I see again the look of surprise on the face of the Cape Town urchin, who, being asked sternly if he had found a sixpence, and on replying tremblingly and with asseverations in the negative, was deliberately and falsely informed by the writer that he had found a shilling, that he didn’t want it, that there it was for the picking up, and that Byron wrote sense in his line, “True happiness was born a twin.”

But now the white ashes die down in the bowl, the rosy glamour melts away like a morning mist and I am recalled to the present actuality—the hard, sordid, tare and tret actuality. This dreaming will not do; I must be up and raking together those shekels which I need against an important piece of private business that will soon take me to the—let me see, how does it go?—“land of rivers without water, birds without song, flowers without scent;” and oh, bilious Anthony Trollope! blackest, vilest, basest calumny ever penned! “Women without—”

“Yes, come in!”

“*Another* foreign letter, sir.”

“Thanks, Susan, thanks.”

D. J. CARNEGIE.

Colorado Springs, Colo.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CALIFORNIA WINES.

I have been urged to reply to Mr. Champion Bissell's article on the vineyards of California, which appeared in "Belford's Monthly" for June. I do so with reluctance, partly because of other demands on my time, partly because I shall have to say things not entirely agreeable. Mr. Bissell's article assumes that California wine is all of one quality, which he condemns, not only on his own judgment, but fortified also by the opinions of two experts who testify against it. His acquaintance with the subject, however, is entirely derivative and quite imperfect. His reading on it appears to have been confined to newspaper articles, and the productions of newspaper writers in their moments of leisure, and it is clear, on internal evidence, that he has no personal knowledge of viticulture or wine making, and has never seen California grapes or wines, except when offered for sale in Eastern markets. Were this not so, he never would have made the astounding statement that "*all grapes raised in California, without exception, protect themselves by a tough integument, with an imperfect boundary of definition between pulp and skin,*" or endeavored to account for this very remarkable phenomenon by solar influences, which, in the tropics, give their thick skin to the banana and orange. Mr. Bissell will doubtless be surprised to learn that this statement is absolutely devoid of truth; grapes which are thin-skinned in their native countries, are equally so in California, just as oranges and bananas, raised in temperate climes are quite as thick skinned as those grown in the tropics. The California grapes that find their way to the markets of New York and Chicago, are, of course, thick skinned, for the simple reason that thin-skinned ones will not bear transportation to such a distance. But the markets of all California cities are in the Fall laden with grapes, which flatly contradict Mr. Bissell's statement. The Black Hamburg, the Malvoisie, the Verdal, even the Mission grape and the Isabella, besides the whole tribe of Chasselas, load the tables of the fruiterers here in the fall, but not one of them can be carried a hundred miles by rail without spoiling, simply because they are too thin skinned and delicate to travel. There are other sorts more pronounced in these char-

acteristics, and which are only to be obtained at their places of production. They will not bear transportation even to San Francisco. Such are the Fehersages and the Barbarossa. Had Mr. Bissell ever seen California grapes in California he could never have fallen into this conspicuous blunder, or allowed himself to quote, save in derision, "the expert Vigneron, from Bordeaux district," who pronounces so authoritatively "that California grapes are pretty good eating, and they grow in big bunches, but they are tough; and a tough grape makes—what shall I call it?—a tough wine." The "expert Vigneron," has been, I fear, misunderstood by Mr. Bissell, or else he is less of an expert than he supposes, for his language just quoted imports that wine is made from the same grapes as are supplied for the table. But this Mr. Bissell must surely be aware is a great error. There are very few exceptions to the rule—in fact I recall but two—that a good table grape will not make a good wine. Mr. Bissell's own use of language seems to have become demoralized by intercourse with these inexpert foreign experts, for he talks about the "beautiful grapes full of luscious juice," grown in California, from *cuttings of the "Pineaud" grape*. I must tell him, however, that to get beautiful bunches from the cuttings of the Pineau, he will have to plant them in some other country than California or France. Here, just as in France, the Pineau produces an insignificant looking grape, quite unattractive in appearance, and less entitled to be termed beautiful than the common wild-fox grape. And here, just as in France, it makes a delicious wine, as Burgundian in its flavor and goutiness, as if direct from the *Cote d'Or*.

Nor is Mr. Bissell happier in his quotation from the New York critic, whom he further on designates as the "expert from Beaver street." If this gentleman had limited his assertion and his criticism to such California wines as had come under his own observation, his remarks would have such weight as the extent of his experience called for; but when on the strength of such knowledge of California products,—vegetables, fruits, wines, etc., as can be acquired in Beaver street, he presumes to pronounce a judgment, such as quoted by Mr. Bissell, he simply disentitles himself to any weight whatever. It is easy to say—and it sounds epigrammatic—that every fruit grown in California gets elephantiasis, the pears weigh five pounds, and never a Duchesse d'Angouleme or a Bezi-de-la-Motte among them; not even a respectable Bartlett. Where is the musk flavor? Elephantiasis has killed it." One wonders in reading this remark what its

author was thinking about when he wrote or uttered it. Did he really expect to find a Duchesse or Bartlett among five pound pears; or does he suppose that the difference between various species of pears depends upon the place they grow in, or the size they attain? Such results may attend farming in Beaver street, but outside that favored locality most readers I imagine are aware that the sort of pear a tree produces depends on the scion with which the stock was grafted, and that five pound pears are one sort, Duchesse another, and Bartlett a third, and none of these trees ever produces the other sort, any more than a gooseberry bush produces watermelons.

In the production of all fruits soil and climate are the great factors; nationality has nothing to do with the result. Alsace and Lorraine have not changed the character of their agriculture with their national flag, nor do Savoy and Nice grow different products since their annexation to France from what they did under the dominion of Victor Emmanuel. We have in the present day so many facilities for learning all particulars on these heads as to all civilized countries, that the superstition that prevailed seventy-five, or even fifty years ago, that wine could only be produced in France, must give way to the hard facts of natural history. As to soil the "*Ampelographie Francaise*" gives us the chemical analysis of that of many notable vineyards in France, among which the most conspicuous feature is the very large proportion of insoluble matter (viz. gravel and sand) which prevails in all the "*grands crus*,"* ex. gr. in Burgundy, "Montrachet" has 80 per cent. (p. 209), "Romanée Conti" 75 per cent. (p. 218), "Chambertin" 89 per cent. (p. 222), and in the Bordelais "Chateau Margaux" has 85 per cent. (p. 431), and Iquem 84 per cent. (p. 443). Now I have, from the University of California, the chemical analysis of the soil of "Las Palmas," made at the time of establishing the first viticultural experiment station there, and I now present it side by side with that of Chateau Margaux, as given on the authority just quoted. Here they are.

LAS PALMAS.			
Ingredients.			
University of California.			
Soluble Silica.....	3.538	Peroxide of Manganese.....	.007
Potash.....	.384	Peroxide of Iron	3.280
Soda.....	.374	Alumina.....	2.820
Lime.....	.710	Phosphoric Acid.....	.004
Magnesia.....	.710	Sulphuric Acid004
		Water and organic matter.....	2.020
		Insoluble matter.....	86.200

CHATEAU MARGAUX.		Magnesia263
Ingredients.		Oxide de fer.....	3.341
Ampelographie Francaise.		Alumine.....	1.590
		Acide phosphorique	0.147
Silice soluble.....	.380	Matieres organiques.....	6.670
Potasse de Soude.....	1.291	Residu insoluble.....	85.427
Carbonate de Chaux.....	.891		100.000

Most intelligent and well informed people will, I imagine, find it difficult to believe that on two soils so strikingly similar as these, plants of the same identical sort will produce fruits differing very widely from one another, unless the climate in one of them be so very unfavorable as to prevent the fruit from coming to maturity. This is so obvious that I feel warranted in assuming that if "Las Palmas" from the same sort of grapes as are planted at Margaux fails to produce a wine of substantially the same character it must be conspicuously the fault of the California climate. But climate is just the particular in which for the culture of grapes California, confessedly exceeds all other countries. This is a truth quite indisputable, and easily proved too. There are newspapers in France, devoted exclusively to the viticultural interest, such as the "Moniteur Vinicole," the "Feuille Vinicole," etc. It is impossible to look over a file of one of these without being struck by the importance attached to the character and state of the weather during the growing season. From the beginning of June, when the fruit sets, till the close of the vintage in October every beam of sunshine is chronicled with exultation, every rain storm, shower, or even cloudy day deplored. The news columns and correspondence of these journals, during the season referred to, are filled with accounts of the weather changes and with discussions on their probable effect on the crops. They say themselves, "*Une vigne doit toujours regarder le soleil*," and in accordance with this idea the sunshine is always spoken of as "*le beau soleil*," and rainy or cloudy weather as "*mauvais temps*." Now I would ask Mr. Champion Bissell, who must be quite aware of what I have just stated, whether he does seriously think or expect any one else to believe that nature is so

*The quality of the wine produced seems to bear direct relation to the proportion of gravel in the soil; and such is also the popular belief. Thus in Les Olivottes (p. 235) the gravel is given at 51 per cent. and in "Vallmorillon" (p. 234), it is 33 per cent. Both these *crus* are said to produce good wine, but not comparable with those named in the text.

capricious in her operations on the Pacific coast that the uninterrupted fair weather and magnificent sunshine of our California summer, can produce on the grape grown here, effects just the reverse of what such weather does in all other countries? Can such a paradox find credence with any one having the least experience in agriculture?

"But," says the Beaver street critic, "a choice claret or sherry from California with a bouquet is impossible. It cannot be, and that settles it." As regards sherry, I will neither affirm nor deny this prophecy, though I deem it, like all prophecy, rash; for sherry is an artificial compound, not a pure wine. But as regards claret, I hope Mr. Bissell will allow me, with great deference to the authority of his Beaver street expert, to express a doubt whether that does settle it or at least whether it will stay so settled. I venture to appeal from his absolute *dictum* to the proverbial proof of the pudding, for I am myself convinced that quality and price, both considered California table wines, white and red, are quite equal to the French; and I propose to prove it by a competitive test, to which Mr. Bissell and the Beaver street expert may both be parties if they will. There is now in the hands of Messrs. Hegeman & Co., 196 Broadway, New York, little more than half a mile from Beaver street, a lot of claret grown and made in the Cupertino Wine Co.'s, vineyard, Las Palmas. Incontestible proofs of its California origin will be furnished. Let a person appointed by Mr. Bissell, purchase a case of it at whatever the current price may be, and let him select and name to me a French claret of that price, of which I will purchase a like quantity, the guarantee of its French origin to be equally satisfactory. Let these two cases of wine be placed at the disposal of a committee of competent and disinterested gentlemen, selected as we will agree, and precautions against prejudice being taken by obliterating all external evidence of nationality of the wines; let the committee after sampling the whole, pass judgment on them, their report and awards to be published in BELFORD'S MONTHLY, or elsewhere, and the whole test to be at the expense of the losing party.

Or if preferred I will name a California vineyard or vineyards at which Mr. Bissell may purchase a barrel of red wine and another of white of sorts indicated by me; to insure his obtaining them at the current price, let a stranger make the purchase at such a time as he pleases. He will then designate French wines of corresponding price of which I will purchase a like quantity

from the importers in New York. Let both lots be bottled and set aside for competition at the World's Fair, eight months hence, where the proprietors of this magazine can arrange for a fair competition and decision on their merits by the proper jury. By a test of this sort, we shall, I think, obtain more real light on the relative merits of California and French wines than by any amount of assertion by either side. I have no fears for the result. The fact is that California, like all other wine growing countries, produces wines of different sorts and various degrees of merit. The bulk of the crop is a *vin ordinaire* simply because the grapes first introduced in the State were such as bore abundant crops, but of an inferior order of wine, and the bulk of the crop continues to be such because the mass of consumers demand a low priced article. Hence producers, as a rule, look for quantity in preference to quality, and with the products of the vine these proceed in inverse proportion. But Mr. Bissell is most unhappy in his suggestion (on page 94) that Horace's verse, "*Cælum non animus mutant*," etc., cannot be applied to the transplantation of the grape, for the fact is exactly the reverse of what he states. On this question all authorities agree, and their verdict is confirmed by the experience of all who have submitted the question to that crucial test. As this is the very kernel of the question, I may be excused for dwelling on it at some length.

The greatest authority France has produced on the vine and its products is Dr. Jules Guyot. His eminent qualifications were recognized by the Imperial government, which commissioned him to make a viticultural survey of France, from his report on which, his *Opus Magnum* "*Le Vignoble*," in three octavo volumes, was compiled and printed by the Imperial press. French viticulturists in their public writings and discussions, reverently term him "*Notre Maître*." Here is what he says on the question Mr. Bissell disposes of so jauntily. In his "*Culture de la Vigne et Vinification*," Chap. V, after pointing out the characteristic differences between different varieties of the same plant, in the case of other vegetable products, he continues (p. 61) as follows:*

TRANSLATION—"The vine has its sorts and varieties, like most other useful or agreeable products which mankind have sought to multiply and bring to perfection, by cultivation. *These sorts and varieties have their essential and distinctive qualities and characteristics which they preserve, in all soils, climates and exposures.*

*

*

*

*

* It is difficult to translate these passages into idiomatic English, for want of exact equivalents in our language for the technical terms of viticulture.

"It is just so with the different varieties of grapes. The Muscat will never become a Cabernet, nor the Cabernet a Pineau, the Pineau a Gamai, nor the Gamai a Chasselas. That is an incontestable truth which prejudice, on the subject of soil, has so far obscured as to mislead some of the keenest oenologists and accomplished grape growers. Misled by slight diversities of vegetation—more or less vigorous; by the different names bestowed on the same sorts in different provinces; confirmed in these errors by shades of difference in bouquet and flavor, the species of grape grown (*cépage*) without being entirely lost sight of by them, has only been adverted to as a circumstance to be noted in connection with the wines produced in great, or middling or inferior vineyards (*crus*.) The idea of the vineyard (*crus*) has absorbed that of the variety of grape (*cépage*) whereas it is the variety of grape that determines the character of the vineyard. Chateau Lafitte planted in Gamai or Gonay would produce a wine simply detestable. Substitute those sorts for the ancient stocks of Clos Vougeot, and it would yield a wine worth fifty francs per barrel. *On the other hand transport the Cabernet Sauvignon of the Upper Medoc or the Franc Pineau of Burgundy to Madeira, to the Cape of Good Hope, to Spain, to Algeria, or even to Auxerre,—Wherever grown they will yield you excellent wines, recalling perfectly the best vintages of Bordeaux and the finest products of Burgundy.* Their value will doubtless vary more or less; because the soil of the vineyard, its exposure, the climate, the character of the season, the cultivation and mode of making the wine, all undoubtedly contribute their part toward its lightness, richness, taste and bouquet. But the product, whether grown at the Cape or at Navarre, Madeira or Auxerre, will recall at once the fine wines of Burgundy, and of Bordeaux, as the case may be. *This is a truth established by experience, and experience on an extensive scale.*".....

* * * *

"Our great vineyards have deserved and retained their high repute, because they were originally planted by intelligent men with superior varieties of grapes which have been preserved in them as objects of a veritable worship. Faith in particular sorts of grapes preceded confidence in vineyards; but the superstitious reverence for particular vineyards has supplanted the religion of sorts. The real principal has disappeared in the spread of the renown due to it."

"Il en est exactement de même pour les variétés de raisin: Jamais le muscat, ne deviendra cabernet, jamais le cabernet ne deviendra pineau, jamais le pineau ne deviendra gamai, jamais le gamai ne deviendra chasselas. C'est là une vérité absolue, que la passion du terroir est parvenue à obscurcir, au point de troubler les idées des plus savants œnologues, et des meilleurs ampélographes; trompés par la différence des végétations, plus ou moins vigoureuses, par les noms différents imposés aux mêmes espèces, dans les différentes provinces, confirmés dans leurs erreurs par les nuances dans le bouquet et la saveur des vins, Le *cépage*,"*

* We have no single English word the equivalent of *Cépage*, and it is not even found in any French-English dictionary I know. It signifies the *sort of grape*.

sans être tout-à-fait méconnu par eux, n'a figuré dans leur estime. que comme fait observable et spécial aux grands, aux moyens, et aux mauvais crus. *L'idée du cru a absorbé l'idée du cépage, tandis, qu'en réalité, le 7 cépage domine le cru.* Plantez Chateau Lafitte en gamai, ou en gouais, et vous aurez un vin détestable; substituez ces mêmes cépages aux vieilles souches de Clos Vougeot, et vous aurez du vin à cinquante francs la pièce. *Portez le cabernet Sauvignon du haut Medoc, le Franc pineau de la Bourgogne, à Madère, au Cap. en Espagne en Algérie ou bien à Auxerre, partout ils vous donneront d'excellents vins qui rappelleront parfaitement les meilleurs Bordeaux, et les plus fins Bourgognes;* ils vaudront plus ou moins sans doute, par ce que le terroir, l'exposition, le climat, l'année, la culture, et le mode de confection du vin, ont une part réelle et incontestable dans la légèreté, la richesse, le goût, et le bouquet du liquide; mais le Cap, la Navarre, Medère, et Auxerre, vous rappelleront les bons vins de Bourgogne, et les bons vins de Bordeaux. *C'est là une expérience faite, et faite en grand;*" and again on page 63 he continues: "Les grands crus* ont mérité et conservé leur belle réputation par ce qu'ils ont été dotés par des hommes intelligents de cépages d'espèces supérieurs, et que ces cépages y sont restés l'objet d'un véritable culte. La religion du cep a précédé celle du cru; la superstition du cru a tué le cep; le principe a disparu, dans l'exploitation de sa renommée;" and these truths are amply confirmed, if confirmation were needed, by our California experience.

We have another work called "Le Vignoble" compiled by Mas and Pulliat (8 vo. Paris, 3 vols. G. Masson 1874-79) which gives a pictorial representation of the leaf, wood and fruit of some three hundred different European grapes, together with a careful description of the plant, leaf, habit of growth, time of maturity, and character of the fruit of each, the wine it makes, etc. This work is accepted as the standard for identifying different sorts, and we find in every case that the California grown grape corresponds perfectly with the representation of the European original. The same correspondence is found with the description in Victor Rendu's "Ampelographie Francaise," and Count Odart's "Ampelographie Universelle." I have myself an experimental plot established and directed by the

* *Cru*, growth; then place of growth; hence vineyard. The vineyards of the vicinity of Bordeaux are classified and distributed into 1er. crus classés, 2me. classés, etc., besides crus bourgeois superieurs, crus bourgeois inferieurs, crus artizan, crus paysan, etc. *Cru* in viticulture is *vineyard*.

State University containing some hundred and twenty varieties, which enables me from personal observation to affirm the same truth, and to prove it to doubters every October, by comparison of the text and plate with the living example. If Mr. Bissell can be prevailed upon to visit California, and see for himself I will take pleasure in showing him all this and wringing from him (however reluctant) a confession that the basis on which his whole criticism proceeds is fallacious. He has simply been misled into an egregious error by want of personal acquaintance with the subject and a too ready credence given to unfounded statements.

These fine sorts of grapes have within the last few years, been imported into California, with every precaution to secure genuineness. They are now propagated here in several vineyards, and the wine produced from them fulfills all the expectations formed of it. Its production is, however, much more costly than that of the common sorts. The pruning, staking and tying of the vines is more laborious; much of the work of cultivation has to be done by the hoe instead of the plow, the crop when harvested is incomparably smaller, and the wine instead of being potable at six months from the vat, must tarry at least three years in wood before it is fit to bottle, and will then be better for passing a year or more in glass before consumption. All these circumstances call for more capital, patience and courage than the growing of common wine, and deter most growers from leaving the beaten track. Hence wines of superior excellence are no more common in California than in France or Italy. Here, as in Europe, they are a product quite distinct from *vin ordinaire*, or *vin du pays*, which is grown all over the country. But that they are produced and in appreciable quantities is proved by the very fact quoted by Mr. Bissell to show their non-existence, viz: "The ominous figures, nineteen cents per gallon," given in the census returns as the average price of California wines. The great bulk of the crop from which that average was obtained, was sold at, or under, twelve cents per gallon; indeed, large lots went as low as seven and a half cents, and ten was quite generally accepted. Now taking the whole crop at 17,000,000 gallons and assuming that 16,000,000 of it was sold at an average of eleven cents, it is clear that the other million must have brought an average of \$1.28 per gallon to bring that of the whole up to nineteen cents. The actual figures were probably somewhat different from these, but, all the same, a general price of nineteen

cents per gallon, with the great bulk of the crop sold at twelve or under, proves that an appreciable part brought a price very much above the average.

That the wines I refer to have not found their way into the ordinary channels of commerce is very easily explained. They are practically a new commodity and have to force their way to recognition against the competition not only of the foreign article (which has all prejudices in its favor) but also of our own inferior products, which, tricked out in attractive labels and even netted with wire to prevent adulteration, are, under the stimulus of over production, pushed by the trade in every direction. They have to contend with the ignorance and prejudices of consumers, of whom very many have really no knowledge or judgment as to the quality of wine, and adopt what they deem the safe rule of preferring the foreign article merely because it is foreign,* and others invent or blindly accept as true such sage aphorisms as that "all California fruits get Elephantiasis which kills their natural bouquet," and that "a choice claret with a bouquet from California is impossible. It cannot be, and that settles it." Each producer too, has to fight his way to recognition single-handed, for unhappily there is no commercial house which makes a business of dealing in our fine wines, and the trade does not want such goods except at a price materially below the cost of production.

What should trade, as such, want of a wine that would cost, say seventy cents per gallon, young, and have to be kept four years before selling it, when an article quite as good looking, and which will answer its purposes as well can be bought at twelve

*In a conversation lately with a wealthy New Yorker, I asked him what wine he drank at home. He told me it was a claret called Mèdoc which he imported in glass. It cost him, landed in New York, forty cents per bottle, or \$4.80 per case. He preferred it because he was assured that it was unblended, and he thought wines blended or made from more than one sort of grape did not agree with him. He was undoubtedly sincere in this, and not at all actuated by parsimony. Yet taking shipping charges, freight and duty into account and deducting the cost of the case, bottles, etc., he is evidently importing a wine, worth in Bordeaux, *at retail*, not more than forty francs per hectolitre, or say a franc and a half per gallon. It would be interesting to hear the opinion of Mr. Bissell's "expert Vigneron from the Bordeaux district" on the purity of that wine. For myself, judging only from published market reports, I should *guess* it to be a Barcelona claret, not blended perhaps, but let us say mildly attenuated by the water of the Garonne, and perhaps flavored with some of the extracts so liberally advertised in the "*Moniteur Vinicole!!!*" But he knows it to be French, for he imports it from Bordeaux himself, and that is the main point

cents and sold readily when it has attained the mature age of twelve or fifteen months, and even passed off with most persons, by means of a label, for the very thing they are in quest of? In vain will he appeal to the wine merchant to add these fine products to his stock and cultivate a trade in them as a new branch of business. The answer is, "My customers are satisfied with what I give them now; if any one wants a finer article than what I offer him, I have it ready with a different label and a higher price. I see no need of your high grade wine, nor do I desire to add any new branches to my business." If he attempts to introduce it at some first-class hotel, his negotiation is unlikely to get further than the mention of the price. The moment he names six, seven and eight dollars a case, he is told that we have a very good California wine that we pay \$3.00 or \$3.50 per case for, which answers all our purposes. Should he address himself to a leading club in one of our great Eastern cities, among whose members must be found real connoisseurs of wine, capable of appreciating what is good without seeing the outside of the bottle, he will probably find that the wine committee, without whose sanction no new brand can be put on the wine list, is composed in whole or in great part of gentlemen, or the friends of gentlemen, who import and sell foreign wines, and are, after the manner of Beaver street, prejudiced in favor of their own merchandise. If he proposes to leave his goods with some first-class family grocer and endeavor through an agency of that kind to obtain consumers, he finds the ground preoccupied, and is told, "We are already agents for a very nice brand of Zinfandel, and we could not do justice to your wine, and do it simultaneously."

He is by some perhaps advised to open a little *bureau* to keep samples, and take orders, and thus sell his own goods; but that involves a deal of expense and even a change of occupation as well as of residence. He is a wine grower, not a retailer of wine, and he knows that qualifications are required in a salesman which he does not possess. What wonder if under such discouragements "his poverty and not his will," consents, in order to dispose of his product, to the putting of a French label on it* and

*Mr. Edward Muybridge, of the University of Pennsylvania, so well known in connection with photographic studies of animal locomotion, lately paid a visit to California, after an absence of many years. In relating to me incidents of his calls on various old friends, he mentioned spending a day at the vineyard of Mr. ——— (he suppressed the name) where he drank a bottle of excellent claret, but on being shown through the establishment observed the packers put-

letting it go as "Haut Medoc" "Vin de Graves" "Saint Emilion" or even "Chateau Margaux" "Chateau Iquem" or "Chateau La Rose," as the case may be.

There is much wanted a commercial house in San Francisco, that will purchase the fine wines produced in the state when young, mature them carefully, and then put them on the general markets, challenging the competition of the better wines of France and Germany; and I know no such good opening in business in the United States as it affords, for the wines can be purchased the spring after their production at from sixty to seventy cents per gallon, and sold when four years old at two dollars and upward. Every year they are kept adds to their value. Such a house must have capital to carry a stock of four years' consumption, and until the market has been fairly conquered must employ all the usual commercial methods of effecting sales. It should of course have the courage to sell its goods for what they really are, discarding all reliance on meretricious ornament and fictitious nomenclature. And such a house we will have ere long I am persuaded, for "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*" the stupid prejudice against high class California wine cannot long survive the Columbian exposition at Chicago, for all the world will be there to judge it, and we will poll the jury on the truth of the statement, in an earlier part of this paper, viz: *That quality and price both considered, the wines of California are quite equal to those of France.* When the verdict is rendered some enterprising Chicagoan will present himself here to take up the business suggested, and he will find it a straight avenue to fortune. He may organize it as a corporation in which the growers themselves will take a considerable part of the stock, and he will, as the first in the field, secure for several years a practical monopoly of a lucrative business, which must expand indefinitely with the increase of population, and growth of luxury in the United States.

Menlo Park, Cal.

JOHN T. DOYLE.

ting French labels on the bottles, and packing them up in cases, externally very French in appearance. He was rather shocked at this, and in talking it over with his host, asked him whether he thought that right? "Well," said the latter, "as a matter of sentiment I hate to do it, but I am not clear that there is anything wrong about it. It is pure wine, and good wine too, and the men I sell it to know perfectly well that it is grown and made right here at my vineyard. They request me to pack it in this way, and won't buy it otherwise. What can I do? I must sell my wine to live."

THE STUDENT ON THE PRAIRIE.

If the truth in all discoveries were at once accepted by the world progress would soon become commonplace and the votaries of science would, by lack of opposition, lose occasion for that persistency which, having been successful is looked back upon as inspired force. A thrilling theory may soon become recognized as an unstimulating fact and a truth may be too bright for calm consideration. It may bedazzle the eyes of the critic, and seem distorted. A something for which we most hopefully wish, having come, invokes our strongest doubt. Human nature, afraid of itself, clings to this saying, "Too good to be true." But nothing is too good to be true, for truth is the source of all goodness.

It is now about two years since the world began to listen to a marvelous story that came from Dwight, a village on a prairie in Illinois. It was said that a doctor there had declared inebriety a physical ailment, and that he could cure it. During many years this doctor had been at work and many cures stood out as a result, but the nation at large, not only the state of Illinois, paid special attention to the work. After a time, the investigation of thinking men was drawn to this village, and what followed is now known to the world.

Dr. Keeley's treatment is a subject of international discussion. It is hemmed in by no geography and is not confined to the realm of science. Bitter enemies have arisen, but all truth has its bitter enemies. It is fought by the rabid prohibitionist, for it wipes out the pretext upon which his party is founded, it excites the rage of certain religionists for it commands them to drop vague glorification and resort to science. Eighty thousand men—think of it—eighty thousand men have been cured by this treatment. In Chicago, within the sound of the Board of Trade clock, three thousand men who four years ago were confirmed inebriates, mainly out of employment, and many of them feeling that they were forever disgraced in the eyes of their former friends, are now not only restored to sobriety and social respectability but are a mighty factor in the commerce of this great city. Moral training had failed; the pleading of wives and the wretchedness of children had been in vain. The churches had done a

noble work; they had lifted men from the gutter, but could not hold them up. The prohibitionists had raved and had excited derision; but a scientific discovery, a medical fact, did the work of reformation—did it as truth ever does her work—without noise. A short time ago the newspapers cited individual cures, now cures are spoken of by the thousand. The letters of mothers and wives, received at Dwight, would make a library of gratitude.

But there are failures. There are. Nothing is sure; nothing except death and the first of the month. But what is the percentage of failure? The Keeley company says five per cent but an investigation conducted by the Bi-Chloride of Gold Club proves that three and one-half per cent is a liberal estimate. What class of men comprise the failures? They are not men. They are boys who really have not the disease of inebriety but who drink "for fun," and imbeciles who for years have had no brain, and who by the aid of whisky have kept the fact well concealed. The man who wants to be cured has had all the fun that liquor can inspire, and he does not continue to drink through convivial inducements but because his system has become so deranged that he is in physical need of a stimulant. It is no longer a temptation; it has become a necessity. He cannot eat, sleep or work. He knows of one temporary relief—alcohol. Of what use is it to preach temperance to this man? The orator speaks one language, and the man's system speaks another. One is the language of persuasion and the other is that of demand. One advises and the other compels. The orator says, "Be a man;" and the system replies: "A little rye and ginger ale, if you please." And because the system refuses to hearken to the orator and thereby glorify him the orator denounces the Keeley cure. Indeed, the more of a certainty this treatment becomes, the more will the temperance fanatic denounce it. To persuade men to be manly is a virtuous undertaking, but how foolish it would be for an orator to go into a hospital and preach morality as a cure to patients who need the surgeon's knife.

Many imitators of Dr. Keeley's treatment have come forward and temperance societies have indorsed them. These imitations claim only to be as good as the original. Reason teaches us that all imitations are bad, yet these temperance people indorse them. Why? Because they are not true reformers. They want to dash into the circus of conspicuousness on the back of a prancing hobby. Acknowledge the truth and support it, and what then? The joints of the hobby are stiff.

Branches of the Keeley treatment are now being established over all Europe. Medical journals which fought the treatment but which really did not combat the theory that drunkenness is a disease are now beginning to recognize that a wonderful discovery has been made. The curing of hopeless wrecks has given them a thought to digest, and nothing hurts the digestion of a medical journal so much as a lucid thought. They are generally edited by men who have failed as practitioners, and who like all critics, seek revenge in denouncing a success which they could never hope to attain.

In the United States there are more than one hundred institutes, and including the main institute at Dwight, there are about ten thousand men now taking the treatment. The number is constantly increasing, and it is safe to say that at least nine thousand cures are effected every month. Could there be a more important movement than this? Is there a religious or political reform that is in any way equal to it? Hardly, for this means a moral and consequently a political reform. It is the gradual closing of saloons, and that means a purer ballot box. It is said that a large distillery has recently failed on account of the Keeley cure. How many distilleries have the prohibitionists shut up? The prohibitionist sells his corn to the distiller, and then exclaims against the rum power. The selling of his corn is well enough—he must do something with it, but he is feeding the rum power. I know of a number of saloons that have been closed by the treatment at Dwight; I know of a number of saloon keepers who, having taken the treatment, closed their bars and sought other employment. The saloon will go when the demand for it ceases to exist. In one Missouri town which once boasted—or b'ushed—of fifteen saloons, there are now but six. Did the prohibitionists accomplish this? No, the Keeley treatment did. The prohibitionists did at one time close the front doors of all the saloons in that town, but then whisky drunk by stealth is just as boisterous when it comes out on the public square as though it had been bought at a conspicuous booth.

There is many a home in this country that has been blessed by Dr. Keeley, and he who blesses the home blesses the nation. "What is good for the bee is good for the hive," said Marcus Aurelius. The hearthstone is the altar of a nation's happiness; its reforms and its glories begin there. How then can any well-wisher of men assail a discovery that has found a wayward hope,

wandering in a winter's blustering night, and has led it home to the fireside to thrill with joy a mother's heart.

Result is everything. Don't preach of reformatations yet to come, but let us join the one that is now at hand. Theories are propped by well trimmed arguments, but the truth that we present is held aloft by eighty thousand witnesses. Can the criticism of a carping doctor effect this momentous result? Can the denunciation of a furious declaimer, seeking political prominence, loosen one stone of this mighty monument?

A student of the ailments of men worked for years in an unheard-of village. That lone student passed through many a dark hour, but the sun is shining now, and the village once so obscure is famous throughout the world.

Chicago, Ill.

OPIE READ.

TWO CONQUERORS.

Two conquerors sought—but one obtained—the prize.
To grace a Greek boy's royal gala-joust
Wide Asia heaped up stones and precious dust,
Till halting under farthest Indian skies,
Before the unrevealing sea, he sighs,
To think his sword must henceforth gather rust
Because no new world springs to feed its lust;
So, draining a mad, boastful cup, he dies!

That new world which the Scourge of Asia sought
(And vainly sought), when age on age had fled,
Its mirage on a dreamer's vision wrought,
Who at a convent gate once begged for bread.
The shadow he pursued, the substance caught,
And Time's large hungering heart with wonder fed!

New London, Conn.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

A MODERN ELAINE.

The devil certainly had good work on hand when he sent Arthur Redmond on his summer vacation. Pulling up stream is pleasant when the current is smooth and there is just enough wind to ruffle the foliage on the banks. True to his easy-going nature, Redmond would have preferred drifting, but one cannot drift from Louisville to Monterey, and Monterey and the surrounding country is just the place for an artist to pitch his tent. The town itself is but a repetition of all little river towns, a jumble of mud and narrow streets, one-story buildings, and blacksmith shops. It lies a half mile from the landing; and from year's end to year's end never wakes from its placid sleep. Sometimes, indeed, it has troubled dreams of outside matters, such as presidential elections or some national catastrophe, and then it stirs uneasily, only to turn over and sink into deeper sleep.

But, lifting the eyes, one sees the wooded hills and steep cliffs that hem the town in, making it a veritable sleepy hollow. Far as one can see, long, dusty roads wind in and out among the hills like narrow, dirty white ribbons. In the early summer the foliage is a great mass of greenish blue, the hills being covered with cedars; but as the summer wanes the monotony of the tint is relieved by vivid patches of red where the sumach grows, and with the yellow of asters and the purple of wild grapes. Crimson blotches of poison-leaf entwine the trees, and a dark undergrowth of belated blue-bells and violets and wild sweet-williams makes a bed for ugly reptiles.

Arthur Redmond took great delight in the scene before him. The sun was not as yet over-fierce, and it glinted the water where it fell, and threw into bolder relief the shadows of nodding leaves and dipping oars. All along the bank willows hung over, and behind them rose huge inclines covered from top to bottom with masses of flowering color. A steamboat was puffing down the river, and as it splashed by he waved an answer to a roustabout's "Hello there!"

He had no clearly defined purpose in selecting Monterey for his destination. There were other river towns full as picturesque, Gratz on the Owen county side, and the other

towns across in Henry, the seat of dead and gone Ku-klux outrages.

Small rowboats were stationary in the middle of the river, while patient fishermen waited for a nibble. Redmond looked upon these ragged, vacant-faced fellows with a contemptuous pity. He wondered if they ever had a thought beyond the filling of their stomachs. He gave an impatient thrust at the oars, and turned his head away. On him whose business as well as pleasure it was to search for beauty, this blemish of uncouth humanity fell with the force of a blow. It was a discord in nature's harmony, a blot on her otherwise perfect handiwork.

He was young, and passionately devoted to his art. He held that work to be successful must be beautiful. He was with painting as a woman is with her face. At twenty, to be merely beautiful is enough; at thirty she awakes to the knowledge that there must be something behind beauty, something that rises above coloring and outline to insure a warm admiration. Arthur Redmond painted round-limbed Venuses and naked Cupids, moonlit water and shaded woods. His conceptions were delicately executed, but there was not one shade or line of boldness. He had in him the making of a good artist when he should have left the beaten track and thought for himself, but as yet he had failed to give his work the stamp of individuality.

He came from an old Kentucky family that before the war had boasted its plantations and slaves, its stone-pillared houses and old traditions of dead heroes and vanished glory. He was the last of his race and heir to all the "Yankees" had left. Not much; but enough to make an art-dabbling life possible without its usual accompaniment of frayed elbows and fringed linen. He was a handsome man, tall and slender, dark haired and clear-skinned, with a droop to the long lids shading the blue eyes, and a fullness of the red lips indicating a sensuous nature.

He was moral, because immorality had never yet presented a smiling face to him. He was generous in giving, but cruelly selfish and careless of other's rights.

As he neared Monterey, he heard a whistle and the churning of a steamer's wheel, the hoarse shouts of the mates and the profane interludes of deck-hands. There was a hurry and scurry on board, a clank of chains, oaths, dumping of boxes, and a shower of spray where the gang-plank wavered and dipped in the water. But at length the rope was taut, the great wheel stood

still, and a roustabout ran nimbly down the plank with the valise of the one passenger, a slender girl.

From the way in which she trod the plank it was easy to see that she was used to water journeys. There were no affectations of fear, no little startled shrieks and cat steps. She walked as calmly and uprightly as though the ground lay under her feet.

Redmond had eased his oars, waiting for the vessel to move off before he ventured to the landing. He looked admiringly at the girl, wishing that she would turn squarely about, so that he might see her face. She was slight and small, but carried herself so well that she appeared tall. A hat shaded her face, but he could see that she was fair, with a braid of reddish hair dangling down her back, the ends loose and blown about her shoulders in unwaved abundance.

She stood on the bank watching the steamer as it put off, and started as she heard the boat grating against the bank. Redmond sprang out and made it fast to the stake, and then with courteous boldness advanced to the girl, lifting his hat, and inquiring, "Is this Monterey?"

She seemed surprised for a moment. A flush overspread her face, but there was no shy drooping of the eyelids.

"No; this is Burns' landing," she answered. "Monterey lies yonder," waving her hand toward the stony cliffs.

"And is it far? Could one easily find it?" He knew that river towns are never hard to find, and he could see the tops of the buildings, but he had a sudden desire to hear the girl talk and to see if her manners accorded with her delicate, refined face.

Her voice had the soft, lazy drawl of Southern women, musical as a reverie; a voice made for lullabies rather than for battle hymns or passionate love songs. In that the Southern woman belies her nature. Her voice is so languid it seems impossible that anything could disturb the evenness of her life; but stir the smoldering fire and a bright flame leaps up to scorch the hand that dares call it to life.

Redmond saw in the girl a future model and made himself agreeable accordingly. He looked doubtfully in the direction she indicated, and then brought his eyes to bear upon her with a pleading, coaxing expression that usually secured him his own way.

"I'm a stranger, and one might get lost, you know; one's-self is poor company," he insinuated.

She looked at him gravely and inquiringly, as though he were a new specimen of man.

"You mean that you would like to walk with me?" she asked, with abrupt directness.

He turned red and stammered, feeling small and foolish all at once; then he became angry with himself because he allowed a simple country girl to disconcert him.

"Why, yes—if you've no objection," he faltered.

"None whatever; what objection could there be?" she answered, gathering her skirts up from the mud and stepping on. "You may come on," she called over her shoulder. "I am in a hurry, for the stage is due at three, and it's a good walk to the town. If I miss that I shall have to stay all night, and if there's a place I do hate it's Monterey. I fairly can't breathe in the ugly hole."

She stretched out her arms and lifted her face as if to draw a long breath. Redmond had caught up with her, and he walked by her side, carrying brushes and colors and easel. He noticed what freedom of gesture she had, as of one who had lived much in the open air. He imagined that she would claim as much freedom in action as in gesture.

"Yes," she said, "it's miserable down here. You just feel shut in with those white cliffs on three sides of you, and the river on the fourth. I know how a caged animal feels when I get here. And these people absolutely like it," she added, with fine contempt. "They pity us who live up the country, because we've no muddy streets to promenade and no chance to see the boats come in. We hear the whistle; that's enough. Isn't it foolish of them?"

"Very."

He was looking at her intently, and the admiration in his eyes disturbed her. She shut her lips tightly, and quickened her pace.

"Monterey lies behind those trees," she said, abruptly, a moment after.

"So that is the famous town," he exclaimed, as a row of white houses and swinging signs suddenly faced them. "Well, I can't say that my artistic pulse is quickened by that view."

He turned to her, explaining: "You see, I had heard that the country about here was good sketching material, and I am come to try it."

"You are an artist—a real artist?" she asked, in an awed tone.

He laughed merrily. "A real artist," he said, adding boldly, "I should like to paint you. I am quite good at faces."

She stared at him round-eyed, incredulous and amazed. "What for?" she asked. "Whatever in the world would you want to paint me for?"

"I paint the beautiful," he answered, shortly. He was disappointed that she should be trying to coax compliments. It was so at variance with her apparent frankness, but her next words swept aside his suspicion.

"Oh, but I am not beautiful," she said, calmly, as though she were dispassionately considering another, "not at all. I am pretty, sometimes nearly beautiful, I think; but there's always something missing, whatever can it be do you think?"

She turned her dark eyes to him as innocently as a child. "I see nothing lacking," he smilingly answered.

"You are not a true artist, or you would know," she said, shaking her head. "You haven't reached the secret of your art."

He bit his lip in vexation. It was a new thing to him, this hearing himself and his work so coolly criticised. He sent the mud flying with vicious little kicks, but she went on wholly unaware of having given cause for offence.

"You see only my eyes and mouth and hair, and though these do very well, to be sure, you forget that there will come a time when they will be dim and drawn and scraggly, and then how would you want to paint me? There must be something to live in beauty. There must be," she cried, in young rebellion. "It's simply awful to get old and withered and haggard. I was looking at myself one day in the glass. I had taken it to the window because the light is stronger there, and I am young enough to stand that, you know, and for all my face was so smooth and white I thought of that other time coming. Oh, I don't believe that anything is created just to die, not even beauty."

She spoke earnestly and rapidly, the color flying in her cheeks, and her eyes dilating. Redmond scarcely heard what she said, he was so engrossed with her sweet, changeful face. And then, conscious that she was talking to a stranger, she became silent, and would only answer a short "Yes" or "No" to his questions. They were well into the town when she stopped, and pointing to a low building, said, "There is the hotel; good-bye."

But it was not his intention to let her go so easily. "Did you say the stage goes to the country?" he asked.

"Yes, to Bly, in Owen county. That is where I live."

"And is there a place where I could board, if I went up there; a quiet place, where there would be no inquisitive brats nor meddlesome women to disturb my work?"

"None whatever."

"Oh, but there must be some place, surely. The country's hospitality cannot have gone out like that," he said.

He had touched her pride, for a Kentuckian considers inhospitality one of the deadly sins. She thought a moment and then, as a blast of a horn trembled from the hills, she said, doubtfully, "You might come to our house, that is if you like. There are no brats but a little nigger that helps me, and I am the only woman. You could go your way and I mine. I could cook for you, but I wouldn't be bothered."

"Oh, yes, that would suit excellently," he said, eagerly; "and we could get better acquainted with each other."

Her face in one moment grew reserved and indifferent.

"You can make terms with pappy," she answered, coldly. "Here is the stage. Howdy, Mr. Craft."

As Monterey faded in the distance, Redmond tried to resume the conversation, but she gave curt, discouraging answers, and sat staring out at the cedars as if unaware of his presence.

"At least you will tell me your name," he ventured, in a low tone, "here is mine."

He handed her a card, which she glanced at carelessly and then dropped in her lap.

"Mine isn't much to tell," she said, holding up her head proudly, as she added, "but it's an honorable one. The family name is Darling, and pappy had the most ridiculous fancy to call me Peace, because I was born after the war was over. Isn't that a combination for you?"

"Peace Darling," he repeated. "It is a pretty name."

"Had a good time, Miss Peace?" called the driver, without turning his head.

"Middling good, thank you; Gratz isn't quite as ugly as Monterey."

"Yo're pappy 'll be mighty tickled to get ye back."

"Yes."

"Seed him yesterday. Him and me was to the postoffice. Said he was lookin'. Git up thar, lazy-bones."

Once they stopped to rest at the top of a hill, and Redmond was glad to stretch his legs a bit, going on before the lazy horses.

He came back with a bunch of elder-bloom in his hand, which he offered to Peace deprecatingly, as if expecting to be snubbed. But she accepted it graciously and stuck it in her belt.

"Isn't it strange that one so seldom sees them painted?" he said; "and they are so delicately lovely. Perhaps their very delicacy forbids their reproduction on canvas."

"They are mighty sweet," she said, bending her head to inhale their fragrance. "They are sweeter than anything unless it is young grape-blossoms in early summer. They always make you feel so young and light, as if there wasn't anything but sweetness in the whole world. We all like to have grape-vines at our kitchen doors so's we can smell 'em when we're cooking and doing rough work. It makes it easier somehow. It's like getting a kind word when you're tired, or things go wrong, only you feel it more."

Her face was softened and tender, and her voice had the tone of a mother when she caresses her child. She touched the blossoms gently with her finger tips that bore the marks of toil. Redmond had been looking for an imperfection in her beauty. Now he found it in the browned, roughened hands. They were small, but creased like a washerwoman's with calloused spots on the palm.

It was dusk when the stage stopped at Bly. Redmond stood ready to help her over the wheel, but she pretended not to see his outstretched hand, and jumped nimbly down.

"That's the way we all do," she said, laughing. "We all are used to jumping from our horses. We don't care for city ways."

She stood anxiously looking down the road that branched from the pike, and at length turned to him, saying: "Reckon we'll have to walk. Pappy hasn't sent the horse. It's a good two mile, but you won't mind that if your legs are strong."

She started off at a rapid pace, covering the rocky ground as easily as though it had been smooth pavement. The night came down swiftly, for the road lay among the hills, and the sun forsakes him sooner than the open plain. The air was bright with fireflies, and resonant with the calls of night birds. To Redmond, who was a lover of sunlight, the belated arrival seemed an evil omen. The dark oppressed him as if an unseen foe were ambushed in its heaviness. He cast nervous glances toward the clumps of bushes on the roadside, and started when a bird flew across his path. That, too, was an ugly portent. He had all the superstition of a negro, although he would not admit it. Educa-

tion and culture had not eradicated it. But this girl, bred here among the hills, where the very air was tremulous with spirit secrets, had nothing of this fear.

"Here is a graveyard," she called, her voice sounding to his intense hearing like the sudden, unexpected stroke of a bell.

Redmond quickened his steps, and she heard.

"Afraid?" she asked, derisively.

"N-o—," he stammered, with a nervous laugh; "oh, certainly not, but then a graveyard isn't a pleasant place to pass at night."

"As if white stones, and long grasses, and crickets, and things could harm you! Why, do you suppose the dead would come back to this miserable place of aches, and sorrow, and poverty, even if they could? Which they can't, thank goodness."

"Yes, I do," said Redmond, solemnly. He had imbibed spiritualistic notions, but not enough to banish fear and set up faith.

She looked at him a moment disdainfully. The moon, coming from behind a cloud, showed him her face, laughing, contemptuous, scornful.

"Look, I am no coward," she said, and leaped over the low fence and disappeared among the tombstones.

She came back, flushed and radiant, with a spray of wild roses in her hand.

"I gathered it down at the farther end," she said, proudly. "Folks say this bush grows from a dead woman's heart."

To his excited fancy, the night seemed alive with unearthly noises.

"Hark, what was that?"

It was a long, mournful cry. Again it sounded closer. He fully expected to see a thing in white fluttering among the stones.

"Hark." He was trembling and cold, and yet he was far from being cowardly in other matters.

"That is a screech-owl," said Peace, calmly; "better hurry, else it will get you. And we raise goblins, and elves and such-like, among the hills here. Sometimes," she continued, gravely, "a corpse candle goes dancing, dancing, dancing before you when you're out late, and on it goes, flickering and flaring, right up to your own door, and then it's all over with you. And sometimes steps come behind you, pit-a pat, pit-a-pat, and that is death following. And the dogs howl, and that is death. And sometimes the candle goes drip, drip, drip, in tallowy grief, and those are the tears that will be shed for you within a twelvemonth."

And when a shiver goes creeping over you, that is some one trampling on your grave before the year is old."

The darkness hid her face, but Redmond could detect the laugh in her voice. He laughed faintly, but he could not shake off the impression that things had conspired to warn him. He felt inclined to turn back, and then the girl called out cheerily:

"Look, there's a light ahead. Pappy's milking, I guess."

She lifted her voice, shouting, "Pappy, pappy," and from the distance came a hoarse "Who?" not unlike the hoot of an owl.

"Hello! hello!" she called, in the common salutation. "What are you all doing this time o'night? you're a fine pappy to meet one. Hi there! here's your prodigal come home, pappykin."

Singing and calling she danced through the gate and up the path, leaving Redmond to follow, uncertain of his welcome.

A withered, dried apple old man came to the door, and to his daughter's introduction of Redmond, held out his hand with a hearty "Howdy?" and "Come in and lay by your traps."

His speech was not refined like his daughter's, and his appearance was that of a hard working farmer, who had little time to cultivate grace or manners.

Redmond explained his appearance, and patiently answered questions; and the old man, after a show of unwillingness, agreed to board him for a few weeks.

Peace moved quietly about the room, turning to the table to polish the glasses more brightly, and then to the stove, where the bacon and eggs were sending forth an appetizing odor. Her father sat with his chair tilted back against the wall, and his feet on the rounds, and with a cob pipe stuck between his lips. He watched his daughter proudly, turning to Redmond with nods and winks of admiration.

"Ain't her beat in the hull country. She outshines 'em all. She's just what her mother was in them days, befo' the war, sir, made her a droopy flower."

And then all through supper and afterward, till the lamp burnt low, followed ante-bellum tales of chivalry and wealth, and great estate.

Redmond was glad to climb into the tall, soft bed, and he dreamed that night that he was on a dark road swarming with little devils, and of every one he met he asked, "Is this the road to hell?" And they all shouted in chorus, "The road to hell, amen." And when he tried to turn aside there was a corpse candle dancing on before him, drawing him on with resistless

fascination. If he tried to cry out there was a spirit, with Peace's face, putting her arms close about his neck, drawing them closer and closer, till his breath was almost gone. She pressed hot kisses on his lips, and whispered, "This is the road to love;" and all the little devils shouted, "To hell, to hell, amen."

When he awoke the sun was streaming in full on his face, and there was a clatter of dishes downstairs.

Peace was as unlike a spirit as any healthy young woman could be. She busied herself with her work, paying no attention to Redmond beyond a "Good morning." He tramped over the country all day, discarding one spot for another, at a loss which to choose out of such abundant beauty. And whether he essayed a tree or a flower, or a burst of sunlight through the tangled vines, each stroke of the brush brought into life some line of a woman's face. At length he turned impatiently from his work and stretched himself lazily on the ground, dreaming, in the egotism of his twenty-five years, of future fame and present conquest. He thought what a delicious thing it would be to awaken this girl's soul, to put a new light in her eyes, and a new expression to her lips. Clearly he would have to do that before he could paint her as he wished, and it could do her no harm. She would cry a little and grow softer-eyed, and then, after awhile, she would marry some country lout and be perfectly happy ever after, glad to remember that a bit of romance had made her life unlike that of the women about her. She would have children that would look like the country lout—he felt jealous of him already—and she would grow stout and coarse bearing and rearing them. She was just the person for his "Elaine," that sublime creation that was to make his name the glory of his generation. At present she was too joyously happy to suit the character, but a little of love's bewildering mystery would give her just the right shade of pensiveness. As for himself, his destiny was settled. He was already betrothed, and so, partly for art's sake and partly to gratify his vanity, he made up his mind to win this girl.

That night he told Peace of the picture he intended painting and so skillfully showed his need of a model that she at last reluctantly consented to sit to him. She stood at the table washing dishes, her hands buried deep in soapsuds and her dimpled arms bare to the elbows. "Elaine," she repeated softly after him; "that is a mighty pretty name. It sounds good."

He felt ashamed to meet her clear, honest eyes. "She was good and lovely," he answered. "When you are ready I will read you her story, if you like."

When her work was finished she drew a chair opposite him and sat with her hand shading her eyes while she listened. Occasionally he stopped to explain the words to her, with a tender glance, or to talk of that strange love which she had never known.

The old man blinked in his corner, and finally went to bed, leaving the two to follow that pathetic history of faithfulness and unrequital. There were tears in the girl's eyes when he closed the book. He gently took her hand and she did not resist.

"She had a loving soul," he said.

"Love is cruel," she answered. "Oh, I never thought it made the world that dark for any one. I thought it was all like just what we see here. Some get married because they are brought up together, and they are happy because they don't know how to be miserable."

She jerked her hand away with frightened haste. "I believe I could love like that," she said, slowly. "I hope I never shall."

Redmond was elated, thinking the accomplishment of his purpose easy. She was impressionable. She had never known men of his world. She was a creature of strong impulses, easily swayed, sympathetic.

They were almost always together as time went by. When her household duties were done she sat patiently while he painted her lovely face, wondering why he was never satisfied with his work, when she thought it was so much lovelier than she could ever be. He had chosen to paint her leaning on the embroidered shield, her hair swept about her shoulders, and her arms and neck bare.

"I cannot do it," he exclaimed one day, throwing down his brush in discouragement. "The expression I want always eludes me."

"Oh, but it is perfect, only so much too pretty."

She came to his side to view the canvas better. She stooped, and her hair fell across his face. Then there swept over him a sudden wave of passion in which reason and prudence were wholly lost. He was besieged as most men are at some time in their lives, desiring only the present and forgetting the dreary

waste of after years in which one has time to remember discretion. In an instant his blood leaped and his heart throbbed so that she might have heard. He caught her hands and held her tight, and then he had her in his arms, kissing her lips and brow, and soft, white neck. She clasped her hands about his neck and laid her cheek against his.

"You will be satisfied with your picture now," she said, "for I shall be different. Oh, your Elaine will be beautiful; it will make you famous, and I shall be so proud of you. My darling, whatever could you see in me?" she said, humbly. "You are so great and good, and different from us. See, even your hands are soft and white, and mine are like a man's."

She held her hands before him. He could not help a feeling of disgust.

"For heaven's sake, why don't you wear gloves?" he said, sharply: "I hate coarse hands."

She flushed with shame, and drew away from him. She made no answer, but wrapped her offending hands in her apron, and always after that tried to keep them hidden when he was about. She had no thought of resenting his cruelty. She saw no imperfections in him. He was the one man in the world; and, poor thing! her world was lamentably narrow.

The picture advanced rapidly. It was a beautiful work. Redmond was confident that it would receive a flattering welcome in the world of art. The face was haunting in its pathetic beauty. The large dark eyes stared at Redmond so reproachfully that at times he felt like throwing his knife through them.

One day, when he was gone from the room, the girl's father lifted the cloth from the canvas and looked at the pictured face of his child until the tears came to his eyes and ran in rivulets down his wrinkled cheeks.

"Yo're mighty purty, my beauty," he whispered; "heap purtier than I ever seed yo', but I b'lieve that damned rascal has painted away all yo're happiness, an' if he has, oh!—oh!—my lambkin!"

He shook his fist menacingly, and elevated his voice in anger.

"What's that?" exclaimed Redmond, coming into the room at that moment. "What secrets are you telling my Elaine, sir?"

The old man straightened himself and looked the artist square in the eyes. The tears were still on his cheeks, but he

made a great effort to command his voice, and answered grimly: "I was telling her, this painted woman, who had a sorer, yo' know, but who re'lly is my li'tle gal, that she's all'as got her old pappy to fight for her, and that he ain't afeard of man or devil if harm comes to her. And I was telling this same young woman of how onct—p'raps yo've heerd the story y'se'f—of how onct they was a man played smash with a girl's happiness, leavin' her to cry her purty eyes out, and him not keerin' any-more'n if she was a thing of the streets, and of how he got a knife stuck through him right hyar."

His eyes blazed, and his voice trembled. He lifted one long, bony finger, and laid it above his heart. "Right hyar," he repeated; "and he didn't squeal onct. And they was another feller done likewise, and he got took by the throat an' choked an' choked an' choked till the blood spurted out of his nose an' mouth an' ears, an' him what had him never let go 'tell the breath was clean gone. Good way to sarve rascals."

His breast heaved convulsively, and his hands twitched as if he, in fancy, had hold of an enemy's throat.

Redmond was pale; he glanced apprehensively at the nervous, twitching hands, noting how muscular and hairy the wrists were, and how cruelly strong the long, bony fingers. He swallowed hard to get down that horrible choking sensation, and threw open his coat to relieve the oppression on his chest. He stepped forward and drew the cloth over the canvas.

"You are strangely interested in ugly stories," he said, avoiding the old man's eyes; and then, anxious to change the conversation, he quickly asked, "When does the next boat leave, the one going down the river, I mean."

"It goes to-morrow."

"I was thinking of leaving soon," said Redmond, slowly; "and now I find that business unexpectedly calls me; in fact, I must be leaving immediately—and the summer is nearly over, you see."

He called to his face the smile that won him so many friends, but the old man was stern and immovable. He tried to frame some graceful speech that would turn aside the old man's wrath, but he could think of nothing but those bony hands and that awful tightening at his throat. He made a desperate effort to steady his voice, and said, "And so I thought of taking the next boat—that is, if you can drive me down."

"Yes," said pappy, apathetically.

He was wondering if Peace knew, and if he might not be wrong after all. He looked up with sudden determination, and asked abruptly:

"Does she know yo're going?"

"Why, no; just made my decision this morning," said Redmond. "Time enough yet to tell your daughter. It is a matter of small importance to her, I'll warrant."

"As to that, we'll see," said the old man, sternly. "Just yo' wait."

He left the room, and Redmond heard him outside calling, "Peace, Peace, Peace, I say."

The girl answered in her clear treble, and presently they came in together. He had hold of the girl's hand, and led her up to Redmond. She looked wonderingly from one to the other.

"Why, pappy," she said.

"Now yo' tell her," her father said, nodding to Redmond.

Redmond winced as the stern eyes fastened on him, but he regained his self-command, and said, lightly: "Why you see, Miss Darling, your father is making a trifle ridiculously large. I am going away to-morrow, and he took a notion that I should tell you myself."

"Oh, Arthur!" She stretched out her arms imploringly.

Her face paled with emotion; her eyes revealed what she had so well hidden. Redmond stood still, white, unanswering, his arms limp at his sides, and a fear in his eyes like that in the eyes of a deer when the dogs are upon it.

"Oh Arthur!" cried Peace again.

"Oh, Arthur!" mocked her father. "Oh! yo' precious lily-fingered Arthur! I've got you now, yo' dirty scoundrel. Take that!"

He quickly drew a knife and struck at Redmond, but with one movement of her strong arm Peace caught it from him.

"Pappy, pappy!" she gasped.

"Yo' be still," he commanded. "And now yo' my lily-fingers, say just what I tell yo', and God help yo', if you don't do accordin' to yo're words. Now take my darter's hand."

Redmond was irresistibly swayed by the old man's fierce spirit. He could no more resist him than he could a tornado. Mechanically he took the girl's hand—the coarse, rough hand that contrasted so forcibly with his own white one, not daring to look up.

The old man stepped forward. "Now say after me just what I tell yo'. I do promise—"

Redmond hesitated.

"Say it quick!" thundered the old man.

"I do promise—"

"To come back—"

"To come back—" repeated Redmond dully.

"And marry yo'."

"But—" began Redmond.

"Say it."

"I may not be—"

"Say it quick, damn yo'."

"And marry you," finished Redmond, faintly.

"No, no," exclaimed Peace, jerking away her hand. "I will not have you forced. It is not right. I would rather have you go away forever."

"I think, honey, yo'd better git out," said Darling, pointing to the door.

Peace was defiant, but knowing her father's relentless disposition, she obeyed, trembling for the safety of the man cringing before him.

"Pappy, you won't—"

"No, no," he interrupted. "Thar's my promise, an' I never break it, don't yo' be skeerd."

"Now, see hyar," he said, as the door closed, "I ain't to be fooled with. Yo' ask them up on the ridge whuther I kin track a skunk or no. Yo're going to leave. Yo've had heaps o' fun ruining my darter's life and makin' a fool of her, an' yo' think I'll never find yo' in the city down yonder; but I will, damn yo', if I tramp night and day for years and years, till my feet is blistered an' worn to the bone. If you don't come back by spring—yo' said spring, I b'lieve—I'll track yo' to yo're death, so help me."

"I have not done your daughter any wrong," said Redmond, sullenly. "You are simply exaggerating trifling civilities into love-making."

"Well, yo' remember, Ike Darling keeps his word."

The next day Redmond bid good bye to Peace. He had meant to take her hand in a commonplace, friendly farewell, but in the abandonment of grief she threw herself into his arms, catching him about the neck with a tightening clasp. He thought of the spirit woman of his dreams, and instantly a shiver went through him.

"Peace, you are choking me," he cried.

She only clung the tighter, throwing back her head to

his faithless eyes. Her love stirred a faint answering passion in him.

"Why, dear, you believe me, don't you?" he said, persuasively.

"Promise you will come back," she answered; "promise me."

"Oh, to be sure," he said, lightly. "Your father has seen to that."

"If you don't," she said, "I shall die; and if I die pappy shall take me to you like that poor girl was taken to Lancelot. We'll come down the river at night when you're not expecting us. Maybe you'll be enjoying yourself with some other woman—but we'll surely come, and pappy shall bring you to see me, surely, surely."

She spoke excitedly, her breath coming in quick gasps. Redmond heard the crunch of wheels and the opening of the big gate, and was glad to loosen her hand.

"Come, dear, be brave," he said. "It is only for a little while. Good-by, my beautiful Elaine, good-by."

He was gone. She stood at the window watching the ramshackle buggy wending down the road till a bend hid it from sight, and then went to her work of skimming milk and baking bread. She thought grimly that her life was like skim-milk. The summer had taken the cream, and left the blue dregs for all her remaining years. She went about her work dry-eyed, for she was not one to cry out and show the workings of her heart.

She met her father cheerfully when he came home and set briskly about getting supper. The old man sat in the shadow by the fireplace, watching her sadly as she flitted from the stove to the table, talking in feverish haste lest he should think her low-spirited.

"Eggs, pappy," she said blithely, drawing him to the table. "My! but they're done brown, and fresh, every one of 'em. Do try one, dear. I know what you like best, don't I, old man? and little missy knows what it likes best too, don't she?" she said, stooping to stroke her kitten. "It likes milk best, don't it, pretty thing? It's missey's lovey, dovey, little catkin, ain't it? Oh, we're happy, ain't we, kitten? We're happy, every one of us, gay and happy, gay and happy."

She had sunk to the floor, and sat rocking back and forth, hugging the cat in her arms, and singing over and over with a queer break in her voice, "Gay and happy, gay and happy."

And then she looked up, and seeing an overflowing measure of

tenderness in her father's eyes, she jumped up, exclaiming, "More coffee, pappy? Dear me, but I must be getting old, I am so forgetful."

She pinched his cheek playfully, and asked, "Did you forget, honey boy, when you first began to get old? Did you think and think till the world seemed a great big hole with nothing in it? Oh, pappy, it's a funny old world, ain't it?"

"It's a dirty world," he said sharply; "a damned dirty world."

"Oh, pappy!",

He brought his fist down heavily on the table. "A damned dirty world. The wolf waits to devour the lamb." And then, lowering his voice so that the grinning pickaninny should not hear, he asked tenderly, "Yo' ain't much cut up about it, are you, honey—about him, yo' know?"

"La! pappy, don't you worry. He's coming back in the spring," she answered, confidently, "and then what will you do without your lady-bird?"

Day after day she watched anxiously for her father when he came from the postoffice, always hoping for a letter. Redmond had said nothing about writing, but she had been sure that he would. But the winter came, and no word of any kind was brought to her.

"It's no use lookin', honey," said her father, one day, when he came from the town. He had noticed how eager she was to meet him, and how hard she tried to hide her anxiety.

"In the spring, pappy," she answered, bravely.

But, as week after week of the winter passed without a message, she grew despondent. She was no love-sick girl, neglecting her duties, and filling her days with tears because of a man's perfidy. She went bravely, even cheerfully, about her work, but late into the night she sat at the window in her room under the rafters, looking out at the white hills beyond which lay the happiness that would not come to her. She became careless of her health, and sought to lose mental worry in bodily weariness. She had no bitter thoughts of Redmond. She thought humbly that she was unworthy such a man as he, so wise and gifted, while she was ignorant and without any gift but that of a faithful heart.

She dragged through the winter, comforting herself with the assurance that in the spring he would come. But the spring came, and brought nothing to her but a strange langour and dislike for work. At first she could not understand it, and kept to

her work, unwilling to yield, though her feet were slow and her hands nerveless. But shortly duties slipped gradually away from her, and she became so used to her chair by the open door, that she scarce remembered when she had climbed the hills and gathered the young growing flowers. Her busy life seemed something far away, and only the present of dull suffering a reality.

She called her father to her one day.

"Pappy, you musn't care too much, but when I'm dead—"

"Baby! baby!" he cried.

"Hush! when I'm dead you must take me at night down the river like the old dumb servant that rowed Elaine to him she loved, and we must get into a boat—you and me—but you'll have to lift me, for I'll be quite still, you know, and then you must take the oars and row, and row, till you bring me to him. You will, won't you, pappy?"

"Oh, the scoundrel!" he cried, "if I only had holt of him."

She lifted her head proudly, and laid her fingers on his lips. "I ain't dying for love," she said. "I ain't that kind. I just wasn't ever over strong, though I looked hearty enough, and I'd a died anyhow, but somehow this brought it closer. But you mustn't think I'm weak hearted—and, pappy, you must promise to do what I ask you to."

He shook his head.

She wound her arms about his neck. "Say yes, pappy."

"Well, if yo' must, yes, then," and, under his breath, "and may God help him."

The annual art exhibit was being held at Louisville. Redmond's "Elaine" was hung in the place of honor. The rooms were filled on the opening night with a gay assembly. Redmond stood in the middle of the room receiving the congratulations of his friends and brother artists. He was exultant, proud and happy. He had nearly forgotten that episode among the hills. If he remembered, it was to congratulate himself on his diplomacy and skill in getting out of an ugly dilemma. Sometimes he would feel a nervous chill creep over him when he saw Elaine's great eyes staring at him with such unearthly meaning. His betrothed was leaning on his arm. She was utterly unlike the "Elaine," stately and cold, even to her lover.

"Are you sure this is altogether a creature of imagination, Arthur?" she asked, half jealously.

"Quite sure," he answered, carelessly. "Did you suppose they grew such articles as that in the backwoods?"

As he turned laughing to her, his face suddenly blanched. An old man was elbowing his way through the crowd, his small gray eyes searching restlessly for some one. Redmond thought of escaping, but was too late. As he made a movement toward the side entrance, the old man caught sight of him, and in an instant was at his side.

"I want yo'," he said, simply laying hold of Redmond's arm.

Redmond tried to pull away, but the grasp was firm and strong.

"What does this mean, Arthur?" asked his betrothed, haughtily.

"Oh, it's all right, it's all right," he answered, hastily. "An old friend; so you'll excuse me, please. Here Brown, give Miss Dare your arm, will you?"

"Yes, excuse him, Madam," said the old man. "Old friends ain't to be put off."

"Now, what do you want?" said Redmond, as the others moved away.

"I want yo'."

"Well, to-morrow. To-night is scarcely the time."

"Now, at once, she's waiting for yo'."

"My God! Not your daughter?"

The old man nodded. Redmond turned his head to shut out those glittering eyes.

"Well, go on then," he said, getting his hat. "If you won't wait till to-morrow, we'd better have it over."

"Tain't me, it's her. I weren't over anxious to see yo'. Didn't come back, did yo'? Didn't rek'lect it were spring long ago, I reckon?"

Every word was like a knife-thrust to Redmond. He writhed under the contempt of the quavering voice. But he made no effort to tear himself away. Something stronger than the withered hand grasping his arm drew him on. The night was moonlit, and the shadows of the houses and posts assumed weird shapes. He glanced over his shoulder affrightedly, and buttoned his coat tighter, for the wind came up from the river in sharp cuts.

They went on past shops blazing with light, past concert halls and theaters, till they came to the ugly, gloomy part of the city that lies nearest the river. The water swished against the shore sullenly.

The old man drew him on till they came to a place where a boat lay moored.

"She's thar," said Darling, pointing to the boat.

"Who?"

"Her, yo're picter woman. Her that yo' made love to, and promises to. Her that died looking out for yo'. Purty, ain't she? Purtier even than the picter."

He leaned down and drew away the black cloth that covered the something in the boat. The water was deep, and Redmond could have easily pushed him in, but he thought only of seeing that figure under the black pall. There she lay, white and still, in a white robe with a bit of sumach glowing on her breast. It seemed to him that he would never be able to take his eyes off her, and he thought of that other woman whom it would be utterly impossible now to wed. How could he, with this poor dead thing forever reproaching him with her silent lips and death-kissed eyelids? The water rocked the boat gently and churned a white foam against the tangled weeds.

The old man stood watching with tight set lips and revengeful eyes, but Redmond had forgotten him in that other awesome presence. He started at the sharp voice.

"Thought I wouldn't never find yo', didn't yo'? Thought yo'd come hyar and set people talking about that picter, an' I wouldn't h'ar. Come last night—onto the river, I mean—toted her down in the wagon and laid her in the boat after her old mammy had rigged her up that away—poor li'le gal! poor li'le lamb!"

He reached over and stroked the white face, and then straightened himself and went on: "Waited till near sun-up, an' then we put off—her an' me—an' rowed, rowed till my hands were blistered, and my arms nigh broke, an' my head nigh split with the sun an' all; an' then somehow we got hyar—her'n me—for yo' to see. Them were her wishes in the matter."

"Oh! If I could undo it all!" groaned Redmond.

"Can't, but I'll finish the work. Thar', yo' hound!"

He hit Redmond square between the eyes and knocked him to the ground. Redmond tried to defend himself, but the old man was on his breast full weight, with his hands grasping the white throat with the tenacity of a bloodhound. They rolled over and over on the ground in the mad struggle, their veins swollen and every muscle strained to the utmost. Redmond was counted an athlete, but revenge seemed to give the old man the strength of

a devil. Not once did his hands slip. Redmond's face became black and his eyes started out with a great horror frozen in them. Pull and tug as he might, he could not tear those cruel hands away. Once he gained a slight advantage, and half raised himself, but the other forced him back, bearing heavily on his chest, and hanging tighter to his throat. They breathed like fierce animals in mortal combat. The veins on their foreheads stood out in heavy cords. A steamer went by, and Redmond made a frantic effort to cry out, but nothing but a faint gurgle came from his lips. He thought of the spirit woman of his dreams, with her horrible grasping hands and smiling face. He heard the swish of the water and it seemed to him to be singing, "Oh, to hell, to hell, amen."

Above the awful roaring and cracking in his head he heard his adversary talking to that figure in the boat. "Pappy will settle him, honey. Pappy will even things up. Just yo' lie still and don't be botherin'. Lord, h'ar him splutter and gasp!"

His struggles grew weaker. His hands jerked spasmodically. A shudder passed over him. There was a faint g-r-r in his throat. His mouth fell open and showed his tongue covered with blood, and caught fast between his white teeth.

The old man looked at him a moment, and slowly loosened his hold. From ear to ear were deep, purple marks. He took the sumach from the dead girl's breast and laid it against the swollen throat, so that it looked like a hideous blotch of blood. He unfastened the boat and drew the covering over the still figure. "Reckon we'd better be gettin' home, honey," he whispered, and pushed off. The moon disappeared behind a cloud, and the water splashed with the dip of the oars. A wind came up and tossed the willows fiercely. An owl hooted past, crying, "Who? Who?" But none ever knew.

OLLA PERKINS TOPP

Indianapolis, Ind.

THE NUPTIAL SONG OF CATULLUS.

Poetry is often stated to be on the decline among civilized races; but since in these highly enlightened United States twenty-seven thousand three hundred and eighty-eight poets lately competed for prizes to be awarded to meritorious poems upon Soap, we are led to the conclusion that the statement is baseless; or that the decline has brought poetical construction down to the level of ordinary capacities. There are fifteen million adults in the United States who can read and write. Out of each 550 one person submitted a soap poem to the judges. But we may suppose that not more than one person in five and a half knew anything about the contention; then it follows that one person in the hundred writes poetry, and is interested in poetical composition. And since this is true, why should any writer hesitate to express his thoughts in rythmical language?

Evidently Catullus thought as much; although in his day there was a limited supply of Soap, and so far as we know there were no prizes offered for Soap poems. The stock subjects for versifiers in Greek and Roman letters were Love, War, and the romances of Olympus. Yet these topics were amazingly fruitful, and although Olympus has been leveled and its deities have disappeared in cloudland, and War has become a contest between machines that hurl irresistible bodies against immovable bodies (theoretically); still "Love rules the Camp, the Court, the Grove," and as a subject for the Muse is never outworn.

Love in those classic days was recognized distinctly as a theme for poets, and for poets only. Sentimental writers in prose were few, and Love was not treated sentimentally. Cicero wrote charmingly touching Friendship and Old Age. But while we have the "De Amicitia," and the "De Senectute," read and admired by all scholars, and translated into all languages, we look in vain for a "De Amore." So far as my reading extends, the first classic prose writer upon Love was Apuleius, who came loitering along in the late silver, or early brazen, age, and sounded the whole gamut of the tender passion from Fotis at the bottom to Psyche at the top. Apuleius was the earliest novelist of Europe. Boccaccio did not hesitate to steal one of

his stories, which we find as the second novel of the seventh day of the Decameron. Translators prudently leave the story of Fotis veiled in the original Latin, but the charming narrative of Psyche has been during the centuries the delight of Christendom, and has been versified so often that even schoolgirls know it by heart. We find in this idealization of Love the first evidence of the Germanic adoration of Woman, which later bloomed into the knightly *devoir* of chivalry. Our modern noble and tender regard for Woman proceeds from the German forests, and not from the creed, established by Paul and preached by Tertullian.

Catullus was *par excellence* the Love poet of his epoch. But by the process of natural selection from among the Latin versifiers of that day only Virgil and Horace are familiarly read by moderns. Life is too short to permit us to take up all the good literary work of any era; and we are driven to selection. Yet in the works which are not read there are passages that surpass any that can be found in the works that are read. Virgil is a text book, and Lucan is hardly heard of, yet the poet of Mantua never wrote such splendid verses as these in which Lucan depicts Cæsar and Cato. Of Cæsar thus:

"Nil actum reputans dum superasset agendum."

"Deeming nothing done so long as anything remained to be done."

And of Cato:

"Victrix causa Dns placuit, sed victa Catoni."

The Gods favored the conquerors; but Ca o, the conquered."

And you may explore Horace from cover to cover, and find no verses so delicate, forcible, charming, as these which occur in the "Nuptial Song" of Catullus:

"Ut flos in Septis secretus nascitur hortis,

Ignotus pecori; nullo contusus aratro,

Quem mulcent auroe, firmat sol educat imber."

My versification of these words appears to me a sacrilege, and yet I have done the best I could. In the final seven words above, Catullus suggests to the reader the soft breath of the zephyr, the invigorating beams of the sun, and the nourishing and growth-producing showers, all combining to rear the hidden flower. His seven words do this better than the twenty-six in which they have just been depicted. In my humble opinion these seven words form the most exquisite verse in all poetry, ancient or modern, surpassing even the superb condensations of the

"Thalysia" of Theocritus, and the "Prologue in Heaven" of the Faust of Goethe.

But this is not the place for an essay on poetry, or for a disquisition on amatory, and, except to scholars, an unknown poet, whom Pliny describes to us as writing loose verses while living a correct life. It is the "Nuptial Song," which I have promised the reader. A certain Manlius married a certain Julia; and at the wedding a chorus of young men sang verses to an answering chorus of girls. We may imagine these choruses occupying different sides of the *atrium*, or square space on the first floor of a Roman house, while the bride and her parents, and the bridegroom stood between them.

THE YOUNG MEN.

O joyous bands advance; the evening star
Expected long, at last lights up its fires.
Rise up and leave afar
The heaped-up feast which appetite desires.
Now let the virgin come
And with her bring
The marriage song which you will sing;
Nor yet shall we be dumb.
O Hymen, lend thine aid,
And bless the marriage of this youth and maid!

THE GIRLS.

Say, virgins, do you see
These bold young men? Nor should we timid be.
Advance to meet them, for the evening star
Already shows her lustrous beams on high.
And look, from near and far
These youths have come to teach us minstrelsy.
Not without reason are they here.
Theirs is the boast that they will teach us strains
Such as to Cyprus dear
Draws to fair Venus her love-languished swains.
O Hymen, lend thine aid,
And bless the marriage of this youth and maid!

THE YOUNG MEN.

Sweet comrades, hard the task
To rival us, and vainly will you try;
And yet should you from Aphrodite ask
Persuasive song, she might not pass you by.
Think, girls, and meditate the muse
More zealously than we your rivals use.

And conquer if you can.
This is the spoil,
To turn the tables on the braggart man;
And in the lyric contest, mock his toil.
Begin: Begin:
You may the victory win.
O Hymen, lend thine aid,
And b'ess the marriage of this youth and maid!

THE GIRLS.

O Hesperus! what star in all the sky
Shoots to the earth a crueller dart
Than thou, O bright Ferocity,
That tears the child from out her mother's heart!
You tear the virgin from maternal arms,
And while she palpitates with fear—
Quivering with new and strange alarms—
You bid her call the eager youth more dear.
He revels in her beauty, with delight
Like those who sack some conquered town by night.
O Hymen, lend thine aid,
And bless the marriage of this youth and maid!

THE YOUNG MEN.

O Hesperus! what star in all the blue above
More blithely shines than thou!
Your beams confirm connubial love,
To you all lovers bow.
The oath the joyous bridegroom swears,
The parents long since swore;
Marching, the bride her chaplet wears,
Your splendors march before.
The nuptial chamber your soft beams illume.
What sweeter gift can the kind gods impart
Than the hushed bridal room,
Where heart is for the first time joined to heart!
O Hymen, lend thine aid,
And bless the marriage of this youth and maid!

THE GIRLS.

O comrades, Hesperus has reft away
Our best and brightest! Laggards were we too,
That did not keep him from his prey,
But let the crafty lover in to woo!
For when this fatal star usurps the west
Robbers their furtive arts employ,
And what are lovers but a thievish pest
Who rob us of our peace and joy?
O Hymen, lend thine aid,
And bless the marriage of this youth and maid!

THE YOUNG MEN.

O evening star, with what delusive feigning
These maidens picture forth your evil deeds,
While in their hearts a lusty Cupid reigning
Laughs at their words, and to his task proceeds!
Why should we care, who know
That maidens' thoughts run to and fro;
That maidens when they most mean "yes," say "no!"
O Hymen, lend thine aid,
And bless the marriage of this youth and maid!

THE GIRLS.

Bold singers, listen. As the flower concealed
Blooms in some closely guarded field,
Safe from the nibbling sheep and from the plough,
Soft zephyrs fan it; and the kindly sun
Fills it with life; the overhanging bough
Drops dew upon it when the day is done;
The lads and lasses spy it and admire.
But when you pluck and bear away the flower,
A mere addition to a nosegay wire,
It droops and dies within an hour.
And so the virgin who remains
Unplucked, remote, alone.
Free from the smirch and stains
Of grasping hands, whose power she scorns to own,
She is admired and sought, but if she yield
To love's false arts, her punishment, how swift!
When once her weakness is revealed
Her cloud of shame shall never lift.
Admired no more,
Her gentle life of purity is o'er.
O Hymen lend thine aid,
And bless the marriage of this youth and maid!

THE YOUNG MEN.

Delusive singers, listen. As the vine
Without support lies fainting on the ground,
And since it cannot rise and cannot twine
Its yearning tendrils some strong oak around,
It stretches helplessly beneath the sky
The mock of every one that passes by.
But if the farmer bind it to some tree,
It lifts its head, and shoots up joyously,
Just so the maid unplucked, remote, alone,
Droops, till she finds a man to call her own.
No, gentle girls, no warfare undertake
With heaven-appointed marriage; do not break

Your lovers' hearts; no, not if parents banded
 Such cruelty commanded;
 Yourselves do not belong to you;
 Two-thirds your parents claim their due,
 Now, by the last remaining third
 Your own, let Love's sweet voice be heard,
 Let father, mother and dear Love combine
 And lead you to the ardent, eager youth,
 Who will be wholly thine
 And live the happy years with you in love and truth.
 O Hymen, lend thine aid,
 And bless the marriage of this youth and maid!

New York.

CHAMPION BISSELL.

MECHANISM AS A POLITICAL FETISH.

It is said there is always a certain number of people in every generation and community who are born with their heads turned on one side; and a certain other number who are born to believe in perpetual motion. Those who have this last tendency are excellent representatives of the people who believe in statutory schemes for producing something out of nothing. The perpetual motionist is sure that a piece of machinery can be made that will produce power in spite of the mechanical law that all increase of power must meet its fatal resistance in friction. But the idea of being able to take something out of a machine in excess of what is first put in it is so fascinating and irresistible that he plods away with his devices, sure that he is doing it, or that it will soon be done.

His most distinctive imitator in the political field is of course, the protectionist. His peculiar device is a statute to produce wealth by inflicting waste. He preaches the gospel of procuring abundance by first compelling scarcity. If you complain that it is a wrong to the people to make them pay more for several hundred commodities than they would need to if this statute were not passed, he tells you that they will not pay more; for everything affected by it in the matter of value will soon be cheaper than it was before the statute was enacted. He forgets when he says this that it is because things are already too cheap to be manufactured at a profit here, or at a sufficient profit, that he insists on a passage of his law. What he really wants and must have in order to make his mechanism work, is an advance in the price of commodities. What he wishes to believe and

have his neighbor believe, is that they will be cheaper and more abundant than before. He will point with pride to hundreds of factories that have started up since his legal device was put in motion, and points in such a hurry that he never counts the exact number, but speaks roundly.

If you suggest to him that he has drawn from sixty-five millions people forced contributions to make these hundreds of factories go—factories which true arithmetic estimates at six instead of in the hundreds—he says the millions of dollars levied as a duty are not paid by us, but by foreign nations. Foreign nations that trade and make goods for that object are the protectionist's special horror. Yet, he credits them with paying us millions of dollars for the privilege of being allowed to trade a little less with us than they did before. Why we should hate such benefactors as these, who joyfully pay millions of good money for us into our national treasury, passes comprehension. The protectionist, however, in his complex machine for producing something out of nothing, occasionally remits several millions of duties on a single article, as was done with sugar lately. Has he suddenly begun to like our foreign friends so well that he relents a little and concludes to release them from paying duty on that one article?—and this too when we are squeezing every subsidiary coin to keep from having to acknowledge a treasury deficit. Oh, no. He celebrates the sugar episode, whereby fifty odd millions are lost to the treasury, by congratulating us all on the millions we are now saving by buying sugar so cheaply, which we buy, by the way, by having it placed on the basis of natural trade and on a principle directly opposite from that which gives his legal mechanism existence.

It is a very curious piece of legal mechanism that the protectionist possesses. Whatever facts turn up, pro or con, or whatever wind blows, east or west, they all serve his cause. We are told by his most notable representative that when a man has a cheap coat on, the man under the coat must himself be cheap, which is an acknowledgment that to have coats high-priced is desirable. But, if some of us very strenuously object to having our clothes made artificially dear, up jumps the protectionist's spokesman in Congress, and displaying a garment all wool, shows that it is cheaper even and better than you can buy abroad. Now, most people would say—who did not happen to stand near enough the garment to see whether it was shoddy—"Why, oh protectionist, shall we make ourselves cheap

men by wearing this thing of unholy cheapness?" And again, if such cheapness is possible, why do you desire to invoke your mechanism for making something out of nothing, to prevent foreign nations from bringing better and cheaper garments here, when ours—as you have shown in the Congress episode—are cheaper and better than foreign nations can make?

On the same day, from different protectionist platforms, and on the same week (if not the same day) in the same protectionist newspaper, we are often told both these stories of cheapness and dearness, in reference to protection. One version makes it that things are made cheaper by the protection mechanism; another admits that they are dearer, but the dearness is wholly for the public good, and that he is no patriot who will not contribute a little something, or submit to some sacrifice for the up-building of the country. The statements concerning tin have, perhaps, formed the most amusing, not to say amazing, budget of contradiction on behalf of protection's legal mechanism known as the tariff, that has ever been offered up on the altar of any cause or rostrum. Editorials in certain papers have found no trouble in employing figures for a protectionist argument, which their own published news dispatches and those of the metallurgical trade journals explicitly traverse, proving, as some wit has happily said, that "If figures don't lie, liars will figure." It is, of course, necessary from the view-point of those who think a tariff a sort of modern philosopher's stone, or Aladdin's lamp, to show that certain high duties lately applied have established large tin works in dozens of places in different parts of the country, and yet have done this without raising the price of tin to the consumer. If this has been done, it makes the pretext for tariff mechanism absurd, for the tariff can only protect by making prices higher. If prices, identical with those which prevailed before the tin duty was established, were all that were necessary to set those groups of tin factories going, of course the tariff did not need to be invoked. The unfortunate trouble is, that tin is higher, and that no commercial tin has appeared in sight up to date.

But, to things of the same species as perpetual motion there comes no discouragement. The protection mechanism was devised to raise wages. The latest and highest protection yet known in this country has been followed by a series of wages reductions of the most notable and striking sort. If they were collected together as pertinent statistics, as they should be, few

object lessons could be more impressive in their testimony against the use of artifice and impediment to improve on the working of wholesome natural laws. It is the wages question alone, if we may believe the tariff-monger, that makes his device for making something out of nothing necessary; and he often tells us that if it were not for the pauper labor of Europe, we might dispense with it. But there is no pauper labor, economically speaking, in Europe, or anywhere. Paupers don't labor, but are supported by those who do. As for those whose labor is purchased very cheaply abroad, it is, while nominally *lower priced*, actually *dearer*, when the quantity of its products turned out is considered (which is the only true test—labor *cost*, rather than labor *price*.) The truth should be and is, that in many cases the foreign manufacturer is more disabled by his labor than our manufacturer is, and should have our tariff doctrine over on his shores to protect him against us.

It is a fact, I believe not disputed, that the protectionist of Mexico asks on behalf of certain mining industries there a tariff against our competing miners, not because we employ cheaper workmen, but because they do. The peons employed in the Mexican mines receive very much less wages than our Rocky Mountain miners get, and yet, their work is so very much less effective than that of the American workmen that this plea for the coveted article is regarded sickening. But no matter how much the American protectionist pretends, he only wishes his mechanical nostrum used to equalize wages; he never fixes his duties with only that in view. The duties are usually lifted high enough to make this equalization several times over; and duties are sometimes called for upon a tariff which is already, so far as the wages question goes, by far too high.

The protectionist's belief in the efficacy of mechanism makes the realm he lives in a good deal more extraordinary than an "Alice in Wonderland" domain. Its inconsistencies and confusions would seem incredible, if we did not know that men, accounted sane, accept these contradictions as logical and coherent explanations of what they imagine to be a true fiscal system. Take the appendage of reciprocity to protection. Of course, so far as it is true reciprocity is the very opposite of protection, which nobody knows better than the one whose name is most directly connected with it. To add reciprocity, which is free trade, to protection, which is restricted trade, is like build-

ing levees on the banks of a river, and then sending a force of men along in the rear of the builders, to punch holes through these causeways, and let the water escape. We have the same absurdity again in the enactment of our navigation laws, which are a notable instance of legal futility, which their defenders wish supplemented by bounties to steamship lines. A man who should stoop down and cut off one end of his shoe string, and then proceed to tie on the other end of the shoe string the piece cut off, would be doing what is precisely analogous to the foregoing combination. But great is the belief in this sort of legal prestidigitation. The man who would be the very last to perform the shoe-string act—which would simply concern himself—does not hesitate at a similar fool-method when it is applied to national affairs.

Protectionists say that the object of their tariff device is to enable us to make articles in this country, which we should otherwise be obliged to import. Hence its success depends on restriction of importations, which restriction they distinctly seek. There is consistency in this line of thought. But why not go farther? Inasmuch as the protectionist's idea of trade with foreign nations is, that it is bad, the restriction should be prohibitory. We put a quarantine up against cholera and yellow fever, but we don't purposely employ this expensive system, and then let down the bars to allow a certain amount of yellow fever and cholera to come through. This, however, is what the tariff does, and if I call attention to the lapse it must not be thought that I do so to indulge in either levity or irony. Probably the greatest writer on protection this country has known—the one man who tried to give it a scientific basis—was Henry C. Carey. It gives the key to his thought, when we remember that he said it would be better for this country, commercially speaking, if the Atlantic Ocean could be made a sea of fire. Though I acquit protectionists, as a class, from accepting this strong declaration, it would be a wholesome exercise in logic to any protectionist, to try to tell why he does not accept it.

Protectionist editors have been saying of late, and pointing to the fact with a triumphant air, that before the last high increment was given to the tariff, importations of *this* article and of *that* article were *so* many million dollars' worth, while now they are *so* many million dollars worth—showing that they have increased under higher duties. One particularly enthusiastic sheet said the other day, that the McKinley duties make less of

a burden on the people than the Mills bill duties would have made; that is, they are more nearly in the direction of free trade. And yet the editor of it is fighting daily against free trade, or what he thinks approaches it, with the fury of a Berserker. Putting these claims of increased importations and reduced burdens together as subjects for protectionist rejoicing makes it evident that those who believe in tariff mechanism have as little sense of humor as they have of logic.

In running over the entire line of claims and defences made by the protectionists on behalf of their pet hobby; the two grounds taken upon cheapness and dearness; their rejoicing over free sugar, and their opposition to free trade; their boast of increased imports under a law which is to serve their purposes by keeping imports out; the reciprocity confusion, and so on, I am constantly reminded by their pleas, of the old woman's plea who denied borrowing the pitcher. Said she:

"It was broke when I took it; whole when I returned it, and besides that, I never borrowed your pitcher at all."

There is a belief among those who award creative power to the tariff, the making of something out of nothing, that so magical is it, the result traverses all theories, though they be proved ever so true. One conspicuous authority, which will be recalled to the reader, I will cite here. In a campaign utterance he said—what was evident enough: "I am an uninstructed political economist," and then added as his contribution to political economy, a sage remark. It was to the effect that those who oppose tariffs, "are students of maxims rather than of markets." As an alliterative apothegm, this will do very well, but it could only come from "an uninstructed political economist."

Does the maxim that "two and two make four," though learned long ago in the cloistered shades of study, ever fail when brought to the market? There is no doubt we often wish it to make five, but it has always consistently refused to do so, and we know that it always will. Our only consolation is that we know what to depend on, and we are sure the steadfastness with which it obeys this habit, will keep it also from veering downward, and making only three.

That prime and pestilent fault in all artifices to bring value out, where value has not first been put in; to reap where you have not sown—which supposes with the hen, that if you stick your head in the wood-pile you are out of sight—is one that

seems very plausible when some legal or other mechanism is put forth for doing this. We all want to escape at times the Nemesis of natural law, by seeking some way to butt against it, but we never succeed in our attempts.

Perpetual motionists, like the poor, are always with us, but it is only those who get a constituency of baronial friends pensioned on their behalf by the government, and whose combined wealth yields hundreds of millions, that prosper to any large extent.

Protection owes its long duration to the fact that it can reward those who can reward it (make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness), and the additional fact that it subsists as a parasite upon the government's power to raise indirect taxes, which taxes, as human nature goes, will be cheerfully borne to the extent of millions of dollars, where a direct tax of a few hundred thousand, will call out criticism or revolt. There are people too, who seem to believe that if you rob them, in some way unknown to them, it is all the same as if the abstraction of their property had not occurred.

While I am writing this sentence my eye is arrested by an argument just uttered in Congress by a Massachusetts representative. He says that so far as the manufacturers are concerned they would be more prosperous under free trade than under protection. The system now, he claims, is upheld wholly for farmers and wage earners. To skip for a moment the tragical irony of its helping the farming interest, which it has pretty nearly destroyed, let us see what the congressman's statement, if it is entirely true, compels us to believe. It compels us to believe that manufacturers contribute liberal funds to elect a president and representatives at Washington of a protective faith; that they then contribute to an expensive lobby to see that that faith issues in good works—the good works being the enactment of a tariff that shall *compel these same manufacturers to cut off their profits at both ends*. In other words, they spend an enormous sum *to be obliged to sell their goods cheaper* (since protectionists affirm that protection cheapens things), and at the same time *to pay higher wages to the workmen who make the goods*.

I am sure if this is true that the whole world is greatly at fault in the homage it has hitherto paid to its Peabodys, Coopers, Vassars and other public benefactors. They never dreamed it is certain of a benevolence and self-sacrificing altruism like

this, which nothing in ancient and modern times has ever equaled.

I am not attempting to discuss protection in all its phases, but chiefly to illustrate its claim to do things by some magical brushing away of natural laws. For the believers in its mechanism assert what is tantamount to a *hocus-pocus* in the machine. Nobody denies that if Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday (supposing they had staid on their island until a dozen more people were added) had put half their hands to doing some unprofitable business, there would be an economic loss. But when a tariff does this for sixty-five millions of people it is called an economic gain. "But we must encourage industries," says the machinist. I deny any such necessity. It is not industry, it is laziness that needs courage, and encouragement. It is not the business of a government, especially a free one, to "encourage" or discourage any business whatever, on any pretext whatever. For a profitable business does not need encouraging, and any other kind doesn't deserve it. Furthermore, you cannot "encourage" special and selected interests, without discouraging all that are the subjects of protection. If you could help all by giving each exalted privileges, it would be the same as putting all the people on stilts—there could be no possible gain to any one, and all would suffer from being burdened by an awkward, artificial appendage.

But so fervent is the faith of the protectionist in his peculiar fetish, and so feeble is it in the most stable natural laws, I do not doubt if the handle which moves the solar system were to protrude at Washington, that that astounding, indescribable logician, Mr. Horr of Michigan, would call for a bill to regulate the action of the sun and the movements of the planets for the benefit of American industry. He could show you how to increase or produce the sunshine, how to bring on or retard winds (particularly how to bring them on), and how to regulate the rainfall, etc., much better than it is now possible to have done. If you should modestly suggest that there are already natural laws which do these things without cost, and without the introduction of legislation which breeds corruption from its very nature, he would tell you in an omniscient manner, that you are but a mere "theorist." To be a theorist of course, is to think, and to think below the surface is to disbelieve in, and discredit legislation that disturbs the wholesome operation of natural laws. And yet I will do this protectionist Don Quixote the

credit he is doubtless entitled to by saying that he and his fellow-believers would cause no more havoc in the astronomical field, if permitted to control a portion of it, than they have caused in their part of the terrestrial field. For, there can be little question of the statement that, when you add up the millions it will cost us to *not* make tin plate, the millions given as sugar bounties, and the remaining millions to be allotted to favored industries through the rest of the McKinley list, the economic damage done to this country by the current four years of the latest tariff, will be more than would be caused if there had been let loose upon the land a full dozen of Chicago fires.

Speaking of fires: It is usually admitted that the result of a fire is economic loss. But I remember hearing when I was a boy, from the lips of a venerable protectionist, that this was not so, so far as the country is concerned. Taking up his favorite paper he read the statistics of the various properties destroyed by fire during the year that had then just ended. The sum total of value extinguished was greater than in any previous year for a very long period. In fact, it was quite appalling. Turning to the small group that surrounded him in the country store he remarked: "Some people will think these conflagrations a very serious matter; but I don't. You will notice they are pretty evenly distributed through the country, and you know that the times just now are very hard. Don't you see that to replace these buildings which have been burned it will be necessary to set thousands of idle laborers at work. The lumber merchants, the brick and stone dealers, the iron interest, the glass, sash, and putty makers, the carpenters, masons and painters will all now have their harvest. So it is a real gain on the whole, that the fires occurred." The old gentleman, who was far from being dull-witted, thought he had proved his case. And he had, on the protection theory that to inflict waste, and to give up possessed advantages, is to create prosperity. If his neighbor's house had burned down, and he had had that simple fact only to consider, he would have perceived loss, and would have lamented it. On a broader scale his logic was confused. His mind resembled the old lady's, who boasted that she sold all the goods in her store at less than cost. When asked how she could do that, she very naively replied: "I couldn't were it not that I have such an enormous trade."

When one looks at the monstrosity of the protective mechanism with any penetration or thoroughness, its delusiveness at

once disappears. To look at it superficially is to be caught in its seductive toils; for like its twin-brother, perpetual motion, it presents the fascinating idea of producing something out of nothing. You see factories go up and certain trades greatly benefited, some part of which result is no doubt the work of protection. The phlebotomy of the people, though, through which such things are done, and the losses universally distributed over the vast aggregate of business which is outside of tariff favor, you do not see. Nor do you see the abrupt, spasmodic, panicky trend of general trade. Those who praise this system are very much like the enthusiast on the steamer's deck, who points out to you the beauty and charm of a floating iceberg. He really supposes he has told you the whole story, when he has described the glittering surface from the water-line up; and, if you have never seen one before, you may think that, in substance, he has. When you are thoroughly informed, however, you will know that the dingy, muddy two-thirds and more of it, is under the water, and out of sight.

When you once think of the fact that this imported and barbaric legislation is strangely called the "American System;" that it was first asked for by Hamilton and Clay, not only homœopathically, but for a very brief period merely (as the camel doubtless did his privilege when he first stuck his head in the Sheik's tent) and that now it rises to mountainous proportions and is building its foundation for all time, its contradictions seem without limit. Its prophesies no less than its principles make a bundle of inconceivable diversities—such as the "cheapness" and "dearness" asseverations, and the other incompatible claims maintained for it in one breath, which have already been pointed out. To maintain its Chinese wall, it requires of its advocates a logical resemblance to the Chinese themselves, who have been very aptly described recently by a brilliant foreign writer. This writer says that, while the Chinese of all classes possess minds no less bright than those of western nations, the notion of a syllogism of the fact that truth must stand or fall in its relations to other truths—they have no conception of. They hold equally to the dogmas of Confucianism, Toosism and Bhuddism, although these different religions hold doctrines utterly destructive of each other. If you call their attention to this inconsistency, they cannot even see it. Precisely so it is with the protectionists.

There are other kinds of legislation besides the protective

form, which aim to traverse natural laws—to resist forces as sure and unvarying as gravitation—and which rely on a species of mechanism, or some abracadabra charm, to accomplish their purpose. Although the high tariff theory represents the one most familiar to us, the free silver doctrine is a good running mate for it. The root of the protectionist's fallacy rests on his idea that trade with foreign nations is bad, while the free silver advocate makes his slip, both in mistaking the function of money and in supposing that the state can by a fiat make it, and that the more the country has of it, the better it is off. The function of money is not to supply value in itself, but to measure it. A piece of paper that has no intrinsic value may be perfect money, because a hundred cents are assured by it, while a piece of silver that has a thousand times the intrinsic value of the paper dollar may not be wholly good, because, in a possible crisis, it should be found practically wanting. The hundred cents, it looks like, might prove to be only fifty cents, or even less.

But the free silver fiction, and the kindred delusion that because tokens called money can be made abundant, therefore, the ways to get, and the consequent ease of getting money will be multiplied, are now too well known to need elaboration. If there were no money at all, the situation would of course be inconvenient, but the things which money buys, and the value which it represents to us would still be there; not one of them would suffer extinction, and they would all be distributed by the more cumbrous arrangements of bartering; if, on the other hand, it were possible to coin all the leaves of the forest into so-called dollars, the country would not be any richer, since we can only get a dollar's value by working for it or inheriting it, or having it given to us—if we can't, as we must, dishonestly get.

The resemblance of the free silver fetish, however, to the protective one, is as notable in respect to its results as it is in respect to its *hocus pocus* quality. Like protection, free silver has its vast special interest, and its wealthy class which it benefits, by giving them a lean on the government treasury. It is pure protection in the bounty form. Like protection, too, while its beneficiaries only seek to line their own pockets, it knows the best way to do this is to have its friends pose as public benefactors, and pretend that their chief anxiety in the business is to protect the poor people. But the people have

awakened to the fact that they do not care, in the free silver instance, at least, to play the part of Little Red Riding Hood to the wolf.

There is a lesson that both the protectionist and the free silver advocate can learn, in a bit of American history fresh in the memory of this generation. When the civil war broke out, the blockade of the Confederate States not only served, economically speaking, the purpose of a highly protective tariff, but the southern situation made fiat money, in time, wonderfully plentiful. The breaking of the blockade occasionally prevented the tariff quality of it from being prohibitive, and allowed such goods as did come through the lines, to come untaxed.

Here, one might say, as never before happened on this continent, were home industries "encouraged," and foreign ones not only discriminated against, but fairly obliterated. Every industry, not already existing, had to be begun from the start, and Free Traders and "Gold Bugs" were as scarce as the Dodo—for they were thoroughly extinct. To this history, certainly, the protectionist, the free silverite, and all the other machinists who think they can make something out of nothing, by butting against natural laws, ought to be able to point as a triumphant example of legal legerdemain. It was truly their paradise. The high prices which protectionists consider the one test of prosperous times were certainly obtained, and much currency, the free silver panacea, was also had. In Richmond, finally, the bootblack got \$10 for his "shine," and the grocer something like \$400 for his barrel of flour. Pauper labor and a preference for gold did not exist. But what was the moral of it all? Let the Richmond paper of the year when the war closed and when these things resulted, tell. The paper in question said:

"When this war began, you could put your money in your vest pocket, go to market, and bring your supplies home in the market basket. Now you put your money in the market basket, go to market and bring your supplies home in your vest pocket."

If any respondent chooses to say, in reply to this, that the Confederate States were ruined by the effects of the war solely, this statement may be duly admitted. But, if this tariff-like smothering process upon trade could not have been forced by the victors, the war in all probability would have been

indefinitely prolonged, and its end might have been far different. If the rostrum that promises to make a nation, "get fat by stewing in its own juice" will not work when the nation is in the dire extremity of war, what reason have we to believe that it produces prosperity in time of peace?

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

JOEL BENTON.

THE BURDEN OF NIGHT.

I.

How dark it grows! The grieved light of day
Down the horizon takes its sullen way,
Yet leaves upon the jagged mountain's crest
A half-burned ember glimmering in the west—
As some vast army, moving in the night
Should leave its smoldering campfires still alight,
Whose mournful red awhile the gloaming stains—
Unsatisfied, reproachful as it wanes.

How dark it grows—how dark!

II.

How dark it is! The deeper purpling sky,
Lashed with dull clouds, keeps gloomy watch on high,
All hope of light, all glimpse of heaven debars,
Withholds the planets and denies the stars. . . .
The darkness deepens, brain and vision reel
Struck by the gloom I cannot see, but feel,
As felt old Egypt when the gathering night
Of God's displeasure blotted out her sight—

How dark it is—how dark!

III.

So felt old Egypt, while her ruins hid
The mystery of Sphinx and Pyramid,
While their stark profile cut the starless skies—
While she lay dumb with wide unvisioned eyes,
You knew what aeons over her must roll
Before that cloud is lifted from her soul.
Such is the burden and the load of night.
When was it day? When will be morning-light?

How dark it is—how dead!

New London, Conn.

S. R. ELLIOTT.

AN OLD-TIME MELODY.

WITH A LEGAL OBLIGATO.

I. THE INTRODUCTION.

The office of the Prothonotary of the civil courts in Philadelphia is situated in a picturesque old building close by the famous "Statehouse" and adjoining Independence Square. The structure is two stories in height, the second floor being utilized as court rooms, one of which was the Senate chamber of the National government when Philadelphia was the capital of the States. The room directly beneath this apartment and on the ground floor was the hall of the House of Representatives. The remaining space on the lower floor is occupied by the office of the civil tribunals, in which I am employed as a clerk.

It was the close of the thirteenth day of June, 188—, and the shadows of the large room were deepening into a summer's twilight. The doors of the office had been closed for several hours, but the justice-seeking public, and lawyers struggling for a vacation had flooded the courts with *precipes*, judgments and bonds, and I saw a long evening's work before me, among the legal documents that littered my desk.

The labor was the more lonely because of my cheerless surroundings, for the place was deserted except for myself, and seemed unspeakably dismal in its old age. The room had seen some varying fortunes in the century of its existence. The dignified statesmen with their powdered wigs and quaint apparel had given place to lawyers, their clients and pension seekers, who had worn their pathways across the bare floor between the desks and tables. The wooden pillars which upheld the ceiling had their severe, painted faces seamed with age and disfigured by a patchwork of legal notices and placards. The entire rear wall was taken up by the record dockets, piled tier upon tier on their shelves, like dead bodies in a catacomb, until they straggled away in a few dusty volumes near the ceiling. I had a peculiar aversion to these dockets. They were like milestones of the law, or tombstones in memory of many conflicts, for with-

in each of them were hidden the skeleton records of cases that had lived and died years ago, and I often thought of the tales that might be told, if, by some magic power, those dry bones might be imbued with the breath of life, and their tongues set to jingling with their old disputes and quibbles, and stories of living fact and legal fictions.

* * * * *

II. THE AIR.

It was a long, old fashioned parlor with stiff, quaint furniture ranged about the walls, and the broad windows at either end screened by green Venetian blinds, which were swaying to and fro by a breeze that stole in from a sunny garden.

Near one of these windows a young girl was sitting in a large arm chair, with her hands listlessly clasped in the lap of her mourning gown, and her pale face, the more colorless because of her black dress and snowy kerchief, turned toward the other occupant of the room,—a man of perhaps thirty years of age, who was impatiently pacing out the distance of the geometrical figures of the carpet.

The latter's head was sunk in the lace tie on his bosom, and his hands clasped under the long tails of his coat. He was of commanding stature, although the slight stoop of his shoulders was accentuated by the broad, stiff collar of his quaintly cut outer garment, and his finely moulded head and pronounced features revealed character, intelligence and power.

"I do not propose, Louise," he was saying, "to go over the events of my life to enable you to criticise my actions and motives."

"I do not wish to criticise, I only want to find what good I can in you," the woman answered slowly.

"You are indeed condescending, now that you have the better of me," he retorted. "It is easy to be charitable when you have all the blessings of life, and are withdrawn from the selfishness and insincerity of mankind in general."

"You do me an injustice when you speak so harshly," the woman replied with vehemence, and then in a gentler tone continued: "Cannot you see that I am sincere in all that I am saying, James? Did we not live together as children in this old house, did we not share our home like brother and sister, and have we not been dearer to each other than brother and sister? Believe me, I appreciate all the endearing traits in your character, although I must condemn some of your actions."

The man had paused in his pedestrian calculations, and was standing on the tiled hearthstone close by the mantel shelf. The hard, angry rigidity of his compressed lips relaxed a trifle, and the tones of his voice seemed to have borrowed some of the woman's tenderness when he replied:

"I believe you *are* sincere to a certain degree, and that it is the bigotry of your teachers, and the narrowness of your religious belief that prevent you from looking upon me with anything like pity or regard. I suppose you think as well of me as you are able."

"It is nothing but an insane ambition for social position that has brought me to this pass," he continued with bitterness. "I might have been James Riddle, Esquire, a prosperous merchant of the conventional type, were it not for that. My ships might have been floating beside the wharves in yonder Delaware; my warehouses might have been stored with wealth; I might have had a fine house, a happy family, a circle of commonplace acquaintances, who would have lavished their attentions upon me and mine for the entertainment I gave them. But no, I must be a professional man, a physician, if you please. I must sit in high places where the learned doctors air their theories. I must travel in foreign lands, attend the great German schools, and finally found a family, I suppose, and teach my children to forget how their ancestors grubbed for their money. But there is no use in telling you of all this. You know the story already, and condemn me as one that is too weak to resist temptation, as one who is a spendthrift, who disgraces himself and his friends in a senseless brawl, which was only the culmination of the life I was leading. I know you condemn me for all these faults, as did the parent who placed me among the temptations that his ambition might be gratified."

"Do not speak of him in that way," the woman interrupted. "Reproach me if you will, but have more respect for the dead—for the father who has done so much for you."

"Has he treated me like a father should?" continued the man with increased bitterness. "Is it like a father to turn his son out of doors and make him like a beggar in the streets?"

"But you are not a beggar. Have I not made you every offer of assistance in my power?"

"The offer is a hollow one to me," the man replied haughtily. "Do you think that every shred of manliness has left me? Do you think I would accept your charity for an instant? No, I have too much self-respect for that."

"But you need not accept it as a charity," the woman entreated. "Can you not look forward to the happy life we might live together; not as brother and foster sister, but as something nearer and dearer, something—"

"I know what you mean," the man interrupted her. Then in a calm, gentle voice, not unmixed with emotion, he continued: "Such a thing might have been once, but it is impossible now. Your position and mine are separated by too wide a gulf. You have a happy life before you, while I am a beggar. I can only attempt to justify myself, and then disappear from here—but where I shall go I do not know," and as he uttered the words he turned from her as if to hide the manly tear that glistened in his eye.

Louise had risen, and was standing before the window, as if she, too, wished to hide her emotion. Her head sank upon her bosom, and she swayed to and fro as if unable to control her feelings; then she grasped the quaint glass knob which secured the curtain cords to support herself, and leaned languidly against the frail green shade, gazing between the narrow strips into the sunny garden.

At last she turned and came close to where he was standing by the fireplace, and, gently extending her arm toward him, said, with her whole soul in her voice and eyes: "Cannot you make a sacrifice for my sake?"

"It is impossible," he answered slowly.

"Why?"

"I cannot tell you now."

"Shall I ever know?"

"Yes, most probably." Then, as the sound of a soft footstep was heard on the gravel walk outside the window, he added: "I think you will know of my reasons at once, for Mr. Carrol is coming. I must go now. Good-bye," and he turned to leave the room.

"Good-bye," Louise murmured, as if she was taking leave of life itself. Then her head fell wearily upon the outstretched arm, and she stood desolate on the cold hearthstone, listening to the retreating footsteps of the man she loved.

III. THE REFRAIN.

Presently another step was heard advancing along the hallway outside the room—a soft, cat-like step with massive strength and creeping gentleness in each easy footfall on the bare floor.

Then there came a soft rapping at the door, and a tall dark man appeared at the entrance with a gentle "May I come in," in a voice that corresponded with the new-comer's general appearance.

Mr. Carrol was a man well past the prime of life. His smooth-shaven face was deeply marked with hard lines, which were generally softened into an expression of smiling suavity. His tall, slight figure was invariably appareled in garments of a somber black, which, with his snowy linen and dark hair, gave him a ministerial appearance, while his person was pervaded with a sickening odor of musk, that hung about him like a pall of incense.

As he entered the room his face wore its set look of suavity, but when he saw the woman crouching by the fireplace he assumed a sympathizing manner, murmuring in his gentle voice, "My dear Miss Louise, I fear Mr. James has been hurting your feelings during his recent call."

"No indeed; rather the reverse is true," replied the woman nonchalantly.

"Perhaps the conclusions reached in your interview are such as to make some advice from me *apropos*," he suggested.

"No, it is a question upon which your advice is not needed."

"Ah—so!" the lawyer exclaimed, with a polite look of curiosity, and then he continued, "As I perceive in the present instance the topic of conversation does not require the interference of the 'strong arm of the law,' I will proceed to divulge the object of my visit. We are indeed sorely beset by our enemies, my dear Miss Louise. The knaves, headed by their captain, Mr. James, your foster brother, have actually declared war against us, and fired the first gun this morning."

"What do you mean?" inquired the woman anxiously.

"Nothing more nor less, my poor young lady, than that they this morning commenced proceedings in the contest against the testamentary document of your foster-father, by which you secure title to your inheritance."

"Ah, is that all," she retorted, with a sigh of relief. "Well, Mr. Carrol, I shall not contest their claim."

"My dear young woman!" began the lawyer. Then he stopped short and stared at her in amazement, as a smile began to play about her lips.

"I do not doubt their claim is a just one," the woman continued with energy. "I'm not a woman to stand in the way of

another's getting his rights, and if you wish it I will destroy the so-called 'testamentary document' myself, and let the law take its course."

"You are indeed a remarkable young person," gasped Carrol with wonder and contempt. He was still standing in the center of the room gazing fixedly at the woman, who had commenced to pace rapidly up and down. His suavity had dropped from him like a mask, and the hard lines of his face had assumed their normal expression of shrewdness and cunning.

Finally he remarked in a cold, determined voice, "I must indeed dissuade you from taking this inexplicable move. I must counsel you in my office of legal adviser and trustee of your estate, must command you if necessary, not to relinquish your claim. You *must* not surrender a fortune in this way. If ever a man deserved to be disinherited for his profligacy and rebellion against paternal will, it was this foster brother of yours. Then too, you have a right to all you are to receive. You cared for your adopted father as only a daughter could, and you deserve—"

"I will not permit you to speak of that," interrupted the woman with decision. "I tell you once for all I shall not stand in the way of my brother, in the awarding of his patrimony to him, and if you object to the action I am taking, I have friends who will assist me."

"Do I understand then, that you dismiss me?"

"If necessary I do."

"Oh well, I never expected this change in your affairs," observed Mr. Carrol lightly, with a desperate effort to assume his former manner. Then he added with feigned indifference: "You are quite right I have no doubt, my dear Miss Louise. I suppose one woman may as well spend the money as another"

The arrow flew straight to its mark, and Carrol smilingly watched the venom do its work. For a moment the woman stopped her walking, as if bewildered, then she stepped hurriedly up to the lawyer, and grasping him excitedly by the arm exclaimed: "Do you mean to tell me there is another—"

"From all I can learn there is another woman in the case," Carrol answered with a shrug of his shoulders.

But the victim scarcely seemed to hear. She had resumed her pacing to and fro, although with more rapid strides. Her form seemed to quiver under the spasm of passion, her fists

were clenched, her lips hard pressed together, and her forehead distorted by a dark scowl.

"You may contest the claim," she finally exclaimed in a hard voice. "When do they begin the suit, do you say?"

"The caveat was filed this morning."

"What grounds do they give for their demands?"

"The caveat alleges undue influence."

"We must spend the last cent I have to defeat them," she exclaimed with vehemence. "Undue influence they say, do they? Well, we can easily defeat that allegation." Then she continued, leading the way toward the door, "Come, let us go to the library and look through the papers. We can find evidence enough there."

IV. HARMONY.

A large bare room in an old-fashioned house, scantily furnished, damp and cheerless. The apartment was provided with an air of dilapidated gentility. The wall paper hung in shreds from the water marked walls. Some fragments of fantastic plaster-work still clung to the ceiling and the open fireplace surrounded by an elaborately carved and painted mantel, was surmounted by wooden paneling, which was the more unsightly because of the absence of the painting for which it was intended. The old mansion had apparently fallen into disrepute through some social stigma placed upon the locality in which it was situated, and had descended from its high estate as a private residence, to the nondescript ranks of a cheap lodging house.

The occupant of this room lay on a dirty bed in a corner. His face was thin and careworn, although there remained in the pale lineaments of the features the indelible stamp of refinement and education. A ragged coat of fine material and of the quaint fashion of the day, lay across the thin coverlet, while the remainder of the man's threadbare apparel was thrown over the top of a dingy screen that was drawn up to the foot of the bed, in an attempt to protect the invalid from the cold March draughts that penetrated every corner.

A decrepid old colored woman was bending over a table by the bedside, which contained a few sick room accessories. "Won't you take your medicine now, deary?" she was saying, "and then I can fix you up a bit so you can see the lady when she comes."

"I will see no one," the man replied peevishly; "I don't want

any one near me,—except yourself—you dear, old faithful aunty.”

“But you will see this lady, I’m sure, she is so good and nice, and she will give you something to ease your pain, and will make you warm and nice.”

“She must indeed be an angel,” the invalid exclaimed, impatiently. “I tell you again, though I shall not see her, I have passed through so much that this pain and cold is easy to bear in comparison.”

Meanwhile, another person had entered the room, and was standing partially concealed behind the old screen. She was a woman fast approaching middle age, with a sad, pale face, and her plainly dressed hair concealed by a veil of black. She seemed to be listening to the voices of the old nurse and her invalid charge, and once moved toward the half open door as if to withdraw from the room, but, turning suddenly, moved toward the bedside, where the man lay with his face turned toward the wall.

“Oh, Mars’ James, here’s the lady now,” cried the old nurse, on catching sight of the new comer, and hurriedly added, “Oh, lady, poor mars’ James been suffering so much to-day, and I was just trying to cheer him up a bit by telling him you were coming to see him.”

“I don’t want to see any one,” said the man, without turning toward the visitor. The stranger’s face was a trifle paler, and was twitching nervously, while her lips were compressed as if to force back the words she would utter.

“I won’t see any one, I tell you,” repeated the invalid, impatiently, as he did not hear the visitor move from the bedside. “A woman has brought me here, and made me a charity patient, and no other woman on earth can play a Joan of Arc to deliver me from disaster.”

“Come, come now, Mars’ James,” interceded the old nurse, soothingly, “don’t be hard on the lady, show her what a gentleman you can be, any way.”

The younger woman’s lips were trembling now, and the words would find utterance. She was leaning over the bed, having placed her hand softly upon Riddle’s shoulder, and was saying, “Oh, James, do let me help you now.”

He turned upon her, and stared at the face bending over him as if at an apparition. “What, you here !” he gasped, rising painfully in his bed. Then with the brutal rage of an animal

brought to bay, with the frenzied strength of an ensnared lion, he continued: "Have you sought me out to taunt me in my poverty, to trample on me, to sneer at me, when I am down? Leave me—get out of my sight, I tell you, or by G—, I'll drive you away if it kills me!"

For an instant James Riddle glared at the cowering woman, his clenched fist raised high above his head, his face livid with rage, then he fell back exhausted upon the pillows.

"Quick, aunty, get help," cried Louise to the nurse, leaning over the sick man, and taking his drooping head in her arms.

"Never mind—never mind," Riddle muttered. "You had better go, Louise, I can suffer alone."

"Not while I have life, my love," and she leaned tenderly over him. "Oh, James, only let me stay near you, do not drive me away; I have been punished for what I did, I could have borne it all if you had only told me, but I loved you too well, I could not see another woman—"

"What woman?"

"My rival."

"I never loved any one but you, Louise—"

* * * * *

The boom of a great bell sounded in my ears, and I started from my chair to find myself alone in the dark office. The Statehouse clock was striking nine, and through the half open windows floated the many noises of a summer night in a great city, while the pale glare of the electric street lamps cast a path of light across the bare floor. A rat, alarmed at my movement, scurried across the top shelf of the docket cases, and in doing so disturbed one of the books, and sent it crashing to the floor. I stooped to pick it up and involuntarily carried it to the window, where I read a long list of memoranda of a famous will case, on an upturned page. At the bottom of the page was the entry, "June 13th, 1836, settled by agreement."

Philadelphia, Pa.

ASA MANCHESTER STEELE.

THINGS OF THE SPIRIT AND MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"When Zephyr breathes 'tis the Rose nods to it,
Not that dead trunk which the steel axe must split!
The world is filled with Sama', with God speaking.
But harmony for deafness is unfit."

Like Ruskin, Matthew Arnold has written a great deal on government, and like Ruskin he pleads always for an ideal truth, ideal justice, ideal manners, and an ideal state. He is far removed from your utilitarian.

But one is tempted to compare Mr. Arnold's views on democracy with those of some other famous defenders of it, to see how he stands by the side of those who are actually in the drift of the democratic spirit. Arnold is for equality, but he is still an aristocratic Englishman desiring equality on the terms, and only on the terms, of a fine culture. He does not propose to bend for a moment to the Philistine, to say nothing about the populace.

Is not the real democrat, the democrat that is to move the world and rule it at last, the one that can read Homer and Goethe, and then put on a flannel shirt and go out among the crowd of workmen and take a genuine interest in their pursuits, not meeting them in a lofty condescension nor in a patronizing spirit, but on equal terms. This democrat has a deep attraction to me, the more so because he seems in harmony with that law which is vivifying, uplifting, spiritualizing the human race. There is a method of life, the philosophy of which speaks a mystic word: "It behooved him to be made in all points like unto his brethren." Caring for inferior things, for the weak, the ignorant, the outcast, for those who cannot care for themselves, going down to the bottom of life to help up the lowest—that is the lesson of an old book, with which all laws and all literatures of any avail must reckon. When culture and riches and power estrange us from our kind, they have unmanned us, they have wrenched us from our vocation.

One must hold, however, to this view concerning Mr. Arnold's teaching on democracy; the sum of it is correct, its dominant spirit is fused with a salutary wisdom. There is this danger in

America. Every one tends more and more to become no larger than his occupation—a mechanic is just a mechanic, a farmer is just a farmer, each one's mental vision inclines to comprehend no more than just the little firmament of his own daily cares. He becomes indifferent to ideas. His life is eked out in an exacting routine, and from indifference to ideas he drifts into hardness, into insusceptibility to ideas. This secularizing tendency does exist among us in a frightful degree, and it comes from our failure to see and emphasize the true end of life. Our democracy is not an unmixed blessing. Attend one of our "ruffianly nominations," where rankness, tobacco, whisky, and profanity are as obtrusive as volubility and cheap philosophy, and you cannot go away with great pride in our boasted franchise. We are constantly in danger, too, of putting mere *quantity* above *quality*. A government is a spiritual compact, and railroads and machine shops and fine business houses—large material results—are not positive proof that we are advancing beyond all others in humaneness. Our thanksgiving sermon is too apt to be a boast about the number of bushels of wheat and pounds of pork we have produced. I went not long since, into a large town, a brag town, whose material thrift is something phenomenal—to get a book; but how out of all proportion was the little bookstore that I visited to the surrounding vast store-houses, machine shops, and railroads! Just a few inferior books on the shelves, and nobody buying even those.

Now, Mr. Arnold meets us and says, "It is not so important that we have farmers and engineers, and contractors, as that we have *men*;" and that it is not so important what one *has*, as what one *is*. He justly condemns the wide-jawed greed for material gain, which leads to indifference to the only real good, and he insists that governments must produce men and women. He is impatient of the third-rate way of thinking which makes one first a mechanic—a handle of the state or social machine—and not a man. Man does not exist for his body, but his body for him. By the perversity of some ill-starred god, we are fast making the soul the servant of the body in this railroading, all-for-trade country of ours. The natural man calls loudly for his due, and the modest, shrinking, spiritual man must sit meekly by while the lordly worldlings have their carouse. Matthew Arnold is the prophet of a better day, sometimes, perhaps, a misleading prophet, but still a prophet who has in a large degree a clear discernment of the

chief good of life. He returns again and again to this chief good with the insistence of Socrates, or one of the old Hebrew prophets. "And the philosophers and the prophets, whom I at any rate am disposed to believe, who say that moral causes govern the standing and falling of States, will tell us that the failure to mind whatsoever things are elevated must impair with an inexorable fatality the life of a nation, just as the failure to mind whatsoever things are just, or whatsoever things are amiable, or whatsoever things are pure, will impair it; and that if the failure to mind whatsoever things are elevated should be real in your American democracy, and should grow into a disease and take firm hold on you, then the life of even these great United States must inevitably suffer and be impaired more and more, until it perish."

That for which Mr. Arnold stands, his highest and constant strain, is the sentiment of the ideal life. His plea is for a renewed human society which shall find its deepest enjoyment in the things of the mind, in truth, righteousness, and beauty. It is the old plea of Isaiah, Plato, and Boehme, which has been urged in our day with so much charm of persuasion by Emerson and Ruskin.

His method is the one he attributes to the New Testament,—it is the method of inwardness. It is not new, but it is fine and rare. We may say of Arnold, what M. Scherer says of Amiel: "His malady is sublime, and the expression of it wonderful."

We do not, it is true, find in Arnold the passionate longing to possess the God which Arnold found in Obermann, and which we find in Amiel. Arnold's spiritual yearnings, though, are fine; they have been chastened in the school of life, and suffused with one undefinable ecstasy of passion—the passion for perfection. There are points of resemblance between Arnold and Amiel. They have the same critical keenness, the same hungering for the things of the spirit, the same deftness of literary touch, the same distrust of conservative theological systems, the same method of referring all things to the inner court; and while, perhaps, the Frenchman is profounder and the master of a pathos which Arnold lacks, Arnold is more connected, more finished, more consistent throughout in his philosophy.

Here, then, is Arnold's chief service to us: he brings brightness with him; he puts light into our eyes (as Joubert said of Plato), so that we may discern the true and beautiful when they

are presented to us. And shall we not say that this *illumination* is more needed, and more to be sought after and cherished than any grouping of mere bloodless, spiritless facts? He begets in us the habit of referring all things, not to conventional standards—that is the habit of every commonplace thinker—but to eternal verity. He is an earnest apostle of things as they ought to be, as contra-distinguished from things as they are. He urges that what we need is not more railroads and larger market reports, but more light. He is the greatest pleader of the century for culture; he has put a new life into the word, but the culture for which he pleads is vastly more than your ordinary teacher comprehends in that word. It is the expansion of life on all sides towards perfection; it is to grow stronger, sweeter, purer in the hidden man; to put far from one's self all seeming, and to be bent on being. It would be easy to give a large number of extracts from Arnold's works that would clearly set forth this ruling spirit in them, but a small number must suffice now.

Of Heine he says: "To this intellectual deliverance there was the addition of something else wanting, and that something else was something immense; the old-fashioned, laborious, eternally needful moral deliverance."

In his beautiful essay on Joubert, he says: "For certainly it is natural that the love of light which is already, in some measure, the possession of light, should irradiate and beautify the whole life of him who has it."

Matthew Arnold has the Greek serenity and self-poise; his usual mood is quiet and subdued. His feelings are those of the thoroughly cultivated man in whom that wise temperance which is bred of thoughtfulness, is in the mastery. At his best, his thought, whether in prose or verse, is luminous with that radiance he so much extolled.

Yellow Springs, Ohio.

GEO. D. BLACK.

"FROUGH DE SOUF."

A VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN WHO HAD BEEN THROUGH THE WAR.

It was after we had decided in family council to "take a trip" that the trouble began.

Ben stood firm for Philadelphia or the far West, he wasn't particular which, but he seemed to be very particular that it should not be any place else.

Sophie maintained that there was simply no use talking to her about anything but the seashore; while Pattie and I said if we couldn't go South we would prefer to stay at home and be done with it. That was the way the matter stood at bed-time when we all adjourned to recruit forces for the morning campaign.

We were already somewhat exhausted by the three days' discussion as to whether we should go at all or stay at home and use the money to refurnish the house; and now it seemed as if the trouble had only begun.

Sophie argued eloquently for the seashore, and said she "wanted to see a real live ocean with steamers and things on it—not little bits of insignificant boats such as we saw on the Mississippi, but grand ocean steamers nearly as big as Rhode Island. And then it would be perfectly splendid to stand and watch the great, white, fierce waves come crashing in—piled up like mountains of liquid death, marching irresistibly on like a—like a—" But just at this point Ben inquired what on earth it would be like to see several mountains of liquid death piled up and marching on, and said for his part he thought he would retreat if he saw them in time; and to this day we don't know what it was going to be like, for Sophie never could get switched back onto that track again, although Ben tried most energetically to assist her on all appropriate occasions. And, indeed, whenever he saw her looking particularly thoughtful, or if her face was brighter than usual, he would inform us, sotto voce, that "This time it's sure to come. We're going to have that pile of liquid death mystery cleared up at last." But somehow Sophie never appeared sufficiently thankful for his efforts in her behalf, and on one or two occasions seemed even a trifle annoyed, I thought, though that was lack of proper interpretation on my part, no doubt.

But at last we admitted "Mammy" to our discussions, and she brought Ben down at the first shot. "De good Lawd bless my soul, Honey, don' y' ax me," she said, "'cause I don' want'er spile none o' yoh plans ; but jes' shoah's yoh bawn dis chile feels mighty skeery 'bout gwine Wes' 'n gettin' her scalp peel off 'n mebb'y see'n de las' one ob you alls gwine 'roun 'thout no top t' yoh haid. Lawd a massy ! Honey, Wes' 's de las' place dis child d'siahs t' go shoah's yoh bawn."

"But, Mammy," said Ben, "there is not the first shadow of danger, and besides if—"

"'Scuse me, Honey, 'scuse me ; but 'pears like to me I jes' 's soon take yoh wud for dat. 'Pears like I don' have no hankern fur t' go 'n see m'sef—Lawdy, no ! an' den, Honey, deys—"

"Eut, Mammy," Ben broke in, "you don't want to go down South. It would be dreadfully hard on you to go to the old places and see those who were slaves." This was intended to annihilate the advocates of the Southern trip. "It would be almost like taking you back into slavery, don't you think so ?"

But Mammy had views of her own on this subject, and she expressed them in just the right way to move Ben. "Don' yo' trouble yoh deah haid 'bout dat de lease bit in dis worl' now, Honey," she said. "Jes' you gib me de impunity oncet an' see how bad I's gwine ter feel. 'Pears ter me I'd like mons'ous well t' go back 'n see de ole home place agin 'n—'n—well, Mas Ben, t' tell de Lawd's truf I'se lef a chile down in ole Virginny. Jim wus my younges' boy 'n 'pears like dese ole eyes is grow'n' mighty tiahed watchin' t' see him come Norf like he sed he wus gwine ter do."

When Ben saw the tears in Mammy's eyes and heard her old voice tremble, he cleared his throat and whistled for a moment, and then said that Jim must be an infernal rascal anyhow or he'd have come North, as he had said he would, and he didn't think it was worth while to trouble her head about such a thankless fellow, and besides *he* didn't believe in talking nonsense ; but he didn't care a continental where he went any way, and since we had already concluded to go South anyhow, he supposed it wouldn't do any harm to write and find out where Jim was and have him meet us some place, as we'd more than likely need a man to look after things sometimes. He supposed Jim would do as well as any one ; and since he came to think of it he didn't have anything particular to do this morning, and as Mammy was

so anxious to have him he'd just as soon write the letter now as any time.

Pattie crossed over to the window, and while making a violent effort to get the greater part of her arms into her apron pockets, drew her mouth down at the left corner and launched at me a most diabolical wink, while abstractedly humming the air of "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and Sophie said she supposed there was no use for her to talk about the seashore now, "and so—"

"We won't get to see those piles of liquid d—" broke in Ben; but never finished, for Mammy had to tell us how "dis ole hawt was mose bus wide open wid joy," at thought of going "Souf 'n taken yo alls frough ole Virginny 'n shown yo' de fines' kentry in dis roun world' n' people dat can't be matched up wid no whah."

Mammy's idea of "takin yo' alls frough de Souf" was so exquisitely comical that we decided to humor her conception and let her enjoy her plan of being master of ceremonies. We referred matters of costume and so forth to her and asked questions enough to have utterly swamped a historian.

"Pears like I done mose forgot 'bout dat now, Honey, I disrecollec if Miss Eveline woah dem kine o' shoes, I mosely reco—member her wid slippers on—but law, jes take em right 'long, dey'll come in."

The number and variety of articles which Mammy felt sure would "come in" comprised most of the contents of the house and at last when we got started and found that we had left the Jamaica ginger bottle on the hall table, she "know'd half de most impawtant awticals would be lef' behine." And although she thought the brandy "might do" instead, she felt sure she had to take so much more of it and that the effects didn't last nearly as long, that we felt quite guilty because we forgot "de mose'pawtant awtical of the whole lot," and promised to supply her at the first stopping place if she would remind us. But poor old Mammy's memory was as short on this subject as was the effect of the brandy, and she never got the ginger until the brandy was all gone.

We had never before taken the B. & O. Railroad over the Alleghany Mountains and consequently we had before us one of the most positive sensations of existence.

I played "crack the whip" in my early days and felt that I fully appreciated the sensation produced by being "snapped off"

and finding myself with the greater part of my nose searching for the undiscovered coal fields below.

But "whip cracker" as we played it in the school yard and the same game played by the B. & O. R. R. train we found about as much alike each other as we found the real conditions and feelings in the South like those referred to by that inventive and ingenious aspirant in Congress whose statements on the subject appear to be regulated by the "Special Appropriation Bill" theory; viz: two-thirds for "reintrenchment" and one-third for "passage."

The result of the game as we played it at school was simply external eruptions and a broken nose; but after looking out of our window on the left and seeing our two engines bear straight down upon us, as it were, while on our right appeared the rear end of the rear coach; and after snapping around four or five more curves and being up even with our engines on the right; I say after that, after a series of this sort of gymnastics, we began to feel that most of our trouble was purely of an internal nature.

True, we had cracked our heads and skinned our knees from being suddenly obliged to assume a devotional attitude several times; but such little inconveniences as these sank into utter insignificance when outraged nature asserted herself, and we found that the Interior Department was about to surrender control of the Original Inhabitants, and there began a fearful struggle, an utterly unwarrantable uprising which continued in spite of all efforts to appease the wrath by a liberal offer of brandy, sugar-plums and sour grapes.

One would naturally suppose that any reasonable stomach would yield to such wise and tender treatment; but when five minutes later we made a sudden dive for the open window and gave up everything in this life, as it were, retaining no part for ourselves—and we thought at the time no part *of* ourselves—and then drew in our heads and wiped our eyes and said we'd been admiring the magnificent mountain scenery and found that everybody else had just taken a like view of it, Sophie remarked that these mountains were the result of most terrible internal eruptions, and then seemed to turn pale at the mere thought of it. Pattie wanted to know if this wasn't about as good as any amount of "piles of liquid death rolling in," whereupon Ben said it didn't make an infernal bit of difference to him whether it was solid or liquid death, and he couldn't say

he was at all particular which way it rolled either, so long as a fellow got the benefit of it. I say it was after this that we all felt quite willing to lay down arms (and any other small remnant of anatomy which remained by us), hoping that since we had nothing further to give, no more might be required. The hope was vain, but persistent, and when we stopped at a village for supper we were still rather a cheerful party, all things considered. We concluded to stay over night and look about the town, for which we would have felt well paid if we had seen nothing else but the old black woman whose acquaintance we made.

She had belonged to President Madison and she seemed to feel that it devolved upon her alone to sustain the family dignity and erudition.

She was superintending the "ejection" of a new cabin, she said. Aunt Dinah was the recognized head of the department, since she alone was supposed to know how things were done in Presidential circles. "John Henry, incline yo services fum dis side of de house and dissemble dat pail of vegibles amongst dem pigs. Be spry, now." That was the first we heard and then we stopped to listen. She saw us and rose to the occasion. She was trying to steady the end of a log two men were carrying, but finding it difficult work, she called out, "Jim, yo len' me youh resistance at dis en' ob de log whilse Jack an' Tom delegate de tooten."

"Law, no Honey, I nevah wen' t' school a day in my life," she said to Sophie. "Dey wasn't no derision for me to do so; I was fetched up by de bes' fambly in de kentry, Honey—de old Madison fambly, chile, an' I learnt from inundation mostly all I knows ob de science ob enameled conversation."

Then Aunt Dinah drew herself up and presented an expansive front and desired to be "reformed" as to the quality of "bringing up" our old Mammy had received.

"W'y yo don' say, chile, b'longed t' ole Jedge John Davenport, did she? Dats one of de bes' ole famblies dey is, shoah's yoh bawn, do I don't jes recount now dat I eber obserbe any ob dem at de Mansion whilse Mas James wus administratin' at dat 'stablishment."

That night she called on Mammy, however, and we enjoyed a racy conversation which I regret I cannot reproduce here.

The next morning we decided to take a carriage and drive

through the country by easy stages, sending our luggage on ahead in charge of Mammy.

It was a great trial to the poor old soul not to be able to go with us and "show de kentry all frough dis section," but since she had never seen it herself, we thought we might dispense with her valuable services for a time.

We drove over a beautiful but very rugged country, and what would be called impassable roads further North, and about noon found ourselves near a half-deserted looking house, where, when we drove up to the "stile" three hounds bounded out to meet us.

The noise made by the dogs brought to the "front porch" a gentleman whose ill-fitting clothes, long hair and general appearance of abandon—or rather neglect—would have made another man look like a ruffian. But his dignified superiority to clothes and surroundings, and the easy, self-forgotten manner of the man would have stamped him a gentleman anywhere. Aside from this, his pronunciation and verbal selections were peculiar and might have been amusing had we not seen at a glance that he had no present realization of life, nor its surroundings—that he had lived once and had been a man and a gentleman. When he appeared on the steps I think we all smiled a little. When he had silenced the dogs in a stern, masterful tone and lifted his old rusty hat to us, we all felt very grave; and before three sentences had been exchanged, every one of our four hearts was sympathetic and respectful. Ben touched his hat and said, "Excuse me, sir, but can you tell us of a respectable place near here—a hotel—where we can take dinner and have our horses fed?"

"Unfortunately I cannot, suh. There is no respectable inn in this pawt of the country, suh. It would be impossible for us to suppoah such an institution at the present time, suh." And then he drew himself up and with proud, but crushed dignity, added: "Previous to the wah, suh, you could procure excellent entertainment foh man and beast just below tha'h, suh, whah you observe tha'h is a chimney standing still, suh."

"We were driving through your beautiful country," said Pattie, "that we might get a better view and more knowledge of it than is possible in the rapid railway transit. I am a Virginian by birth myself, sir." This last, with a degree of pride I had never seen her display on this subject before.

"If you were in this unhappy State during the wah, madame,

we will be most happy to entertain you as well as circumstances will permit." Then he added with haughty pride—"Since if you had the misfortune to be in this most seriously chastened State at that time, you will readily understand our limited hospitality, and therefore not attribute it to anything, madame, but—inability."

Pattie accepted this invitation, which although conditional, we knew was made so only as a preface to an apology which went no further, except that once during dinner, noticing his wife's evident hesitancy as she put a brass spoon in Pattie's cup, he said, "Previous to the wah, madame, my wife nevah blushed for her table."

"I have no doubt of that," said Pattie, somewhat awkwardly, "She may well be proud of it. I never saw such delicious cream in my life."

"I thank you, madame," he replied in a stately way; but none of us dared look up for we felt there were tears in the beautiful eyes of our hostess, and that he was trying to shield her. No further apologies were made, and the conversation turned upon the agricultural condition of that part of the State, and then to the scenery.

Sophie said she never had seen anything half so lovely as the Blue Ridge and Alleghany views, and she didn't believe there was anything to equal it in the world; when Ben, with his pitiless memory, asked her, if she "Really liked it better than to see the ocean with its great mountains of—"

"I am sure I could hardly reply to that question," said Sophie, with her most crushing manner. "You forget I have never seen the ocean in my life. But I am sure I like this much better, and I would not exchange what I have already seen for a whole season at the seashore."

This was intended to crush Ben and put him in mort of ever mentioning the subject again; but it served tw purposes. It pleased our host and his wife, and relieved Pattie and Hanson of any lingering regrets we might have had for having defeated Sophie's plans and hopes.

But Sophie turned at once, not giving Ben time to recruit his forces, and addressing our host, said: "Do your mountains always look as they do now? I should think people would be very happy to live near them."

"Previous to the wah, madame, our country was unsurpassed in beauty and prosperity. It requires the latter, madame, to

enable us to enjoy the former—," and here his face grew even a shade more hopeless and quietly depressed, as he added, "And madame, it requires pleasant associations sufficient to overbalance the sad ones, to make us happy and contented. The location of our old beautiful home was just over there toward the mountain on that rising ground. We seldom look that way now, madame."

Then turning to Pattie, he said: "In what pawt of our State were you bawn, madame? Ah! that is a fine—that was a fine country, previous to the wah; I have not seen it since it was deemed the pride of our State, and it suffered most of all. It was there our gallant Ashby fell. I have always desired to revisit—the spot, since—as much as I have desired anything, but," after a pause, "I have never kept a saddle hawse since the wah, madame." And that was an acknowledgment of poverty and misfortune indeed!

When dinner was over we resumed our drive, after we had received an earnest invitation to stop longer with them on our return in case we came that way.

We rode for full half an hour before any one spoke, and then Sophie said: "I never felt so mean in my life. They were evidently very poor and we never offered to pay them a cent."

"Pay!" I exclaimed. "Why I should not have dared offer such a thing. It would have cut him dreadfully. Why, Sophie, he don't keep a hotel! He's a—"

"Don't you bother yourself, Sophie," said Ben, "when we went out to get the carriage ready I settled with him."

"You did!" exclaimed Pattie, and I said "I'd be" something or other I don't recall now, and Sophie said she never was so relieved and she didn't know Ben was so thoughtful.

There was a pause, and then Ben said: "Thoughtful, hey! Well I'd have changed places with you with great willingness if I could just about that time; and next time some other member of this illustrious party will please be kind enough to do that part of the business; for, by George, I never felt so small in my life. I didn't intend to tell you what an ass I had made of myself, but since Sophie here, felt so bad over it, I thought I'd give you the benefit of my experience."

"Ben," said I solemnly, "you don't mean to tell me in downright earnest that you offered to pay that man money for our dinner and came off alive?"

"Well, I've counted myself all over and I think I'm all here as

to members ; but I'll be hanged if I haven't shrunk. Don't you notice how this coat bags on me ! But honestly, boys," said Ben, falling into old college forms of expression, "I don't know just how to make you fellows understand the situation. I don't just remember how I began, but I said something about 'pay' I know (and I felt as red as a boiled lobster when I did it). Well, he looked up from the buckle he was fastening in the harness and for a moment his eyes just blazed, and then all at once he seemed to remember that he was living rather shabbily now and that probably I had not the gentlemanly tact to discover what he was aside from his surroundings, and I swear, boys, he seemed to pity me for not knowing any better. I don't suppose it was very long, but it seemed an hour before he said in his quiet, impassive tone—as though it had just then occurred to him—that I'd need some instruction, being a stranger."

"I understand you have never been in this pawt of the country before, suh. You will find it sadly desolated, suh, and very greatly changed since the wah, but I think you will find our people are hospitable still, suh, though (drawing himself up) though it is necessarily in a much smaller way than you would have found previous to the wah, suh. This is a good hawse, suh. Did you procure it in our State, suh, or is it from the Nawth ? We saw a great many fine hawses from the Nawth during the wah, suh. Shall we drive around to the stile now, suh ?" and that was his reply."

"Lord," said I, "but you must have felt small ! I wouldn't have been in your place for a fortune. He must have looked magnificent."

"He did," said Ben, and we dropped the subject, for we saw that he felt sensitive over it for all he had tried to tell us lightly.

A few miles further on we found the roads almost impassable. Great blue limestone boulders jutted out of the earth on all sides. We began to feel anxious lest our carriage break down. Our fears were strengthened when we met several men—counterparts, in appearance, of our late host—one of whom assured us that it was "the first foah-wheeled vehicle that has been along this road for six weeks, I do assuah you, suh, and I question if you will not find it utterly impassable as you proceed, suh. Our roads are in very bad condition for a foah-wheeled vehicle at this time, suh. Previous to the wah, suh, you would have found this road in good condition and much traveled by private car-

riages, suh, I do assuah you ; but there are very few carriages kept in this pawt of the country, suh, at the present time. I regret for yoah sake that this is true, suh. Good-day, suh."

With a bow that would have done honor to the Lord Mayor, he raised his hat to Sophie and Pattie and passed on; old horse, shabby clothes, long hair, hopeless face, stricken but dignified tone and all seemed to fade into the great blue mountains on our left.

Ben was the first to speak, as usual: "I wonder where these men learn dignity. And, Lord, but I'd give anything to be able to bow like that! It would be worth a fortune to a man, and they seem so utterly unconscious of it all, too. But I say, Hanson, don't you suppose we can strike some town where we can see a good minstrel troupe or something of that sort, lively, y'know? Everything's so awfully solemn—so—well, dead, and so utterly hopeless of a resurrection."

"But it is the death, the state, the pomp, the pride, of a Westminster tomb," I said.

"Yes, and even nature has sympathized. Look at that old orchard over there, and we have seen dozens of such in the last few days, hoary, bowed, barren old trees. Our host told me that none of the orchards through here, have borne fruit since the wah," said Sophie, instinctively falling into his pronunciation as she repeated his words.

"Is that so?" exclaimed Ben. "Well, it's an infernal shame all around. Somehow or other, the orchards seem typical of the people, or the people of the orchards, I don't know which. The war seems to have meant extermination to them all. I hope the country where our regiment went, is not like this. I should feel a sort of personal guilt if I knew it was. I say, Hanson, let's not drive through Tennessee. I thought I'd like to go through there again, but I don't believe I want to risk it now."

"Those trees seem healthy enough, and to have life enough," said Sophie, going back to the subject of orchards, "but I suppose they are ashamed to bloom and look happy and beautiful any more. Our host said that many of the people were superstitious about it, and thought it was no use to plant other trees; that nothing could flourish here any more; that nature as well as humanity was crushed and hopeless, but that most of them—the people I mean—were too poor to reset their orchards. Of course he didn't say it in that way, but I can't recall his way of saying it."

Toward evening we drove up to a large brick house which was very superior to any we had yet seen, and which we rightly supposed had been erected "since the wah."

It was the homestead of one of the very few families who had saved enough from the general wreck to rebuild and keep a part of the plantation, and at the same time send the younger members of the family to "Baltimoah and the University" to school.

We were cordially invited to spend the night with them, which we did.

Miss Kate, the youngest daughter, had only that morning returned from school to spend her vacation, and the negroes were holding high carnival over the event.

We found the family one of great refinement and lavish hospitality, but with an "education" fitting them for nothing so much as to be inhabitants of some old Roman city.

Latin, Greek and music, music, Latin and Greek, with a good knowledge of literature (chiefly ancient, nothing this side of Addison), formed the catalogue of studies which these young people pursued—for had not their ancestors been so "educated?" Could anything further than that be said in favor of their studies?

The following morning we gladly accepted an invitation to remain and visit some places of interest in the neighborhood, before taking the cars again to continue our journey to a point where we would rejoin "Mammy."

I was sitting on the "side poach" enjoying the fine morning air, while waiting for "the girls" to get ready for the tramp we were to take before dinner, when a fat, happy, tidy old negro "auntie" appeared from the cabin back of the house. After several pokes with a "tobacco pole" under the back shed, and one or two dives behind the henhouse, during all of which she was talking to herself, she rolled up her checked apron, tucked it under her left arm, and got down on her hands and knees and peered under the cabin.

I supposed she was hunting for eggs, as she had disturbed several lively old hens and set them to flying about cackling at a great rate. But at last, striking an attitude, with both hands on her hips, she began calling at the top of her voice, and I was undeceived.

"Bess! Bess! 'Lizabeth Sa'ah Ann Jemison! if you don' ansah me an' 'peah fum behine dem curn bushes fo' I haf't come

an' fetch yu'll wish yoh hide was made out o' cas' iahn, sho's yoh bawn. D'yoh heah me callen to yu, thah, yu young niggah?" Then she fell into a conversational tone and continued:

"'Peahs to me dat dat chile hav' got mo' places t' hide in 'n dey is on dis whole plantation. I bet I'll fotch her do, foah she's much oldah 'n what she is now.

"Bess! Bess! do 'y heah yoh ole mothah d'viden her froat in two hafs callen t' yu?" Returning to a conversational tone she went on: "I'll jus' bet dat niggah's gone t' sleep comin' up de hill wid a pail o' watah else its moah dan quite prob'ble she's snoah 'n de whole top right ofen her haid climin' up one o' dem oar-chard trees t' steal dem few blue damsons.

"Lawd bless my soul, Miss Evie, does you know whah dat obstreperous young niggah is? I been a gyratin' my vocal awgans at her fur de las' ha'f ouah an' I aint heard so much as a sneeze o' hern yit. I lay she'll get woke up if I cum acrost her takin' her ease sleepin' in de crotch o' any o' dem ole pairh trees; moarn quite likely she's layin' crost dem andiahns dis minit burnin' de close of'en her back—tryin' to keep her haid wahm on de back log.

"Lawsy, Miss Evie, you don't tole me dat. In de house, is she? Holpen Miss Kate unpack her trunk, hey? Well shoah nuf, I mout a knowed dat niggah 'd turn up wid her wool on top some whaih. Miss Kate better look our for dat young niggah draps inter one on her naps 'n lets some o' dem gimcracks fall, whilse she's toten 'em to de table. Better let me go in 'n t' dat sawt o' recreation an' put dat young niggah at sumpen dat 'll keep her 'wake."

I failed to catch "Miss Evie's" reply; but in about five minutes I heard "Mammy's" voice through the closed blind of the window just back of where I sat.

"Miss Kate, I jus' cum up fur t' help y' 'bout dat trunk 'oh yowhn. (This in a changed tone). "Git out o' dis, yu young possum, didn' yoh heah me callen ter fine out if you had'n roasted de whole top of'en yoh wooly head, some whairs? Why didn' yoh 'spond t' dat inquisition o' mine, hey?"

"Lawdy! Mammy, was dat yu excisen dat vocal awgan o' yowhn?" said the irreverent young imp, who had evidently greatly enjoyed the whole affair. "Why, jes as shoah as Chris-mas Miss Kate 'n me 's been lis'nen all dis time an' we jes 'bout 'cluded dat it was Mas' Henry's mule pass'n res'lutions dat he

did'n zackly 'prove of de sichuation 'n was gwine ter move de whole en' outen his stawl fo' mawnin' shoah; haw! haw! haw!"

Dodging the slap she knew would be leveled at her by her irate parent, she changed her tactics and continued:

"Lawdy a massy, Mammy! but yu jus' aughten see all dem beuatifiers, Miss Kate done tuck outen her chist."

"Here, Bess, put this bust of Dickens on the small table by my bed—look out! don't drop it!" I recognized the voice of the young mistress for the first time.

"What dat yu say, Miss Kate?" Then with evident fright and consternation: "Good Lawd! Miss Kate, how dat man git he portegraph took so hawd 'n white? Mus a been awful pale hesef, I reckon. What dat yu say, Miss Kate? 'Bus!' Oh, lawdy! Miss Kate, yu don' say dat man busted, does yoh? What fur? Oh, yu calls dat kine o' a portegraph a bus'—oh, yes, 'course—dats all beary well; but he mus' a been paler 'n one o' Missie's fine linnen towels fo' dey 'd evah a cotch him lookin' like dat comes to. Lawdy, aint dis niggah glad she aint got t' wait on no sitch lookin' white folks as dat!"

Then Mammy's superior intellect arose equal to the occasion: "Shet up, yu fool niggah! Miss Kate don' mean dat dat wasn't tuck till arter he done busted! What he bus', Miss Kate? He liver, I reckon. Oh, shaw, now Miss Kate—yoh jes' a foolin' now! You don' mean t' tole me dat was tuck right ofen him and him 'live an' lookin' like dat comes ter? Is mose folks up in Baltimore pale as dat? 'Pears like a niggah 'd be white nuf up dare den, shoah. Dis chile wouldn' like t' look like dat, shoah as yoh bawn—ha 'n eyes 'n whiskers 'n all plum white! Dis chile ruder be a niggah yet a while, shoah's yoh bawn, Honey."

I heard Miss Kate laugh, and then Mammy went on: "He want none o' yoh fren's, wus he Honey? Well I'se glad t' heah dat, shoah nuf. 'Name Dickens! Oh, Lawdy! wasn't dey nuffin 'bout him 'cept what was skeery, Miss Kate? 'Pears like dey couldn't a give him a wuss name fur ter go 'long wid his face, nohow. Yoh aint gwine to sleep in heah wid dat on de table, is yoh, Honey? Oh, golly! yoh wouldn't ketch dis niggah doin' dat fur no 'mount o' money, chile, shoah's yoh bawn!"

Just at this point our host, a hale, courtly man of seventy, appeared through an open window at the other end of the porch.

As he approached I thought I had never seen a man so per-

fect in carriage, manner, tone, in everything, indeed, that marks a gentleman.

He saw me laughing as he came through the window, and, taking a chair at my side, said he was glad to see me amusing myself, since it had been necessary to leave me alone for some time.

"I think nothing could add to my amusement," I said, "now that you have come to share it with me." And as I told him of the conversation I had just overheard, his hearty bursts of laughter gave evidence of his keen appreciation of the ludicrous.

This led him to talk of the blacks—their habits, fidelity, superstitions, etc. From this he ran naturally into politics and agriculture, seeming at home with his topics as they arose, and entertaining on all ; but his mental outlook was like a Chinese puzzle to the Northern mind of the younger generation. While he was drawing his conclusions, the horses were led to the front of the house, and we were summoned to join the ladies on their proposed ride to "the cave" and battleground.

New York.

HELEN A. GARDENER.

FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF DRAMATIC CONSTRUCTION.

It is surprising, considering the offers made by our leading managers, that we find so few successful dramas by American authors.

I was astonished, upon looking into the subject, to find the large number of persons engaged in dramatic writing, and with so little success.

There is probably no writer of prose or verse who has not tried his hand at the drama, but that it requires something more than literary ability is evident from the first.

The dramatic writer is prescribed both in time and scene. He cannot wander listlessly here and there, as can the romancer. What he has to say must be told in terse, active and definite language.

I believe that there are many buds of promise among our aspirants for dramatic fame, but they will never reach their goal without a thorough mastery of their calling.

One of the first things I would ask of a young writer would be: "Do you understand the stage; its mechanism, its possibilities, its restrictions?" If not, go and study them practically. "Do you understand an audience; its powers of conception, its capability to grasp your meanings, its possible acceptance of your views?" If not, go to the theater and watch the audience, not the play. And last, but by no means least: "Do you understand yourself? Do you know your failings? Can you form a sentence to be spoken, not read?"

I have read and witnessed plays that, taking a flowery and effective speech to pieces and analyzing it, developed no sense whatever—were utterly devoid of all intelligence, and yet sounded well. It is just such work that ruins a play.

Lawrence Barrett once said to me: "Brains are what we want. Furnish me a plot, and I will find a hundred persons to write the flowery sentences. Every writer on a newspaper can furnish the latter, but who can supply the first?"

I wish to go a little deeper into the subject than this. Let us

suppose we have a good plot, well written—by which I mean, well worded. Let us analyze it. First, we have the motive—our latest writers term it *motif*. Around this motive we must weave our plot. Having the plot we must arrive at the culmination. Having arrived at this we retrace our steps and divide it into periods represented by acts, each one of which should have an effective ending or climax.

Let us suppose we have succeeded thus far to our own satisfaction, before going further let us review our work for its consistency. Is it possible and natural? Professor Alfred Hennequin, the dramatic student, once covered this point in an article entitled the "Stone Wall in Dramatic Construction." He very pertinently alludes to the liability of a writer to overlook or rather to try and cover up defects in construction by explanation and device, or to ignore them entirely. That there is a dramatic license as well as poetic license is acknowledged, but this license applies rather to a contraction or extension of time, or to a license of action or character rather than construction.

Allowing that our construction is acceptable we arrive at what is really one of the most difficult features of the work—the under-plot and the progression of the drama. We should have no character introduced for comedy or effect which cannot become a part of the whole, and directly or indirectly help in the development. We should have no scenes introduced that are not in progression with the idea being impressed, and it is just here where it is so difficult to be consistent, and where so many plays fail. Scenes are introduced having no bearing upon the plot. It may happen that the tone of the piece is heavy, and to enlighten it a comedy scene is introduced. This, if consistent, is judicious, but the scene should tend only as a means to the further development of the cause, and as such it would be enjoyed.

An author once told me that this was one of the most difficult parts of his work, and he always went at such a scene with no idea of what he was going to do, or how it would terminate. Possibly, if he had natural dramatic ability, he could extricate himself from his position without detriment to his work, but to the majority of writers I would advise a thorough understanding of their own ideas before an attempt to clothe them in words. The true idea of a comedy scene is to so divert the mind of the spectator that, for the moment, the principal

motive of the play is forgotten, a sort of relief from the strain or tension which the heavier part causes, but this diversion, to be artistic, must have enough connection with the plot to warrant its introduction.

Summing it all up, I would say to a dramatic writer: Divide your work into heads. First, the general motive and character of the piece. Choose a subject you understand. Second, your plot. Let it be consistent, and, as Bulwer said, avoid politics and religion. Third, your subdivisions or acts. The climax should come as the natural result of the situation.

Having what you feel satisfied is a good foundation, commence the building of your drama. It is possible that after you have written the first act you may strike your "stone wall" in the second. Either the first act must be revised or an explanation or device resorted to to cover up the defect. Be bold. Do not spare your work. Commence again, and the chances are the revision will more than repay you for your labor.

In closing, I wish to say to our young writers: Be persevering. To use Mark Twain's advice, "Put a piece of shoemaker's wax in your chair," and be prepared to take all sorts of rebuffs. Unless you are entirely without ability the time will come when you will reap the fruits of your labor, and it will not come in small measure, either.

Detroit, Mich.

BRUCE WHITNEY.

THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

During the months of August and September of 1876 I was in attendance in the educational department of the Illinois exhibit of the Centennial World's Fair at Philadelphia. The great number and endless variety of the exhibits from all parts of the world captivated my imagination and made such a deep impression upon my mind, that I, on September 9, 1876, conceived the idea to repeat this World's Fair if possible upon a scale never yet conceived by man. I had searched in my memory for an event, grand and worthy to be commemorated in the near future, and nothing struck me so favorably as the fourth century of America's discovery by Christopher Columbus, which could

Chicago, Ills. Sept. 21st, 1891.

Col. George R. Davis,

Director General, World's Columbian Exposition.

Sir:-

The undersigned residents of Chicago being fully convinced that Dr. Charles W. Zaremba is the originator of the idea of celebrating the fourth centenary of the discovery of America, by Columbus by a World's Exposition in Chicago, and knowing that from Dr. Zaremba's knowledge of the various countries of the World, their products, customs and languages, great benefits might be derived, we hereby cheerfully recommend him to any appointment at home or abroad, for which you have the nominating or appointing power.

Yours very respectfully,

H. L. Scipio

220-222 Madison St

*Washington Hesing**Eds. Stark Century.**Chas. S. Thornton**Mayor Bl.**Thos R. Walsh**Chicago National Bank.**J. B. Gay**C. F. Gunther**212 State St.**A. M. Kelly**168 Adams St.**L. J. Lister**81, South Clark St.*

be celebrated in 1892. In Philadelphia I had made the acquaintance of many of the foreign commissioners, and the display of Mexico, Central and South America created the natural and patriotic desire to enter into closer commercial relations with the countries south of us. With this object in view, I studied the statistics of those countries, read and re-read my old diaries with notes from my travels all over the world, and when in 1878, the First International Commercial Convention assembled in Farwell Hall, Chicago, to which I was appointed a delegate for the city of Chicago, by Mayor Monroe Heath my statistical tables, etc., were used by Judge Kelley, Governor Bross and others, thus becoming the entering wedge for reciprocity, which was "driven home," so to speak, by the first industrial excursion from Chicago to the City of Mexico in January, 1879.

The manufactures and wares from some of the largest manufacturing centers in the United States; New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and others, were displayed in the school of mines, and received favor at the hands of President Diaz and his Ministers, the outgrowth of which was not only the construction of the Mexican Central and Mexican National railroad, but also of steadily increasing trade and commerce between the United States and Mexico.

My desire was to bring the natural products of Mexico, hitherto almost unknown in this country, before the eyes of our manufacturers, capitalists and artisans, so as to show them that new articles might be manufactured of new raw material, where capital might be safely and advantageously invested, and where skilled labor might find remunerative employment.

In order to effect this I planned the establishment of a Mexican department at the Inter-state and Industrial Exposition at Chicago in 1879, which however, for various reasons could not be realized. Through Dr. John A. Weise, who had examined my collection of Mexican antiquities at New York, I became acquainted with the late Peter Cooper, which acquaintance lasted until the great philanthropist's death. Many a talk we had at the Inventors' Institute, Cooper Union building, New York, especially about the display of inventions. At the same place I frequently met the late General John C. Frémont, and to him as well as to Mr. Peter Cooper, and in the presence of Charles A. Lamont, on Monday, November 13, 1882, I talked about my original idea to celebrate the fourth century of America's discovery by Columbus, by a World's Fair and Exposition in 1892, and by the erecting of

a colossal statue of Columbus, upon a foundation of stones contributed by all the nations of the world. I had planned this foundation to be an artificial subterranean cave or grotto, divided into air-tight compartments, in which at the dedication ceremonies should be deposited the history of each participating nation, upon tablets of aluminum, so that coming generations, even after the destruction of the monument, would read about the accomplishments of the human race in the long past. Another set of these historical tablets was to be deposited every hundred years, the official representatives of all nations, giving a history of the century for each nation. My idea was and still is, to save great men of our days from oblivion, and to lay the foundation of written, indestructible history for ages to come. Peter Cooper applauded these ideas of mine, but thought that in order to realize them I would need men with brains and money.

At the expense of Mr. Cooper I had constructed an improved fibre decorticating machine, the patent for which I had sold to his representative, and then was sent in 1882 by Mr. Cooper to Mexico to practically prove the value of the invention and secure Mexican patents thereon. Having accomplished my mission, and while in Mexico I talked about my Centennial World's Fair with General Vincente Riva Palacio, Carlos Pacheco, and others. I returned to the United States, and in 1883 published the "Merchants' and Tourists' Guide to Mexico." The first fruit of the industrial excursion from Chicago to Mexico, in January, 1879, arrived at Chicago in April, 1884, in the form of the first through passenger train from Mexico to Chicago, running over the now completed Mexican Central, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, and the Burlington Route—the directors and large stockholders of which I had coached through the City of Mexico in May, 1884, and who had requested me to secure for Chicago the exhibits of the Mexican government, destined for the New Orleans Cotton Centennial, after the same should have been closed. At the same time I had, at the expense of the above named railroads, on March 1, 1884, published an illustrated paper, *The Meusajero Internacional* giving pictures of the most prominent buildings, statistics, etc., about Chicago, the World's Fair city of the near future. This publication, in several editions, was circulated in Mexico, Central and South America.

My desire to celebrate the fourth centenary of America's discovery grew apace, and desiring to bring benefits to the Mexican government, which I was serving officially and gratis since 1882,

I addressed, on June 11, 1884, a circular to the diplomatic representatives of foreign powers at Washington, inviting their governments to a conference to celebrate the fourth centenary of America's discovery by Columbus in 1492, by a World's Fair in the City of Mexico, because I considered the island of Guanahani, where Columbus landed on October 12, 1492, as belonging to the empire of the Montezumas, the present Mexican Republic. I received flattering replies from the Mexican minister, Senor D. Matias Romero, who called it a grand idea; from Hussein Tewfik, the Turkish minister, who congratulated me on conceiving "such a grand idea which the whole world could not but applaud;" from Senor J. G. do Amaral Valente, the chargé d'affaires of Brazil; the Chilian and Chinese legations and others.

The papers all over the country gave reprints of my circular, and many favorable comments thereon. I had several interviews with the foreign diplomats at Washington about this Columbian Centennial celebration in 1892, and while at the Capitol in Washington, on June 27, 1884, spoke to Col. George R. Davis and P. V. Duester, members of Congress, about my Columbus Centennial, and talked about the same subject with Wm. F. Poole, Librarian of the Chicago Public Library, whom on June 23, 1884, I had met on Broadway, New York.

General Porfirio Diaz, of Mexico, as well as General Carlos Pacheco, Minister of Public Works, wrote to me in July, 1884, also applauding my idea of the proposed Columbian Centennial World's Fair, and asked for particulars of my ideas, which I personally gave them on September 9, 1884, in the City of Mexico. General Diaz, who was the incoming President of Mexico, had promised to send the Mexican exhibits from the New Orleans World's Fair in 1885, to the Chicago Exposition, but inasmuch as the opening of that fair had been delayed, President Diaz wrote me on February 9, 1885, that the Mexican government could not for the time being occupy itself with celebrating the fourth centenary of America's discovery in 1892. I felt crestfallen on receiving this news—which for a moment shattered my cherished idea—but still I took courage and at once resolved to concentrate all my energies upon my own home, Chicago, to realize my ideas of years back, to pay homage to the memory of Christopher Columbus in 1892.

On July 11, 1884, I sent a long letter about my Columbian World's Fair for 1892, to Dr. Benson J. Lossing, the historian, whose acquaintance I had previously made, and who had on July

4, 1884, delivered an excellent lecture on "*Columbus—his place in history*," at Woodstock, Conn.

In the summer of 1885, I interviewed many of Chicago's most prominent business men, manufacturers and capitalists, about my proposed Columbus Centennial in 1892, among whom I may mention Levi Z. Leiter and John P. Reynolds and others. On August 22, 1885, I met Edwin Lee Brown, with whom I had been a member of the Illinois Humane Society since 1872, and, on speaking to him about my plans for a Columbian Centennial celebration in 1892, he said the idea was capital, grand, and he would see Messrs. John B. Drake and John P. Reynolds, both directors of the Industrial Exposition of Chicago. My business brought me in November, 1885, to Appleton, Wis., where I read a notice in the papers that rumors were rife about Chicago intending to celebrate the fourth centenary of America's discovery by a World's Fair—the idea I had conceived in September, 1876, and which I had nursed and fondled, talked and written about, traveled thousands of miles for, and spent a large part of my hard-earned money for. I at once returned to Chicago and made application for the organization of a corporation, and on November 24, 1885, received from Secretary of State Henry D. Dement, license to organize "The Chicago Columbus Centennial World's Fair and Exposition Company," which fact was at once telegraphed by the Associated Press all over the country. In conformity with the laws of Illinois, I published a call for all parties interested in this Centennial celebration to meet on November 30, 1885, at club room 4 of the Grand Pacific hotel, Chicago, at which meeting only a few people were present. Among these were A. C. and Washington Hering (of the Illinois *Staats Zeitung*), A. B. Pullman, John A. Sexton, W. K. Sullivan (now consul at Bermuda, W. I.), Coan (of the *Journal of Commerce*), and some reporters. No action was taken, but the Chicago *Herald* had interviews with some of the leading business and public spirited men on the subject of a Columbian World's Fair in 1892, and now the strife for preference began between Chicago, New York, Washington, St. Louis and other cities.

On April 28, 1886, I wrote from Terre Haute, Ind., to the Historian George Bancroft at Washington about my idea of a world's history on bronze tablets to be deposited in the subterranean grotto of the Columbus monument, suggesting that the American Historical Society, then in session at Washington, might take the initial steps to realize these, my ideas. At this meeting the

president of the society, George Bancroft, and Messrs. Justin Winsor, George B. Loring, Senators Hoar and Hawley were authorized to confer with the President of the United States to call the attention of Congress to the question of how to celebrate in a becoming manner the fourth centenary of America's discovery. A few weeks previous to this Mr. Alexander D. Anderson had organized a board of promotion in Washington with the view of celebrating in that city the centenary of the Constitution and an exposition of the three Americas, for which he was afterward rewarded with the appointment of Eastern manager of the World's Columbian Exposition at New York. But Philadelphia, which had experienced the beneficent influences of a world's fair in 1876, had an irresistible desire to celebrate again in 1892, and to that end had enlisted the valiant Major Moses P. Handy, who with pen and word of mouth, labored hard in Washington to get an appropriation for the City of Brotherly Love.

In the meantime the Board of Directors of the Industrial Exposition held several meetings, at which the advisability of a World's Fair to be held at Chicago in 1892 was discussed. Mr. John P. Reynolds touched upon this matter from various standpoints, and, although calling this World's Fair a "gigantic scheme," seriously questioned the propriety of the Board of Directors shouldering the whole responsibility to raise the \$4,000,000 or \$5,000,000 required to make the enterprise a success. Mr. George Mason thought that Chicago was the most appropriate place in the world that could be found for the fair. Among the prominent men of Chicago an association had been formed for the agitation of this World's Fair question before Congress, with the view of securing the support of the Government of the United States, and making the enterprise a national affair.

Personal interests, as well as those of the Mexican Government, called me to Europe in August, 1886, where I kept up my correspondence for the advancement and realization of my Columbian World's Fair idea in 1892. Returning to Chicago in May, 1887, I found a subdued agitation in the same direction, which on account of the great preparations being made for the Universal Exposition at Paris in 1889 did not assume great proportions. However, commissioners had been sent from Chicago to Paris to get points on World's Fair matters. Traveling to and fro between Mexico and the United States, I never dropped my idea of the Columbus celebration, and whatever I could, accom-

plish it either by word of mouth, or wherever my pen could reach, I spoke in favor of the creation of my brain. At an audience with President Diaz in the Palace of Chapultepec on July 30, 1889, he gave me the assurance that Mexico would take a prominent part in my exposition scheme when it came to be realized. On August 15, 1889, the Secretary of State at Springfield, Ill., granted a license to De Witt C. Cregier, Ferd. W. Peck, George Schneider, Anthony F. Seeberger, William C. Seipp, John R. Walsh and E. Nelson Blake to open subscription books for the proposed corporation, entitled "The World's Exposition of 1892, the object of which was the holding of an international exhibition or World's Fair in the city of Chicago and State of Illinois, to commemorate on its four hundredth anniversary the discovery of America." Although I had written to Mayor Cregier on July 28, 1889, to sign my name as one of the incorporators of the new World's Fair organization, my name was not mentioned in the statement.

The capital for the new organization was subscribed by March 23, 1890. A meeting of subscribers to the capital stock was held in Battery "D" building in Chicago on April 4, 1890, and a full Board of Directors were elected, which in turn elected Lyman J. Gage, President; Thomas B. Bryan, Potter Palmer, Vice-Presidents; Anthony F. Seeberger, Treasurer; Benjamin Butterworth, Secretary, and William K. Ackerman, Auditor. At a special meeting of stockholders held June 12, 1890, the name of the corporation was changed to "The World's Columbian Exposition" and the capital stock increased to \$10,000,000. In the meantime Congress had by an act approved April 25, 1890 created the "World's Columbian Commission," to consist of two commissioners appointed by the President of the United States from each State and Territory, of eight commissioners at large and two from the District of Columbia and their alternates. Congress directed the President of the United States to invite the nations of the world to take part in an exhibition of arts, industries and manufactures and products of the soil, mine and sea, to be inaugurated in 1892 in Chicago, with various other provisions, and also making an appropriation of money for the carrying out of such act.

The Governors of all the States and Territories appointed commissioners and their alternates, who met in Chicago on June 26, 1890, and on June 28 elected the following officers: Thomas W. Palmer, President; Thomas M. Waller, M. H. De Young,

David B. Penn, Gorton W. Allen and Alex. B. Andrews as Vice-Presidents; George R. Davis, Director General, and John T. Dickinson, Secretary. At the same time and place the Board of Lady Managers appointed from the different States and Territories met, electing Mrs. Potter Palmer as President, a number of Vice-Presidents and Miss Phoebe Couzins, Secretary. In order to avoid a clashing of authority between the local board of the World's Columbian Exposition Directory and the National Commission, a Board of Control was elected, consisting of nine members from each of these organized bodies, and this Board of Control took supreme command of affairs, directing the many problems to be solved, from the Rand-McNally building.

During 1891 I visited World's Fair headquarters many times and made verbal and written statements about some of my ideas to chiefs of departments, F. J. V. Skiff, of the department of Mines, Mining and Metallurgy; Prof. F. W. Putnam, of the Department of Ethnology; to Hon. Charles C. Bonney, President of the World's Congress Auxiliary; Mrs. Potter Palmer, President Board of Lady Managers; William T. Baker, President of the World's Columbian Exposition, which ideas were either approved or appropriated by them for the benefit of the great enterprise. Having for sixteen years cherished this idea of a Columbian centennial celebration in 1892 it was but natural that I should try to become identified with the execution of my ideas, and with this object in view I made personal and written application to Director General George R. Davis, supporting my application by the written testimonials of such prominent men as Lyman J. Gage, John R. Walsh, Andrew McNally, E. P. Ripley and other large stockholders or men of influence. But notwithstanding all this and the written acknowledgment by Vice-President Thomas B. Bryan, that I deserved credit for my early labors, I had nothing but the satisfaction of having labored faithfully to see my ideas realized, while others crowned themselves with glory.

CHARLES W. ZAREMBA, M. D.

Chicago.

THE TAX ON COFFEE.

The idea behind the proposition of Representative O'Donnell to lay a duty on coffee imported from Brazil equal to the export duty levied by the Brazilian government, stripped of all disguise is, that one government may raise its revenues by taxing the citizens or subjects of another government. The fallacy of this has been shown over and over again, and it would seem a senseless as well as useless task to once more expose it, were Mr. O'Donnell the only advocate of its acceptance; but some of the great newspapers, whose influence is vastly more far-reaching than that of Mr. O'Donnell, seem to have thoughtlessly accepted the proposition and are strenuous supporters of it.

The partisan Republican newspaper sees in it a strong argument in favor of the policy of a protective tariff, for, if an export duty is paid by the foreign consumer of the exported article a very logical argument can be made that an import duty is paid by the foreign producer of the article imported. The Democratic tariff-reform newspaper, on the other hand, has been led into the error of accepting the proposition from an over zealous desire to reply to the Republican assertion that an important duty is not a tax upon the consumer, but is paid by the producer.

This assertion has been often made, but most notably, by Senator Edmunds, in an article in *Harper's Magazine*, wherein he seeks to prove it by citing the advance in the price of coffee immediately after the repeal of the import duty laid by the United States. The Democratic tariff-reform press, in its haste to belittle the illustration given by the Senator, the statistical truth of which it could not deny, immediately cried out that the advance was occasioned by the Brazilian government levying an export duty equal in amount to the import duty repealed by the United States. The Democratic newspapers cling to this proposition with unflinching pertinacity, while paying little heed to the assertion which the illustration is given to sustain, ignoring entirely the logical strength they thereby give their adversaries.

It seems to me that, if the deduction of the Senator can be shown to be erroneous, the illustration given in its support will lose its force, and, for his purposes, will prove nothing. Under

some circumstances, therefore, it would be only necessary to demolish first the argument and let the illustration take care of itself, but as he has cited coffee to uphold his position it will be well to see if the import duty on this staple was paid, or is being paid (for other governments still lay an import duty upon it), by the producer.

The American consumer enters the market of Brazil on equal terms with the French or English consumer, and purchases his coffee there just as cheaply as can either of the others. Both France and England levy an import duty on coffee, that of France being about thirteen cents per pound. Let us suppose two cargoes of coffee, both costing the same, be sent from Brazil, one to the United States, and the other to France. The one destined for France goes to the custom house of that country, and is not released to the consumer until he has paid the thirteen cents per pound import duty; that for the United States goes into the hands of the consumer without any payment of duty. We see at once that the Frenchman's coffee is enhanced in cost to him thirteen cents per pound, by reason of the duty laid by his government; that this duty is not paid until he takes the coffee from the custom house, while the consumer in the United States gets his coffee without paying an addition to its price in the shape of an import duty. In other words, the factors entering into the value of coffee to the French consumer are cost, freight, insurance, exchange, and import duty; while to the American consumer they are only cost, freight, insurance, and exchange. Coffee is frequently shipped from Havre to the United States. When this is done the coffee is taken from bond without the payment of duty to the French government.

The fact that an import duty, even upon coffee, is paid by the consumer, shines so clearly that only the wilfully blind fail to perceive it. The Senator's assertion is shown to be a mere assumption, and his illustration, failing of its purpose, proves a boomerang.

It was only necessary for the tariff-reform papers to show this, and to allow the Senator, or his supporters, to give some other reason for the advance in the price of coffee. The illustration, not supporting his assertion, for there was no argument, is worthless, and any reference to it beyond exposing its worthlessness was useless; but, inasmuch as these papers have referred to it, and in their zealotry have been led into the error, as it seems to me, of acknowledging as much as their opponents could desire,

and of propagating an economical fallacy, it would not be amiss to inquire into both the real reason for the advance in the price of coffee at the time referred to, and also into the actual worth of the assumption that it was occasioned by the Brazilian government increasing its export duty.

The quotation for "fair" coffee, in New York, on September 1, 1871, when there was an import duty of 3 cents per pound, was $11\frac{3}{4}$ to 12 cents per pound. On January 1, 1872, under the same import duty, the price was $16\frac{3}{4}$ to 17 cents per pound, an advance in four months of 5 cents per pound. On July 1, 1872, the date the law repealing the import duty went into effect, the price for "fair" coffee was $17\frac{3}{4}$ to 18 cents per pound, an advance, with fluctuations, of 1 cent per pound in six months. On January 1, 1873, it was 17 to $17\frac{1}{4}$ cents per pound, a decline of $\frac{3}{4}$ cent per pound in six months.

There were many reasons for the sharp advance cited by the Senator. The market for the previous ten months had been a "hard" one, a "bull" market. Stocks in distributors' hands had become depleted; distributors were well aware of the passage of the act repealing the duty, and were anxious to have as little coffee as possible when the act went into effect. It is true that the stock in New York on July 1, 1872, was 115,000 bags, while on January 1, 1872, it was but 100,000 bags, but this was in first hands, and the increase is accounted for by the desire of distributors to have an inordinately small supply on that date in order that they might obtain all possible advantage of the repeal of the duty. When the repeal took effect an abnormal demand arose from these distributors, which, acting upon an already "hard" market, forced the sharp advance referred to. Just as soon as the demand became normal, and the market resumed its natural tone, we find the price $\frac{3}{4}$ cent per pound lower. Every coffee merchant whose business experience extends back to this time will explain the matter in this way, and this explanation is given by a student, not so much of maxims as of markets.

The economical proposition that the consumer of an article exported paid the export tax was at one time commonly accepted, but practical experience demonstrated its fallacy, so that, while formerly export duties were generally laid, few governments are now so unwise to do so. The mere fact that governments have abandoned this method of raising revenue is an evidence of its undesirability, if not futility, and a discussion of the proposition, at this late day, would be an act of supererogation, were it not

for the strenuous insistence of its acceptance on the part of the press. We have both Democratic and Republican newspapers agreeing that the people of the United States were paying revenue to the Brazilian government in the price of every pound of coffee they buy, thus teaching a fallacy as a truth.

Suppose Congress had the power and should lay an export duty of five cents per bushel on wheat, what would be the result so far as our farmer is concerned? The value of his product would be regulated by the demand for it in the competitive markets of the world, and he would have to meet the competition of the product of other countries where no export duty was laid. These other countries would have the advantage of him just the amount of the export duty levied by Congress, and to sell his product he would be compelled to reduce his price just that amount, so that to send his wheat out of the country he must first pay the export duty. This would not be the only evil he would suffer. If he were compelled to reduce his price to the foreign consumer in an amount equal to the five cents per bushel export duty, he would also be compelled to reduce his price to the home consumer, as the latter would be able to buy in the open market as freely and as cheaply as the former, and the result of levying an export duty would cause his entire product to diminish in selling value.

For example: Suppose the selling price of a bushel of wheat laid down in London, was \$1.00, this price being fixed in the open market by the competition of the world; suppose also, that the total charge for transporting a bushel of wheat from New York to London, was ten cents per bushel. We see at once that the price in New York, to be on a parity with London, would be ninety cents per bushel. Now suppose an export duty of five cents per bushel was laid by Congress. The other producers of the world, India, Russia, Australia, etc., are able to lay wheat down in London for \$1.00 per bushel. The American farmer to market his surplus product must meet this competition and sell his wheat at a price equal to \$1.00, laid down in London, but the expense attaching to its transportation has been increased by the five cents per bushel export duty, so that while previous to the laying of the duty the expense was but ten cents, it is now fifteen cents, and he is obliged to sell his product in New York for \$1.00 per bushel, minus the fifteen cents expense, or eighty-five cents per bushel. With no export duty and an expense of but ten cents per bushel, he would receive ninety cents; increase the

expense by a five cent export duty and he can get but eighty five cents. Under these circumstances would the English consumer or the American producer pay the export duty?

The American consumer would enter the New York market on equal terms with the English consumer, and would be able to buy just as cheaply, and the result to the American producer of a levy of a five cents per bushel export duty on wheat would be that he would not only be compelled to sell his product for export five cents per bushel cheaper, but that the price for home consumption would also be five cents lower. He would therefore lose five cents per bushel on his entire product.

If you carry this illustration to its ultimate and suppose an export duty levied which would practically prohibit the exportation of wheat, the enormous surplus which is raised in this country being denied exit would force itself upon the market, bearing the price to a minimum. Of course, under these circumstances the outside world's supply would be diminished by just the amount of our surplus, and the demand acting upon this diminished supply would increase values to every one but the American farmer. He would be ruined. A vast number would go into some other occupation if they could, or starve if they couldn't, and this number would keep on increasing until we became importers instead of exporters of wheat. Then, perhaps, some of our philanthropic friends, filled with a burning desire to benefit their fellows, would advise the laying of an import duty upon this cereal in order that the rapidly disappearing American farmer might be protected.

As with wheat, so with coffee.

As the American farmer would be compelled to meet the competition of the world in marketing his wheat, so is the Brazilian planter obliged to sell his coffee, and the export duty laid upon his product by his government reduces its value to him by just that much. The assertion of the *Cleveland Leader* that, since 1872, the people of the United States have paid \$71,000,000, the export duty levied on coffee, into the treasury of Brazil, is based on false reasoning, and is erroneous and misleading.

It is seen that the proposition of Mr. O'Donnell is based upon the false assumption that one nation can tax the people of another. It is seen that the export duty laid by Brazil is not paid by the American consumer, but by the Brazilian planter, and the doctrine of retaliation which this measure proposes to emphasize is, in this instance, only to be compared to Don Quixote's fierce onslaught

upon the windmill, or the "Boss and Sandy's" long search and final rescue of the noble maidens from captivity under the three ogres.

The result in this case cannot be pleasant.

Brazilian coffee is put upon the market at a lower cost than is any other, and in this country it is the poor man's beverage. The proposition of Mr. O'Donnell, disguised though it is under a clothing of patriotism, is, nevertheless, a direct attack upon the table of the poor. It is to be hoped that he and his supporters will pause long enough to consider this before pressing to passage a measure so disastrous to the comfort and welfare of their countrymen.

New York.

WILLIAM O. EASTLAKE.

THE BANKS OF THE NORE.

(BALLAD.)

By Grenane's Druid stone
I sit musing alone,
And I dream of the bright days of yore,
When, with sweet young Kathleen,
O'er the meadows so green;
I roamed, by the Banks of the Nore.

The wide bawn where we played
And the copse where we strayed,
Through the willows that cling to the shore
Are around me, but she
My own *Cuishla Ma Chree*
Is not here, by the banks of the Nore.

I have wandered afar,
Lured by hope's guiding star,
And have gathered of gold a full store;
But no more shall I see
The girl dearest to me,
By the beautiful banks of the Nore.

All my hopes have now fled,
My ambition all dead,
No joy shall I ever see more,
For my own darling lass
Sleeps beneath the green grass;
I'm alone by the banks of the Nore.

New York.

A STORY OF A MEXICAN.

It was in the beautiful golden sunset, when the sun's rays gleamed upon the crest of the waves, that Pedro Cosonaro stood on the beach of Santa Barbara. Out at sea the lofty island of Santa Catalina could be distinguished, as the sun sank behind its mountainous summit. At his feet the waves gently rippled upon the sandy beach.

At his back lay the town, with the fading sunlight kissing the adobe houses good-night. Far away, near the mountains, the two tall towers of the Mission church stood out, and he could see faintly, near at hand, the little red and white adobe where he was born. Pedro was going to seek his fortune out in the great world.

At last, far to the northward, he saw a sail. It was a vessel bound to the coast of Mexico, to the El Dorado of Pedro's dreams, to the land he had heard his mother speak of, and where the good padres of the Mission came from.

Poor Pedro. He was leaving the only person in the world he cared for, and who cared for him. The beautiful Inez had loved the poor fisher lad almost since her childhood. She had helped him all she could, but she was very poor. Pedro was to come back in a year and marry her.

So he left his native town, and sailed out of the harbor on the great ship, never again to see his Inez as the Inez of old.

* * * * *

Two years after, on a burning hot day, two Americans were crossing a pass in the coast range of Mexico. Far below them the hot, sandy desert, studded with cacti and prickly pears, stretched away until in the distance it met the waters of the Californian gulf, which glowed like a sea of molten metal. High above them towered the mountains, seamed here and there with fissures made ages ago by the water.

As they passed around a bend in the narrow pathway, they came upon a miner's hut perched on the mountain side. One of the men, wishing to obtain a drink of water, called aloud, but from the partially open door came no answer. The men dismounted, and on entering the hut, found a Mexican lying upon

the ground, delirious with fever. They lifted him onto the rude bed, and then of a sudden they both started and turned pale, for they saw the man had the dreaded yellow fever.

They held a hurried counsel. One advised leaving the man to die, but his companion, more generous than he, declared he would stay with him. His friend feared to do so, and so in a few minutes he rode away and left him alone with the sick man.

* * * * *

It was many years since Pedro Cosonaro sailed from Santa Barbara, and in that time great things had happened. Gold had been found to the northward, and thousands of men of all nations had thronged into California. One evening, a steamer bound northward dropped anchor in the harbor and sent a boat ashore. As the boat touched the beach, a man, still young, jumped out and walked slowly toward the town. The lamps had just been lighted and twinkled like tiny stars. The man stopped and looked about him like one recalling old memories. Then he turned and resumed his walk. As he passed along, he met a friar, an old man with shaven head and sandaled feet.

The stranger looked intently in his face, and then, speaking in Spanish, said:

"Glorissimos a Dios, padre. Do you not live here?" The old man raised his head, and after repeating the "Glorissimos a Dios," replied, "I do, Senor." "It is a beautiful place," said the younger man, and then seemed lost in contemplation of the moon rising over the harbor.

Suddenly he resumed. "Father, where does Inez Valencia live? She still lives, does she not?" This last with great eagerness.

"Yes, my son," replied the friar. "Yonder among the orange trees is the house of her husband; he is an——"

The old man, whose eyes had been bent again upon the ground, raised them in surprise as he saw his companion dart away into the gloom.

Midnight. Darkness. A small lamp was burning in the room where Inez and her husband slept, and by its light Pedro, the former fisherman and now the rich Senor Cosonaro, approached the bed, with his long Spanish stiletto in his hand, a hand which well knew how to use it.

He paused a moment, as though a sudden pang of conscience had come over him, but only for a moment, for drawing back to take good aim, he raised the knife, when of a sudden he saw his

victim's face. It was the man who had saved his life from the fever in the mountains so long ago.

Early next morning the steamer sailed from Santa Barbara, and Inez and her husband never knew of their midnight visitor. Inez found a long Spanish knife lying on the floor, but although they wondered much, they never knew how it came there.

San Francisco, Cal.

PORTER EDMISTER.

THE DOLLAR MARK (\$).

Few realize the grand and splendid things associated with the simple sign which we daily use to indicate the monetary currency of our country. Passing over the L—s—d, the pounds—shillings—pence of England, the franc of France, the florin of Europe, and the various coins and monetary systems of ancient and modern times—the founders of the United States government, wisely adopted as our unit of value the dollar of Spain and Spanish America; a silver coin, which Spain adopted from Germany soon after the discovery of America, and, on the great tide of her rising power, wealth, and heroic enterprise, extended it far and wide over the world.

Spain stamped upon this money a device, which seems to unite in various ways and in a most wonderful manner, not only modern and ancient times as far back as history extends, but also the great Eastern and Western hemispheres.

Even when the great basin of the Mediterranean (whose shores were empires) formed a world which knew little of what was beyond, the Iberian peninsula, situated so splendidly between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, formed the half-way house for what commerce and navigation there was between those countries, the British islands, and the north of Europe. Hence, she would gather more or less of the traditions, the legends and literature of the world, in addition to that which the Saracens brought her after their invasion and long occupancy. Hence it is not strange that Washington Irving found so much in Spain relating to Hercules—the early hero, not only of the Greeks, but of almost all the countries whose waters flow into the great Mediterranean Sea. When it is known that Plutarch wrote his life (a work now lost) it seems strange that nearly all current literature in modern times appears to treat him as a fabulous character. This superficial treatment is due

to the fact that so many myths and fables have been hung about him, as about many other very real persons in all ages.

The great rocks—themselves a wonder—which mark the confines of the continents of Europe and Africa—at the narrow strait which unites the great inner sea with the vast ocean, have borne the name “Pillars of Hercules,” from immemorial time, and no doubt will until the world’s end. And where in Egypt, Greece, Italy, or any of those splendid and historic countries around the great inner sea of the planet, is there any such a perpetuation of the faiths and beliefs of the past, as relating to the pagan mythologies?

None appears—or at least none of any note.

One would suppose that Egypt’s wonderful pyramids might bear some name, but they do not. And, while in Greece Olympus bears its ancient name, as do various mountains, islands, rivers, etc., yet they do not perpetuate the names of pagan deities. The Pantheon at Rome, where once were gathered, they tell us, the effigies of no less than thirty-eight thousand gods and demi-gods of the pagan world, before the knowledge of Christ came, still survives, and still bears its suggestive name, but not even the name of one of the pagan deities it was built to commemorate.

Spain was devotedly attached to the faith and belief in Christ, several centuries before she stamped upon her coin in architectural form the Pillars of Hercules, and entwined them with the scroll of history.

A crude imitation of this, it is, which gives the dollar (\$) mark. The two straight lines stand for the pillars, and the mark resembling the letter S for the scroll of history or perhaps all literature or letters.

And of all the signs and symbols of paganism this alone has been permitted to survive, at least in common use. And the rightfulness of this seems to be plain, and very direct, yet most sublime and soul-thrilling are the reasons why it is so. Let us glance briefly at some of these grand themes, neglected though they be, and—like the base of the great Pyramid of Egypt, buried in rubbish and dirt.

One of man’s greatest needs and duties is to labor; and this too was one of the earliest commands of God—and to subdue the forces and resources of nature for his use.

And—after Noah—Hercules appears as the champion—the great, brave, devoted laborer and hero, subduing monsters, and

accomplishing great works for the good of his race—on the human side.

For like Prometheus, Æneas and others, he was represented as of half human and half divine origin, yet like man subject to a mortal's death. May we not reverently believe, that in the great economy of God's providences these poetic fables were the permitted foreshadowings of the coming of the Messiah—of the actual Jesus of Nazareth?

May they not have assisted very greatly to prepare the minds of Greeks and Latins, and all nations, for the Christian dispensation?

The labor sign, for such the Herculean cipher (\$) may be called, has rightfully been left the sole and only survivor of all the thousands of emblems and effigies represented in the great Pantheon, of Pagan, imperial, and conquering Rome. And Spain in perpetuating it—contrary to the whole current of her fierce opposition to all forms of paganism, and handing it down from the ancient to the modern world, and from the Eastern to the Western—certainly acted wiser than she knew, and wiser than the wisdom of men.

That she should adopt the architectural form of a pillar, instead of attempting to give a view of the Rock of Gibraltar and its African mate, was merely to follow the original idea which first suggested the name; and this made the device upon the coin more excellent and splendid, and, as we now see, fitted it also for universal and practical use.

And the dollar, already, under the stamp of Spain and various nations of the three Americas, but practically unchanged in weight and fineness for three and a half centuries, has circulated more widely, and been more favorably known over both hemispheres, than any coin of modern times, or indeed of any age.

And its claims as a universal basis, unit of value and exchange, far outrank that of any money ever made by ancient Rome, modern England, or any other nation in either hemisphere, or in any age of the world.

And the most commanding duties—in every good sense—as well as the most vital interests, admonish us to overthrow that treacherous betrayal of these just claims which begun long ago, and has advanced far on the road toward the consummation of a most evil purpose, or rather a set of evil plans—contrary to the welfare and safety of our country, and of mankind.

WHY I AM NOT A PROTECTIONIST.

In a former number of BELFORD's is an article by H. K. Thurber, entitled: "Why I am a Protectionist." The discussion of a tariff for protection is not, and under no circumstances can be, considered as new to the American people; it is now the same aggressive demands of combined capital and its supporters against consumers, laborers and agricultural producers that occupied the attention of a purer class of statesmen during the first half of the present century, with the variations found necessary by its advocates to beguile a confiding public. In the earlier days of protective discussion the laborer cut no figure, his name was not mentioned, nor did it enter the minds of the early debaters of the subject that labor had anything to do with protection or no protection. The theory of Henry Clay, the conceded leader of the protective theory (if not its founder) in his day was, that home manufacturing industries should be protected by legislation during their infancy only; when once established they could and would take care of themselves. The subsequent history of protected interests proves the far-reaching sagacity of that statesman. The protected interests have not only taken care of themselves, but now assume the right and are shaping the laws of the nation to the end that tribute shall be paid to them by all who are not of their guild. The now estimated population of the United States and its Territories is sixty-five millions of people, about three millions of whom are engaged as owners, managers and employes of manufacturing interests. I regret that I have no data by which the three millions can be properly classified in such manner as to enable the reader to form an intelligible estimate of the number of the protected capitalists, and their unprotected wage earners. The sixty-two millions of population are merchants, mechanics, artists, professions, trades and farmers. The protective tariff does not protect the merchants; they are middlemen.

A tariff is a duty laid upon imported goods; that is goods manufactured beyond the jurisdiction of the United States. The merchant middleman purchases the imported goods, the manu-

facture of which is protected in the United States, and in addition to the legitimate commercial value thereof pays the amount of the protective duties thereon, and when he sells them to the consuming class his profits must be added to the protective duty paid upon the imported article. It is perfectly plain therefore, that the merchant middleman neither loses nor gains by the protective system. It is equally clear, however, to the average mind, that the consumer pays the merchant (middleman) profits with the import duties, or what is now generally known as tariff protective duties added thereto. In the article herein referred to, the writer is under the impression that the price of labor is regulated by the protective tariff; and this delusion, for it is nothing more, is shared by a large body of the wage earners of the Commonwealth. It is a sound proposition of political economy that the wages of labor-like other commodities, are regulated by supply and demand; if the demand for labor exceeds the supply the wage earners avail themselves of the same law of commerce that governs merchants who, when the demand exceeds the supply augment their profits by increasing the price of the articles supplied. The wage earners supply their labor according to demand, and if the demand is greater than the supply they command a greater profit upon the article supplied by them, or in other words an increase of wages. This being true, it follows that when the supply of labor is greater than the demand the price of wages or hire decreases in proportion thereto.

The advocates of high protective tariff, with the ill logic that always accompanies the assaults of capital on labor, assure the confiding wage earners that every dollar of increased price on any protected article increases *pro tanto* the earnings of labor. Upon what is such assumption founded, or is there any truth in it whatever; since when have protected manufacturers of iron, steel, coal, cotton goods, woollen goods, or indeed any protected article, demanded an increase in the price of labor? Let the advocates of protection answer if they can; and while they are answering that, I desire them to explain, if they can, why the owners and managers of protected interests, for a quarter of a century, have steadily reduced the price of labor. It would be well for those who claim that tariff protection to manufacturers protects labor, to explain why one of the largest iron and steel manufacturers in the United States, who during the year had realized five million dollars' profit on protected iron and steel, should lock out five thousand employees because they refused to submit to a reduction of

twenty per cent. in their wages, and he a man of foreign birth who, like thousands of others, came to the United States to escape competition and avail himself of a high protective tariff to make millions out of the unprotected consumers who are not permitted to purchase in the public markets of the world the protected articles they require for their necessities.

I have in this paper asserted that labor, like other commodities, is governed by supply and demand. Mr. Thurber says: "The question then arises; is it for the interest and welfare of this country to crowd our wage earners? Most emphatically, it is not. We have no moral right to place our citizens in direct competition with the masses in Europe, and allow that competition to reduce the wages of our people, as, without a protective tariff, it surely will do." Does the writer of that paragraph understand that there is no law in this country restricting emigration, except in the case of contract laborers, paupers and Chinese. Hon. James G. Blaine in his report upon the condition of labor of Europe, says: "The laborer can live as cheap in New York as in London or Manchester." Mr. Blaine is a protectionist, and was the head central power behind the present protective administration, hence I quote him as authority. What is true of the cheapness of living in New York, must be true of the United States as a whole. The reason why Mr. Blaine is correct will be apparent to any man who will take the pains to investigate the food supply of England, whose manufacturing industries are more obnoxious to the protected interests of our country than those of any of the other European States. The bread, beef, pork, lard, canned goods of all kinds, including fruits, honey, fish and meats, that the English laborers eat, are largely furnished by the United States; it is thus too plain to admit of doubt, that the food supplied by the United States to the European laborers is at the additional cost of first; Transatlantic transportation; second, profits or commissions of the merchant or middleman; hence the loaf of bread or pound of meat used by them is more expensive than in New York, and still more so than in those States that more generally produce those articles. Is it any wonder then that European laborers who support themselves and families by their daily toil seek that country where labor is as well paid and the necessities of life cheaper, and is it not plain that their arrival here produces a surplus of labor element; and is it not an historical fact, that the manufacturing lords who have acquired millions in the way of progress and benefits under the protective system meet the incoming

hordes of European laborers at their various ports of disembarkation, and welcome them with open arms to their protected mines and factories, at European rates of wages, to the displacement of the home laborers whose patient toil has earned for their millionaire masters and owners of protected interests, the fortunes with which they are now seeking by means of a further high protective tariff, to crush the laboring and consuming element of the country.

If I am right, and I appeal with confidence to a candid, thinking public for their judgment that I am, it follows that a protective tariff does not protect labor, and that the only legislation that can protect labor is a tariff on imported labor in whatever form it may come, or by restrictive laws such as apply to the Chinese, the constitutionality of which as it relates to treaties, forms no part of this paper.

As an argument in favor of protection its advocates say that we pay to Wales the sum of \$20,000,000 per annum for tin plate; that a high protection tariff would stimulate that industry at home and distribute that sum of money among American wage earners in place of those of Wales. It is apparent that the result of such tariff would be to add at least \$40,000,000 expense to the various unprotected canned fruits, meats, vegetables, etc., the surplus of which is annually exported to, and which must find a foreign market or remain on the hands of the producers. I here again quote from Mr. Thurber: "I contend that this country, as a whole would, if we placed a protective tariff on this article of tin plate, be more than \$20,000,000 annually the richer; for we should compel the labor and capital now engaged in Wales to come here and use our own raw material." The writer of the paragraph quoted, like those whose ideas he represents, says more than enough to convince the laboring men that protected manufactures does not protect labor, for the reason that it advocates what all the protected interests have been for years and are now doing, importing the cheap labor of Wales and other European States to compete with the home wage earners who have been years struggling with their protected masters in the vain hope that their wages will not be reduced to even a lower figure than those of their fellow wage earners of Europe. Notable instances of the truth of this proposition are to be found in the Barbours, twine manufacturers at Paterson, New Jersey; the Coates, the Clarks, and other spool cotton manufacturers; the Carnegies, and others who brought their plants and wage-earners from

Europe, appreciating as they did the benefits of the protective system.

The world stands aghast at the colossal fortunes made in a few years in the United States by foreigners who availed themselves of a combination of the cheap labor of Europe and the high protective tariff of America. As the result of the combination of cheap European labor and high protective tariff the great coal fields of the United States and many large manufacturing industries, especially those of iron and steel, are operated by imported European wage-earners, as objectionable to our civilization as those of Asia, at a general wage rate but little, if any, above that paid in Europe, and in many cases less, while the mutterings of discontent of the displaced and locked out home wage-earners whose voices are raised only in defence of a reduction of their wages by the owners of protected interests are silenced by the presence of a private army under the name of Pinkerton's detectives, equipped and paid for by the millionaire owners of protected industries, and yet protectionists insist that protection as taught by them protects labor. Can egotistic presumption on their part or confidence in the ignorance and credulity of the wage-earners go further?

Of the sixty-two millions of people not engaged in manufacturing or mining industries as owners or employees, the greater part, say forty millions, are agriculturists—or to speak more plainly, farmers—forty million farmers employ more labor or wage-earners than all of the manufacturing and mining interests combined. With the exception of the precious metals they produce the great bulk of exports that keep, as a rule, the balance of exchange in our favor. They for twenty-five years have been neither happy nor prosperous. The iron and steel of which the plows used by them to prepare the soil for seed are made, the rakes that they use in their gardens, the hoes with which they cultivate their corn, the seed sower, the mower, hay rake, thresher, in fact everything used by them in the production of the nation's wealth; the woolen clothes upon their persons, the iron shoes upon their horses' feet, and the sacks that hold their grain are so protected as to cost them from thirty to one hundred per cent. more than they would if they were permitted to purchase them in the open world's market. The protected manufacturing industries purchase their unprotected laborers or wage-earners, skilled or unskilled, in the open markets of the world, thus inviting the whole world to compete for the labor

required to manufacture protected articles. The produce of the farmers is largely in excess of the home demand; for that excess they must seek the open markets of the world and meet and overcome competition by the superiority of their products; the tariff system permits them to sell in the world's market, provided always that the produce has paid its tariff dues to the protected industries.

If the high protection laws would permit farmers to exchange in the world's market their surplus products for machinery and other necessities in the production of their surplus, it is plain that their profits would be augmented to the amount of the tariff duty imposed upon articles necessary for their use. If protected goods and unprotected farm produce forces farmers to the wall and brings the wolf to their doors, can they, or are they in a condition to properly pay, house and feed the large body of wage-earners dependent upon them? If the former fails the latter must suffer *ex necessitate rei*, and furnishes all the argument necessary to convince a reasonable mind that high protective tariff does not protect labor.

Protected industries depend upon tariff laws covering a home market; when that is supplied and trade becomes dull, under the plea of over production, production is stopped until the home surplus is consumed, and unprotected labor until the home protected surplus is consumed.

Los Angeles, Cal.

A. J. KING.

WOMAN IN MUSIC.

Much has been written about the singular fact that woman, although she has had more chances to study music than any other art, has written so little, and nothing of high excellence. As an *inspirer* in the world of tone, nobody will deny her importance. The number of works written for or at the suggestion of women, and dedicated to them, is immense. As an *interpreter* of the works of others, she is the equal of man. The realm of song particularly shows a galaxy of brilliant names. As a *creator* alone, she cannot compete with man, although she has proved her ability to create in literature and the fine arts. The opponents of the higher education of woman and those that cry out against her modern aspirations, draw the conclusion that her efforts in musi-

cal composition are vain, "for she has had the same opportunities as man for the study of music, and she has not reached the same results." Let us see whether the opportunities were really the same. If we consider a conservatory course as sufficient to produce musicians and composers worthy of note, then woman has had a fair chance, for the majority of pupils in the conservatories are of the female sex. But is it the conservatories that have given us Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Liszt, Schumann and Wagner? No, all the truly great musicians of the world have not had the fashionable conservatory training. From the hosts of young men who flock to such institutions in this country and the Old World, not one Mozart has stepped forth, not even a Mendelssohn. It is not the conservatory which makes men great composers—why should we expect it to work miracles on woman? The fact is, that musical composition is not so easy a thing as most people imagine. A composer is not merely a phonograph, recording the sounds that vibrate in his inner ear when the moment of inspiration comes. It is easy enough to write a melody after hearing it, but to harmonize it, to work it out into a theme, to link one theme to another until some beautiful tone-structure is completed, a sonata or a symphony—that is quite another thing. That is a task which requires not only inventive genius, but a knowledge of musical forms, a mastery of the harmonic material, and judgment. Such work requires thinking power of no ordinary degree; it presumes an amount of intellectual discipline, which men in general have always had, but which women were deprived of until lately. The kind of education our great grandmothers received was not adapted to foster logical thinking. They spun and stitched their way through the dreamland of maidenhood, they awoke to the drudgery of real life with no other spiritual guide and comfort than the Bible, with no reading for pastime but an almanac and a receipt book. Although woman has since entered many a new field of occupation and her mental horizon has been greatly widened the influence of the "good old times" still lingers in the average woman. The power of these inherited tendencies must be overcome before we can expect woman successfully to compete with man in the field of musical composition. This century, which has seen so much of what we call emancipation, has inaugurated also that movement known as "woman's rights." The right of woman to the intellectual training offered to man is indisputable. It is acknowledged by the opening of college after college to female students. The demand for higher and

highest education means more than the demand for the ballot. It means that women have awakened to the consciousness that they must learn to *think*. Let the average woman embrace the opportunities for the culture of the intellect now offered her and a few centuries will bring to light the results of such training. A thousand years from now when all that nonsense about the sphere of woman will have evaporated, when social conditions will have undergone certain changes for the better, which may now be looked upon as Utopian, but nevertheless lie at the extremity of the road of evolution; when woman will study music no longer as an accomplishment to add to her social charms, but as an art and a science worthy of a life's devotion, then it will be fair to compare the work of woman in music with that of man, not before.

Yet it would be wrong to ignore totally the amount of work hitherto accomplished by woman in the field of musical composition. In every realm of human labor quantity far surpasses quality. How much of the poor, the mediocre, has to be passed through before any degree of excellence is reached? How many pages of music we must look over before we can find a bit of choice melody, a chord progression of real beauty. Though the music of woman does not belong to the first, nor even to the second or third rank, the names of female composers deserve mention as much as those of the men who have more or less successfully worked in that direction. The following is a list of woman composers, arranged chronologically, and according to their nationality, compiled from encyclopedias and musical periodicals:

XVITH CENTURY.

ITALY.

Vittoria Alcott (Madrigals).
Maddalena Casulana (Madrigals).
Corona di Somentis (sacred music).

FRANCE.

Clementine de Bourges (various works).

XVIIITH CENTURY.

ITALY.

Francesca Caccini (operas, played about the year 1620).
Cornelia Calegari (six part mass).
Margarita Gozzolani (eight part psalm).
Isabella Leonardi (sacred music).
Orsina Visani (songs).

FRANCE.

Mme. de la Guerre (opera played about 1694).
Mme. de Mezangères (piano music).

GERMANY.

Anna Margarethe Meisterin (chorals).

XVIIITH CENTURY.

ITALY.

- Maria Th. Agnesi (operas and piano music).
 Margarita Grimani (oratorio).
 Maddalena di Sirmen, née Lombardini (violin music). This most remarkable woman was a famous singer and a brilliant violinist. She was a pupil of Tartini, and a rival of Nardini.
 Regina Strinasacchi (violin music).

FRANCE.

- Mme. de Beaumesnil (opera).
 Mlle. Caroline (vaudeville).
 Mme. Simon-Candeille (opera and piano music).
 Mme. Delaval (harp music).
 Mlle. Dezède (opera).
 Lucile Grêtry (opera). This highly gifted woman was a daughter of the eminent French composer Grêtry. She married at the age of fourteen, and died a year after. Of her two operas, one was played in Germany in 1790.
 Mlle. Guenin (pastoral).
 Mme. de Musigny (romances).
 Marie Anne Quinault (motets).
 Mlle. Wulet (comic opera).

GERMANY.

- Countess von Ahlefeldt (ballet music).
 Amalia, Princess of Weimar (comic opera).
 Anna Amalie, Princess of Prussia, (oratorios, orchestra music), etc. This pupil of the famous theorist Kirnbuger, and friend of Ph. Eman-

GERMANY.—Continued.

- uel Bach, was perhaps the greatest musical scholar among women. Her celebrated teacher quotes passages from her works as model examples of style.
 Adelheid Eichner (songs).
 Sophie Hässler (piano music and songs). The wife and pupil of J. W. Hässler, one of the great masters of German music at that time. Sophie Hässler in the absence of her husband conducted the Philharmonic concerts at Erfurt.
 Josephine Kantzler (songs, piano and chamber music).
 Marie Antonie, Princess of Saxony (opera).
 Baroness Meyer (piano music).
 Juliane Reichardt (songs and sonatas).
 Corona Schroeter (songs). This gifted singer and friend of Goethe was the first to set to music the Erlking.
 Regina Gertrud Schwarz (songs).
 Wilhelmine von Troschke (piano music).
 Walpurga, Princess of Bavaria (opera).
 Walpurga, Princess of Saxony (opera).

ENGLAND.

- Elizabeth Billington (songs and piano music).
 Elizabeth Boyd (masque).
 Mrs. Jordan (songs).
 Mrs. Lewis (opera).

HOLLAND.

- Mlle. Broës (piano music).

XIXTH CENTURY.

ITALY.

- Ursula Asperi (operas).
 Lucilla Diaz (vaudeville).
 Carolina Ferrari (opera).
 Julietta Folville (opera).
 Adolfa Galloni (opera).

- Signora Gerbini (violin music).
 Teresa Guidi Lionetti (opera).
 Carolina Nicolini, née Pazzini (opera).
 Teresa Seneka (opera).
 Marianna Sessi (songs).
 Guilia Tirindelli (opera).
 Elise Ziliotte (opera).

XIXTH CENTURY.—Continued.

FRANCE.

Mlle. Louise Bertin (opera).
 Antoinette Biagoli (opera).
 Marie Bigot (piano music).
 Mme. de Blot (—) Sabatier (opera).
 Cecile Camiade (opera).
 Mlle. Chaminade (piano music).
 Mlle. Collinet (opera).
 Mlle. Deshayes (songs.)
 Hermine Dejazet (opera).
 Jeanne Devisne (opera).
 Mme. Duchambe (songs).
 Mlle. Duvall (ballet music).
 Mlle. de Gail (opera).
 Stephanie de Genlis (harp music).
 Mme. Grammont (piano music).
 Mme. de Grandval (symphony, cantata, opera).
 Mme. de la Hage (opera, mass, piano music).
 Mme. de Hermet (piano music).
 Mme. Heriette Viardot (opera).
 Augusta Holmes (cantata, opera, etc.)
 Hortense, mother of Napoleon III. (songs).
 Mme. Jungmann (ballet music).
 Mlle. de Kerkado (opera).
 Suzanne Lagier (opera).
 Malibran (songs).
 Mme. de Maistre (opera).
 Marguerite Olaguier (opera).
 Mme. Paigne (opera).
 Mme. Perrier-Pilte (opera).
 Amelie Peronnet (opera).
 Mme. Puget-Lemoine (opera).
 Mme. de Reynac (opera).
 Mlle. de Rivay (opera).
 Mlle. de Roche Jagn (opera).
 Mlle. Alma Rouch (opera).
 Mme. Sainte-Croix (opera).
 Eugenie Coloma Sourget (opera).
 Mll. Stuart-Stressa (opera).
 Mme. Tarbe de Sablon (opera).
 Mlle. Pauline Thys (opera).
 Mme. Caroline Uccelli (opera).
 Delphine Ugalde (opera).
 Pauline Viardot-Garcia (songs).

GERMANY.

Mme. de Vismes (opera).
 Bettina von Arnim (songs).
 Amalie, Princess of Saxony (opera).
 Elise Bachmann (piano music).
 Julie Baroni-Cavalcabo (piano music).
 Anna Bockholtz-Falconi (songs).
 Ingeborg Broussart, née Stark (opera, songs, piano music). This eminent pianist and composer is a pupil of Liszt. One of her most popular works is her book of children's songs. Her first operatic effort was founded on Goethe's *Jery and Betely*. For her last work "*König Hiarne*," Hans von Broussart, her husband, and Bodenstedt wrote the libretto.
 Bertha von Bruckenthal (chorus music).
 Catharina Cibbini (piano music).
 Wilhelmine Claus-Szarvady (piano music).
 Pauline Decker (songs).
 Elise Filipowicz (violin music).
 Princess Friedrich Karl of Prussia (songs).
 Fanny Gaschin, née Resenberg (piano music).
 Constanze Geiger (piano music).
 Josepha Müllner Gollenhofen (opera, harp and chamber music).
 Sophie Wilhelmine Hebenstreit (songs).
 Sara Heinze (excellent piano arrangements of Bach's and Wagner's works.)
 Fanny Hensel, sister of Mendelssohn (songs and piano music).
 Aline Handt, pupil of Liszt (songs and symphony in G minor).
 Louise Jappa (opera, piano and chamber music).
 Johanna Kinkel (songs, cantata, opera).
 Caroline Krachmer (piano and clarinet music).
 Josephine Lang (songs).

XIXTH CENTURY.—Continued.

GERMANY.—Continued.

Catharine Lambert-Mosel (piano music)

Helene Liebmann, née Riese (chamber music).

Emilie Meyer (numerous works for violin, orchestra, etc.). This voluminous writer is the author of a very fine D major violin sonata; her B-flat major symphony was played by Liebig's orchestra in Berlin.

Maria Therese Paradies (songs and opera).

Mme. Pott (grand mass and chamber music).

Louise Reichardt (songs).

Elise Schmetzer (opera).

F. M. Schreiner (piano and clarinet music).

Clara Schumann, née Wieck (songs and piano music). In Schumann's works may be sometimes seen the remark: "Motive by C. W." Thus the David's bundler and änze begin with a theme given by her.

Caroline von Seckendorf (songs).

Frl. Stollewerk (songs)

Caroline Wiseneder (songs and opera).

Emilie Zumsteeg (songs).

ENGLAND.

Miss G. A. Becket (opera).

Mary N. V. Gabriel (opera).

Christine Morrison (opera).

Anne S. Mounsey (oratorio).

HOLLAND.

Mlle. dell Acqua (opera).

Mlle. Tennstedt (opera).

BELGIUM.

Caroline Samuel (songs and piano music).

SWEDEN.

Helen Munklet (opera).

NORWAY.

Friederike Egeberg (songs and piano music).

Emma Freyse (songs).

Agathe Grondahl (songs and chorus music).

RUSSIA.

Mme. A. N. Serow (opera).

POLAND.

Countess Clementine Grabowska (piano music).

Countess Komorowska (piano music).

Marie Szymanowska (piano music).

SPAIN.

Donna Cesella (opera).

A. S. Leonard (various works).

UNITED STATES.

Orleana Anderson Boker (piano music).

Julia Rivé King (piano music).

A number of women have distinguished themselves as writers on music. Frl. von Freudenberg published in 1728 a short treatise on thorough bass. Johanna Kinkel wrote letters on piano teaching, and a very readable novel, "Musical Orthodoxy." Lina Ramaun is the author of a fine biography of Liszt, an essay on Liszt's oratorio "Christus," a book on Haendel and Bach, and the German translator and editor of Liszt's writings. Louise Otto wrote several opera librettos, and various essays on music for periodicals. La Mara (Marie Lipsius), is the author of the excellent works "Musikalische Studienköpfe" and "Gedanken

beruhmter Musiker uber ihre Kunst." She also translated Liszt's monograph on Chopin. The Marchese and Voghiera paid all the expenses of Viotti's education. Wilhelmine von Chezy wrote the libretto for Weber's Euryanthe.

The above given list contains the names of 156 female composers (the authors of Maiden's Prayers and similar trash excepted). Thus in spite of hereditary impediments and social prejudices the *amount* of work done by women in the field of musical composition, has been considerable. What it will be, when a sound intellectual training and other indispensable conditions will enable her to compete with man *qualitatively*, the future will show.

Chicago, Ill.

A. ENDE.

THOUGHTS ON MATTERS LYRIC AND DRAMATIC.

Chicago is evidently entering the race for supremacy in lyric art as well as in practical. In fact she already has, in "Music" a periodical which, although somewhat hypercritical and *faddish*, as may be expected from all such young beginners, is nevertheless honest, energetic and enthusiastic, beyond anything of the kind produced in New York or elsewhere. She has also the finest concert hall in the world, her theaters are fully on a level with the best in New York, and her managers are far more what managers ought to be—artists with business tact, instead of business men with artistic leanings—the leanings being mainly toward the box office side.

It may be, too, that Chicago will have the pull in the production of good opera, since it is by no means certain that her rival, New York, will have any home to offer that delicate and aristocratic exotic, "It may be for years, and it may be forever."

I trust that the Empire City of the West will appreciate her good fortune and make the best of it, and that petty jealousies will not be allowed to mar the fair promise of futurity.

In Mr. Thomas, Chicago has altogether the best conductor on this side of the water, in fact, his supremacy is so marked that none of the other musical directors in the United States can be in any wise compared with him, but great as a musician, eminent as a disciplinarian as he is, he is subject to many weaknesses common to men of artistic fiber. He is ungenial, uncompromising and jealous of his well-earned fame and position.

Having worked his way up from a moderately good orchestra player to the very crown and top of his profession by sheer hard work and natural aptitude, he is displeased to see immature lads "with a pull" foisted into position by money and influence, while he who made the opportunity is denied the fruition—and still more disgruntled that a man from a provincial town in Germany, although a good musician, yet a musician of a clique, should be acclaimed as a shining light, and his Wagnerian experience lauded as universal fitness.

Mr. Thomas is an "all around" man. Mr. Seidl is a one-sided man. Mr. Damrosch is not yet a man at all; he is a clean lad precociously elevated, and giddy from the unballasted height, he has been hoisted to.

But all this is no reason for the exclusion or neglect of these men in the Chicago World's Fair. As the accepted leaders of the musical forces of New York, they have a right—an indefeasible right—to be present, and should not be kept out by that narrow policy which unfortunately characterizes the conduct of musicians, especially if they be Germans.

The Teutonic nature, admirable as it is in many respects, is eminently clannish and prone to limit its humanity to the end of its own nose. Brought up as Germans under a paternal government with little will of their own, educated on the principle "spare the rod, spoil the child," drilled, doctored and dominated from their childhood up and taught to look up to one man as a god on earth, it is not a trip to America that can change their nature. They are good citizens here as they were good subjects there—by force of habit—but the true essence of liberty is "to them unknown," as was French of Paris to Chaucer's Nun. They are republicans in the restricted party sense of the term, believers in sumptuary laws and governmental restrictions. Mrs. Partington's every one of 'em, who, with their pitiful brooms would sweep out the tide of liberality and tie the people up in a knot. Witness the Musical Protective Unions which, like snarling dogs having found a bone with lots of meat on it, would fain prevent even their own congeners looking for another.

America is, as it ought to be, a land of freedom and fair play, and the most purely American city should see to it that Teutonic narrowness does not mar its universality.

Every one must admit that the series of concerts given under the direction of Mr. Seidl, at the Madison Square Hall, New York, was an admirable one. The band, under the magnificent

leading of Mr. Clifford Schmidt, who as an orchestral violinist has no equal; and under the no less able conducting of Mr. Seidl, who although no god, is still in a somewhat restricted sense, a competent director and an excellent musician of the later school, played some capital programs extending from Rossini to Wagner inclusive, with spirit, tone, and precision; delightful to hear, and pleasant to remember. Even the "William Tell" overture was given admirably, and met a whirl of applause and a demand for repetition.

The overture and ballet music written for the Parisian presentation of Tannhauser, by the great Messiah of the Music of the Future, is a magnificent production, and was grandly given. It is indeed a master-work, and gives ample evidence that had Wagner left vocal music alone he would have stood shoulder to shoulder with the greatest masters of symphony. In fact, he will do so yet, when his cranks and quiddits all forgotten, his Tristans and Parsifals pigeon-holed, and his crude criticisms of masters greater than he condoned or forgotten, he shall stand on his merits as the greatest harmonist and orchestrator of the nineteenth century.

It is a burning shame that the work of a musical composer should be marred, maimed and disfigured at the will of tradesmen masquerading as theatrical and operatic managers, that Offenbach should be Kerkerized, Sullivan soiled and Audrain altered to suit the clumsy intelligence of star buffoons or un-ideal leading ladies. The Grande Duchesse snow-bound at the New York Casino was bad enough, but the murder of the Mascotte at Palmer's Theater was more criminal still; and the emasculation of Patience by the same cruel hands is worst of all. Why should not dramatic authors and composers have the right of preventing the murder of their offspring? Why should Mr. Dixey be permitted to cut, interpolate and disfigure at his own will, Mr. Gilbert's lines and Sir Arthur Sullivan's music? It is surely bad enough to have to suffer the innate stupidity of actors and the inanity of singers, without being forced to submit to the villainy of stage managers and the impertinence of a star of the tenth magnitude.

"Oh ye of little faith" and less judgment, be content to speak the lines and to sing the music set down for you by the masters of the art, or else get ye to the one-finger composers, such as Rice and Woolson Morse, who will give you finger in plenty and whom amputation and amplification will not injure, for *ex nihilo nil fit*.

The craze which has arisen among American dramatists for localization is neither creditable to them nor complimentary to the public, which is, for the most part, infinitely more intelligent than the playwrights, who, being generally of the middle class, both in station and in education, are ignorant of many things worthy to be known. Their ignorance is only equaled by that of critics, and between them, they make a sad mess of it occasionally.

Witness the "Settled out of Court" paraphrased by Mr. Gillette from the French of Bisson.

The adaptation gives for household servant to a dignified judge of the English courts, whose servitor would naturally be a powdered liveried, silk-stockinged footman, a dirty Irish slavey, such as would be found only in a Bloomsbury lodging house in London, or in a police justice's house in New York.

When *Patience* was about to be produced here for the first time, the knowing ones advised Mr. Gilbert to localize his book, on the ground that the allusions would not be understood in New York. He being a man of education and observation, was of the opinion that New Yorkers, by reason of foreign travel, were well informed on London localities and allusions, and therefore refused to alter a word.

The consequence was that the New York public caught on to every one of the jokes, local and cockney as they were, and the ignorant localizers were put to shame.

The ignorance lies not with the public, but with the one-horse authors and the counter-jumping managers.

If the fashionable world of New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other great cities continues to imitate the amusements of the aristocracy of Europe, it must put its hand into its pocket without the peddling niggardiiness that has hitherto been conspicuous in its fostering of operatic matters.

Of course all talk of government subvention is futile, for we have not arrived at that pitch of brotherhood which would lead the hard-fisted mechanic to tax himself so that the millionaire might have his plutocratic ears tickled by Wagner, Mozart, or Bizet.

The millionaire must pay for his whistle, and pay dearly too. Persons who have nightingales "cornered" in their throats will not start them singing without great inducement, as indeed, why should they? The career of a singer, not including farewell tours, is scarcely more than twenty years at best, and those

fortunate enough to please the fickle public must make hay while the sun shines.

The surroundings also are costly. Opera cannot be given with a few fiddlers; it must have an orchestra of at least, sixty, with expansions when needed. It must have chorus, ballets, scenery and dresses of the best, and "no fakes allowed." And so, if Cræsus will have opera like his betters, he must still his storekeeping heredities and either "put up, or shut up" as the sporting slang has it. If he will not or cannot do this, let him or her content themselves with the national "Variety Show" which, after all is most congenial to their nature.

This story of grand opera in this country is one of a struggle between enterprising and hopeful impressarios and niggardly, caddish subscribers. Now is the time for Chicago to come forward and show her grit. What a triumph would it be for the Queen of the West to establish a genuine Grand Opera on a substantial basis, and to make herself the center of musical culture in the Western world.

How is the art dramatic fallen, when pugilists, bruisers, mere butting bulls, step from the ring to the stage, and are greeted by admiring idiots to whose obtuse perceptions notoriety means fame. "Jim Corbett" will be the next "star" in a boxing play. His defeated opponent, John L. Sullivan, who has already amply demonstrated his utter lack of dramatic ability, will also have a try, trusting, probably, to the compassion of the people for a beaten boxer. Corbett may have talent, and certainly has education and appearance, but John L. has none of the three.

Optimistic assesprate of the "advancement of the stage," in face of the salient fact that, at present, it is the last resort of bullies, castoff mistresses, divorced wives and broken down sports. Bah !

Daly's new leading man, Mr. Bouchier, will probably "knock out" all the other "beauty men" who are the pets of the matinee girls at the present time. He is young, handsome, of gentle birth, and has twenty thousand dollars a year private income. After that, what does it matter whether he can act or not? But he can, and well too. Why he should go on the stage, with such a comfortable private income, is, as Lord Dundreary used to say: "One of those things no fellah can find out." Probably because he likes to show off his figure to the gaping girls. He will be a great catch for Daly, however, and will draw like a locomotive engine.

Smart fellow, Daly!

The dramatic tide is at a low ebb. There is not a single actor or actress of real merit to the fore at this time. Our tragedians are blatant mouthers: our comedians buffoons; our leading ladies milliners' show girls or fustian ranters; our singers voiceless lumps, and our juvenile actors shop walkers.

There is, however, one hope left. After a neap tide comes a spring; after calm, tempest; change is a law of nature. We shall have an influx of talent from the "Akasu" one of these days. Heaven knows it is needed, and when it comes it will be welcomed by the public, whatever the mechanical managers may say. There are other points of view than the box office to the far-sighted.

What a glorious triumph it would be for Chicago if her men of wealth and culture, would combine to establish a real opera, as the citizens of New Orleans did "afo' de wah."

Although a herculean task for a single manager, it would be as light as a feather to a combination of millionaires, and what an ad it would be for the city all over the world. Think of it, oh, ye rich!

The stockholders in the Metropolitan Opera House are the cream of New York plutocracy, yet have they in their character as shop keepers decided to sell their half burnt theater to the highest bidder to be turned into a hotel, stores, offices, lodging houses, or what not.

So be it. It was to be expected. Music is a divine emanation, and "Ye cannot worship God and Mammon."

Wall street with its brawls and bellowings, heavy luncheons, strong cigars and whiskey cocktails all day long, and a straight American variety theater at night with straight American knock-down fun, and straight American buffoonery, is about the mark of New York's swelldom. As for opera! "Pearls before swine" is the phrase, rude though it be.

Stick to your shops, ye merchants, be industrious and thrifty, so shall "poor Richard" and the Philistines bless your honest endeavor. To put it plainly: "Root hog or die."

Chicago and New York.

FRED LYSTER.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

SELF-PROTECTION A DUTY.

The approach of an Asiatic pestilence has aroused the Federal Government to prompt, and it is to be hoped, efficient action, this taking the form of a strict quarantine against vessels sailing from ports known to be infected. The cholera "scare" will lead to more carefulness in regard to the sanitation of cities, and will thus be productive of good results.

But there is something more than the exclusion of a foul and fatal disease from our shores to be considered in this connection, and it is a question which will not down. Overcrowded Asiatic and European nations, and notably Russia, are the breeding places of cholera and other epidemics. Starting from the Volga the plague sweeps through Europe; at Hamburg, Bremen or some other Atlantic port it takes ship for the New World. It should be stopped on the other side of the ocean. In every case so far recorded the dread disease has been brought on emigrant ships and the victims have been the lowest class of Russians and Poles. Crowded like cattle in a dirty steerage, filthy in their habits, half-starved during a whole lifetime these poor creatures fall an easy prey to the disease, which they are the means of conveying to others.

Do we want these immigrants at all—sick or well? Leaving aside the danger of physical pestilence conveyed by them, are they desirable acquisitions? Statisticians have figured out, and figures can be made to prove anything, that every able-bodied adult immigrant is worth so many hundred dollars to the United States when he lands. Carlyle said that while a good sound horse was worth twenty *Freidrichs d'Or*, society could well afford to give a full-grown man an equal sum if he would go off and quietly hang himself. The truth lies between the two extremes.

The United States has room for and welcomes desirable immigrants; it may well be excused if in the present social and industrial conditions it declines to become the dumping-ground for the offscourings of Europe.

This country has always offered inducements to the enterprising and energetic of all nations who come here in good faith in the hope of bettering their condition. Its foundation was laid by Europeans, its people trace their descent back but a few generations to England, to France, to Germany, to Ireland, Scotland or the Scandinavian nations. The bone and sinew, the brains and courage of these races have combined to build up a nation of sixty five millions of people, and to conquer a continent for civilization. But it does not follow that under the changed conditions of to-day the United States is to open its doors to persons as undesirable morally, physically and mentally as its former guests were desirable. We have excluded the Chinese, arbitrarily and simply as a matter of self-protection. Why should we admit the Russian and the Hun?

The Chinaman is industrious, sober and frugal. He works hard and demands full pay for his labor. He does not underbid the native born toiler. What little eccentricities of stabbing and killing he may be guilty of, the victim is always one of his own race. He is said to indulge in opium smoking, but he doesn't drink whisky or assault people on the street. Nor does he act as a direct medium for the conveyance of a pestilence. And he can come no more into the land of the free, simply because in self defence the American people have so declared. We submit that the same process of reasoning which led to the passage of the Chinese Exclusion Act would logically permit and in fact logically demand the peremptory stoppage of undesirable Caucasian immigration. The United States has built up for the protection of its manufacturing interests, a wall in the shape of a protective tariff, which operates against all other nations. English cottons and French silks must pay duty at the Custom House; the lowest class of ignorant Europeans pass in free.

If it be objected that by excluding undesirable foreigners, the United States would be false to the traditions of the past, the answer is ready. In the early days of the Republic, ere steamships were known, and when locomotion was difficult, the possible influx of foreigners was very limited. We drew our immigrants from the British Islands, Germany and Scandinavia. We needed them; we offered good inducements to good men and we got the pick

of all those countries. The young, the energetic, the ambitious; men desirous of bettering their fortunes, men with capital, if not in cash at least in brains and muscle, an inventive force and adaptability to new conditions, came in response to the invitation.

But this furnishes no argument why the United States to-day should constitute itself an employment bureau for the pauper labor of Europe. We want men who speak, or who at least will learn, our language, who are willing to adopt our institutions and to become good citizens of the greatest Commonwealth the world has ever seen. For their protection we ought to draw the line against the class who possess none of these desiderata. Without invidiously particularizing, it can truthfully be said that a large proportion of the present immigration is neither desirable nor to be long endured. This undesirable addition to our population is increasing yearly, and ought to be stopped. We have quarantined against the cholera, let us quarantine against the mental, physical and moral degradation entailed by the continued admission of the refuse of Europe.

A strong objection, possibly the strongest of all objections, to the admission of certain class of foreigners, is that they can never become Americans. The Irish, German, Swede, French or English-born immigrant, either can speak our language or soon learns it. No ties of race or creed prevent him from marrying into families of American birth. His children attend the public schools, his sons and daughters are as one with the native-born. But the Russian Jew, hampered by his creed, his ignorance of a language which neither he nor his children will ever learn; the clannish Slav—neither of these any more than the Chinaman contain the material of citizenship. What service would they be to the nation in case of a call to arms? What are they fit for but hewers of wood and drawers of water?

The ways and means of carrying out the needed reform can be found. The President of the United States discovered that he had ample power to deal with the cholera exigency and acted accordingly. If the statutory power of exclusion does not exist, legislation can be had, for there is nothing in the Constitution to inhibit it. Assuming that difficulties might arise if absolute prohibition of entire classes were proposed, the imposition of a practically prohibitive capitation tax would meet the case. This country is not hungering and thirsting for the coming of people who are shipped by European governments in order to get rid of them, and who land at New York without a dollar, ignorant alike

of our language and our laws. Such a tax—say of a hundred dollars per head—would not keep out the class of immigrants whom we do want, but would prove an effectual barrier to the influx of pauper lunatics and pestilence breeding nuisances with whom we are afflicted. It is time that the sacred right of self-protection was invoked.

OUR PATENT SYSTEM.

Is the patent system in vogue in this country beneficial to the nation, or a hindrance to the development of our resources? This is a question comparatively new, but to the economist it is a problem for thoughtful study.

A patent is an unrestricted monopoly, created and protected by the laws of the United States.

It was the intention of the patent laws to make it possible for an inventor to be rewarded for his genius, and to encourage mechanical improvement and scientific research. Has this been attained? If the history of patents and the biographies of patentees be considered, the answer must be in the negative. In some instances men of genius who have made sacrifices to perfect devices which have been for the benefit of the country were fairly compensated for their time and labor, but these have been exceptions. Examining a hundred patents selected at random it will be found that the more simple have been largely profitable while those machines which have required years of study and toil brought little or no profit. In the one case the patentee secured a monopoly on something which required hardly any brain work to perfect, and no unusual genius, yet the law allows him to take from his fellows an exorbitant tax. This can be but a miscarriage of the justice intended to be incorporated in the patent laws, and it is a powerful argument against the present system.

In building a passenger locomotive about forty "protected" devices are necessary to the attainment of a high class machine. On every fire box of the usual pattern a royalty of five hundred dollars is collected; while on the complete locomotive about three thousand dollars is paid in royalties, directly and indirectly, whereas the whole cost is twelve thousand dollars. The efforts of the companies to escape this tax have been unavailing. Are not these taxes retarding the development of the country? Would not cheaper rolling stock mean more and better railroads, and consequently increased labor?

It is however, in the field of electrical invention that the patent monopoly promises to be most harmful. Thousands of patents have been issued on electrical devices and the applications are flowing into the Patent Office in an increasing volume. That some schemer overlooked securing a monopoly on the current and collecting royalties by the volt is a wonder. On the average, electric machines sell for many times their cost. A few years ago the monopoly was even more arbitrary in the matter of prices. The great cost of equipping electric railways is the only reason that lines are not now extended to rural towns and through sections where the locomotive whistle and rapid transit are unknown. Electricity would be available at a trifling cost were it not for the expense of the various appliances required in its separation and distribution. In fact, it seems almost a hopeless task to attempt the development of our country through the use of the universal power while the prices of the necessary appliances are fixed at such an artificial standard.

During the past ten years the telephone companies have given the people a taste of patent monopoly which has been bitter. A charge of three to five dollars is made monthly for a local service that could be operated successfully by the owners of the patents for a uniform rate of one dollar. In this case we pay a million annually for the genius of one or two men and receive a wretchedly poor return. And now this same monopoly is in the field with an improvement, the automatic switchboard, which will allow them to continue their imposition for another term of years.

The American people pay ten million of dollars every year to patentees and their assignees. From an economic standpoint this is a waste which should be diminished or stopped entirely. Much of this money goes to foreign countries, and is thus lost to us entirely. In three years this magnificent royalty would build a line of railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in six years it would put a pretentious commercial or naval fleet on the sea. In general the money we pay for the use of inventions in a quarter of a century would give this country a development so far in advance of that we now have, that the effect can hardly be imagined.

But, shall not inventors be rewarded? Yes, and more justly than under the present patent system. A government commission could regulate this, granting rewards to American citizens only for meritorious inventions. Such a commission would necessarily have large discretion, but a plan of this kind would

operate wonderfully in the building up of the country, and it would free the people from an oppression which has become tyrannical. American inventors, be it to their credit said, are not a lot of mercenaries, and a medal from the government commission, together with a fair award of money, would be appreciated fully as much as the monopoly grant which they now receive.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.

If the cholera scare has the effect of stimulating the city fathers of Chicago to cleaning the city and abolishing some of its countrified ways, it will be an ill wind that blows somebody some good. New York with its severely abused Tammany administration has far cleaner streets than the western metropolis, though they by no means compare with the streets of Philadelphia, Boston, Paris or London. Many New Yorkers and Chicagoans consider it the proper caper to poke jokes at "sleepy old Philadelphia." Yet in many respects Philadelphia is superior to either of the great metropolises. It has no soft coal smoke abomination; its courthouse is not fringed with every known rattle trap vehicle, from a wheelbarrow to a bicycle, from sunrise to sunset; nor are its principal streets used for stable purposes the same as is La Salle street every day in the week, except Sunday. Is there any other great city on the earth which allows such uncleanly, vulgar sights as are customary in Chicago from early morning until five o'clock in the afternoon? Chicago is too large, too wealthy, and really too cultured to longer submit to such outrageous neglect, or criminal indifference by its civic officers. That miles and miles of boulevards are clean and beautiful only shows that all the streets could be kept much better than at present. Money enough is expended to justify better results; still, we say, squander ten times as much and give us a clean city. Even from the inevitable shop standpoint, it will pay well. There are other brazen vulgarities that must be rooted up and destroyed before culture and refinement will be content to roam at large without a chaperon in the streets of Chicago. These evils may require the energy and indecency of another Stead to exploit and other pages than those of this magazine to illustrate, but they are so grossly advertised and so conspicuously public that there cannot be an officer of the city, nor business man who is not aware of their existence. No city on the western hemisphere, since Buffalo during the war and for nearly a year after

ward, has been so pronounced in its open display of vice as parts of Chicago are to-day. It must go. Many vulgar things are indispensable, probably, to a great city growing as no other place has grown in the life of man, but none need be on public exhibition. That vice can be abolished by legislation is not one of our optimistic beliefs, but we know that its vulgarity and parade can be kept out of sight of decent persons.

Also, no city can be truly metropolitan that indulges in spring-board sidewalks. To say that the citizen develops more muscle in consequence—improves his health—will hardly compensate for more permanent pavement. But such minor evils will go in spite of officials, be they ever so incompetent.

THE BONE OF CONTENTION.

Such is New York in the present fight for the Presidency. Both Republicans and Democrats claim it is and has been their respective parties' cinch from away back. For the benefit of both we will state the facts briefly so that intended speculators on the result of this election may be guided by something more than their wish how New York State may go this time.

Before the war is prehistoric history, and every one knows how New York voted in those days. Between 1864 and 1876 the Republicans came nigh owning the State; since then both great parties have fought and won with varying degrees of success and failure respectively.

In 1862 Horatio Seymour was elected by the Democrats by a good majority, but in 1864 his big plurality was greatly reduced, and Abraham Lincoln was elected President. The election of Seymour probably was the first break in Republican supremacy. In 1868 General Grant won by a plurality of 10,000, whereas Mr. Hoffman was elected Governor by the Democrats by nearly 30,000 plurality, and two years later by over 33,000.

The Democrats in 1872 put up a protectionist Republican, Horace Greeley, and lost the State by nearly 54,000 plurality. General Grant was very popular. John A. Dix, the Republican candidate for Governor, was also elected by a good majority. Two years later Samuel J. Tilden was elected by the Democrats Governor by about the same plurality as Grant's, two years previously. Tilden also won in 1876 by a big plurality. The Republicans elected Garfield by about 20,000 plurality in 1880, and Mr. Cornell was made Governor by the Republicans. In

1882 Mr. Cleveland was made Governor by a great Democratic majority and every State office has been Democratic since. Grover Cleveland carried the State in 1884, but was defeated by President Harrison in 1888 by a small plurality. "I am a Democrat" David B. Hill was elected governor in 1885 by a plurality of about 12,000. In 1886 the Democrats elected the Judge of the Court of Appeals and in 1887 the Secretary of State; and though the President won in 1888, Governor Hill was re-elected by about 20,000 plurality. Again in 1889 the Democrats captured the office of Secretary of State. The Congressional majorities for the Democrats were very large in 1890. The next year Governor Flower "got there" with a plurality of nearly 48,000 and the legislature for the first time became Democratic. These are the facts. So take your choice. It does look as though there were more Democrats in the State than Republicans, but that they were mighty uncertain every four years. The safe way is, don't bet.

THE WORLD'S EXHIBITION AND SUNDAY.

The great point to be settled now in connection with the World's Fair management is the one of closing the grounds to the public on Sundays. A petition has been started, and headed as it should be, by Mr. Higinbotham, the President of the Exposition. A move in the right direction. It would be well if the fanatical and over-good persons who demand Sunday closing would do likewise. Then let both petitions be submitted to Congress and allow the majority to rule, as it must in a Republican country. Congress could appoint a Commission to make the decision, to examine the petitions for their genuineness and merit. Of course, fraud and deception to be dealt with as it always deserves—defeat. No one can doubt the result. To say the Sunday closers out-class the Liberals in number is to smirch our country and characterize our countrymen as bigots and narrow-minded cranks. There is no doubt that the country contains, more's the pity, many well-meaning and respectable citizens who, through heredity and religious training think it irreligious and ungodly to open the grounds on the Lord's day. Unfortunately these same persons believe it is sinful to be happy on the Sabbath; they reprobate a smile and promise eternal punishment to the indulger of a hearty laugh on that day. The Sabbath never was intended for misery and *ennui*, and Americans puritanically

bred or not, have slipped past the Sunday wretchedness of their forefathers. It is a day of rest from profane and religious sources. Such is the meaning of the Sabbath. To rest has no relation to stupidity, psalm-singing, prayers, or listening to paid cant—all of which may or may not be most excellent to each and every individual preferring that sort of teaching or recreation. To be amused, to exercise unused muscles, to laugh, to play—any and every kind of amusement which does no injury to your neighbor—is right and restful. Wherein then can the opening of the Fair on the Sabbath day be contrary to the teachings of the Master? The Fair is first and foremost an object lesson on the most stupendous scale; is essentially a place of amusement, and no more glorious religion can be taught on the Sabbath day than can be inculcated by associating with people of all climes and all religions and faiths on that day, on the grounds of the greatest exposition that has ever been on the earth.

CHICAGO WATER.

Who is responsible for the wholesale defamation of Chicago to the world on account of its water? Whoever is, is a fit subject for Joliet. A more damning, uncalled for injury to a city is hard to conceive. The medical men who have loaned the weight of their professional reputations for the benefit of patent filters, hygeia waters, spring waters, etc., deserve the same punishment as the newspaper men who, for the sake of sensations, scared a million and a half of people into believing that the fine lake water is unwholesome. Surely common sense and a little bit of historical knowledge, would convince any lunk-head, even be he a medical savant, that the germ theory is about the biggest sized humbug of the nineteenth century. That there are germs, millions of billions of them in the air we breathe, in the liquids we drink and the food we eat, every one believes, but since the days of the river-drift-man, man has grown fat on this latter day bugaboo for money making purposes only. Chicago water has germs, so has your hygeia waters and whiskies too.

In comparison with New York Croton water—and no fool newspaper man has dared to call it unwholesome—Chicago lake water is cleaner, purer and better. Thousands and thousands of persons have drank the lake waters without ceasing since the disgraceful scare was started, and without the slightest injury to their health. The few cases of fever which were said to have been

caused by the water are prevalent in all large cities every year, and never charged to the germs in the water. Germs often are the resultant of disease, but never the cause, the cause is much deeper. There can be no objection to having your drinking water filtered or boiled, simply on the theory that cleanliness is next to godliness, but Chicago water is drunk with impunity by many thousands of its citizens, and it is just as good and much cheaper than much of the bottled stuff sold at an exorbitant price.

Keep your system well toned up by exercise, fresh air, soap and water and wholesome food, and germs—cholera or any of his kin—boiled, raw, or on the half shell, will digest and assimilate like any other food.

THE KEELEY CURE.

In another part of this number is a paper by Mr. Opie Read, entitled: "The Student on the Prairie." Mr. Read clearly shows that the Keeley remedies have outlived and prospered in spite of adverse criticisms and prejudices. He makes some astounding statements; for instance, that 80,000 persons have been cured, with but five per cent of relapses, of those degrading diseases—drunkenness and the opium habit. Such however, we are able to testify, is the truth. Can the history of medical science produce another record so marvelous?

Before publishing anything on the Keeley Cure, our manager visited the branch institute at West Haven, Conn. to get information from first sources. The physician in charge, Dr. Griswold, during a pleasant day's visit satisfied us through the speech of cured patients and by letters from "graduates" and their family relations of not alone of the efficacy of Dr. Keeley's remedies, but besides of their harmlessness to health.

But far more convincing than the results of any person's researches is the great fact that the United States government has in a most practical manner indorsed the great benefits to humanity of Dr. Leslie Keeley's seemingly miraculous discovery. Uncle Sam, who belongs to no school or faction of medicine has introduced the Gold Cure into the Homes and Institutes under his charitable care. Is it not time then that carping critics and prejudiced physicians began to undo some of the mischief they have done by unjust and hasty denunciation of a treatment and medicine they failed to comprehend?

There is no use trying to repress truth; it will not down.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Sea Phantoms; Legends and Superstitions of the Sea and of Sailors: By Fletcher S. Bassett, Lieutenant U. S. Navy, (Morrill, Higgins & Co., Chicago). In this handsomely-bound and well-printed volume of 500 pages, Lieutenant Bassett has embodied the result of a quarter of a century's research in a most interesting field. He has collated from all sources, from books, traditions and living persons, a thousand quaint and weird legends of the sea. Sailors are proverbially a superstitious race, and the wildest stories of sea-monsters are articles of faith with them. It has been a labor of love with the author to trace many of these yarns to their derivation and to identify the various versions which they assume. Like fairy stories and children's rhymes, sea yarns are common to every nation. Sailors of every nationality share the belief in the sea-serpent, in the ill-luck which attends a voyage begun upon a Friday, the fatality which follows the slaughter of a petrel or an albatross, or drowning of a black cat. The mermaids of to-day are but the sirens of ancient Greece modernized; every people has a tradition of an ark, an Argo and a phantom-ship like the "Flying Dutchman" of Vanderdecken.

Lieutenant Bassett has shown himself a most industrious collector, but it is to be regretted that he is not equally well qualified as an editor. There are chapter divisions in the work, it is true, but within the chapter limits no arrangement has been made, and stories of apparitions, storm and wreck, of white birds warning captains to change the course of the ship, of krakens, mermaids, whirlpools, dolphins, giants and dwarfs, cats, witches and St. Elmo's fire, are mingled together without rhyme or reason. It makes, however, an interesting melange, and a carefully-prepared index in large degree supplies the lack of proper grouping of subjects. Not only sailors but landsmen and students of folklore will find much in Lieutenant Bassett's work to interest and amuse them.

Chicago.

JAMES MAITLAND.

Digitized by Google

Elton Hazelwood: By Frederick George Scott (Thomas Whitaker & Co., 3 Bible House, New York; price 75 cents). This story, written in the form of a memoir, tells the tale of the hero. Through his friend, Henry Vane, Mr. Scott, the author, a Canadian clergyman, has given us a brief, yet rather remarkable, character sketch. Hazelwood, first actor, then preacher, an impetuous, brilliant, loyal-hearted man, is, through a terrible domestic calamity, brought face to face with the real issues of life, and ends his career nobly in saving the life of a false friend. There is much poetic feeling in the book, much introspective quality and delicate sensibility, together with at times strong tragic power and dramatic force. The simple minded devotion of Vane to the erratic genius of his friend, and the saving influence he exercises over him, is beautifully and tenderly portrayed. All lovers of pure, sweet literature will read "Elton Hazelwood" with satisfaction, if not with delight. Mr. Scott is the author of a volume of poems which show the same fine qualities as those of his novel, though not, perhaps, in so marked a degree.

Newark, N. J.

OLIVER H. H. LEIGH.

The Crime of Philip Guthrie: By Lulah Ragsdale (Morrill, Higgins & Co., Chicago, Midland Series). This book, printed as one of a series of summer novels, is likely to prove a disappointment to the man or woman who, in view of a holiday, packs up a dozen or so of cheap books expecting each and all of them to be of light and amusing character, to be glanced over in a hammock, and then thrown aside. "Philip Guthrie" has got into the wrong pew. Instead of being a sketch for a summer day's reading, it is a strong psychological study, a piece of close analysis of character, a story which must be read to the end. The opening is conventional. A Southern girl of good family has a misunderstanding with her lover, who, too proud to explain, leaves her without a word. The girl, Phyllis, is induced to marry an elderly physician named Philip Guthrie, a great student and authority on medical literature and mental disorders. Phyllis possesses the fatal gift of writing, and contributes, unknown to her husband, to magazines. A chance word dropped by the husband furnishes her with the material for a strong psychological sketch, which Dr. Guthrie reads in a magazine. He had been making a life study of the subject and this premature publication of his views angers him beyond measure.

Dr. Guthrie incarcerates his wife in a dreary Southern man

sion, where she is discovered by her early lover. She has been treated as a mad woman, and grows to consider herself one. There is something morbid in her self-surrender and much of the description of her wrongs and sufferings might have been dispensed with. But in the end all comes right; Phyllis is rescued, Dr. Guthrie turns out to be mad himself, the lovers marry, and live happy ever after.

Chicago.

JAMES MAITLAND.

Many Thoughts for Many Hours: By Alice L. Williams (Chicago, Morrill, Higgins & Co.).—No daintier production than this has ever issued from the Chicago press. Typography, illustrations and binding combine to make this one of the most acceptable of gift books, and form a worthy setting for the three hundred odd pages of well chosen selections from the best authors, which the compiler has brought together. From Shakespeare to Swinburne, from Herrick and Sir John Suckling to Keble and Tennyson, not forgetting Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Realf and others of our native song-birds, Mrs. Williams has culled the choicest flowers. Harvesting in such a field, it would indeed be difficult to go far astray, and the compiler has shown a commendable catholicity of spirit in her work. The book is much superior to such collections as generally made, and is pure and elevated in tone. One misses some old friends, but that is unavoidable in any book of this character.

Chicago.

JAMES MAITLAND.

Darwin and after Darwin, Vol. 1: By George John Romanes, LL. D., F. R. S., (Open Court Publishing Co.).—A work on evolution and its cognates by Prof. Romanes, possesses an intrinsic importance justifying more extended notice than our space will allow. The present volume forms one of a series designed to furnish a systematic exposition of what may be termed the Darwinism of Darwin, and is based largely upon a course of lectures delivered by Prof. Romanes at the University of Edinburgh, and before the Royal Institution.

In this instalment of the work, which is written in popular style and with a commendable absence of technicalities, Prof. Romanes has sketched lucidly and learnedly, the general theory of organic evolution advanced by the great master of science. He proposes in a forthcoming volume to treat of the development of thought in this line which has occurred since the death of Mr. Darwin.

A well considered introductory chapter sketches briefly the history of organic evolution. The chapter on Morphology which follows is of special interest, and the illustrations of similitudes between the eyes, the fore-limbs, the pelvic bones, the ears and the teeth of man and of the simians are strikingly drawn.

In the chapter on Embryology the learned author makes a comparison, finely illustrated with drawings from nature, between the embryos of a fish, a salamander, a tortoise, a bird, and four different mammals, including man. At the earliest of the three stages represented all the embryos have fish-like tails and gill-slits; in the next stage further differentiation is shown, but even in the case of man the limbs are still so rudimentary that they are considerably shorter than the tail. In the third stage the distinctive characteristics are strongly marked.

The question of natural selection occupies the larger portion of the work, and the author, who it is scarcely necessary to say, is thoroughly with Darwin on this point, states with candor the criticisms of Professor Owen, St. George Mivart and the Duke of Argyle, criticisms with which he does not agree. As to the bearing of the evolutionary theory upon the doctrine of revealed religion, he says that "science has rendered impossible the appearance in literature of any future Paley, Bell or Chalmers, but that it has done nothing to actively negative the belief in a Supreme Being which it was the object of those writers to substantiate. If it has demonstrated the futility of their proof, it has furnished nothing in the way of disproof."

The book is one deserving of careful study. It avoids dogmatism and the author weighs his words with consummate carefulness. No more than Darwin himself does he assert as facts things unsusceptible of logical proof. His conclusion is that "such evidence as we have is against rather than in favor of the inference, that if design be operative in animate nature, it has reference to animal enjoyment or well being, as distinguished from animal enjoyment or evolution."

Chicago.

JAMES MAITLAND.

MERCANTILE NOTES.

BUTTERINE.

Oleomargarine, or butterine as it is commonly called has probably run a more severe gauntlet of adverse legislation and prejudice than any other product, good, bad or indifferent, that has ever been put generally before the public. While due credit is to be given to its opponents for sincerity, it is a notorious fact that the statements that have been made, even in the very speeches of our State legislators, are often grossly unjust and absurd, through the fact that those interested in opposing butterine are of necessity quite unacquainted with the actual manufacture of this product, and so are tempted to draw upon their imaginations for its components.

The only natural and sensible method for those dairy interests of the country that believe they have in oleomargarine an enemy, to effectually overcome this enemy, is to drop their methods of fierce and slanderous attacks and go to work on the basis of raising the standard of pure butter. No one, even the most prejudiced, has disputed the fact that really good butter will command a good price, no matter how much butterine there may be offered in the market. Butterine derives, and always has derived its chief support from those farmers or dairymen who have not the intelligence or industry to make a really good article of butter.

There is no question to the mind of an intelligent investigator, that butterine or oleomargarine is, and always must be made of absolutely pure and sweet materials, for the reason that it is a delicate and sensitive product, just as is butter, being chemically the same thing. It is for this reason practically and commercially impossible for rancid or otherwise unsound material to enter into its composition without so effectually spoiling the goods as to make them unsalable in any market.

The manager for the great house of Armour & Co., stated not long ago, that they had always made it their policy to ignore the scurrilous and ignorant attacks upon butterine, which were so frequently presented to their notice. As it is well known that they always take pleasure in permitting any one of an investigating turn of mind to look over their factory and process of manufacture, they no doubt look for such ignorant attacks to have in the end a "boomerang" effect.

As long as the Government continues enforcing upon the retailer the sale of this product only under its true name, it is probable that the end will be one much to be desired, viz., a great improvement in the standard of the butter made in this country. Butterine will probably be pure and sweet still when all the rancid and ignorantly made butter has disappeared.

SUGGESTION FOR A SUMMER TRIP.

If you wish to take the trip of a lifetime, purchase the low rate excursion tickets sold by all principal lines in the United States and Canada via the Northern Pacific Railroad to Yellowstone National Park, Pacific coast and Alaska.

The trip is made with the highest degree of comfort in the elegant vestibuled trains of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which carry dining cars and luxurious Pullman sleeping cars from Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis to Montana and the Pacific coast, without change, and special Pullman sleepers from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Yellowstone Park.

The scenery *en route* is the most magnificent to be found in the seven States through which the road passes. Beautiful mountains, rivers, valleys, lakes and plains follow each other in rapid succession to delight the tourist, who will also find interest in the agricultural, mining, lumbering, industrial and other interests associated with the development of the great Northwest.

The crowning glory of the trip through the Northwest, however, is the visit to Yellowstone Park, the land of hot springs, geysers and gorgeous canyons, and to Alaska with its endless ocean channels, snow-capped peaks, Indian villages and giant glaciers.

If you wish to investigate this suggestion further send to Charles S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn., for copies of the handsomely illustrated "Wonderland" book, Yellowstone Park and Alaska folders.

. NANCY HANKS' SULKY.

The world of course knows that Nancy Hanks has trotted in 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$, and broken beyond question all former records, but the world does not know so well that Nancy and her great driver, Budd Doble, owe to Albert A. Pope, of the Pope Manufacturing Co., much for those two wonderful performances of 2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$ and 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$ respectively. The Pope Manufacturing Co. made this possible by applying pneumatic bicycle wheels to a sulky. These wheels are twenty-eight inches in diameter, whereas the ordinary sulky wheels are fifty-eight inches; they are attached directly under the sulky axle. The wheels are so adjusted that the driver's seat is about the same height from the ground as in ordinary sulkies. There is no reasonable doubt that Nancy Hanks was greatly assisted by this clever device in lowering to such a marked degree a record which many horsemen considered impossible. Though all honor and praise should be lavished on the namesake of the great President's mother and on the veteran driver, the makers of the sulky should not be overlooked for their meed of praise. The Pope Manufacturing Co. in future will make all the trotting sulkies, and we cannot see any reason why the same device cannot be applied to road wagons. The great bicycle makers are too shrewd to believe that all the people prefer bicycle riding—some really prefer a smart stepper, and enjoy an occasional brush.

THE NEXUS OF TWO CITIES.

Probably no people travel as much as Americans, therefore, the means of conveying themselves to and fro is a subject of paramount importance. The two metropolises, New York and Chicago, naturally lead in great lines of railroads and conveniences thereon for passengers. And it is not speculative to claim that any of the roads between these points are equipped and managed equally as well as any railroad on this hemisphere or in Europe. It is however, of the *Erie* that we wish to call our readers' attention to. "The *Erie*" is a household word to most families; any way, to those who have a member in them whose experiences go back 40 years. Few enterprises in the world have had such a romantic history, few so belied and villified and none that has gone through so much and survived. The *Erie* has not only survived the most malignity hatred and abuse and the

keenest of competition, but has grown powerful and great, safe and elegant and the acknowledged rival of any and all competitive lines. From New York to Chicago the road runs through a country abounding in wealth and richness of scenery. There is not much time for sight seeing during the twenty-four hours between the Metropolises. For during the passengers' waking hours (which by the way, is not at night, for the roadbed is so smooth and the Pullmans so comfortable that even a Cockney tourist has to sleep instead of "kick" as is his wont while traveling) We were going to say, when interrupted by the above impertinent parentheses, that the management of the *Erie* has done so many things to amuse and gratify that their guests leave the train as one would a whole-souled host's hospitality. The dining cars are Delmonicos on wheels; the service throughout is superb—that's the proper word—more polite and well disciplined men work on no railroad. But *par excellence* is the commodious cars, and the non-crowding of them. Be the cause what it may—and we know it is a generous supply of cars—the fact is the *Erie* ones are never uncomfortably crowded between Chicago and New York. This gives more comfort to the traveler than anything else. The expenses on this road the traveler will find less instead of more than similar lines. Try it yourself.

PIANO AND ORGAN MAKING IN CHICAGO.

When Horace Greeley gave expression to his now famous saying, "Go West, young man, go West," he may, perhaps, have had some conception of the possible growth of what was then called the "Wild and Woolly West," but it is very doubtful if he, in his most sanguine moments, could have imagined a tithe of the possibilities of development which later years have produced.

Even to those whose self-sacrificing efforts, indomitable will, and persevering industry have made the West what it is to day, the remarkable growth is but faintly realized.

They are like one who has recently heard a snatch of song only to forget it, but afterward finds himself idly humming over the strain, and it seems to him more like a melody long ago familiar, than the acquisition of something new.

The West of to-day seems the West of yesterday; its present affluence a long existing quantity, and the beginning of its manufacturing a memory of long ago. Nor can we wonder that we find it hard to properly grasp the situation as it to-day exists.

The tracks of great trunk lines intersect each other at points where it was once predicted the foot of man would never tread and the iron horse groans over its load of heavy cars, weighted with the productions of Western industry and skill.

It is the purpose of this article to call attention to one industry of comparatively recent introduction here, which has assumed such proportions as to seem to warrant special attention, viz.: that relating to the manufacture and sale of Pianos and Organs. It will, perhaps, better serve our purpose to refer only to one of the larger houses now engaged in this trade, and we therefore take the Chicago Cottage Organ Co., as a worthy exponent of Western push and enterprise in their particular line.

Whatever may have been previously said by uneasy competitors, it is, to-day a recognized fact that this company represents one of the most marvelous institutions in the music trade that this country can boast of. Starting with a capital comparatively small, it has within a very short period of time, climbed into the position of the million dollar corporations, and attracted to its plant the patronage of thousands of dealers and musical people.

It has been said by many Eastern Piano Manufacturers that it would be a very long time before a plant manufacturing a first class, high grade piano would be removed from the East to the West, and that only medium grade instruments would emanate from Chicago for many years to come.

The Chicago Cottage Organ Company has demonstrated that a plant (and that an important one too) could be removed from the East to Chicago, and also that it was possible to manufacture here a strictly first class, high grade instrument, and their Eastern friends are compelled to admit that the "Conover" piano is now a Chicago institution. The removal from New York of this enormous plant has been characterized as a master-stroke of business. Its consummation shows the immense resources and daring determination of this enterprising company. And it speaks well for the character of a concern who early resolved that they would not lend their name to any production that was not strictly high grade. The coming of the "Conover" to Chicago, and under such auspices, means very much to the trade in general, and to the musical life of the city in particular. It is not a new institution, and cannot be talked down as a Western upstart that must prove its right to existence. It is already an established favorite where a high-grade piano is appreciated, and has made its record always with honor and credit. It is now a

Chicago piano, manufactured by Chicago capital, and will be pushed forward with all the energy of successful business men.

As we understand it, the manufacture of the "Conover" is but adding another branch to this already large institution, and will not be substituted for anything now in hand. That is to say the 3,000 medium grade pianos will be annually handled at wholesale, and receive the same business-like treatment as heretofore.

The enormous number of organs manufactured by this company last year (18,000 cabinets) would seem to be business enough for the ordinary concern, but to that number the Chicago Cottage Organ Company guaranteed to add yearly 2,000 of the high-grade "Conover" piano. In a few years' time this company has put itself into history as the largest manufacturers of reed organs in the world. What is its ambition? Has it determined to also be the largest manufacturers of pianos in the world?

THE HISTORY OF A MONTH.

AUGUST 15 TO SEPTEMBER 15, 1892.

AUGUST 15.—Gideon's Band, a new attachment to the Farmer's Alliance: An oath-bound order; only 300 in each district: members pledge their lives for the organization: sworn to overthrow monopoly and both old parties. * * * The entire town of Red Mountain Colo., destroyed by fire, loss \$275,000. * * * Mob rules at Nashville, Tenn.; 272 convicts loaded on trains by miners, and sent to Nashville, Tenn. * * * Mr. Gladstone, as fourth time premier of Great Britain, lays before the Queen at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, names of those who comprise his cabinet: * * * U. S. Representative J. G. Warwick, McKinley's successor in Washington, D. C.; Rev. R. Feering, oldest Methodist preacher (80 years) in Kentucky, at Chattanooga; Col. Clay Nutt, formerly president of the *Atlantic and Pacific Railroad company*, at Boston, died.

AUGUST 16.—Clark E. Carr, U. S. Minister to Denmark, directed by Secretary of State to return to his post at Copenhagen. * * * Troops under arms protect *New York Central, West Shore, Lehigh Valley* and *Eric R. R.* property against strikers. * * * Martial law at Buffalo, N. Y., and soldiers guarding property. * * * Dr. J. Albert Kimball, proprietor and editor of "The Dentist," committed suicide in New York city.

AUGUST 17.—*New York Central* railroad switchmen struck in a body at midnight * * * Coal miners on strike give battle at Coal Creek, Tenn. * * * The great cantilever span of the high bridge over the Mississippi at Clinton, Iowa, 360 feet in length, connected from both sides of the river with ribs of steel. * * * Switchmen of the *Delaware & Lackawanna* railroad strike. * * * Militia fired upon at Homestead, Pa. * * * D. R. Cameron presented to Chicago Board of Education his report as chairman of the committee on school census, showing the total population of the city of Chicago 1,438,010. * * * Nancy Hanks trotted the best mile on record at Washington Park track, Chicago; in 2:07½, making her the "queen of the turf."

AUGUST 18.—W. T. Baker resigned the presidency of the World's Columbian Exposition. H. N. Higginbotham elected unanimously in his place. * * * Gen. Anderson captured by the miners at Coal Creek, Tenn. * * * The Duke of Manchester, better known to Americans as Lord Mandeville,

died at Tanderagee Castle, County Armagh. * * * At a joint meeting of the national commission of the World's Columbian Exposition and the Board of Directors, J. V. St. Clair and Geo. V. Massey of the commission, and H. N. Higinbotham and Chas. H. Schwab of the directory, were elected a council of administration. * * * C. E. Carr, U. S. Minister to Denmark, sails on *S. S. Columbia* for Hamburg, his special and first duty to straighten the affairs of U. S. Consul Ryder, alleged to have swindled a number of Danes. * * * Hal Pointer paces a mile in 2:05½ and is crowned king of the pacers.

AUGUST 19.—Date of dedicatory ceremonies of the World's Columbian Exposition officially changed from Oct. 12 to Oct. 21. * * * The training ship Constellation ordered on a special mission to Havre and Genoa in the interest of the World's Columbian Exposition, to receive works of art to be sent to Chicago by French and Italian exhibitors. * * * Lieut. W. B. Huddleston, Royal Indian Marine, presented by Capt. Hext, C. I. E., Bombay, with the Stanhope medal for the most meritorious act in saving life in the previous year.

AUGUST 20.—Troops control Coal Creek. * * * The American Consular agent at Campano, W. S., Senor Crissini, arrested and sent to jail by Monago's men. * * * Mr. Thos. B. Bryan buys 5,000 World's Fair Souvenirs for \$5,000 cash, and deposits them with the Jennings Trust Company for sale to small stockholders who wish to obtain one or more at cost price.

AUGUST 21.—*Erie* Express train from New York derailed by strikers, by firmly fastened fish plates to the tracks at Linden. * * * President Harrison suspends free passage through St. Mary's Falls Canal for vessels freighted for Canadian ports, and a charge of 20 cents a ton imposed. * * * Queen Victoria's carriage stopped near Osborne, Isle of Wight, and Her Majesty warned by a lunatic in the guise of a foreign count that unless she resigned at once he and many others had sworn to kill her. * * * Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery purchased by Shakespeare Birthplace Trustees from Ald. Thompson, of Stratford-on-Avon for £3,000 (\$15,000). * * * The \$25,000,000 fortifications of Quebec—the Gibraltar of America—falling into decay; government unwilling to repair them. * * * Johnstown, Wyoming, has been built in 30 days on the Sweet Water River, at the soda flats for calcimining soda, with a plant costing \$750,000. * * * Canada must yield to the United States. * * * Europe's abnormal heat; many deaths reported; forty-one persons lost by heat in Halle, Germany; six in Posen; six in Carlsbad, and ninety-one soldiers stricken down in Tours. * * * Switchmen attack the militia in Buffalo, and break through the line of the Sixty-first regiment.

AUGUST 22.—Big suckers (Pythons) twenty feet long, found in the Phillipian Islands. * * * Gov. Fifer decides that two additional judges must be elected in Cook county, Illinois, in November. * * * W. S. Daboll, comedian, committed suicide at Holliston, N. Y. * * * Chas. Allen Perkins, an American diplomat of Syracuse, New York, died in New York, of heart disease, aged 60 years.

AUGUST 23.—Desperate but unsuccessful attempt of convicts to escape from Sing Sing, N. Y. * * * 3:50 A. M. general engagement in Erie yards; four men killed; guards kept busy; 42 Pennsylvania employes desert their posts. * * * Dr. Pelegrim withdraws his resignation of the Argentine presidency. * * * The Argentine Republic, Uruguay, Paraguay, and the United States of Colombia, concede to France the "most favored nation" treatment. * * * Slaughter, the skillful jockey, won four out of six races at Hawthorne. * * * Gen. Doyle orders militiamen at Buffalo, "When you shoot to-night, shoot to kill." * * * The mountain hospital located at Coal Creek, Tenn. * * * Ex-president Fonseca, the man who overthrew the empire, and made Brazil a republic, dies in Rio Janeiro.

AUGUST 24.—Iron Hall, Indianapolis, closed; affairs in receiver's hands. * * * Hamburg and Havre menaced by cholera. * * * Ex-Governor H. Clark dies at Canandaigua, N. Y. * * * Cloudburst at Roanoke, Va.; damage \$75,000.

AUGUST 25.—Grand Master Frank Sweeney, of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association, assaulted at Buffalo, by strikers. * * * Rev. Dr. M. W. Stryker, of the Fourth Presbyterian church, Chicago, elected president of Hamilton college, Utica, N. Y. * * * Guards placed at Delaware Breakwater as a protection against cholera. * * * The United States firm in enforcing retaliation against Canada. * * * Switchmen's strike ended.

AUGUST 26.—The *Canadian Pacific* steamer *Empress of Japan*, on fire in mid-ocean. * * * Rev. John Winn, of Madison, Wis., died, aged 79 years. * * * Rev. Moses A. Hoge died at Columbus, O., aged 72 years. * * * Jamestown, N. Y., visited by a heavy storm; bridges swept away, and railroads washed out.

AUGUST 27.—The Metropolitan Opera House, New York, value \$1,500,000; partly destroyed by fire. * * * Cholera raging in Russia and Germany, two hundred and two new cases and eighty-six deaths reported in Hamburg to-day; the whole northern water front of Europe, except the British Isles, a potential source of infection; Nice, Hamburg, Antwerp and Havre, actual points of contagion. * * * Official returns show that throughout Russia yesterday there were reported 6,953 new cases of cholera, and 3,262 deaths from the disease.

AUGUST 28.—First trip to New York, New Orleans, Pacific coast and return. * * * Admiral Hopkins, commander in chief of the British North American station, instructed to take his entire squadron, with the *Blake* as flag-ship, to Hampton Roads next April and participate in the subsequent naval review at New York, in response to invitation from Washington.

AUGUST 29.—Opening of American Social Science Association at Saratoga. * * * Petition for the release of Mrs. Maybrick signed by Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Blaine, and others of note, forwarded to Queen Victoria. * * * Oliver Wendell Holmes' 83d birthday.

AUGUST 30.—The Caravels *Nina* and *Pinta* launched at Barcelona for the Columbus celebration. * * * Francis N. Gisborne, superintendent of the government telegraph service, and former associate of Cyrus W. Field dies at Ottawa, Ont. * * * The 1,700 tons gun-boat *Concord* ordered by President Harrison into Venezuelan waters.

AUGUST 31.—Editor George William Curtis dies at his home in Livingston, Staten Island, aged 68 years. * * * Nancy Hanks beats her former remarkable record; trots at Independence, Iowa, in 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$. * * * Steamer *Moravia* arrives in New York from Hamburg with cholera; 22 victims on board.

SEPTEMBER 1.—Steamer *Western Reserve* lost off Sable Banks, Lake Superior, with 26 lives; only one escapes. * * * President Harrison's embargo closes all ports to emigrants for 20 days; a precautionary measure against the cholera.

SEPTEMBER 2.—"Tal Hall," the notorious murderer and desperado, hanged at Wise Court House, Va. * * * The Kent and Surrey Building Society of Woolwich, England, collapses.

SEPTEMBER 3.—Emperor William of Germany reviews the naval squadron drawn up in two lines for a distance of two miles, at Swinemunde. * * * Col. Edward Parke Custis Lewis, ex-United States Minister to Portugal, dies at Hoboken, N. J.; 54 years old; connected by family descent with George Washington. * * * Augustus Bradley, first president of the *Louisville, St. Louis & Texas Air Line Railroad*, dies in Albany, N. Y., aged 70 years. * * * The *Belle of Nelson Distillery* at Louisville, Ky., sold through N. J. Arkell for \$1,000,000, to a New York syndicate. * * * The *Yankee*, Doodle fastest steam yacht in the world, destroyed by fire at Philadelphia, Pa., by the bursting of her boiler.

SEPTEMBER 4.—Sedan day, the anniversary of the surrender of Napoleon III. was celebrated throughout the German empire with fervid patriotism, Hamburg and Altona excepted. * * * Italy's gift, the superb monument of Columbus, to the United States, arrives in New York on board the Italian naval transport *Garigliano*.

SEPTEMBER 5.—Harrison's letter accepting the Republican nomination for president made public. * * * Thirty-five thousand men in Labor Day parade. * * * Jack McAuliffe, by knocking out Myer in the fifteenth round, at the Olympic Club, New Orleans, La., becomes champion of the middle-weights. * * * U. S. steamer *Kearsarge* ordered to Venezuela. * * * Daniel Dougherty, the silver-tongued orator, dies at his residence in Philadelphia, aged 66 years.

SEPTEMBER 6.—George Dixon, by defeating Jack Skelly in eight rounds before the Olympic Club, at New Orleans, La., is crowned champion of feather-weights. * * * Henry Hudson Holly, a celebrated architect, dies in New York. * * * Marquis Emilio Visconti Venosta appointed Italian member of the Bering Sea arbitration.

SEPTEMBER 7.—James J. Corbett is champion heavy-weight; knocks out John L. Sullivan in 21 rounds at the Olympic Club in New Orleans, La.; prize \$45,000. * * * The celebrated poet John G. Whittier, dies at Hampton Falls, N. H., aged 85 years. * * * Ex-U. S. Consul Francis Kernan dies at Utica, N. Y. * * * Rear Admiral Gherardi ordered to dispatch the U. S. steamer *Philadelphia* to join the *Concord* and *Kearsarge* at Venezuela.

SEPTEMBER 8.—Chili's relations with Argentine and Peru declared friendly. * * * Death of Bishop O'Mahoney in Toronto, Ont. * * * Thomas H. Hadaway, oldest actor in the country, dies in New York City 91 years old. * * * The steamer *Campania*, largest steamer in the world, launched at Glasgow. Route: New York and Liverpool; Cunard's S. S. Co.'s Line.

SEPTEMBER 9.—Postmaster Wanamaker's important order deputizes postmasters to put up letter boxes for mail at house doors. * * * Albert G. Porter, U. S. Minister to Italy, resigns. * * * Gardiner Campbell, the great bell founder, dies at Milwaukee, Wis. * * * Gen. Enrico Cialdini, Italian soldier and statesman, commander in chief of troops in central Italy, ambassador to Paris 1876 to 1882, dies, aged 82 years.

SEPTEMBER 10.—The powerful Chinese organization, "Six Companies," San Francisco, Cal., forbids all Chinese to register. * * * Gov. Abbott, of New Jersey, protests to the U. S. President against the use of Sandy Hook as a camp for passengers from quarantined ships, territory ceded for military purposes only. * * * The old steamer *Caroline Miller*, notorious blockade runner, loaded with arms for Venezuela under new name of *South Portland*; cargo: 1,391,000 cartridges, 200,000 caps, 4,000 muskets, 90 rifles, 5 Gatling guns and a carriage, 30 mochettes and 10 swords; held under suspicion by customs officers at Ellis Island, N. Y. * * * Steamer *O'dam* brings 6,500 pieces for a German village at the World's exposition, to occupy 17,500 feet, to be called Chicago. * * *

SEPTEMBER 11.—The Peary North Greenland expedition returns; the *Kite* lands at St. Johns, N. F. * * * Fire Island purchased by New York State, to be used as a quarantine transfer station; \$210,000 price paid D. S. S. Sammis by authority of Gov. Flower. * * * Mendoza, the would-be dictator of Venezuela, abdicates, and gives over the government to Villegas Pulido. * * * Prof. Gaetano Russo, sculptor of the Columbus statue, is dined by the Peloritan club at Fort Wadsworth, S. I. * * * Levi Goodrich Loomis, a pioneer of Chicago, dies at Milwaukee, Wis., aged 86 years. * * * Casper Hennecke, large importer of statuary and art goods, dies in Milwaukee, Wis.

SEPTEMBER 13.—Troops sent by Gov. Flower, of New York, to maintain order on Fire Island. * * * The Dominion government of Canada decides to enforce a twenty days' quarantine. * * * U. S. Rear Admiral John Cumming Howell dies at Folkestone, England.

SEPTEMBER 14.—Five deaths in New York city from cholera. * * * Eugene Gonoud, French sculptor and founder, dies in London, England, aged 78 years.

SEPTEMBER 15.—The steamship *Heligoland* arrives in New York bay infected with cholera. * * * Heavy damaging frost in Nebraska. * * * Pere Hyacinth's wife reaches Chicago. * * * The President's wife said to be dying at Loon Lake, N. Y.





WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

BELFORD'S MONTHLY.

VOL. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1892.

No. 6

AN AMERICAN NOBLEMAN.*

A STORY OF THE CANAAN WILDERNESS.

CHAPTER I.

GOLD-FINDIN' ON SAS'FRAS MOUNTAIN.

Mr. Harrison Cresner sat on a three-legged stool in the midst of his garden, hoeing cabbages. A more energetic temperament might have chosen other posture in accomplishing this task, but energy in any degree was not a component of Mr. Cresner's disposition. The steep declivity which afforded scant hold to such vegetables as Mr. Cresner saw fit to propagate, afforded also a wide view of mountain, valley and tortuously winding water-course. But better, and to him more attractive than all these, was the narrow mountain-path, scarcely more than a trail, which dragged its sinuous windings immediately beneath his gaze. Now and then he moved the hoe with a languid semblance of interest, for a moment abstractedly scratching the earth about those cabbages in his immediate neighborhood, but presently he would fall to listlessly studying the mountain-path again. In these frequent intervals the hoe, falling across his bare feet, yielded additional restfulness to his attitude. The sight of a horseman creeping slowly up the valley afforded apparently no exclusive focus of attention. Harrison continued a general and impartial survey until the laurel bushes near at hand crashed and vibrated beneath the horse's feet; then he transferred his atten-

*Copyright, 1892, by Francis J. Schulte.

tion from the view to his cabbages, and began a gentle scratching just as his visitor halted on the opposite side of the snake fence.

"Mornin', Harrison."

"Mornin', Abel."

Whereupon the visitor and the visited regarded each other in a contemplative silence. Mrs. Harrison and the female members of the Cresner household, having fled into the cabin at the sound of approaching hoofs, now emerged in grave, decorous procession. Seating themselves upon a log which formed a support to the partially finished porch, they fell to rubbing snuff, and joined in the meditative silence.

"Won't you 'light off?" asked Harrison, presently lapsing into words, visual research being exhausted.

The visitor made no response, but vaulted from his saddle, sprang over the low fence and swung with broad strides down the rocky declivity toward the porch.

"Jest in time to help grease the hogs," called Mrs. Harrison, by way of greeting, at the same time industriously rubbing powdered sulphur and lard together in an earthen bowl. "The b'ars is wonderful bad ag'in, trapsein' all over yon mountain, an, liable to get over here a'most any day, now that the berries be ripe."

"I reckon they won't bother *your* hogs," returned the young man, seating himself at a little distance to leeward, and nodding toward the bowl with a smile of grim approval.

"That be a smell. Worse'n ramps, ain't it?" rejoined Mrs. Cresner with swelling pride, and rubbing with a freshened alacrity brought about by this delicately implied compliment. "Last year we didn't lose a one—wonderful lot o' b'ars, too—but them pigs was greased that well that the woods smelt whar they'd been a-rubbin' for a good two month after butcherin' time. How's all over your way?"

"Oh, slow like."

"Better slow'n not at all. See anything o' Tobe on your way up?"

"Yes, left him a-settin' on a box down to the postoffice. He'll be up here after awhile." And the young fellow twisted his hat in his hands, smiling in meditative, pleasant recollection.

"Tellin' jokes, I'll bet. When my Sairey married him, I said, 'Sairey, you be a-gettin' a German furriner fer a husband. He's wonderful entertainin', but he's wonderful lazy, an' I reckon you'll have to do the work, which is doubtless the custom o' the country

whar he come from.' But considerin' the number o' husbands as ain't even entertainin,' notwithstanding their laziness—". Here Mrs. Cresner, stopping suddenly, nodded toward her husband with a severe abruptness.

Harrison, while not catching fully the tenor of his wife's words, evidently gathered their bearing, for he straightway shifted his stool and set up quite a scratching about a fresh lot of cabbages. This result seemed to produce a freshened vivacity in Mrs. Cresner's reminiscent ability, for she continued: "I mind the time when Tobe first come to these parts. He got to Dickerman's jest about nightfall. Well, you know what them Dickermans be—they wouldn't so much as allow a stranger to restify himself, let alone stay all night. Rozaly Dickerman says to her mother: 'He don't stay here,' she says, 'he's nothin' but a Irishman,' she says, an' was about shuttin' the door in his face, an' fifteen mile' twixt him an' the next cabin. Tobe, he up an' says—he says . . . Arty, what was it Tobe up an' says as jest made 'em drag him into the cabin, bein' Dutch theirselves?" questioned Mrs. Cresner after a ruminative silence which proclaimed her loth to relinquish conversational monopoly.

"Ick bin so goot Deutsch wie du bisht!" blurted Arty in a tone of preternatural depth and harshness, evincing in her sudden and mechanical promptitude a suspicion of frequent practice as aid in this recital. Hereupon Arty's two sisters, who were seated upon the log beside her, nudged each other, giggled, and chewed their snuff-brushes. Arty herself spat on the ground and worked one toe in the softening clay with a modesty of bearing intended to disclaim all imputation of vain-glorious pride.

"Wonderful smart girl, that Arty. She won't be a-needin' no furriner to entertain *her*, Abel Long." And Mrs. Cresner turned upon her visitor with a nod and an insinuating smile.

Arty flushed painfully and dug her toe into the ground with uncompromising energy. The younger girls were at once driven to hysterical giggling by their mother's sally, to which Abel was the only unmoved auditor. He lazily stretched his long limbs in the warm sunshine, leaned his broad shoulders against the door-jamb, and, running his hand through the yellow curls crowning his head, scanned the fleecy clouds sailing in the blue above him.

"Rain to-morrer," he announced abruptly, and with the air of a weather prophet. "I'd best be a-goin'."

"A-goin'! Not a'-ready," cried Mrs. Cresner. "An' Tobe

a-comin', too. What's your haste? . . . specially seein' we be goin' to have black raspberry dumplin's," she added, with mountaineer hospitality.

"I must pack this bag o' meal home to-day."

"Considerin' your pap packed a bag o' meal through here yestidday, I'd think thar was no need o' hurryin' fer starvation's sake," rejoined Mrs. Cresner.

"This meal's fer Missis Carrico," he replied, simply. A flush crept through the tan upon his cheeks, an awkwardness into his manner, as he pronounced the name, and he made a feint of brushing the dust off his rawhide long boots with the leaves crowning a switch which had served him as riding-whip. But his blue eyes gazed at Mrs. Cresner unflinchingly as she echoed derisively, "'Fer Missis Carrico! Fer Missis Carrico! An' when be you goin' to make it 'fer Missis Long'?"

"Considerin' her husband's a-livin', an' liable to pack home any day, it would 'pear a little strange-like fer him to find his job took up when he got back."

There was a note of warning in Abel's tone which, despite his assumption of indifference, should have conveyed to Mrs. Cresner the knowledge that this subject was not free to her pursuance. Mrs. Cresner thereupon felt it her bounden duty to pursue it, and, having interest of a somewhat personal nature at stake, to speak her mind accordingly:

"Now, Abel Long, you know jest as good as I know, an' as every other livin' soul in Canaan knows, Joe Carrico ain't got no mortal intent o' comin' back to her, havin' once got away. An' why you don't jest settle the thing an' marry his widder, as he's deserted, instead o' foolin' 'round an' pretendin' you think he's likely to come in any minnit, jest to humor her, an' bekase she's always a-talkin' thus, I can't see, nor fer the sum o' that quite a few other gals as is enuf better'n Josephine Carrico. Now thar!"

"Look here, Missis Cresner, I ain't here to listen to Missis Carrico nor nobody else spoke onproper about. If she, as be too good fer Joe Carrico or any other man with whom I mout be acquainted, takes it into her mind to wait fer her husband to come home, I ain't a-hinderin' of her. An' if anybody as I mout or moutn't know takes it upon theirselves to tell her the likely truth, which be that he ain't a-comin' back at all, why, they've got me to settle with, pint blank."

"Thar, thar, Abel, now don't go to gettin' riled," put in the

woman, appeasingly, half affrighted by the white anger in his face and the fierce, unawaited earnestness of his tone. "If you've sot your head to administer to Josephine an' little Joe, I'm not a-hinderin' of you, specially as you've spoke out your mind on the subjeck as not purposin' to marry her an' o' givin' another gal a chance. Arty, hurry up now, an' get them dumplin's b'ilt."

Arty, gazing coyly over her shoulder at Abel, arose in compliance with the maternal mandate. Picking up a tin bucket of black raspberries, which, during the heat of debate, had been placed in the cabin porch by three urchins of the Cresner brood, the girl, closely followed by her sisters, disappeared indoors. Mrs. Cresner, having satisfactorily concocted the composition which by reason of its odorous qualities was to have the effect of keeping the bears away from her pigs, wiped her fingers, one by one, upon the edge of the crock, bestowing upon her black, straight locks such particles as still obstinately adhered after this operation. Meanwhile she followed up a vivacious recital of Arty's many valuable qualities, which that young person listened to from a vantage-point in the doorway, in which she appeared at not infrequent intervals. Indeed, so interesting did the subject become that Tobe's popularity failed to receive greater tribute than a casual greeting, as he lazily climbed to the top rail of the fence. In nowise concerned by his reception, the new-comer dangled his legs, regarded for some time Mr. Cresner and the cabbages with contemplative impartiality, then slid down languidly to join the toiling agriculturist. Now and then a peal of laughter or a fragment of Tobe's dramatic dialect reached the group in the porch. But after a season something occurred which transferred Mrs. Cresner's mind from Arty, and Abel's from the raspberry dumplings which that young lady was preparing. No longer did the hoe sprawl in restfulness across the feet of Harrison. The stool, once his support, lay upturned quite at the foot of the declivity. Indeed, it was the sudden rush of its descent which aroused and transfixed the attention of all within immediate hearing. Instead of a general irritation of the surface, the dry earth flew in a cloud from the violently wielded hoe. Tobe, with an energetic ceaselessness, sifted the dirt between his fingers as it fell loosened at his feet. This undertaking, combined with the sudden and unforeseen development of industry in his co-partner, almost obscured the face of

the sun. Presently not only earth but cabbages joined in what appeared to be a geyser of artificial creation.

When Mrs. Cresner first espied such violent rending of the soil she paused in speech, but when cabbages shared in the general upheaval, cabbages that had enchained her husband's attention equally with his squirrel-shooting, she felt it her duty to make inquiry.

"Snakes, Harrison? Snakes, Tobe?"

No answer greeted either query in succeeding pauses. Arty, followed by her sisters, appeared upon the scene. Abel started to his feet in astonishment. Mrs. Cresner advanced with cautious tread, her lead closely followed by the entire group. Tobe and Harrison were oblivious to all surroundings; both were talking ceaselessly at the topmost pitch of their voices, Tobe, in excessive excitement, lapsing into German. Upon one point only did the toilers seem to have a thorough and concurrent understanding, and that was to reach the earth's axis.

Mrs. Cresner's supposition as to the execution of a "varmint" was entirely allayed; she had been present at killings innumerable, but such exclusive and absorbing excitement had never fallen under her observation. In the moment it had taken her to climb the declivity no idea but that of sudden and violent madness presented a solution of the problem.

"You ketch Tobe, I'll fix Harrison," she panted to Abel. Deftly twisting the hoe from her husband's hands, she firmly pinioned his arms, which still gave sudden and mechanical jerkings as if pursuing the agitated gyrations abruptly terminated. By a dexterous proceeding Abel had brought Tobe right-about-face, and the pinioned twain regarded each other in a smiling but perspiring joy which seemed beyond the utterance of words. So complete was their absorption and fixedness upon the point inspiring their life-long latency of energy that neither noted the unusualness of attitude to which he was reduced.

At this critical juncture Mrs. Harrison, tightening her frantic grasp upon her husband's arm, shattered somewhat the concentration of his mind, affording now scant vent to speech in one short word:

"Gold!"

"Golt!" gasped Tobe in unison.

"Gold?" echoed the excited group.

In the instant that Abel had loosened his grasp upon Tobe, in astonishment at hearing that magical word, Tobe had slipped

his right hand deep into his pocket and brought forth a tiny lump of shining metal which sparkled and glittered all the more because of the dirt-grimed palm that held it.

"It pe bart mine, bart mine—Harrison say so!" he panted, shutting the nugget from view.

"Part yourn, indeed!" cried Mrs. Harrison, in unanswerable vigor. "Part nothin'! Turn in here this blessed minnit, you lazy specimines, triffin' here on my ground; an with the bowels o' the yarth jest a yearnin' fer yer," she added, waxing scriptural in her joy. And snatching a mattock from the border of the patch, she, like all good leaders, proceeded to set a personal example—an example followed almost simultaneously by Harrison and his daughters. One instant only did Tobe hesitate in like obedient compliance; in that instant he ran his hand into his pocket, squeezed the nugget, and, animated by the knowledge that so far at least his own luck was in the lead, resumed the sinecure of sifting dirt between his fingers. Abel, with a mountaineer's unselfish habit of neighborly helpfulness, was not a whit behind the other toilers. The earth flew thick and fast. The sun stood overhead glowing and brazen, slowly to shed its beams aslant, lower and lower, and still they dug, radiant and happy. The once vicarious cabbages lay wilting, no longer objects of Mr. Cresner's irritative tenderness. A pit yawned ever widening, where once the peaceful art of agriculture had held sway. The yellow metal still was coy.

No further find occurred to stimulate their energies, flagging not for an instant upon such small account. Tobe had found gold—gold! He had a lump of it in his pocket as evidence invincible. Each individual worked out in those swiftly flying hours plans and gay visions according to his mind and heart. The brazen sun, the biting gnats were all as naught. A smell of burning dumplings filled the air—the water in the kettle had boiled dry. After awhile the smoke ceased curling above the cabin chimney, but the smell of charred victuals still hovered about.

For one instant Harrison looked longingly toward the cabin, and put his hand upon his belt. In that one instant Mrs. Harrison transfixed him with her eye.

"Hongry," he asserted, apologetically.

"Hongry!" she cried, disdainful of his weakness. "Hongry! You've got the rest o' your life to get hongry in, an' eat in too, an' what's more to the p'int, prospects fer somethin' to eat."

Dig ahead thar, Harrison. None o' your scratchin' like common, neither."

Thus adjured, Harrison tightened his belt, gave one longing glance at the cabin, at the half visible great black pot which held the dumplings . . . and dug. The small boys, who had deemed their day's work well done with the picking of a bucket of raspberries, were dragged from a laurel thicket, whence they had retired with berry-besmeared faces to play wild Indian, and put to digging without explanation. Any wonderment they may have experienced because of existing appearances was left for allayment to such enlightenings as might drop by chance from the singularly silent but singularly energetic toilers. After awhile Tobe's hounds limped up the declivity, sat down at a point of vantage, and gave vent to melancholy howls.

"Tem togs pe dat hongry," observed Tobe in a voice fraught deep with sympathetic tenderness; "dat hongry. T'ree tays haf dey run aftder a fox, t'ree tays, I say, and not'in to eat, but never so hongry did dey look als now. Skellets, not'in but skellets. Poor tings . . . coom?"

Stung to bitterness by the compulsory durance thrust upon him, and feeling like the hen in the German reader who would fain exchange a diamond for a grain of corn, Mr. Cresner nipped the sympathies of his son-in-law by peremptory demand for continued industry. Tobe acquiesced in melancholy silence, and with sad shakings of the head. The hounds, encouraged for a moment to hope that something more than continued observation was in store for them, limped back to their resting-place, and vented remonstrative yelps. Lower and still lower sank the sun. The golden fringe above the western peaks faded into rose, then melted to a purpling opal. Black shadows gathered in gulch and valley. Swelling, restless clouds of mist and fog, in which the fireflies sparkled like stars in a vague, white sky, dragged feathery outline along the silent tree-tops far below. Above, a crescent moon glowed momentarily from out the fading light, and brought with it the cool, refreshing night wind and the dew.

"Them days be gettin' shorter an' shorter," sighed Mrs. Cresner, startled into realizing that night had come by the fact that she had, in an energetic lunge, hoed a hound's tail at one and the same time with the earth beneath it. The animal, stung to anguish by this addition of insult to injury, fled the inhospit-

able scene, his yelps echoing and re-echoing as he sped down the path.

"Dat tog vill stop no more till he pe home, andt I no can hunt mit vun," wailed Tobe.

"Hunt? hunt?" cried Mrs. Cresner. "Not yet. To-morrer finds you huntin' fer a fact, but not fer squirrels." And she laughed with joy at his woebegoneness. "The days be only too short fer *our* huntin' as 't is."

"Yes, fer a fact, they be *very* short," sighed Mr. Cresner, with vague attempt at a cordial concurrence, at the same time grasping a flying opportunity to surreptitiously examine his hands, thick-blistered from unwonted application.

"An' no richer'n when we begun," put in Abel, good-humoredly, straightening his broad shoulders and eying with favor the cloudless blue above. "No richer'n when we begun."

"Richer indeed!" interposed Mrs. Harrison with unabated energy. "Did you opect to sit an' whistle, or scratch like Pap thar, an, see the gold roll out by the bee-gum full? Thar's gold thar, an' gold's got to come out. I've seed coons drug out of a tree after three days' onremittin' treein', an' that gold's got to be drug out o' the yarth by onremittin' diggin', an' what this fam'ly's got to do is—dig."

Arty, seeing the shadow cast upon the spirits of her immediate family and their assistants by this uncompromising declaration, sidled up to Tobe and screamed close to his ear, "Ick bin so goot Deutsch wie du bisht!" at the same time starting at full speed toward the cabin. Tobe, laughing heartily because of memories awakened by this bit of mother tongue, started in pursuit, his awkward, heavy amblings affording in their drollery, mirth for the party closely following. In an instant the little oil lamp was lighted and the pot-lid raised. A faint perfume of charred dough was wafted into the dusky-shadowed room.

"I hadn't opected," said Mrs. Cresner to Abel when they were seated about the board, "I hadn't opected that Arty's dumplin's would turn out so bad when I axed you to stay, an' it be no fault o' Arty's neither, as you well know." Whereupon she lifted a blackened ball out of the dish that shone in a ghastly whiteness from between the sooty remains of Arty's blasted cookery.

Silence reigned for a space.

The moonlight fell in lengthening bars upon the floor. The tin cups glistened of a silvery radiance that threatened to out-shine the smoky oil lamp in its ambitious gleamings. Nature had

been blest through toil, and sweetness came not from the bread, but from the eating. With a gradual appeasal of appetite came a gradual flow of words. Mr. Cresner, having somewhat satiated that vacancy recently preying upon him, gave rein to a vividness of imagination that proved a mental shock to his wife, bringing to her a vague idea of what it was that kept him silent or aimlessly scratching about the cabbages the whole day through, with not the slightest trace of loneliness. Why, it almost brought the tears to her eyes to hear how much she had done without, unconsciously, and was now to have for the mere asking; how much discomfort, suffering was now beyond all pale of possibility. No more frosted, frozen feet for want of shoes; no "misery" in the chest for want of clothes; no lack of sawed boards to keep the snow from drifting in between the logs on bitter, nipping nights—nights now to be laughed to scorn with the sweet, sturdy heart of a pine tree to cast back their bitings.

A vague dreaminess came over them all. Tired with toilsome striving, Harrison's voice, pitched in monotonous cadence, lulled them as the voice of a mother crooning her night song to children nestled about her. Even an owl's strident hootings reached them dimly, shadowily. The crickets chirped a chorus of dreams to the broken pæan of a dreamer.

"Ach, mein Gott! mein Gott!" wailed Tobe in intensity of anguish that startled them all into a sudden reality. "Mein Gott, mine toot!"

"Your tooth?" they cried in sympathetic unison. "Poor Tobe's tooth!"

"I haf lost dat golt fillin' out of mein toot what mein fader gif me—dat golt fillin' dat I haf had fer zwansig yahr!"

A sudden and startled suspicion flashed from Mrs. Harrison's eyes. "Tobe, you fool, be it"—But, by a coincident inspiration, Tobe at that identical moment extricated the nugget of gold from the depths of his pocket, and, putting it into the cavity, said, in complacent composure, "Ya, dat is it."

CHAPTER II.

JOSEPHINE.

"The Blackwater must 'a' come through in a fog an' lost its way, an' that's why it's so gol crooked."

Sitting in her lonely cabin in the Canaan, Josephine smiled softly to herself, then sighed. She could not tell why a recollec-

tion of this especial saying of her husband's had so suddenly flashed into her mind, but that every little happening, every little word spoken in that one short, happy year of married life, seemed likely to steal back to her in the quiet, dusky night-time. A night-time bringing with it memories of past happiness so clear, so vivid, that the blackness seemed peopled with their crowding images, so real that she needed but to stretch forth her hand to touch them. In the earlier days, when her anguished loneliness, like a stinging serpent, writhed and dug its fangs into her bosom, she had, by constant brooding, so felt her husband's presence, so conjured up his step, his voice in the hushed darkness, that she would speak, would open her arms to clasp him to her for very fullness of his presence. But when she gathered naught but empty blackness, when her impassioned words of joy fell on blank stillness, she would cast herself upon the hard floor of the cabin, and, losing somewhat of her agony in anguished tears, would rise to face the day again. Abel Long had been the messenger to bear her the last tidings she had heard. The memory of that time came to her now, together with the memory of Joe's satiric pleasantry. The freshness of the morning, the cool breeze sweeping over the valley of Canaan, the partridges piping down in the meadows, had all seemed there but to tell her of Joe's coming. When the sun rode high, when the shadows lengthened, it mattered not, Joe would get there yet. But night, a long, still night, the memory of which made her shiver, had paled to dawn ragged with wind-swept clouds . . . and still Joe had not come.

"He be gone," was all that Abel had vouchsafed her, placing a bag of meal upon the floor.

"Gone ! gone whar ?"

The man looked at her again, this time for a longer space, half contending with speech rising to his lips, then sadly shook his head, and turned to go.

"Didn't Joe send no word with the meal ?" she questioned, eagerly. "He packed it by you, of course."

Again the man was silent. Shifting uneasily upon his feet, a pained look upon his frank countenance, he sought in vain, with a masculine helplessness, for words of sympathetic explanation—explanation that might soften to her tidings he would have left unspoken had the penalty been but the fierce rippings of a panther's claws in the knotty muscles of his breast. "He sont nothin', that is . . . nothin'."

"Of course he didn't, of course not, he's a-coming hisself."

Why, Abel, you be gone deranged like Summerfield's gal. Of course he'll come, of course he'll come," she kept repeating, with an eagerness each time more tremulous. "Of course he'll come."

The man vainly tried to picture in his countenance less of that he would withhold, but the pained expression as of a stricken brute deepened in his eyes; the veins stood out upon his temples in interlacing knots; his right hand, in tensity of grasp, splintered an oaken chair.

"Oh! Abel, Abel, he been't dead? Thar, thar, don't tell me, leastwise let me wait a little—I can't a-bear its hurt! Oh! Abel, be he dead?"

The man sadly shook his head. "No; he been't dead."

"Then he's hurt; a tree fell on him. He's lying sick down at the camp and has need o' me . . . nobody thar but all them men, an' he jest a-pinin' fer me to wait on him . . . Little Joe, baby! daddy's sick, sick down to the camp. We mus' go to him, go to-day, this minnit! Be it so very fur?" she asked, in breathless eagerness, catching the baby's little bonnet off a nail. "I don't mind if 'tis, not a mite."

"Sit down, Josephine, sit down thar. It be very, very fur." Then, taking the baby from her and holding it clumsily in his arms, he forced her to seat herself on a chair, and stood before her. "Josephine, he's gone away on the cars; he left no message, no nothin'. He bought no ticket as to whar he was goin', neither did he say nothin', but as he swung on to the hindmost car he sung out to some o' the men, 'I've had enough o' these parts; I'm goin' back to civilizashun.'"

For a moment the woman sat silent, a dazed look in her eyes as of one to whom the problem of a life had been intrusted, the solving of which meant a broken heart or happiness immortal. Abel, holding the baby in his arms, pressed it so tightly against his breast, because of all his powerlessness, to take her woe and bear it, that the child wailed lustily. Its cry seemed to awaken Josephine. She arose to her feet, reached out for it . . . and smiled . . . yes . . . smiled. Abel looked at her in gasping wonderment, dazed more by the words that followed, than the smile preceding them.

"Gone—of course he's gone. Joe always was too good for these parts an' fer the likes o' us. Besides, he's gone to better things fer little Joe an' me as much as hisself. What was a dollar a day to a man gifted like Joe Carrico? Why, he needed

a'most that sum down here in this wilderness fer whisky, jest to keep him from a-losing his mind—often an' often he's told me so in jest them words. Joe was born and fatched up in a city . . . Them city folks never can content themselves in the mountains, no more'n we could stand them close towns whar the houses takes all the breath out o' the air; . . . that's jest what I always told Joe. He knows it—we onderstand each other jest perfectly. Joe was that proud, always, an' he's gone quiet-like, knowin' I onderstand, an' when he gets a place a-payin' wages which'll allow to have a cabin somewhar combinin' his city an' my mountains, he'll come back fer little Joe an' me. Ontil then I can afford to wait. But you needn't leave the meal, Abel. I know you meant it all out o' fulness o' heart, but we been't a-needin' it. If we was, Joe would 'a' sent it. But berries be that plenty, an' we jest love berries, don't we, Joe? Dad knows how we do love berries."

"Considerin' the ways I've packed this here meal as a present, I hadn't thought you'd be that onfriendly, Josephine, as not to keep it," answered Abel, a huskiness creeping into his tone, and an elaborate air of offense into his manner, as he made feint of dragging the bag over his shoulder.

"Now, Abel, you always was that touchy. You know I wouldn't be onfriendly to you, not fer nothin'; an' if you be a-goin' to stand thar a-lookin' that a-way all day, why, I'll take it jest to rid myself of you," she retorted, laughingly. "Of course, Joe'll pay you when he comes back."

The man grasped her brown, toil-worn hands in both his hardened palms, the muscles of his face twitching so as to forbid of speech, then turned suddenly and started down the laurel-bordered path. An instant later a light touch fell upon his arm—Josephine had followed him.

"Abel, don't be riled with me fer refusin' the meal; I'm wonderful obleeged, fer a fact. I know you be my friend, and mout 'a' been more but fer Joe. But then, who's like Joe? He's so much better'n the rest of us. You can easy onderstand that yourself." Then she vanished as suddenly as she had come, leaving the man to plunge on his way through the laurel thicket bordering the Blackwater.

So firmly in Josephine's mind had the supposition of Joe's return become fixed that it grew to be a knowledge, and from knowledge waxed to fact, the faith and trust with which she nurtured it causing Abel at times almost to share with her in

her belief. Of Joe's drunken shiftlessness and unreliability Abel was well aware, but while he hated the man for his inborn and fully developed worthlessness, he harbored no jealous grudge because of Josephine's preference. The woman who had been as the light of his eyes had passed him by for a newcomer in whom she discovered other and better qualities. To Abel Josephine had always been infallible; why not now? He witnessed her subjection to much that he felt he would have spared her, but she bore her lot with such a patient joyfulness that he was fain to think these things a figment of his fancy, born of too great exactitude. For his mind worked heavily, and faint suspicionings were readily allayed by appearances. That his love should change or wane because she changed her name, did not occur to him. Having loved her once, it seemed to him that once had meant for aye. Could the sap rush back to earth and leave the tree leafless while the sun swung in the sky to give it warmth? When Josephine was cast adrift it seemed but natural to Abel that his hand should be the one to bear her bread, and many burden-bringing missions had followed this beginning. At first she accepted the meal with lively protest and talk of future payment. Then, as the months grew apace, the protest grew more feeble, and the habit became a custom of establishment—a custom subject to no recognition beyond a few words of heartfelt thanks and a fresh notch cut in the great log above the fireplace. Each notch, she said, was to bear a separate testimony to Joe, when he came home, of Abel's aid to him and his in their extremity.

Of wild-growing food there was abundance, and Josephine's youthful cunning served her well in its procurement, so that of the earliest and latest she gathered store. First came the "ramps," the tender green of their shoots standing out in clear relief against the moss almost before the snow-patches had faded from sterile heights. Strawberries, the luscious wild strawberries of Canaan, came next, and then the "burnt woods" glowed with a scarlet carpet flung about their charred and leafless trunks. When the sun shone hot at noon and heavy fogs foretold the dry, warm days, the strawberries vanished, but in their stead came raspberries, red, blue, yellow and black, their gaily-laden branches clustering in forest openings guarded well on every hand by cool, shadow-swaying pines that rose a hundred feet to skyward. To compensate their season's flight, wild currants swung rich sprays of garnets branch on branch,

and gooseberries, close-thicketed, flaunted a wealth of purpling, bristling fruit beneath a kindly sun. In August days a mat and tangle of blackberry vines wove between the moss-grown rocks to rush in cascades of glistening greenery that held in hiding a wealth of ebon jewels. These yielded sway in turn to huckleberries, marshaling in close phalanx, brave with prismatic dew. When all this wealth of fruit had ceased its ripening, a wealth of nuts fell garnered at man's bidding. Small wonder was it that in dim days past, when tired eyes, weary with jungled wilderness, looked first on thee when parching lips drank first of thy clear waters, they should see and call thee blessed "Land of Canaan." Land where the wild bee stores the hollow trunks with rifled sweets from flowerful closes, and the blue grass rustles in the sunny meadows; where, through fallow marshland and umbrageous forest, the Blackwater follows its sinuous threadings and holds in cool depths a sparkle of red and gold trout that glitter in sunlight, and flash out in shadow; where the partridges pipe all day in the thicket, and the deer herd to drink at pools set in verdure so dense that even the sun fails to find them. Small wonder was it then, that with each recurring eventide Josephine looked out with tear-dimmed eyes upon thy broad expanse, and called thee blessed Land of Canaan.

A ready listener was little Joe to all the confidences his mother gave him—her vagaries of hope, her desperate, anguished loneliness. There he would sit in the middle of their poor bed, or on the cabin floor in a cheery patch of sunshine, and listen with wide open eyes and dimpling cheeks to long details of daddy's coming home. Again, when the loneliness and weariness of waiting overcame the hope, and the desolation of long to-morrows, empty and dragging as to-day, offered but the realness of her life, the baby's cooing, crooning little way was all that dragged her from the brink of an abyss which held delirium of visions fuller with blind hopelessness and anguished torturings than reason could survive. At such moments, snatching little Joe in her arms and feeling his little hands at her throat, upon her hair, patting her cheeks in baby tenderness, the straining, clutching at her throat melted, and was lost in tears.

When the baby grew to understand—though to Josephine his wise blue eyes had always assured that—and the dawn of speech broke on his lips, he talked of daddy's coming home—a coming home that seemed to Josephine from that day on a

nearer and a dearer fact. He appeared a strong, fine boy, but when the time came that he should step, a weakness in one leg caused his mother a vague alarm. He would seldom attempt to walk, but would crawl about the cabin all day long, or, with the nimbleness of a squirrel, would run on hands and knees along the oaken beam of the loom, where his mother placed him when she was weaving. There he would blink and smile and chatter just above her, while she wove the gay, variegated threads in the ponderous machine, the bright, gleaming sunshine sifting in between the logs, peering through the little window and rushing in at the doorway. This weaving, taught her by her mother, now long gone, had been a fruitful source of help in winter time, and while the sum afforded by the neighbors for the work they brought was scant, it proved a boon where wants were few, because suggestion of the need was meager in proportion.

One extravagance alone did Josephine contend for and maintain. Every year in the same phase of the moon she traveled to Davis, some years even the weary way to Saint George, to have little Joe's picture made. "Fer it would never do," as she explained to Abel, "to have Joe a-comin' back an' little Joe no longer little Joe, fer he's growin' so fast, an' his daddy not a knowin' him at all nor onderstandin' how this big boy's the same little one he left. Now it 'pears to me, Abel, I can take the beautiful fotagraf of little Joe in my hand an' explain jest what he did in that year when he looked that a-way, an' so on up to when his dad comes home, an' when I've got up to that blessed time I'll jest call 'Joe, Oh! Joe,' an' he'll fly in from whar he's been a-hidin'. Oh! we've fixed it all. His daddy'll jest cry out, 'That's Joe, that's my Joe, I'd 'a' know'd him anywhar!'"

It was of a fresh picture that she was thinking—a picture now almost due the making—when the sound of horses' hoofs brought her, with the baby at her heels, swiftly to the cabin door.

"Why, Abel, be that you an' whar be you sprung from?"

Abel smiled brightly and doffed his hat with a cheery "Mornin'." Thus they always met and greeted when his missions brought him, though Josephine knew, and he too, as well, that but a scraping more of meal remained to welcome these replenishments.

"I had intended a-gettin' along here sooner," he began, apologetically, as, the bag deposited in the cabin, he sat with

the baby in his arms and watched Josephine cut another notch in the log above the fireplace. "I had, 'n deed, fer a fact, but I was hindered by black raspberry dumplin's an' tooth-pluggin's as got in the trail."

In a little space the cabin resounded with their laughter, less frequent in intermission as the wonderful tale progressed of "Gold-fandin'" on Sas'fras Mountain.

Presently the conversation took a soberer turn. Little Joe, in trying to get from Abel's to his mother's arms, made painfully a step or two, then fell to crawling on his hands and feet after an odd, quick fashion all his own.

Abel, slow of thought, though ever ready to grasp the weight of formulated words when burdened with a theme near to his heart, regarded, in a puzzled silence, the troubled look in the mother's face, the smiling unconsciousness in the child's, and asked:

"Be you worried over Little Joe's not walkin' yet?"

"I'm more'n worried, Abel—I'm downright saddish in mind over it; 'pears like every remedy fails. A hog's hind tooth powdered fine cured him o' spasms, an' yarb tea when he had a touch o' the phthisic, but neither one of 'em helps his walkin' at all. Harrifyin's no name fer it."

"I've been a-workin' down at the Lumber Camp, an' I've saved considerable . . . an' a doctor's in Davis . . . an' I'm sot, all of a sudden like," . . . stumbled Abel, blushing, and hopelessly confused. He knew that the slender pittance of Josephine's earnings would not allow of the expense of treatment, but he hesitated for words to convey to her quick comprehension his desire to help. She had accepted the meal, but at his hand she had accepted nothing else. Would she accept this for little Joe? Abel had had little experience with woman's mind collectively; he therefore felt an humble contempt for his p'ungings in coping with one individually.

"A doctor! A doctor for Joe? Why, Abel, what's this family a-comin' to? Never, never did a doctor come into our cabin at home, nor here, neither; leastwise, not that I know on. Of course, now that so many cur'ous people's prospectin' 'round, the railroad a-bringin' 'em in, we mout 'a' harbored 'em un-awares like. But a doctor!—why, Abel, be you thinkin' jest bekase I'm a woman all alone here by myself I'm a-growin' superstishus?" And Josephine regarded Abel with frowning and disdain because of such a weakling imputation.

"Of course not, *of* course not," assured Abel, hastily and earnestly. "I thought, you know, I thought as how you mout go to him instead o' his a-comin' to you, which wouldn't be havin' him in the house, an' likewise not a-harborin' no superstishun at all."

"Abel, Abel, thar's nothin', nothin' I wouldn't accept, no superstishun I wouldn't sink to, to help that child. . . . I thank you fer your offerin', but it 'pears to me as if I've got no need fer it. . . . I've a sure help now. Look here!" And, going quickly to a little corner cupboard, she drew from its depths, musty with vari-smelling herbs, a bunch of long, fibrous roots. When she handed them to him it was with an earnestness that impressed him, as did all her moods; but as he held them and listened to the story of their finding, it seemed as though something gotten by supernatural aid had been given to his keeping.

"I was a-layin' thar, Abel, very still, with little Joe a-sleepin' sound beside me. The cabin was dark, wonderful dark, fer I had been a-thinkin' an' a-worryin' about Joe ontill the moon had gone down. After awhile I lost myself in sleep fer a little, an' then, all of a sudden, I seemed to be awake an' I seemed to sleep . . . bein', as it were, held still. The cabin, which was jest now so dark, was a-swimmin' in a light bright as a beech mast in the top of a pine woods . . . an' a face—the heavenliest face, Abel; jest that light it seemed to be a part o' the gold a-floatin' about it—looked at me an' smiled an' smiled. It was like a face I'd known an' that was dead an' come back, familiar like, but unbeknown." Here her voice sank to a whisper, and she seemed lost in vain attempts to place the face among those quick or vanished from her sight. Abel turned, gazing warily behind his chair at where the shadows had begun to deepen. Seeing his action, she smiled a little, sorrowfully. "You needn't mind, Abel; it been't a face to fear, but so kind-like that you feel as if you'd always known how it looked, but never, never afore been able to see it with your sight. It smiled on me wonderfully kind, an' when it spoke, the pine boughs outside, that had seemed a-rushin' and a-smitin' in a powerful wind when the light sprung so sudden an' bright, jest hushed still, an' that voice filled the cabin an' the pine woods. . . . An' it 'peared as if the whole world must 'a' stopped still then to listen to its music, an' been filled with peace. It told me how I was to pack little Joe with me an' go on the far

side o' yon mountain, t'other side o' the Blackwater, an' dig fer snake-root an' mullein, an' when I'd got 'em I was to cook 'em with water from the spring in the burnt woods—specially that, the spring in the burnt woods—an' I was to give 'em to little Joe to drink. Jest when it said that, baby waked up a-cryin', an' the light faded out o' the cabin, and the pine trees begun a-rushin' an' a-smitin' jest as they did when the light come. Afore the stars was out o' the sky I was up an' dressed, an' waitin', with little Joe in my arms, in the cabin door, fer day to break, fer us to start. Crossin' the river jest below the splash dam, I packed little Joe an' the hickory basket straight up the mountain, an' thar, on t'other side, a-growin' side by side, jest whar I'd so often 'n' often seen 'em, was the snake-root an' the mullein weed as was to make little Joe whole an' sound again."

Abel sat and looked at her in the silence that followed on her speech, and fancied that the radiance of which she spoke had surely left some strange reflection in her face, as, sitting there with little Joe upon her knee, she gazed with yearning eyes into the gathering density that presaged the dark, and vainly tried to shape again the luminous face that, with such radiant peace, had come to her from out of the blackest watches of the night.

CHAPTER III.

"SOCIALTY."

Pap Rains' wagon had "busted itself," as Pap informed Mrs. Rains, who complacently regarded the disaster from her seat upon a meal-sack which had formed a vicarious point of enthronement from the town of Davis to the present scene of accident.

"No use a-worryin', Pap, none whatsoever; it's jest nothin' to that bustin' which took place in the midst o' Dry Fork, with the water suddenly risin', an' me onable to swim. Do you mind?"

Pap evidently did "mind," but politely refrained from any betrayal of the fact beyond a sudden, spasmodic movement of the scant beard which shot straight out from his chin.

"Maria, if you will kindly condescend to climb down off that bag o' meal, I rayther think it would help the wagon to right itself."

Thus formally and conjugally adjured, Maria began preparations to alight, first disentangling from her embrace various

packages of mysterious shape, borne thus far upon the homeward way with a feverish solicitude. A partial observer might here remark that this bearing of mysterious packages is but a proof of that instinct developed in the female mind in all civilized lands, while an observer of opposite partiality might insist that the male mind would find equal and violent ground for dislike merely in the shape, irrespective of contents. It is sad to chronicle that Pap Rains regarded even the contents of Mrs. Rains' bundles with disfavor, although by the average intelligence they could hardly have been reckoned under the head of frumperies, being a frying pan of granite ware, a patent clothes wringer, and some Paris green. Nevertheless, Pap, having been used to more primitive methods, looked upon these innovations as the Jonahs of their homeward voyagings. Indeed, he expressed as much, though not with that polite formality with which he had requested Mrs. Rains to alight.

"Considerin' this took place perpindicular across from Sairey Long's place, I can't see as I'm specially distressed," said the lady, descending unassisted, and with great difficulty.

"Seein', of course, that Abel an' his pap'll be here to help you, as otherwise they moun't," she added with feminine readiness, fully appreciating the unfortunate effect likely to result from unappended monologue. A sentiment in which Sairey herself, having drawn near in this colloquial interim, warmly concurred.

"Come in, Maria, jest come right in an' restify yerself; Abel, he'll be along by 'n by to help Pap right up."

"Jest as I told him; an', seein' how often we've got twixt hawk an' buzzard afore, I call this luck."

Never having been plagued with metaphor, Sairey took the meaning as it was intended, and let down the "gap" in the fence to admit her friend and the precious packages. It needed no explanation to convey to Sairey's mind the fact that these packages, being the outcome of a private rather than a joint selection, were far too precious to be left upon the public highway with the other and less favored purchases.

"Jest you wait, Sairey," said Mrs. Rains, seating herself on a hickory chair in the cabin porch. "Jest you wait, plagued if that patent wringer ain't the wonderfulest thing . . . Don't go a-twistin' of it, though. But what was that about Abel an' Josephine you was a"—

"How's it worked, Maria?" asked Mrs. Long, stiffly, inter-

rupting solicitous inquiry. "If it's that sensitive you can't turn it t'other way an' both ways, 'pears as if you'd throw'd your money away."

"You jest wait, Sairey Long! Do I look like one o' them women that throwed away their money, or was insistentlly har-rifyin' their husbands fer things? That machine was took out in butter 'n berries, an' sensitive or no sensitive, I paid fer it."

Then, with a dexterous swiftness, the wringer was clamped fast to a bench, and a towel near at hand was immersed in water, passed though the rollers, and held before the astonished Mrs. Long.

"Now, is that sensitive?" asked the triumphant owner. The lady interrogated could only gasp an inaudible reply and relapse into silent admiration. "That wringer's as a weddin' present to go with our Matildy."

"A weddin' present to go with Matildy! An' who's she a-goin' to marry?" queried Mrs. Long, with sudden animation, irresistibly drawn from the attractive subject of this new wonder to the older but more attractive one of matrimony.

"That," responded Mrs. Rains, with airy confidence conveying a thorough reliance in the means at hand, "that's as yet undecided, but the wringer, as I said, goes with Matildy, an' many an' a many's the family they'd be useful in." Mrs. Long gave the wringer a contemplative twist or two, which, although not in the prescribed direction, failed this time to provoke any admonition. "As I come through this a way to-day, Sairey, I looked at all them bee-gums as needed lookin' after, an' that garden as needed weedin', and them potatoes as needed hoein', an' Matildy's jest powerful a-hoein' potatoes, not to mention the clothes that most likely needed a-wringin', an' I says to myself, 'This's a good place for Matildy an' the wringer, Abel not married yet, as he should 'a' been long 'go.' An' when that wagon busted I says to myself: 'That bustin' was undertook by a special Providence.'"

"Is it good a-wringin' bedclothes an' such like heavy things?" asked Mrs. Long, cautiously, ignoring Providence and matrimony until the affair of the wringer had been fully tested.

"Heavy things? Well, I should say! You jest fetch 'em on."

Thus adjured, Mrs. Long climbed the ladder, dropped three

quilts through the opening in the ceiling, and descended with hasty agility. A large kettle full of water, which had been put to boiling with culinary intent, was now diverted to other use, and the wringer set in violent activity to prove its vaunted qualities. Now and then the sound of hammering came faintly from the road where the "Providential bustin'" was being rectified, but to these busy toilers the strokes, recurring now at longer intervals, bore no reminder of an uncooked mid-day meal, or, indeed, any other thing but the fascinating matter in hand. Presently, Mrs. Long, being allowed exclusive manipulation, as a signal of growing confidence, put a pair of Abel's overalls through and sent the bone buttons flying with bullet-like velocity about the cabin. "It's well," she said, with biting severity, "that you let Matildy go 'long with this machine, fer it 'pears as if it would take one out o' every family to keep a-sewin' the buttons on."

"Perhaps if they was all as ignorant as you, an' was fortunately Matildy's ma, it would," retorted Mrs. Rains, with equal severity. Thereupon, taking a more bebuttoned article than the overalls, she folded it carefully, the buttons on the inner side, put it through with noiseless success, and smiled derisively upon her vanquished friend. Mrs. Long was silent, likewise convinced—every line in her face betrayed the fact. The machine and Matildy, but especially the machine, would be useful in "many an' many a family." Mrs. Rains, perceiving her vantage, assured it by presenting her snuff-can. The threatened breach was ignored, a matter beyond recall.

"You was a-sayin' somewhat about Abel's visitin'; Josephine Carrico, I s'pose, as usual," ventured the owner of the snuff, herself taking a dip.

"Yes, Josephine," replied Mrs. Long, in bland satisfaction, omitting the uncomplimentary monologue regarding this person which had been interrupted by the wringing machine, and adding, instead, "An' a wonderful fine woman, too."

"An' married," returned Mrs. Rains, briefly.

"Well, she mout be an' she moutn't; thar be much to say both ways. Joe gone nigh onto two year, an' Abel packin' her meal all that time. So, seein' as Joe's onlikely to come back, it 'pears as if Abel had kind o' bought out his interest; specially seein' if Josephine's willin'."

"Which she been't, as you well know, Sairey Long, fer day an' night, an' night an' day, she's a-waitin' fer Joe. Of course

she has a cabin such as three days' log-rollin' would make as good, an' a sick child, which is doubtless more pleasin' than a wringer. I hope you'll get 'em, seein' you be so anxious." For Mrs. Rains was stung to indignation at the duplicity which dictated a pæan of praise where originally quite another course had been intended; observing, overmore, that it imputed a direct belittling, only too apparent, of her own proffered possessions. "A fine time you'll enjoy, a-physickin', an' hoein', an' grubbin' fer 'em, Sairey Long."

"You've jest sot yourself, Maria, to misunderstandin' my sayin's to-day, an' I'm jest about tired out with you fer it. In my eyes them as is j'ined fer once, is jined fer good, though thar be people, an' powerful wiser'n you, too, as thinks other." Maria, thus adjured, remained silent. Being a woman, she was also a diplomat. The paltry means to which her friend had resorted to create an impression of indifference in a matter the earnestness of which she had made only the more apparent, caused Mrs. Rains to leave further parley unprovoked least she should lead Mrs. Long to depths of contrariety from which the frailty of her intelligence might fail to rescue her.

Pleased with the obvious advantage gained, and confident of having veiled all semblance of unwonted interest in Matildy and the wringer, Mrs. Long attained to that magnanimity of mood awaited by her opponent.

"Yes, Matildy's a great help, doubtless, an' jest what me an' Abel need, handy an' spry, an' what's better, a-ownin' property as'll make her more valuable, an' I don't mind sayin' it, Maria, if you do be her mother; knowin' as you'll agree with me, jest like we always do agree. As fer Abel, I've fotched him up to think as I think, an' marry her he will, pine blank, fer I'm sot on it."

Her words still rang on the air, when Abel, his honest eyes opened in a wide surprise, surveyed the scene. His mother, absorbed in the unusual interest of her theme and the clothes wringer, failed, because of a guilty conscience, to attribute this surprise to other awakening than her speech. The ready explanation of Mrs. Rains afforded, therefore, a most agreeable relief.

"Well, Abel, you be surprised at not a-seein' dinner ready!" Never mind, we'll have things righted here in a jiffy, an' dinner got too. Your mother here's jest a-doin' that poorly, no helpin' hand an' willin' feet to aid her. Oh! Abel, Abel, you men be wonderful selfish . . . wonderful selfish . . . never a-

thinkin' o' your mothers till they've done worked theirselves to death."

Abel gazed first at Mrs. Rains, then at his mother. Neither appeared in likely danger of demise; indeed, seemingly, both were well and comfortable. Not exactly understanding wherein his share in the general delinquency lay, he proceeded at once to make the only amend presenting itself, namely, to begin the removal of the piles of steaming clothes resting on the deal table. Meanwhile he wondered how he could have managed to assist both here and in the highway simultaneously. At this juncture Mrs. Rains undeceived him as to the import of her words, at the same time sweeping the wet garments from his grasp with a disdainful air.

"You be a fine help, been't you! The only thing you men folks's good fer is huntin' an' fishin.' You be a-needin' a wife, Abel Long, yes, a wife! Much as I hate to say so, an' shame me to have to say it. Together with the hoein', and berryin', an' washin', an' all t'other things, your mother's jest a-soarin' to heaven in a fiery chariot!"

It was not so much the uncomfortableness of the prophesied conveyance that filled Abel with compunction, but the knowledge, quickly corroborated by his mother, that it was his dalliance in the question matrimonial which threatened this dire result.

"Men can't think, Maria; it's not in 'em," remonstrated Mrs. Long. "I'd 'a' lived and died most likely, without utterin' a complaint, if you hadn't 'a' come along here to-day with your wringer, an' done so fer me." A remark more fraught with truth than she at that moment fully comprehended. Then, with womanly resignation: "Abel's good an' kind fer a man, an' thoughtful, too—when he thinks."

"Which been't often, I'll bet!" said the uncompromising champion of her sex, poking the coals about the spider with a vicious energy.

"Well, maybe it been't," retorted Abel's mother, mildly, "but when he thinks, he thinks."

This undeniable assertion threw Mrs. Rains upon a new resource. "An' when their mothers is jest drug to death an' dead, why, thar bein' nobody else to keep things a-goin', they jest snatch at any gal in their hurry to get somebody to cook fer 'em, an' stan' as likely a chance, an' a long sight likelier, o' gettin' some t'radin', trapsein' hussy than they be o' gettin' a good workin', likely gal, seein' as they be in such haste. Look

around while your mother's a-livin' to advise you, that's my motter, an' jest as good as 'Childrun obey your parents,' if I did get it out o' my own head."

Thoughts to Abel hitherto undefined, though bearing but faint resemblance to the words just uttered, had sprung to realness as he listened; thoughts which presented themselves with growing force to the young man's mind as he sat in the cabin porch just outside the door, and watched with a comprehension hitherto unawakened. He noted the many flying steps of the women, made more flying still by reason of the meal delayed; observed the many little tasks, each demanding its separate, patient attention, even in preparing a frugal meal such as their daily lives knew. All the while a brisk conversation waged above the clatter of the dishes and the pans. The virtue of Matildy and the new wringer seemed to grow in grace with each swiftly flying moment, until, even to Abel's masculine comprehension, their inestimable value became one and inseparable. His eyes regarded the wringer and his ears the praiseworthy qualities of Matildy. Strive as he might to divert the conversationalists from their theme, they waxed only the more eloquent. If he asked after the "bee-gums," Matildy "tended 'em jest wonderful;" if he asked whether they had built an addition as intended, "Matildy had helped at the log rollin'; Matildy had clum up on the roof and put the fire out; Matildy had helped hoe the corn; Matildy made the best black raspberry dumplin's." Here Abel felt a faint familiarity with the subject, and ventured timidly to ask if they were better than Arty Cresner's "dumplin's." Both ladies eyed him with suspicion, then with a mixture of indignation and pity. Arty's many bad qualities served but as a foil to display the more numerous good ones of Matildy, until, though not a biased enthusiast of Miss Cresner's, Abel felt relieved that she was removed many miles beyond earshot. During the meal, while the elder Long, now returned, carried on a lively interchange of hunting experiences with Pap Rains, Mrs. Long and Mrs. Rains, between whom Abel was seated, alternately congratulated and commiserated each other—the one for possessing, the other for not possessing, so valuable a daughter.

Each moment Abel felt himself a more despicable creature, whose guilt lay in the fact that he failed to rob one strangely unselfish household to enrich another strangely covetous. Snatching his gun as soon as he could escape from the table, Abel fled the

scene, exclaiming, abruptly, "Shootin'." The pæan last reaching his ear was uttered by his mother:

"Matildy'll be a wonderful wife fer any man," she said.

All the way up the mountain, "Matildy...wife," were the two words dinning ever in his ears. Through crashing undergrowth, over fallen trees, or wandering aimlessly past curious red squirrels eying him with blinking, starry eyes, he beat his way unconsciously. This new knowledge of his unutterable selfishness, his neglected duty, filled him with a dull pain. He loved both his parents, but his love for his mother was the stronger, and this sudden awakening to facts, just now so vividly impressed upon him, left an uncertainty to be solved only by cowardly delay on the one hand, or repugnant action on the other. His thoughts as well as his wanderings had seemed aimless until, suddenly, he found himself upon the edge of the clearing which held Josephine's cabin. He stopped abruptly. All aimlessness of thought and wandering seemed vanished at this especial point, reached without the aid of will or purposing. For awhile he rested upon his gun, and presently realized that he must have been walking very fast and hard. The perspiration dropped heavily from his face; he was panting for breath; a strange fluttering of the heart had come upon him. He had been brought suddenly face to face with himself. A knowledge of the unutterable longing of his heart for Josephine; of the listless content with which he had faced fate and let to-day be as it would; of the coming home of Joe, which, now that he fully analyzed his mind, he felt that he had never believed, but only echoed because it comforted Josephine—all this rushed fully on him. The more he tried to right the chaos in his mind, the more helpless seemed the undertaking.

Turning, he was about to lose himself again in the depths of the forest when her voice called to him, "Abel! Abel!"

He obeyed, mechanically, stood his gun against the door, and, seating himself with an air of desperate weariness, said:

"Josephine, I'm goin' to get married!"

His air of fierce determination and resolve, the grimness of his countenance, caused the woman to regard him for a moment with startled surprise, and then to laugh gaily.

"Why, Abel! I'm glad, wonderful glad, only it 'pears to me as 't would be a little more natural-like if you didn't look so down-trod. Who is it?"

"I'm sure I dunno....I'm come to ask that of you."

It was the woman's turn now to give vent to a white, drawn look in her countenance; she was in ignorance of Mrs. Rains' visit, of its results, and of the instigation of this crisis. She gazed at him for a moment in wonderment. He seldom gave way to drink; his eyes bore now no evidence of it, showing, indeed, only weariness that half extinguished the fierce intent burning in their depths. A fear of the words he might utter, words which she had never dreaded but for this unexpected, inexplicable condition of his mind, caused her to say the uppermost and the most protecting words within her grasp: "If Joe was only here, he'd know some better than me."

"If Joe was only here!" he echoed, with a hardness of tone strange to his voice. "Josephine, you know as well as me that Joe...."

"Stop!" she almost shrieked, starting toward him with outstretched hands.... "Stop, Abel Long! Don't make me hate the best, the only friend I've got—don't say what you was goin' to. Joe's a-comin' back; you know he's a-comin' back! You say so always! Little Joe says so every day! Say you *know* Joe's a-comin' back soon," she pleaded, drawing nearer to him.

He looked at her for a moment with a half-comprehending dullness, and echoed, mechanically, "Joe's a-comin' back—soon."

The woman, as if relieved from some exquisite tension, sank upon a splint chair, and, clasping little Joe to her bosom, wept.

The noise of her sobs seemed to awaken the man from the stupor that had fallen upon him. He gazed at her with slowly lessening wonderment that changed to comprehending sympathy. Again he said, and with increased assurance in his tone, "Yes, Joe's a-comin' back soon."

The smile that greeted this caused a reflection in his face. Her quick recovery from the shock bore, even to him, the scant credence that she gave to any contradiction of the fixed idea which ruled her life. All else was to her paltry and unreal. His words just now, so pregnant with the hope which actuated them, although for a flash understood and terrifying, seemed quite forgot. Why, from the startled look which crept into her face when he reiterated his matrimonial intentions, even the memory of their announcement had escaped her. "Yes, I'm a-goin' to marry, Jo-

sephine. 'Pears like I ought 'a' done so long ago—mother with nobody to help her, an' me that lazy, an' puttin' it off. An' when I do make up my mind I still keep on a-makin' everybody else trouble, jest becase o' my selfishness a-desirin' to get out of it."

The womanly sympathies of her heart were awake and alert now. His humble self-accusation overwhelmed her with the knowledge of her own absorbed selfishness, which thrust out all not in consonance with its hopings. The memory of his loyalty, his ministerings, his thoughtful gentleness, aroused in her a compunction deep as the pity which she felt for him. "Be you or your mother a-wantin' of this?" she promptly asked, failing of better method of expression to convey to him assurance of her forgiveness of the dangerous theme just ventured on.

"Well," he answered, smiling, though somewhat grimly, "it do seem thar be several, as I won't name, as be desirin'."

"Marryin'," she said to him, with a solemn fervor, "been't what many, but what two wish fer. An' puttin' all other considerin's aside, Abel, think jest of you two as have to live together fer good an' all, fer better an' fer worse, an' of nothin' nor nobody else."

"But thar's mother a-workin' herself to death on account o' my bein' so lazy an' puttin' off blessin' her with a daughter to help, when thar be two, as is insistentlly said, as be that willin' an' great blessin's as the world can't hold more'n one at a time."

"An' who be they, Abel?" she questioned, a vague timidity strangely mingling with the curiosity which prompted her.

"Arty Cresner an' Matildy Rains," he answered bluntly, no responsive appreciation dawning in his countenance with the mention of these blessings, whose many virtues had been so carefully and patiently extolled.

"Arty an' Matildy," echoed Josephine, in deep thoughtfulness. "An' which is your choice?"

"Neither one," came in decided and laconic abruptness. Then, in a resigned promptitude: "But seein' as it's my sot duty to take one or t'other, I reckon it'll be Matildy. She's mother's choice, an' as they be the ones to live together mostly, I don't doubt but she's the likeliest. As fer me, I can go a-huntin'."

"Thar'll be many times, Abel," said the woman, gently, "when you can't go a-huntin', or, even if you do, you'll carry the hongry feelin' with you; an' it'll be worse'n a burnin' thirst in a up country, with no water to quench your longin's."

"I know what that is a'ready, Josephine," he said, with patient gentleness. "It can't matter so much, though, if I do take Ma-

tildy; mother'll be pleased, an' maybe Pap, too, though he's never said nothin' in the matter; an' knowin' that my duty's done'll help me powerful, doubtless."

"Maybe," began Josephine, hesitatingly, gathering words slowly and with exceeding care. "Maybe if you'd jest go a long ways off fer a spell, Abel, an' see the world an' more people, you'd kind o' get used to other folks, an' find somebody as was deservin' of you. . . . Somebody so very quite deservin' that you'd say, 'What a fool I was fer stayin' away off thar so long an' a-dream-in', when all this happiness was a waitin' fer me.' An' you'll bring her home to help not only your mother, but you too; an' your life'll be jest that happy, singin' like a trout stream when the winter ice is broke."

"Maybe, maybe, but I doubt me, I doubt me, Josephine. It mout be, had I gone sooner, afore I got so old, or afore my head got so sot, I mout 'a' changed, though even if I had, why, *that* mout 'a' been only an onsatisfyin' dream, an' what you call a dream mout be more satisfyin'. But if you think it's best fer me to go away fer a spell, Josephine, an' study over it, why, I'll go. An' maybe when I do come back mother'll have changed her way o' thinkin' back to what it used to be when she said every gal hereabouts was shiftless, or likely she'll fix on Arty instead o' Matildy. Waitin's a powerful help to changin' the mind. Yes, Josephine, I'll go."

"I don't say go fer sure, Abel; I'm only kind o' supposin' it. To try'll do no harm. Why not go to Charleston? Thar's lots o' work an' lots o' people thar. An' when you come back fresh an' happy in mind at the endin' of your seekin', why, your wife'll find in Josephine Carrico a friend as will stand by her ferever an' ever, even if the whole world turns agin her. It couldn't be no other, if 'twere fer nothin' else than jest the rememberin' o' what you did fer me an' little Joe when Joe was gone."

"Don't talk that a way, Josephine, now don't," he said, huskily. "What I did an' what I'm a-goin' to do ain't nothin' 't all. I'm not sure as I'll ever get even with you as 'tis for helpin' me to keep out o' marryin' Matildy an' Arty right off-hand . . . not a knowin' what else to do, fer a fact. Come here, little Joe. An' what'll you be a-wantin' from Charleston? Not as I'm a-goin' yet. . . . but when I do, what'll I pack up home fer you, say, ole man?" And he caught up the child in his arms.

"Dad's a-comin' home! Dad's a-comin' home! He'll pack me everythin'. I won't need fer nothin' when dad comes, will I,

mommy?" said the child, as, his head nestled against Abel's coat, he looked up into his mother's eyes.

Before Josephine could speak, Abel placed the boy upon the hearth, and strode to the cabin door. He stood there for a moment, his eyes fixed on the faint, tremulous rose of after-glow tangled in the crests of pines. When Josephine looked up to say good-night he was lost to sight in the gathering shadows.

CHAPTER IV.

ARTY'S STRANGER BEAU.

Arty sat in a shady fence corner, trimming her new hat. The sun beat down fiercely upon the mountain-side and across the stretch of valley at her feet, but where she rested the cool shadows flung by interlacing boughs of rhododendron made a grateful retreat, screening her at one and the same time from the burning heat and any culinary demands which might be instigated on the part of her family. In her lap lay ten brilliant artificial roses, each rose encircled by a halo of pea-green frosted foliage. To be sure they were but rough, uncouth imitations of the natural blossoms which they libeled, and which shone like stars from between the fence rails at her side; but Arty regarded them with a far more favorable gaze than she would have been likely to bestow upon their living counterparts. Holding the hat first one way, then the other, she adjusted the gorgeous trimming to her liking, pinned it in place, and then twirled the whole in a ray of sunshine, that she might see the frosted leaves sparkle to a full advantage. Tiring of this, she placed it on her head and went through sundry attitudes and grimaces, then sighed because no brook or looking-glass was near at hand to reflect in friendly wise her gorgeousness.

"A pretty girl, and a pretty hat."

Arty flushed crimson, threw her head back, and looked up at the face of the stranger bending above her. Upon ordinary occasions she would have fled the scene precipitately, but this was no ordinary occasion, or, rather, no ordinary individual. His dark eyes beamed with a laughter that trembled on his lips, which parted over whiter teeth than Arty had ever dreamed possible. His mustache, long and heavy, had a certain twirl and droop equally novel, but to Arty's heart, none the less enchanting. She made no reply to the young man's remark, but snatched her hat from off her head and continued to regard him

out of the corner of one eye. The moment for retreat had passed. Arty chewed her snuff brush violently and gave herself up to the sweet novelty of the situation.

"That hat's a stunner," continued the voice. "Let's see, six white roses, three red ones and one yellow. That hat will just beat anything in Canaan!"

Arty flushed afresh, giggled, and then ventured: "It's 'specially fer the Fourth o' July picnic at Flannigan's Hill."

At this conversational cession the stranger vaulted over the fence and sat down in the shade beside her. "For the picnic at Flannigan's Hill? Well, I'll wager both the hat and the girl are the prettiest of their kind in the whole lay-out! Who's that over there hoeing potatoes?—your mother?"

"Yes, that's her. Pap's in the cabin a-studyin' up new chunes to play fer to dance to."

Thus far advanced, Arty ceased to regard the situation as novel. At any other time she would have been dumb stricken in the presence of a stranger, but there was something so commanding in this man's voice, something so winning in his smile, that Arty, borne with the tide, felt her heart thrill with a sensation which forty roses, red, white and yellow, could never, never have awakened.

"Fine view, that," said the stranger, intently regarding the ranges opposite, upon which a few lazily floating clouds cast flickering, ever-changing shadows. "Country thickly settled hereabouts?"

"No, not very. Be you come fur to-day?" questioned Arty in turn, not deeming local statistics as interesting as personalities.

"Not so very," he replied, indefinitely. "Are there many saw-mills near here?"

"Yes, tol'able. Be you come to cut timber?"

The stranger smiled in demure amusement. "Well, maybe. If there are many lumbermen hereabouts there must be plenty of whisky, isn't there?" Arty looked up in startled surprise, not because he wanted whisky, which to her seemed a natural desire, but because in the presence of strangers the subject of whisky was tabooed with a sanctity not accorded the most intimate family affairs. Certain memories of United States marshal's men, under guise of ragged beggars, half naked tramps, idiots playing aimlessly with weeds about the cider presses, flashed through her mind. Laughing softly to herself at thought of the

contrast afforded in their appearance and that of her new acquaintance, she replied:

"Well, thar mout be, an' ag'in thar moutn't. What mout be your name?"

"Lawrence Hutton," he answered frankly, and with a smile that banished the faintest lingering suspicion from her mind.

"You ought to go down to Hendricks—not now, I mean, but some other time—they've got lots o' whisky down thar. You ought jest to go to one o' *their* picnics. I reckon you'd have four black eyes instead o' only two. But you could take care o' yourself, I reckon," she said, eying him critically. "That is, if you didn't get too drunk."

He laughed gaily at her friendly considerateness, and asked: "Where do they get it?"

"Oh! Cumberland, I reckon. They be near a railroad an' have it handy like. Pap says that's what they build railroads fer, to take out lumber an' bring in whisky."

"It's harder to get where you have to climb after it, isn't it, Miss—Miss—what's your name?"

"Arty—Arty Cresner," she replied, struggling with conflicting emotions of pleasure awakened by this respectful appellation, and vague distrust of his constant recurrence to local possibilities. Observing her mood, so clearly reflected in her unsophisticated face, he diverted her thoughts by taking the newly trimmed hat in his hands, and venting fresh admiration.

"If your father would let me have something to eat, and rest here a little, I'd be mightily obliged," he ventured presently, when he had thus banished the shadow from her countenance.

"Of course he would," returned Arty, promptly, assuming a responsibility quite foreign to her. "I'll go right down now an' cook somethin' fer you. Do you like black raspberry dump-lins?"

"I'm so hungry I could eat fried bark," was the reply. Whereat Arty grinned in appreciative fashion, and, taking the hat from him, poised it carefully upon her sunburned fingers, and started toward the cabin, the stranger following.

With a feeling akin to joy, Harrison Cresner welcomed the new comer as an object likely to divert the attention of Mrs. Harrison and produce in that lady's mind a semblant forgetfulness of the unfortunate occurrence of the gold digging. Since that misadventure his life had held little of the wanted peace and opportunity for thoughtful reverie which he so dearly

prized. Indeed, it seemed that this very quality, enabling him so brilliantly upon a past occasion to portray the benefit of riches served now but to awaken in his wife a freshened ire with each faint relapse. As far as lay in his power he had endeavored to destroy all reminder of that short but vivid period. He had, at violent instigation, it is true, laboriously returned the scattered earth, had even attempted to replace the maltreated cabbages in their former proud and erect position, with, however, small success. Finding all these strivings to be regarded as naught in the eyes of his helpmeet, he had gone fishing, returning only in season to prepare for the Fourth of July at Flannigan's Hill, it being his established custom to celebrate the national independence by playing for the dancers. Laying down his violin when Hutton entered the cabin, Harrison entreated him, almost tearfully, to regard this his home for an indefinite period, and while Arty, with joyful heart, climbed to the loft above to deposit her treasured hat, called Mrs. Harrison from agricultural pursuits. This accomplished, he took up his fishing rod, and in a comfortable state of mind left the stranger to Mrs. Cresner's ample catechetical abilities. It was some time after the completion of the mid-day meal, progressing none the less comfortably because of the host's absence, that Arty found herself again alone in the company of Hutton. Seemingly forgetful of that which the girl had concluded to regard as a deep-seated thirst for something stronger than spring water, he held her entranced by tales of lands smoother, wider, more closely settled than her own; of cities where the houses were not of logs, but brick, stone, and even marble. In return she gave the little happenings of her daily life; the walk down the mountain to school in the dead of winter, with the snow swirling and blinding; the "ramp parties," the "bean-stringin's," the "punkin-cuttin's," and the picnic held every Fourth of July at Flannigan's Hill. Upon this last theme she dilated with an eloquence and volubility that set her heart to fluttering with the hope that he might stay—stay to dance with her, to see her in the glory of her new pink lawn, her shoes, and, best of all, the hat he himself had called beautiful. She told him of the music which her father played "so lovely," and of which Hutton had already formed his own ideas, of the clomping, spike studded shoes of the lumbermen which drowned with their clatter all the beautifulness of the "chunes." . . . Thus far it was that she was doomed to get, no farther.

"Arty, Arty, come here right away! Thar's a skunk @ the

house, an' it's gone upstairs!" shrieked a little Cresner, panting between joy and tears at prospect of the odorous predicament. Close at his heels followed a duet of still smaller Cresners shrieking in unison that "Pap was fishin', mam was berryin'."

Arty paled. It was not of the disastrous result to the cabin as a domicile, nor of any uncomfortableness likely to accrue from this dilemma, that she thought, but of her pink lawn dress, of her store shoes, and of her dear new hat. These meant the picnic and a long, bright summer's day with all the sweet new joy of this man's company. But Arty was energetic. All this had flashed through her mind in the brief space she staid to hear the tidings and the briefer one it took her to reach the cabin door. Wariness, as became the situation, was strong within her. The recollection of Jane Rains' attempt to fight a skunk with a broomstick, her hair hanging down her back, and the subsequent shaving which took place, was well in mind. To no such extremity would she subject herself. Softly she climbed the steep stairway leading to the loft. Gently she pulled the pink lawn from off its nail, and dropped it through the opening in the floor. The shoes she caught up in one hand. But the hat—her hat with the ten lovely roses and their frosted leaves—lay flat on the floor in a far corner, and, curled into a black, tiny, wooly ball, quite near by, lay the dreaded skunk.

Arty groaned under her breath, "My hat, my hat!" and slid to the floor.

A firm hand pushed her aside; a kind voice whispered in her ear, "I'll fix him."

Meanwhile, three little Cresners, with wide, staring eyes and open mouths, stood in a frozen silence awaiting developments. Seizing a long, smooth board, Hutton, well knowing the disastrous result of fright or violent attempt upon the enemy, removed his shoes, and climbed to the loft. To place the board in unequal balance across the sill of the open window, to prove by test that but one cautious step was needed to send both board and burden crashing to the earth, was but the work of a moment; but to Arty that short space seemed longer than all the hours passed since Hutton's coming. The young man slid softly down, his finger to his lips, and joined them in their waiting. A little stir sounded overhead . . . a shuffling of padded feet . . . then—on a sudden—a thud resounded from the beaten clay outside. Three little Cresners made

toward the door. Arty and Hutton peered from the solitary window. Outside lay the skunk, still and motionless.

"It's done fer!" screeched the most venturesome of the youthful Cresners, poking the fur ball with a stick.

In a trice Arty had mounted to the loft and was back again. Tears were in her eyes, and the hat was in her hand. "It's all right up thar, an' I'm 'bleeged, wonderful 'bleeged, 'deed I am; an' you'll jest get that whisky to-night, stranger, or my name's not Arty Cresner!" Hutton's only answer was a pressure of her outstretched hand—a pressure which she would have deemed reward for far greater daring than a stealthy trip up the rocky, dusky-shadowed mountain to the "Still" on the other side of the knob.

There was a feeling of oppression in the air, a close warmth and heaviness which presaged a coming storm. Arty crept softly down the stairs and through the open door into the scent-laden stillness. Poising an earthen jug for a moment upon her hip, she looked up at the vaporous opaqueness and across the pall-decked field, outlined by splashes of light from phosphorescent fungus clinging to the snake fence. Then, taking her bearings by some innate instinct, she struck out boldly toward the mountain. Her bare feet passed deftly over dead branches; poised for a flash a little space above the earth and then trod noiselessly, surely upon it. The step of the mountaineer, learned in days and generations past from the wily tread of the Indian, when pursued and pursuing told their fate by misstep of a footfall. She did not hear the soft, panther-like tread close behind her, although, at times, possessed by the instinct of some other presence, she would pause for a space, peer into the darkness, smile softly at her fancied delusion, press the jug a little closer, and pass onward through silence. Now and then a rustle, a faint, sleepy croaking of some forest bird, awakened from its slumbers by a misplaced branch, sounded out on the stillness. So quiet was the night on the heights she was climbing, that even the strident, infrequent rattle of the katydids sounded like hootings of night owls. Bull-bats down in the valley thrummed a drowsy, occasional murmur in consonance with the languidness of the darkness and the heavily drooping branches that hung in the swoon of a high noon of slumber. Presently the girl reached the summit, and rested for a little upon the topmost crags. Above and below

her all seemed hushed, drowned in a vast, impregnable sea of thick blackness. She hurried onward again, even more warily still, hesitated for a moment before a low, squat cabin of logs, then threw wide the closed door, and stood in the doorway. Half a dozen men sprang to their feet. One of them raised his gun and took aim. The click of the trigger as it slipped in place came clear on the night air. The light of the candle streaming outward betrayed the outline of her tall, supple figure, the folds of her cotton gown, damp and limp with the night dew, clinging close to her. A smile was on her lips and a flash in her eyes as bright as the candle's reflection that shone on the black earthen jug which she carried. A chorus of chuckling laughs was the greeting they gave her as they hastened forward to shake her hand in assurance of hearty and friendly welcome.

One of them, the man with the gun, dropped his weapon and said, a little sheepishly, "Well, Arty, you do beat all! Who's snake-bit that you clum up this a-way such a infernal black night as this?"

The speaker's visible discomfiture, his clumsy attempt to act as though he had been merely toying with his Winchester, awakened a renewal of chucklings.

Arty, joining in the merriment, stepped down into the cabin, and, before deigning any answer, calmly seated herself on a chair vacated in the excitement.

"'Pears to me, Lem Sells, that you be the one that's snake-bit, a-'pintin' your gun at me as if I was some marshal's man come to 'rest you."

Laughter greeted this sally, and Lem, suffering fresh discomfiture, poured a tin cup full with amber liquid from a jug at hand and gave it to her, saying: "Now, Arty, don't go to bein' hard on me! How was a man to be expectin' a gal away up here on a night like this?" Tossing off the contents of the cup with a wry grimace, Arty handed it back, exclaiming, "Well, I wont stop a-talkin', fer a fact, if you give me any more new stuff like that! Do you s'pose I clum all the way up here an' risked a-carryin' myself home full o' shot fer a jug o' that? Not much! Why, you'd have the family a-tryin' to climb up the wall like Sairey did when she got snake-bit, an' they give her half a pint o' campher, havin' nothin' better."

"All your folks been't j'inin' in that opinion, so fur as newness goes," said Lem dryly, and he pointed toward a recumbent

figure in a far corner of the cabin. Lem arose to potter about among the jugs near the still. Several men sprang forward to assist in his researches.

Arty went over to the sleeper, and, peering into his face, exclaimed, "Well, if it been't Tobe!"

"Yes, Tobe it be fer a fact," said a tall, gaunt fellow, stooping over the prostrate man. "Tobe, Tobe, wake up here! Your mother-in-law's a-wantin' to know why you k-ep yourself so sparse since that gold diggin'?"

Tobe rolled over, half opened his eyes, and groaned sleepily.

"Pears like as if he been't anxious to respond," said Lem, as he drew near, jug in hand. "He clum up here a-desirin' some Dutch courage to take 'long with him down to your place, an' he took a leetle more'n he could pack, but, doubtless, not more'n he needed."

"Maybe he mout and maybe he moutn't," responded Arty, with a toss of her head which indicated clearly a failure to appreciate this inference as to family affairs. "Tobe's quite good a takin' courage in season an' out o' season, but I'm not here fer to waste breath an' time a-talkin', but to get my jug filled." Taking a sip of the liquor which Lem had meanwhile extended for her testing, she smacked her lips and pronounced it "some-thin' like."

Searching the depths of her pocket, she drew forth a handkerchief, from a knot in one corner of which she extricated a quarter.

"Now, Lem, give me all you can fer this. It's all I've got an' I made it myself a-berryin' down in Canaan."

"What! take pay from a gal, an' specially from a gal what clum away up here on a dark night like this? Not much, Arty!"

A chorus of appreciative applause greeted his action as he tossed the coin which the girl had given him back into her lap.

"Fer my part," piped in a gray-bearded old man, who had throughout the colloquy remained silent, "fer my part, I kind o' reckon Arty's done gone squar' back on me. She's got another feller fer sure an' sartin . . . That whisky ain't for no Pap!"

The girl, flushing crimson under the raillery of laughter that followed, endeavored to parry it by exclaiming, "Now, Pap, you a-talkin' that a-way when I'm a'intendin' to spend every cent o'

this quarter on beautifyin' myself to dance with you down to Flannigan's Hill on the Fourth."

Springing to his feet and seizing her hand, the old man cut an elaborate "pigeon wing," in which his partner joined in a gay abandon. "You be a-goin' to dance with me, too, Arty!" "An' with me!" "An' me!" chimed in another.

"But first o' all," panted Pap, laughing and breathless, "first o' all with me, even if she has got a new feller, which I can bear if it's a home buck; but if it's a stranger, blest if I don't break his head fer him!"

Arty, laughing with the rest, shook hands all around with gay good-nights. One of the men went out, closed the door after him, peered about cautiously, and then returned to say, in the same subdued tone which had distinguished the conversation throughout, "All's cl'ar."

Arty, with her jug under her arm, stepped briskly forth, the door closed, and alone the girl sped away in the darkness. It was with a feeling of uneasiness, growing upon her with a strange persistence momentarily, that she continued on her way. Something seemed ever warning her to turn back rather than press onward. The darkness was so palpable that she might almost have caught it in her hands, the night so hot and heavy that even the gentle puffs of heated wind, betokening rain, failed to rustle the leaves hanging slumberous and sullen. Once or twice the girl fancied that she heard a sound as of crashing twigs; again she could have sworn that a faint whistle echoed from the gulch below. Hastening her steps with each recurrent fancy, she almost ran down the steep flank of the mountain, over trailing, briery creepers and jagged rocks, until she felt the blood trickling warm and moist about her limbs and ankles. But the jug must always be held safe, no matter what might happen. Now she raised it far above her head; again, with one hand grasping at blackberry bushes for support, she swung the jug safely over a ledge with the other, risking always her own safety for that of her precious burden—a burden that made good her promise to him. His face seemed floating always before her, now smiling encouragement, again frozen in horror of warning. Before her eyes it swam, but in a faint, uncertain reflection, for her visual sight seemed weakened by the greater intuitive strength of mind that had fallen upon her, and by the vast, impregnable still of the darkness. Should she go back or repress onward? Was this death, or was he in danger? Fear she

disdained; to her it was an unknown sensation, something as yet personally untried, hence unproven. She had, it is true, seen evidences of its awakening in others, but the disgust which it bore to her mind was like to that for some loathsome disease, and from which inoculation of contempt meant full exemption. Her feet splashed in cool, trickling water. She was half way down the mountain now. Looking back as she paused in grateful refreshment, she caught sight of a strange, spiral glow, indefinite, ghostly. It came from the Still house! What was its meaning? Had they fired it themselves, or were they . . . The low whistle, the following footsteps, the crushing of twigs . . . It was the marshal's men! An impulse stronger than will impelled her to flee toward the danger, not from it. It might not be the Still, but a fire in the brushwood; a match unwarily dropped by one among the assailants. Her friends were in peril; she would warn them, save them, perhaps!

Upward she toiled, panting and breathless, over rocks and bushes, fallen trees, and entangling vine-wreaths; the jug held tight in her arms, forgot, but treasured through instinct, even in this extremity. A thread of fire. . . a shot, then another, then an exchange of flashes, a rattle of guns, in such ceaseless succession that all sounded together, reverberating, clamoring, cast back by the mountains in swift, biting echo. The spire trailing heavenward widened and deepened. The sky appeared aglow with blood. Two fleeing figures dashed past her, one of them Lem.

"Run, run for your life!" he cried, "the marshal's posse be on us!"

Even as he spoke a bullet whizzed by, then another, another.

Still she sped onward and upward, not away, but right for the heart of the danger. Panting and speechless, she stood on the summit.

The Still, in a flame fed by pine logs and the fiercer might of the whisky, cast a drenching crimson glow on the mountain tops stretching peak on peak above valleys steeped to the brim with dense blackness. The smoke, palpitating with throbs of light, fainted to skyward. A shower of sparks rushed and scattered, glittering like stars as the logs tumbled inward and downward. Against this background of suffocating heat, of blinding light and wind-tossed ashes, a figure stood, black-outlined on a chaos. The girl's heart stopped still! That man! . . . no there was no mistaking that shadowy specter; the poise of the head, the command of bearing, that indescribable something which had caused

her that morning to tell him he would hold his own against odds . . . he was there, now. In a moment he was by her side, had caught her hands in his, had taken the jug from her grasp, now grown lax, unresisting:

"Are you hurt?" he gasped. She stood stock still, staring vacantly, uncomprehendingly at him. "I waited till I thought you were safe down the mountain before I attacked them. . . . I followed you up here." Then it was she found words and expression in utterance:

"You follered me!" The simple scorn in her voice cut him with the contempt and rebuke it conveyed. "You follered me, tracked me tried to ruin an' murder them fellers, my friends, when I packed up here fer to do you a kindness. You shall die like a sneakin', honery dog, as you are!"

His own gun, snatched from unsuspecting grasp, touched with its still smoking muzzle his bared breast where the shirt was torn open. He smiled in her face, showing those white, gleaming teeth just as he had shown them when sitting by her side in the fence corner that morning.

"I'll save you the trouble, Miss Cresner," he said, with a choking, far-away sound in his voice. "I'm shot through. . . the side. . . I guess."

Arty's face grew white and drawn, the gun rattled and bumped over the rocks at her feet, and far, far down below her. As he swayed unsteadily forward she caught him close in her arms, laid him down, and rested his head in her lap.

"The other. . . men didn't come. . . . I whistled. . . they got off the trail. A lone hand. . . but. . . a good one." Oh! why was the spring so far away, why was the night so dark? "You know, Arty. . . you mustn't feel hard; . . . I didn't tell you. . . to come. . . . I followed you. . . because. . . because. . . it was my. . . my. . ." Then all was still, very still, for the blackest of hours is just before dawning.

CHAPTER V.

JOURNEYIN'S.

When Mrs. Rains heard of the devastation wrought by the marshal's men, she but echoed the sentiments of the district by announcing that "a gover'ment had got pretty low when it went to payin' a lot of sneaks jest fer to pry on decent folks, an' prevent 'em from doin' what they wanted with their own

property." Albeit, owing to a temporarily enforced retirement, a quota of Mrs. Rains' warmest concurreurs were restrained in the matter of public vehemence. Nevertheless, Mrs. Rains in her unanswerable and partisan eloquence, might be said to compensate in open debate for a considerable defection in numbers. "With the fruit jest a droppin' an' a rottin' on the ground, an' a cryin' to be put in the Still; not a dram to be had, not-withstandin' the snakes be thick enough to eat you alive—what was the sick to do, what was the well to do? An' why, *why* was this injur'ous thing? Fer nothin' but that them people as monippelized the gover'ment mout make all the pizen stuff they wanted an' pack it to their betters, who no sooner swallowed it than they sot to breakin' the heads o' their best friends."

The argument was unanswerable. Among those singularly silent in governmental condemnation were Arty's entire family. Hitherto strong and demonstrative advocates for a reformation of the law, they now saw fit to abstain from other than a vague disapproval of existing codes; a lukewarmness brought about more by facts dimly surmised than by moral conviction.

The biting echo of musketry, the glare of flame tongues against a midnight sky, had banished sleep from every cabin in the valley; but in some homes a deeper fear held place than that inspired by sight and sound—a fear which might first be allayed after days of anxious, uncertain waiting. Escape, even though wounded, would prove easy under cover of black darkness, but then would follow the uncertainty of pursuit, of watchful eyes, of concealment in rocky fastnesses and jungled hollows, when a handful of wild berries or a drink of water from the spring meant too great risk to venture. In the simultaneous awakening and consequent confusion in the Cresner household, Arty's absence and that of Hutton were not noted. Indeed, it was the defection of the latter, first discovered by the children, upon whom the affair of the skunk had made a lasting and brilliant impression, which led to the knowledge of Arty's disappearance. The suspicion of unwilling departure was not for a moment entertained; Arty's development of muscle and will was held in too high esteem to allow of such imputation. The fact that she was gone, as was also the stranger, remained the only certainty in the case; whether as an aid in the general destruction or a victim of the disaster was all a matter of conjecture. Nor was there any appreciable allayment of curiosity when she did make her appearance long after noon on the

following day. Her feet and hands, brier-torn and stone-bruised; her dress rent in shreds, stained with blood and bearing strong odor of whisky, seemed but to confirm the fact that her role had been that of pursued rather than pursuing. That her conjectured partner in flight failed to put in simultaneous appearance was no matter of surprise; interrupted missions of this description were unlikely to result in concerted action. The knowledge that Arty had gained her home was gratifying, but it would have been more so had she brought the whisky in a jug instead of generally diffused in her clothing. Haste, however, extenuated this last circumstance. Any effort to discover, by dint of hint or questioning, the bent or purpose of her journeyings, was of no avail. She appeared very white and haggard, her eyes were sunken and staring, but evidence of tears, of nervousness, or hysterical agitation, such as would have been evinced by her sex sisters reared in more exotic surroundings, was totally lacking. Apparently her sole desire and aim was to effect escape from all companionship, to be alone. After bathing her face, hands and feet in a run which flowed through the meadow, she drank a cup of coffee and ascended to the hay-mow, utterly refusing all response or information other than that she was "pretty well done up"—a fact requiring no oral assurance. Her delicacy in selecting this especial spot as the scene of recuperative effort was fully recognized and appreciated by the members of her family. Should the general prying, so vehemently denounced by Mrs. Rains, or, indeed, prying of any description, extend to the cabin of Harrison Cresner, it would have to be singularly abrupt to intercept Arty's escape. One end of the long barn rested on the crest of a cliff down which led a steep path; beyond, a laurel thicket extended its glossy protection, rank and impenetrable. Hence, should the Cresners wish to announce their relation as sojourning in any known or unknown quarter of the globe, they were at full liberty to do so without fear of contradiction.

Later in the day Tobe sauntered through, a labored indifference of mien thinly veiling the fact that he felt himself participant in a nightmare as yet unended. All evidence of reluctance to meet his mother-in-law was suddenly and entirely eradicated. Memory of bygone hostilities seemed non-existent. He ventured casually, while hastily consuming some food which was set before him, that he had dreamed he had seen Arty last night. Whereupon Mrs. Cresner jeered that he must have dreamed pretty hard to lose his hat and one shoe, appending that he

might have spared himself such somnambulistic exertion, as Arty had been at Josephine Carrico's for three full days. Caution was well, for while Arty's method of participation in late occurrences might be uncertain, Tobe's was not. Mr. Cresner, with a sympathy albeit silently expressed, brought out a hat left by Tobe at the cabin upon a former occasion, and relieved him of the companionless shoe. When the visitor arose to depart, so miserable did he appear, so soaked with a dilapidation which permeated every fiber of his anatomy, that the last faint signs of unforgiveness vanished from his mother-in-law's manner. It was even with solicitude that, arising, she filled every one of his pockets to repletion with the edibles at hand.

Meanwhile, the available members of the family, down to the youngest of the lot, surveyed the surrounding country from various points of vantage, and with critical eye. This satisfactorily completed, Tobe went to the cabin door and made a feint of departure by taking a few aimless, shambling steps. Immediately every face was turned stolidly, resolutely, in the opposite direction. Not a one but could have sworn with truth to a total ignorance of the route taken, not a one but would have sworn with equal fervor that Tobe had been a stranger to their home for months. They combined in common cause against a common enemy. Internecine strife forgot, they afforded an edifying parallel with Mrs. Rains' persecutors, the national law makers, who, upon sudden foreign intervention, discover patriotism to be paramount to personal interest.

Arty ventured no comment upon learning of Tobe's meteoric progressions. Eating her supper in silence, she was allowed to return to the hay-mow without remark or interference. But when the still, moonless night fell, when the last possibility of family espionage was lulled, Arty slid down from her resting place in the barn, haltered the horse, and sped away with a wary caution. At first she led the animal, avoiding, as much as possible, rock or other obstacle likely to produce a clattering of hoofs; but, once upon the upland path, she mounted her steed and sped onward with merciless haste. At one moment she laid her head close to the horse's neck, the low swinging branches crashing about her; the next, she grasped the bridle with firm hand, and, sitting well erect, sped over fallen timbers or skirted dizzy height holding death at their fern-brimmed ledges. Ever onward, breathless, feverish with haste and impatience, flinging from off her hands the foam splashed from the horse's jaws, alternately

beating or coaxing him forward with words of endearment. After a time she progressed with increasing caution, finally lapsing into a walk. Dismounting, she hitched the beast fast to a low-hanging limb, and proceeded afoot.

The moon, late to rise, had tossed one edge of its silver disc over a ragged cloud crowning the mountain, when she stopped softly in front of a narrow rift in the rocks. Brushing the fern away cautiously and bending aside that the light might flood through the opening, she essayed to look in; then, covering her eyes with both hands, shrank back as if fearful of what might be disclosed to her. Only an instant did this hesitancy last. Gathering her dress closely about her, she clasped an overhanging branch and deftly swung herself through the cleft, and into the cave. The light followed her, falling full upon the body of Hutton as he lay outstretched on a bed of fern branches. He made no movement as she drew near, except to turn his eyes toward her, and faintly smile a welcome.

"Has it 'peared very long?" she asked, eagerly. "How be you come along? I couldn't get here no sooner; I rid, an' rid! My, but this were a long day!" Before he could reply she had dipped the end of her apron into a pool in the rock at his side, and was moistening his lips. "If that wasn't lucky when I wrung the whisky out o' my clothes into this here hole! It jest about got you through. Feel better?"

"Lots," he replied. His voice was faint, but his tone was indomitable.

"Ready to move?"

He nodded assent.

"Good! Then we'll go jest as soon as I give you fresh water." And she held a flask aloft. "Some more home-riz. It's a good thing, you revenue feller, that you didn't get hold o' this, or somethin' stronger mout 'a' got hold o' you." Her cheerfulness of tone was in ill accord with the drawn look in her face when he stifled a groan as she aided him to raise himself a little. "I'll be powerful, wonderful keerful," she said, gently. "I'll walk all the way, slow as a groun' mole, an' you can jest lean on me without fearin'. The horse goes quiet, an' with me to steady you, why, you'll think you be in a rockin'-cheer."

Deftly she bathed his face, with a wonderful deftness new to her rough, haphazard action, giving him, presently, water plentifully dashed with whisky. Then, when he had sat up-

right for a little while, she picked him up in her strong arms, notwithstanding his weak attempt at protestation, and, by a quick turn of her lithe body, she got him out of the cave by way of the narrow opening through which she had entered. Here she rested again, this time for longer, giving him sips of liquor from the flask at frequent intervals. All the time she kept up a flow of encouraging talk:

"My, you jest be a-doin' splendid. When I think o' how weak you was when you clum down here, an' now—why, it's wonderful! No need o' hurryin' so now, neither; they be *that* skeered, trapsein' everywhar, oxceptin' jest right 'round here. Why, you be safer here than home, most likely."

"I'm doing very well, thank you," he managed to say, stopping at each word to smother a betrayal of pain. "The whisky's done me good—I'm all right."

In essaying to rise unassisted, he fell back to his seat on the rock.

"Well," she said, presently, corking the bottle carefully after forcing a draught of the fiery liquor between his bloodless lips; "well, I do 'low you 'pear better; . . . but you have been more well like—yesterday, fer instance, when you killed that skunk. My, but the children be powerful sot on you fer that. You might 'a' saved yourself the trouble, though, fer I don't think I'll go to *that* picnic. 'Pears now as if I didn't want no picnics fer a coon's age."

And, sighing, she arose and set about the difficult task of assisting him to mount. This once accomplished, and the bandage which she had placed about his wound again saturated with water from the spring, the journey began.

Warily, very warily, she went, watching every bit of path, parting shadow-flinging bushes with the swing of a bare foot, ever anxiously fearful lest some obstacle cause a jar, a misstep of the horse. The soft earth proved easy traveling, but when they reached the stony bed of the river, near which the cave was situated, their progress became slow and painful.

The moonlight flooded the mountain crests on either hand, and flung a soft, stealthily stealing radiance on the noisy, splashing waters of the Cheat, outlining white and distinct the foam-traced ripples. Vague thoughts of Jane Snyder and her heroic ride floated through Arty's mind. For there, far above her, clinging to dizzy heights, crept the old trail traversed by Jane Snyder when she made her famous ride to warn the Union

soldiers at St. George of the coming of the enemy. What a path for a gallop! Death at every step to threaten her . . . life at every step to those for whose rescue she was aiming. Dizzy heights, a moon-swung sky, black shadows, and an ashen dawn. Ever onward, onward, until at last the sunrise told her mission done. Bare thought of it set Arty's heart aglow. The dash of the night wind, the rush of the horse's feet . . . an enemy back of her, friends to be saved ahead. A groan awakened the girl from her dreamings with a pang of self-reproach. For all her success, her bravery, her heroism, how poor Jane Snyder's reward seemed to Arty compared to the sweetness that was hers in doing this simple service for the man who, in one short day, had grown to absorb her life.

The water splashed knee-deep about her, for the stage was low because of drouth. But this very shallowness made the jarring more cruel; no resistance being offered to the horse's slipping, sliding motion as he plunged among the rough rock loosely piled feet deep from bank to bank. After numerous halts in mid-stream they had just gained the shore when Arty felt his grasp grow lax upon her shoulder. He slipped forward and would have fallen from the horse had she not caught him. It seemed a long, long time before he could speak or raise himself even a little, but at last they climbed the path leading to the road on Mozark Mountain, and set out, with smoother way ahead, for Flannigan's Hill.

Charles Long's dogs rushed out at them as they passed on, but no one was awake to spy upon their journeying. A little below the cabin Arty left Hutton for an instant, and sped down a well-known path, to return from the milk house bearing a crock of milk. Eagerly he drank of its fever-quenching contents. The girl herself had not taken so much as a draught of water. She seemed forgetful even of her own existence, except in so far as it might minister to him. At last Flannigan's Hill loomed in view, frowning and black against a deeper blackness, for the moon had sunk.

The stars were fading in an ashen sky when Josephine Carrico heard a stealthy rapping at her cabin door. Restless and sleeping ill because of anxious thoughts regarding her annual journey, now at hand, and the fear that Joe's long awaited coming might find her gone, the woman sprang to her feet, half dreaming . . . could it be? Again the knocking came. Her heart beat so its flutterings suffocated her, as though a hand clutched at her

throat. She tottered forward, and flung wide the door. What she saw in the faint light of the dawning was Arty Cresner; the figure of a strange man stretched upon the grass, blood-stains visible on his shirt, even in the dimness; beyond, a horse, browning. A sob choked in her throat; Joe was not there. A pitiful, heartbroken hopelessness crept into her voice with her questionings.

By degrees Arty told the story of Hutton's coming, the attack, her fears that he was dead, and of the rescue. Listening, all thought of her own trouble vanished from Josephine's mind. She looked with admiration into the girl's open, honest face, as she told her simple story . . . and then she sighed. What need had Abel to seek as far as Charleston for a wife?

"I'll jest stay here, if you'll let me, till to-morrer night, an' then I'll see him into Davis. Nobody'll be expectin' me home, seein' as I'm most likely to be visitin' about now. If you jest let him lay on them carpet rags in the corner, why, I'll creep under your bed an' sleep a little, unbeknownst to anybody; not as I need it, but he's got to be helped back somehow."

Josephine did not stop to question the affair of her own safety in harboring the revenue man. No matter what his mission had been, he was in trouble, helpless now. Moreover, the effecting of his rescue seemed dearer than life to a girl whom she had known from the time they had played together upon the cabin floor. It was a question bearing its own answer; a matter needing from her no decision. All day long she tended the man, never leaving his side but to minister to the wants of little Joe, or get fresh water from the spring.

It was upon one of these missions that she was gone from the cabin when Lem came up and peered in at the window. He stepped noiselessly away, and then returned to gaze again, as if to insure certainty. Hutton's eyes were closed, and Arty, notwithstanding all her protestations, was sleeping the sleep of exhaustion under Josephine's high bed, as she had explicitly exacted.

As the day waned, Hutton grew worse; the journey had, in his condition, proved too severe a strain. To move him that night to Davis might mean his death. Realizing this fact, Arty strove hard to hide the anxiety which she knew full well to be only too reasonable. To her it seemed wisest to take Hutton and camp out somewhere for the night. After she had returned from feeding the horse, tethered in a laurel thicket on the opposite side of

the Blackwater, she told her plans to Josephine. But Josephine was inexorable. She deemed it very unlikely that, being at her cabin, the two stood in any danger of attack. For herself, personally, she had no fear, and surely nobody on all the mountain side would let anything happen to little Joe, even if his mother saw fit to harbor the whole revenue service.

It was a clear night. The pine boughs swayed in a long rhythmic unison as the wind swept over the water. The stars swung thick and gave forth a glow so luminous that the moon was hardly missed. Josephine started from her bed, and peered through the solitary window. She must have been mistaken, but she had thought she heard footsteps just outside the logs next the head of her bed. Sleep was just returning when she started up again. This time she went to the door. As she put her hand upon the latch, another grasped at the string without, but not quickly enough to prevent her springing through the narrow space that she had swung back the door; . . . then, swiftly closing it, she stood alone upon the threshold, trembling, but very calm. She knew now what she had to face.

"Good evenin', Missis Carrico." The voice was Lem's.

"Good evenin', Lem," the woman said quietly. "'Pears to me as if you mout 'a' come a little sooner or waited till day, one or t'other. I ain't used to such visitin's."

"No, I reckon not; 'such visitin's.'" And he chuckled.

Another voice cried out: "We should 'a' come a little sooner, fer a fact."

"I know what you be come fer, but you won't do it." Josephine's voice was loud now and clear, so clear that it was distinctly heard by every man in the crowd confronting her, even by the man who carried the rope in his hand and wandered some distance away, eying critically the lower limbs of the trees—he grinned when he heard her.

"Won't do what?" asked Lem, sullenly. "You'd best be a-waitin' to see what we want fust, afore you be so fresh. If you be a-thinkin' that we won't do what we sot out to do, Josephine Carrico, it's you as be mistaken—an' powerful mistaken at that. We don't mean no harm to you, nor yourn, nor your cabin, but we *do* mean to yank that infernal revenue feller out o' that bed in thar, an' send him whar he can't break no more stills fer hones' folks, nor dishones' ones, neither—now thar."

"Men, do you want God to look at you in all this still an' quiet, when He's a-watchin' that you sleep safe, an' have Him see you

a-wanderin' around a-murderin like wild varmints? Do you want murder on your souls fer everlastin' an' everlastin'?"

"Hangin's no murder," said the man with the rope, drawing near. "Hangin's no murder; an' if it was 'twouldn't be onlikely fer us to do it, seein' how hard them men tried to kill us last night, jest about this time, too. Maybe God wasn't a-watchin' then, Josephine." The crowd laughed and jeered. Josephine appeared undaunted.

"Don't you mind the man what murdered his wife? Don't you mind how shesays, 'Sam, the flies'll tell on you, the flies'll tell on you!' He cut her up and burned her, but still they tole. Don't you mind Dester, what murdered a man an' pitched him down a sinkhole? Didn't he jest get drunk an' tell on hisself? You'll get found out sure an' certain, an' thar'll be no more rest fer you, 'soul nor body, an' you'll wander around an' around, with the panthers an' wolves a-trackin' you in a hell so deep as no redeemin' love'll ever be able to drag you out of."

"Now, Josephine," said Lem, waxing angry and violent, "thar been't no use in your a-gettin' up thar an' preachin'; it don't look well in a woman, nohow. You've 'bout done enough now as was aggravatin' an' onfriendly. The best advice I can give you is jest to get out o' that door an' let us pass in. It mout sound kind o' imperlite like, but if you don't, why, you'll be made to, fer a fact,—an' so fur as screechin' goes, why, that's strictly forbid."

Josephine's only answer was to brace her frail form more firmly against the door, which opened outward, and stretch both arms wide out across it.

"Men, do you mind ole man Cresner a-wartin' to murder them two men as had come to stay all night at his cabin, an' as he suspicioned as wishin' to rob him? How he give 'em yarbs in their coffee an' put 'em to sleep;...an' jest as he was a-goin' to chop their heads off with a axe how a voice called out, 'Don't do that, Cresner; don't do that!' How he run out in the snow an' looked,—nobody was thar; how he tried ag'in, an' a voice called from the roof, 'Don't do that, Cresner; don't do that!' How he tore down the board ceilin', an' nobody was thar. What if he'd 'a' murdered 'em; that voice would 'a' kep' on a-callin' till he'd 'a' wished he was dead. Only then, then when he lay down in the grave, quiet an' nobody nigh, all by hisself an' helpless, that voice would 'a' called all the louder, 'Don't do that! Don't do that!'"

The man with the rope caught her by the arm and dragged her violently forward. She eluded his grasp in a flash and planted herself again in the doorway. The men, who for a moment had been wrought upon by the tragic earnestness of her tone as it rose and fell on the hush of the night, remonstrated, and began to dispute among themselves. Presently the angry protests grew louder and more violent. Forming ranks, they came rapidly back to the cabin. Stopping just in front of the door, they peremptorily commanded her to get away peaceably, that they had no intention of hurting her or hers, that they wanted the man only; that they intended to have him, and the quicker the better.

"Fer hangin's no murder," insisted the man with the rope.

"Listen here, men, thar's only one thar; one man, wounded that bad that most likely he'll die without any help o' yours. Last night, when he was well, all alone he sent you a-trapsein' an' a-flyin' down the mountain like scared sheep,—an' done fer you, Still an' all, jest by his lone self, an' nobody a-helpin'. An' now, to-night, jest bekase he's wounded an' lyin' thar helpless, you come, the whole gang o' you, as big as a army, an' want to drag him out an' hang him. You be brav men, you be! I'd like to tell that as somethin' to be proud of, if I was you. It would sound so brave an' big. March in thar, everylast one o' you, agin a man wounded an' 'most done fer! March in, I say, an' drag him out. Don't be afeard. March in like men; nothin' ain't a-goin' to hurt you!"

Here she flung wide the door, and stood aside. Not a man moved. While she spoke they had looked from one to another in questioning silence, with reddening cheeks.

"One man, did you say, Josephine? Now be keerful, powerful keerful. Blest, if you was lyin', if I wouldn't ruther string you up than him!"

"Do I look like a woman as was a-lyin', Lem Baker? Do I look like a woman as would delight in tellin' them as she's know'd all her life that they got askeert on account o' one lone man, an' a revenue man at that?"

"Whar was his possey, Josephine Carrico, as you 'pear to know so partickler 'bout it?" said Lem, with vigorous promptitude, not enjoying the bent of her words.

"Yes, whar was his possey? Whar was his possey?" they cried, all together.

"Whar was they!" returned Josephine with equal and biting

vigor. "Whar was they ! Why, runnin' away like you all, most likely, fer not a one of 'em has turned up to this blessed minnit, an' I know what I'm talkin' 'bout, too."

"Deserted him, most likely !" exclaimed, in wild excitement, the man with the rope. "Run off an' left him ! Let's go look fer 'em; *they'd* make a nice neck-tie party !"

"A-runnin' away an' a-leavin' him alone by hisself," Lem kept repeating, in varied tones of indignation. "Left him to do all the fightin' hisself. . . . A pretty lot o' buzzards !"

"Jest let us get a hold of 'em; we'll give 'em a warmin'."

"An' a freezin', too."

"An' able to skeer us that bad, an' him wounded !"

"An' a-burnin' the Still an' forty gallons o' the best whisky as ever was made."

"An' all by hisself, too. Well . . . I'll . . . be . . . damned !"

All were talking at once in wild and frenzied excitement. Had Josephine proposed it, they would have cheered Hutton then and there.

"Will you 'low us, Missis Carrico," said Lem, coming forward, his hat in his hand—"will you 'low us to go in thar an shake han's with the man as was able to do that? We'll be much obleeged, an' step around as easy like as we all know how."

Arty, all this time lying quite still under the bed, and paralyzed with fright, began to weep at this juncture. Hot, briny tears fell upon the barrel of Hutton's Winchester, which she held hugged to her heart. Brave all along, she had collapsed at this last climax, and trembling, terror-stricken, the gun in her arms, had lain flat on the floor in her place of hiding. Nor did she budge a hair's-breadth when Josephine said, "Certainly, gen'lemen, step right in."

"I'm pleased to make your 'quaintance, stranger," said Lem, the first to grasp the hot, powerless hand of Hutton. "I'm powerful pleased, an' all I've got to say fer me, an' the rest is, that if ever we get a hold o' them fellers o' yourn, and find out fer sure as they run off an' was cowards, we'll hang 'em so high up they can't never touch ground to run nor nothin' else. You've dressed us up pretty bad this time, an' upsot our business, but if you feel like a-comin' back an' a-tryin' the ole job over, why, we'll be pleased to fight, seein' as you've got the right sperrit."

Thereupon each man in turn, and with doffed hat, grasped Hutton's hand, and stepped softly out. Then the cabin was quiet as before, the stars shone as brightly, and the wind swept over the river.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FOURTH O' JULY AT FLANNIGAN'S HILL.

"Well, I'm blest if Pap don't feel *that* cheap," orated Mrs. Rains, as she seated herself on a log just outside the ballroom, and proceeded to put on her shoes. "I'm blest if he don't feel that cheap, an' deserve to, too, if I do say it. All the way as I was a-walkin' over the hill this mornin' I says to myself, I says, 'Pap'll feel *that* cheap;' an' now it's come true. Jest bekase the boys got full o' that revenue pizen last year an' busted things pretty lively, nary a platform would Pap let 'em build on his place this Fourth. An' now, *now* they've not only rigged up Jenks' cabin fer a dance by takin' out the doors an' winders, but they've got home-riz whisky an a roof over 'em should it happen to rain—as I don't think it will, seein' as thar's no clouds in the sky."

Having relieved her mind and completed her toilet at one and the same moment, Mrs. Rains arose, stamped her feet on the grass to make sure that no pebble lurked in the depths of her shoes, and proceeded to greet her neighbors, now fast arriving. A premonitory scraping sounded from Harrison's violin; Lem Baker, who resembled the father of his country in that he was first in war, and first in peace, yelled from the cabin door: "Room fer one more couple." Old Dan Tucker quavered on the air. "Salute your pardners," came the stentorian command. The ball at Flannigan's Hill was opened.

Owing to the limited capacity of Jenks' cabin, evidently unintended for its present terpsichorean dedication, but one set at a time could enjoy the combined effect of Harrison's inspiring "chunes" and Lem's encouraging "figgers." Four lumbermen, with spikes half an inch long bristling the soles of their boots, saluted four damsels from Gandy's Creek and Mozark Mountain. The men bore a fierce and determined air, as if coming to time. The ladies looked at each other, simpered, and executed an aimless, mincing shuffle without once glancing at their partners. "Forward four, an' get a move on you," roared Lem. The dust rose thick and fast. The onlookers smiled approvingly, and coughed until they choked. "Ice cole lemonade!" orated the man at the refreshment stand outside.

The sun shone down in appropriate and unyielding vigor. A long veil of brown barege with which Matildy Rains had seen fit to decorate her black straw "sun-down" stood straight out to its full length as the gentlemen, with energetic and muscular vi-

vacuity, assisted her through the grand chain. For an instant the revelers stopped to gain breath. Three gentlemen proceeded to remove their coats and hats, hang them up on the cabin wall, and smile in satisfaction as they tightened their belts to attack the next figure with a greater freedom. One of the gentlemen, he who had failed to remove his coat, began, even at this early hour, to display decided evidence of "home-riz" whisky. His symptoms had been unfortunately hastened and aggravated by the fact that he had as partner a Gandy Creek belle who was both ignorant of the figures, and cross-eyed. In vain endeavor to follow at once her motion and gaze, he became now and then hopelessly involved. At such moments, his partner, never for an instant remitting her mincing shuffle, would confine her scene of action to one fixed spot, and stare resolutely at the ceiling. Utterly bewildered, the gentleman would stop perfectly still and endeavor to stay his wise but uncertain gaze upon the point so enchaining his partner's attention. A general blockade would ensue. Lem, sailing in, would give the delinquents a dexterous twirl of the elbows and start them in the right direction, exclaiming, good-humoredly, "Get a move on you'selves!" Then, when they had gotten fairly under way, he would call out encouragingly, "That's somethin' like." All the while the violin kept up a perfunctory scraping, which only now and then, most frequently during admonitory pauses, could be heard above the foot-falls of the dancers. But Hurrison sawed ahead, the perspiration dropping from his face, his gaze becoming each moment more glazed and abstracted as some friend among the onlookers would tap him on the shoulder and hand in a little "home-riz" whisky through the window.

"Pretty late arrivin'," and "I ruther thought you mout stay away altogether," were the simultaneous greetings accorded by Mrs. Rains and Mrs. Long to Mrs. Cresner as she drew up at the scene of revelry. The lady was accompanied on one horse by Arty and a little Cresner, while a second steed bore as cargo three more Cresners smiling vacantly, unheeding of everything but that they were there, that this was the Fourth of July, and that from the moment of setting out for Flannigan's Hill they had formed a prominent feature of the national festivities.

"Not so fast thar, from Gandy's Creek," came the voice of Lem from the ballroom.

"You did, did you?" came from Mrs. Cresner, as she slid from the steed, and stood facing her quondam friends. There was war in the air, why or wherefore she knew not, but in celerity of prep-

aration she was equal to any emergency. "It's a pity you didn't come out our way and see me 'tendin' to my own business, instead o' squattin' here in the sun."

"Ice-cole lemonade! Step this way ladies *and* gents!" shouted the man at the refreshment stand.

"Get a move on you'selves," floated out from the cabin, where the gentleman with the coat and the belle of Gandy's Cr  ek had evidently got entangled again.

"Some people moun't get here at all, if they stopped fer to 'tend to their own business," retorted Mrs. Long, not having, as usual, the mental agility to perceive that her guns might be turned against her.

"Fer *once* you've spoke the truth, Sairey Long, an' I'm pleased to be able to say it."

"Not a-havin' such a valuable daughter as can climb the face o' the yarth, while her mother's a-tearin' out the inside, she orter be glad to find strength to say anything," put in Mrs. Rains, coming to the rescue with a speech conveying assurance that at least a garbled account of Arty's adventures and the gold-digging had come to her ears and delectation.

"Ladies' dance," was the clearly-heard command of Lem. A snatch of melody from Harrison's fiddle mingled with the words of his wife.

"If you be a-speakin' o' me 'concludin' to change my cabbage patch lower down, or Arty's a-savin' some o' your near kin from a-spendin' a season whar they most likely belongs fer life, you needen't fret you'selves." Ah! Tobias, for all the airy indifference of thy mother-in-law's tone, it was well for thee that at that moment thou wert absent from her presence.

"That's a comin' up!" interpolated the voice of the figure-caller in a wider appropriateness than he knew.

The three ladies glared at each other in impressive silence; a silence broken by Mrs. Long, who was well intending in her efforts at irony, but unfortunate as to results.

"Maria Rains has a daughter as can bring a valuable clothes wringer along with her an' make a many an' a many a home happy, an' fer many a day."

It was too late now. No amount of nudging could recall the words uttered. If Mrs. Rains had a daughter, Mrs. Long had a son. Mrs. Cresner, on her part, had an understanding, nor was it less energetic than her physical development. The deduction and the result were both foregone.

"Perhaps," she said, with a fine sarcasm, "perhaps it would be better fer me to go a-peddlin' daughters an' clothes wringers about the country, to get 'em off my hands,—especially if they was such homely gals thar wasn't no other way out of it,—but I prefer a-diggin' in the yarth to support 'em at home ontill they be legally called fer."

The fact that the latter part of this speech was open to a double construction did not, at that moment, and in the heat of debate, strike either of the participants.

"Shake her up, shake her up lively," sang out the voice of Lem to his charges, his admonition at one and the same time bringing the quadrille in the ball room to a successful ending, and filling an embarrassing hiatus in the conversation without—a conversation which momentarily bade fair to strip the honors from the lemonade man. But an unforeseen circumstance of more eminent import than the discourses of either the friends of the lemonade vender suddenly focused general attention. "Fight ! Fight !" rang on the air. For an instant the three ladies appeared startled, but the general rush of dancers and onlookers had been stayed too near the terpsichorean arena to impute any reference to a scene somewhat removed, Mrs. Rains heaved a sigh of deep and heartfelt relief, not because of escaping general attention, but because the acknowledged etiquette of occasions like the present absolved from all previous obligation, even in matters of repartee, and without imputation of cowardice. The circle was quickly recruited from unsuspected and apparently inexhaustible sources, but not quickly enough to prevent Mrs. Rains and her sister controversialists from attaining eligible outlooks. The gentleman with the coat had already discarded that distinguishing garment, and was lustily insisting that he could whip any man between Seneca and Hendricks. The awakening of these pugilistic vauntings was attributed to various causes; the lady from Gandy's Creek, however, was popularly supposed to be at the bottom of it. Her partner had, with galling informality, left her standing alone in the middle of the dancing floor instead of assisting her to a seat on a log outside. As a consequence, she called the attention of a fellow dancer to the fact that his sweetheart was being embraced by this impolite man.

Had the little pleasantry noted been performed during a promenade-all, which, indeed, on this very account, took popular precedence of the grand chain, nothing would have been thought of it—but the fiddle had stopped. No alternative remained but

to fight, which, as was quickly discovered, the offender was in nowise loth to do. Strange happening, no sooner did the Gandy Creek lady grasp the fact that her false partner was being worsted, than she succumbed to copious lamentation. Indeed, for a space she divided public attention equally with the combatants. So foregone was the conclusion of the encounter, however, that, without delay, Lem, as master of ceremonies, had announced from his post in the cabin door that another set was forming.

By the time the aggrieved lady was allowed to soothe her late escort with fresh tears and a pocket handkerchief, Mrs. Rains and Mrs. Long had the satisfaction of seeing Abel and Arty "salute pardners." Whereupon Mrs. Cresner remarked:

"It 'pears that Matildy is not a-dancin' as lively as she mout to-day. She should 'a' brought her clothes wringer along."

The adjacent listeners laughed in derisive comprehension. Mrs. Rains was startled into speechlessness; not so Mrs. Long.

"The wringer's as good as can be had, fer I've tried it myself."

The lady had imagined, with her accustomed perspicuity, that the wringer was attacked. Renewed laughter greeted her announcement.

"I don't doubt but you'll do a rushin' business, Maria," said a bystander.

Mrs. Rains moved away with majestic mien, but not before she had suspected a baseness later confirmed. While she had been giving that conscientious attention to the fight which it justly demanded, Mrs. Cresner had proclaimed generally that "Maria Rains was gone into the wringer business an' was a-givin' a daughter with every wringer, jest like they give white chiney dishes with the bakin' powder down to the store." At that especial moment but one thing was coherent and assured in Maria's mind—of the "many an' a many a family" eligible to be blessed by Matildy and the wringer, Mrs. Long's should not be one. Thus it is that mediocrity turns its best opportunities into a medium of self-destruction, and the unexpected is so frequently made to happen.

Josephine Carrico smiled to herself when she heard, as hear she did immediately on her arrival upon the scene, of Mrs. Rains discomfiture, and the climax brought about by Abel's ingenuous parent. She smiled again, this time more broadly, when she saw with whom Arty was dancing. The fact of Abel's sudden and pressing awakening to matrimonial obligation, and of Matildy's

wonderful suitability as a partner in the venture, was now rendered somewhat clearer. For a moment regret filled her mind that she had suggested to Abel a change of scene and association as likely to bring about a result better than that offered by home opportunity. But only for a moment did this regret possess her. Even as matters now stood, Matildy in excellent likelihood of being withdrawn from the field by maternal mandate, Arty was entirely unlikely to accede to proposals hitherto possible of acceptance. The qualities awakened and developed in the girl by Hutton could never have been aroused by Abel, nor could he erase their memory. Abel was, doubtless, the better man of the two, but his qualities were of the quiet, thoughtful kind, that hold in possibility a world of gentle tenderness, rather than of daring and dash, such as Hutton possessed. But with these points Hutton had also certain self-centered traits likely to fasten themselves upon men of the heroic mould adored by women.

Josephine remembered with a sigh, a speech to which he had given vent, a speech which had left unpleasant impression because of the utter selfishness it had betrayed. While he lay at her cabin, and during a period of comparative convalescence which rendered his mind clear and his body free from pain, Josephine had mentioned Arty's heroism. "She's a fine girl, a noble girl," he answered. Then a silence intervened, during which Josephine imagined the young man lost in musing upon the girl's good deeds, done for his sake. What was her surprise when, to the fresh iteration of "She's a good girl, a noble girl," he appended, "if only she didn't dip snuff." Thereupon he had turned his face to the wall. Josephine, going about her work, wondered to herself if the women of that great world to which Hutton belonged would have done and risked as much in his behalf as Arty had, even though they eschewed snuff. She might have spared herself all such conjecturings; but then she had been reared far from civilization where motive prompts action, and result is the reward valued in proportion to the yield.

Since the day on which he had confided his mother's matrimonial recriminations to Josephine, Abel had been only twice at her cabin. Upon both occasions he had brought flour. Though he excused the near recurrence of these intervals as "fallin' kind o' handy, accidental like," Josephine knew that they presaged his departure to Charleston, a subject which had been in no wise broached, and that he was thus providing for his absence. She

was glad of his departure, for with return, under no matter what conditions, she felt a nearer approach to their old friendly intercourse would be established.

That morning, however, as she tacked upon the cabin door a little note for Joe, always a last act before departure, she felt a sinking of the heart. Joe might not be home when she got back. On this home-coming, too, there would be no Abel to welcome her, and help her tired heart to struggling hope in case of a renewal of her loneliness. Joe would come back some day while she was away upon her mission—of this she felt assured; but each home-coming grew the harder because of the vain, positive knowledge which her absence had always inspired. With each step as she neared the cabin on her homeward way she felt increasing certainty that Joe was there . . . awaiting her. But when she hastened, breathless from climbing the last long hill, to find the little note intact upon the cabin door, a stone seemed dropped upon her heart.

Once the writing was gone. She rushed and searched about the place; she called aloud. The echoes were her only answerers. "Joe! Joe!" they cried. Perhaps he had come to find her gone! He was so proud, so very proud. He had taken her note away with him to bear it ever a reminder of her failure to meet him and bid him welcome. But no; she found the little writing, after days of search, caught in the bushes where it had been blown, weather-stained, almost illegible. Even then she dreaded lest he might have cast it there in bitter disappointment. And though she finally assured herself she had been wrong, she always tacked the written welcome very tightly after that. Josephine was brave, but tears filled her eyes, and her voice was choked with sobs as, hugging little Joe close to her, she read aloud to him their misspelled welcome home to Dad:

"Dear Joe," she said, "little Joe an' me be gone to have his picture took fer you. Jest make yourself to home till we get back. We've been a-waitin' fer you day an' night, an' you'll excuse our bein' gone fer this till we get back, which will be soon. Your Josephine an' little Joe—the meal be in the ole place."

"Do you think he'll mind, mammy, whar the ole place be? He's been gone so long he mout 'a' forgot."

"Mind, dear, mind? Why, that's jest what Daddy's been a-mindin' all these days since he's been gone, whether or no the bin was proper full. I should 'a' wrote that first, jest to ease his mind—I'm *that* forgetful."

Once at the picnic, little Joe's mind had wandered far afield of Dad and home comings. Seated on the grass at his mother's feet, he eyed in a wise surprise the gaieties about him. He it was who first called Josephine's attention to Arty and Abel ambulating energetically through the figures of the dance. When the pair emerged from Lem's jurisdiction, the boy's voice, raised in shrill greeting, brought them to discover the presence of his mother and himself; for both the man and Arty were prime favorites with Joe, though Arty held somewhat the stronger balance. She it was who took him upon her lap now, and, seated by his mother's side, explained to him the many wonders that he saw.

Meanwhile, Josephine and Abel talked of their respective journeys, and pondered, each after their bent, of days to come and possibilities to intervene until they met again. It was hardly in accord with the rough gaiety about them, the train of thought engendered by this parting. But Abel, oblivious, treasured the memory of her advice to him—advice upon which he was now about to act, prized as the sole boon she had in power or will to grant him. He would go away at once that, justified even in her eyes through having done his duty, he might return the sooner to be a stay in case of need till Joe got back.

She spoke with gathering surety of Joe's coming home, of the bettered condition of little Joe, and of her firm belief that the beautiful face, having once found her cabin out, had found also the desolateness of her heart. Perhaps it was even now helping Joe to see his way clear to come home to her. She seemed quite cheerful, too, at the prospect of company as far as Hendricks.

"An' after that I don't mind the way at all. This time I'm a-goin' to have the picture took at St. George."

Abel sighed. Time had been when he could have found it in his heart to ask to see her safely there, down the long mountain way, over the stony bed of the treacherous Cheat. Now he only told her, very briefly, that to-morrow morning early he would take the train at Davis on his way to Charleston.

She smiled so brightly that his heart was lightened. Then the gay crowd merged and gathered in their neighborhood, and they saw each other no more alone until the hour of parting came.

Throughout the hot forenoon the dancing had continued with unremitting vigor. Lem had called the figures without the slightest evidence of exhaustion, and the lady from Gandy's

Creek had floundered about the floor with a succession of partners. Her late terpsichorean companion lay fast asleep upon the grass outside, but over his face she had thrown her pocket-handkerchief as a delicate distinction and mark of personal ownership. Even the former deriders of the Gandy Creek lady were now forced to acknowledge an improvement in her dancing. Indeed, after she had been steered through sixteen consecutive sets by the encouraging Lem, she could have successively directed even the varying shuffle of the vanquished pugilist. So great an adept did she become that a fresh arrival of lumbermen from Yaeger's Camp fought it out among themselves during one set to decide who was to dance with her the next.

Abel, on his part, emulated in another direction an equal exclusiveness of taste. The admiration entertained for Matildy by Mrs. Long had been frequently and strenuously impressed upon him; indeed, this theme, together with his Charleston trip, which she regarded as a flagrant attempt to evade matrimony, formed the basis of Mrs. Long's conversation. Thinking, therefore, to leave a pleasant recollection in his mother's mind, and obviate in some degree the pain of his departure, Abel set about a system of attentions reckless of resultant impressions. In his desire for maternal approbation, five times had he led Matildy to the dancing floor; the sixth would have followed, but, as he drew near to solicit the honor, Mrs. Long announced quite audibly, and in the presence of bystanders, that "Matildy was shiftless, an' good fer nothin'." The revulsion had come, but sooner than awaited. After all, Arty might be the one he would be expected to marry when he got back.

"I suppose, Missis Cresner," said Mrs. Rains, approaching with a smiling visage, "I suppose 'you be enjoyin' yourself, an' I hope you'll continue to do so by comin' to dinner with me to-day an' a-bringin' Arty with you, fer *sure*."

What sudden virtues had Arty developed? But a short time ago she had possessed none; now she bade fair to outshine "Matildy an' the wringer." Meanwhile Arty—poor Arty, in her pink lawn dress, her store shoes, and her dear new hat that *he* so liked—sat sad and listless upon a log, vague picturings floating through her mind of what to-day might have been had *he* been there. It was with difficulty that Josephine could induce her to accept an invitation to dance. Even those engagements made some days, or rather nights ago, with Lem and Gandy White, were complied with under silent protest, and at a

knowing glance from Josephine, who felt this act intended by the men as a tacit forgiveness or allayment of suspicionings. As Arty ambled through the grand chain in company with the other dancers, she wondered, as she clasped their hands, which one it was that had sped the bullet, so narrow of its aim, at Hutton's heart. By and by, though, she lost herself in the enjoyment of the hour, and danced as merrily as any there; for Arty was young, and all her life had numbered few such days of gaiety as this.

"My daughter's a-eatin' dinner with Abel," announced Mrs. Cresner, as she seated herself to enjoy Mrs. Rains' hospitality. She might have added that Josephine was also of the party, but that she deemed unnecessary.

"Poor thing, what a fool she'll get fer a mother-in-law," responded Mrs. Rains.

"She's only a fool whar tradin's concerned," was the vaguely specific reply, for Mrs. Cresner found the dinner better than she had expected.

Considerable curiosity was aroused in the breasts of the onlookers as to whose invitation the belle of Gandy's Creek would accept to dinner. She had danced all the morning, and bore unmistakable evidence of ability to dance all the afternoon. Lem himself, regarding her somewhat in the light of a prize pupil, announced that she was the "longest winded, liveliest-footed gal in the county." After this distinction, a renewed struggle among the gentlemen from Yaeger's Camp was confidently expected—an expectation meeting prompt and deserved disappointment. Before any one of them had an opportunity to invite her, she had removed her pocket handkerchief from the face of her earliest partner, and had with difficulty impressed upon him the fact that the dinner hour was close at hand.

When, however, that meal was served at the cabin, to which they had resorted in company with a majority of the dancers, by an unhappy chance the favored gentleman was placed on that side the table next the cooking stove. When the time for payment arrived a contrariety of such magnitude possessed him that he refused to remunerate for any one but himself. In vain the lady from Gandy's Creek protested that she had no means at hand. Her whilom admirers from Yaeger's Camp, seated in solid phalanx opposite, grinned to a man. But she proved equal to the emergency. Rising, she said to her hostess, Digitized by Google

"I've not got no money an' I've eat your dinner, so it's no use a-fursin' about it, but I'll send you your quarter by one o' them grinnin idjits thar, fer not a step will I dance till it's paid."

A round of applause greeted this speech, and the landlady only saved her dishes by grabbing the quarter nearest presented, and ignoring contending offers.

Lem's decision appeared to be correct, for his apt pupil was still assisting with unabated cheerfulness when the guests began to depart.

Among the earliest to leave were friends with whom Josephine was to make the first stage of her journey. Abel must have watched her closely, though from a little distance, for, in the moment that she stood alone, before she turned to go, he stepped softly up and thrust a bit of crumpled paper into her hand.

"It's a order fer what's a-comin' to me down to the store," he whispered. "Get what you need while I'm away. Joe can fix that when he comes home."

Then he was gone, too quickly for Josephine to give the paper back, or say good-bye. Nor could she distinguish his vanishing figure for the tears that filled her eyes, and made the sunshine seem as dusk.

(The sequel to AN AMERICAN NOBLEMAN will be published in the next number: entitled THE LUMINOUS FACE.)

Chicago.

WM. ARMSTRONG.

PARTISAN WAR IN VIRGINIA.

The adventure I have before related when we captured Brigadier-General Stoughton at Fairfax Court House in bed asleep in the midst of his troops, and raided the headquarters of the cavalry commander Colonel Wyndham, who happened to be away, carrying off his staff, horses, and wardrobe, created not only a great sensation but much uneasiness about Washington for the safety of high officials.* It thoroughly discredited Wynd-

* Stahel's report to the Secretary of War, says: "Upon my arrival in Washington I was summoned to report at once to President Lincoln. He told me of the capture of General Stoughton, and the insecure condition of our lines in front of Washington. The President also said that he desired to have me in command in front of Washington to put a stop to these raids." Stahel took command March 17, and was relieved on June 28. *The raids had stopped.*

ham, who was relieved from duty, and in his place Major-General Julius Stahel was sent. It was hoped that Stahel, who, if he did not possess any of the boldness required in a successful cavalry officer, would by prudence and vigilance be able to suppress what were termed the depredations of guerillas. That Stahel possessed an abundance of caution there is no doubt, but that was the only qualification he had for the position. He had had some experience in foreign wars, having served under Kosuth in the Hungarian revolt. Having taken the weak side in one rebellion, he made sure of getting on the strong side in another. He had no more success in the new position assigned him than his predecessor, and was soon ordered to take his place in the rear with the other failures of the war. During his brief career in Fairfax he kept the telegraph wires red hot with dispatches to Washington and the Northern newspapers, telling of his effective work in destroying guerillas. "Thrice he had routed all his foes—and thrice he slew the slain." As his headquarters were only about twelve miles south of Washington, it was easy to communicate daily with the authorities there and keep the eyes of the country upon him. In spite of Stahel's dispatches which exterminated us every day, my command continued to grow and flourish. One not acquainted with the history of the war would infer from his reports that I commanded a large army and that the operations of the Army of the Potomac were only secondary to his against me. Not satisfied with the protection of a cordon of pickets, grand guards and patrols, he had the planks on Chain bridge across the Potomac taken off every night to prevent us from breaking through his lines and kidnapping the President and his Cabinet. Mr. Lincoln was shrewd enough to see that dead men could not harass the outposts and keep the troops defending Washington in a perpetual state of alarm. The capture of Stoughton had also been a great personal advantage to me. Stuart had published a general order to the cavalry, in which he said that "this feat, unparalleled in the war, was performed in the midst of the enemy's

Before the committee on the conduct of the war, General Hooker testified: "I may here state that while at Fairfax Court House my cavalry was reinforced by that of Major-General Stahel. The latter numbered 6,100 sabres, and had been engaged in picketing a line from Occoquan River to Goose Creek. The force opposed to them was Mosby's guerillas numbering about 200 [30]; and if the reports of the newspapers were to be believed, this whole party was killed two or three times during the winter; * * the planks on Chain bridge were taken off at night during the greater part of the winter and spring."

troops at Fairfax Court House without loss or injury." The effect was to attract to me, either from love of spoil or romantic adventure, many who hitherto had taken no part in the war. When they joined me they abandoned peaceful pursuits, became soldiers, and put on the Confederate uniform. The impression prevailed in the North that my command was composed of farmers in the daytime, and soldiers at night. A body of men who often met and routed the best trained regiments of Northern cavalry, could not have acquired their skill in war while plowing fields and shearing sheep.

After making a raid we scattered like a cloud from which the lightning bolt has been discharged. I was recently asked why it was if we wore the distinguishing uniform of soldiers, that we were not all killed or captured by the heavy forces that were often sent after us. I replied: "Have you never been over the Union Pacific railroad and seen a lot of antelopes watching you on the hills? Now, the reason that a large force of Union cavalry couldn't catch us is just the same that the railroad train does not leave the track and chase the antelopes over the plains." Three men who joined me about this time became famous in the annals of my command, and their names are associated in most of the stirring scenes in which I was an actor. They were John Underwood, Dick Moran and William Hibbs. The latter I always called "Major"—he was over fifty years old, had many years been a blacksmith, and survived the war, after having received several wounds. His military title stuck to him as long as he lived, and he died in the belief that he was a real Major. I do not think he ever returned to the forge, it would have been like putting a thoroughbred to the plow. Dick Moran, already past the prime of life, would in all probability have never quit the paths of peace if the Union troops that camped near him had only let him alone; but some charges had been made against him, and he had to take to the woods or be taken prisoner. I happened to make my appearance in the country at the time, so he came to me. On the night when I made my first raid I stopped at a farmer's house to get some information, and also to procure a guide. He told me that a man was staying with him then who knew every rabbit path in the country. His name was John Underwood. As the Union camps were not far off he was sleeping for safety in the woods near the house. The farmer whistled, and Underwood, understanding the signal, soon made his appearance. He readily accepted my invitation to go with

us, as he was glad of the opportunity to get even with the Northern soldiers who had been hunting him. The night was clear and frosty, and he led us through thickets almost impenetrable to anything but a coon or a 'possum. The light of the camp fires were soon seen through the pines in the distance. We had got behind them and the sentinels in front had no suspicion of the danger that lurked in the rear. Having dismounted and left a man to guard our horses, we approached stealthily on foot. The scene might have inspired the lines of this poem:

" All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping."

The moan of the night wind through the pines lulled the soldiers to rest, and prevented their hearing our footsteps. Presently a wild yell was heard above the howling wind and we were in the camp of the enemy by the time they were awake. Before the troops in the neighboring camps could get ready to pursue we were far away with our prisoners and spoil! John Underwood was presented with a pair of pistols and a fine horse as prizes of war. He attached himself to my fortunes and lost his life soon after. But all my guides were not fired by the same ambition as John Underwood. Once on a dark night, when there was a deep snow on the ground, we were threading our way through the Fairfax forests, and came upon the rude hut of a rustic named Ben Hatton. All that Ben asked of either side was to be let alone. He lived near the picket lines and was allowed occasionally to go into the camps to trade with the soldiers. In this way he acquired a good deal of knowledge as to the position of the camps and outposts. He thought that I would be satisfied with his telling me all he knew about them. But I was not. It was so dark that we took him along as a conscript to steer us through the picket line without giving the alarm. So he was impressed into the service and mounted behind one of the men. Ben knew every inch of the ground, and having no ambition to win glory in the cause of his country, he took care not to get close enough to draw the fire of the pickets. The soldiers were sleeping soundly in their bivouacs, little

dreaming of the danger that was gathering over them. After getting in sight of their camp fires, we dismounted and left Ben to guard the horses while we went to make the attack. The surprise was complete, and the whole party was soon captured, without any resistance. We had hardly secured the prisoners' arms and horses when we heard a fusilade behind us, in the direction of the place where we had left our horses. I supposed that the enemy had attacked the guard and wanted to swap horses with us. So, putting the prisoners in charge of a part of my men, I mounted the others on the captured horses, and we galloped back to save our own. We found the horses all standing hitched to the trees, just as we had left them, and Ben Hatton was lying on his back in the snow-bank bleeding from a flesh wound through the thigh. All that he could tell us was that the enemy had come up and attacked them, and in the firing he had been shot. Both of the men who had been left with him as a guard had disappeared, leaving their horses behind them. Ben did not know whether they had gone off with the Yankees, or the Yankees had gone off with them. It appeared to be an insoluble mystery. Although Ben had lost a good deal of blood, he was still able to ride behind one of the men. We left him at home in care of his wife—no surgeon was needed—and his wound soon healed. He kept quietly coiled up in bed, and his participation in the night's adventure was kept a profound secret. Ben's two companions reported to me a few days afterwards. Each supposed the whole party captured and himself the only survivor. It was one of the most laughable things that happened in the war. It appears that the two guards and Ben Hatton, to keep their blood circulating, walked about in the pines. Finally they got separated. Then, when they came together again in the shadows of the pine trees, and each mistook the other for an enemy whom he supposed to be trying to capture our horses, each drew his pistol and opened fire. Ben was unarmed, and while he was dodging among the horses to keep from being shot, got a bullet in his thigh. Ben was no hero—he yelled and fell. The two men kept skirmishing around, sometimes shooting at each other, and sometimes at their own shadows on the snow, until they saw a party of mounted men dashing off. As we had left them on foot, it never occurred to them that we would return mounted; they were sure we were Yankee cavalry, and took to their heels. With the greatest simplicity Ben told me how they had been attacked by these men

in buckram, and how they had fought. He was never told who shot him, and still believes, if he is living, that it was the Yankees. All is well that ends well—Ben got well—we got off safely with our prisoners and captured horses, and my two men who had fought each other so stoutly in the dark and were given up as lost, returned after a few days' wandering. The first raid that we made, after the capture of General Stoughton, was at Herndon, Fairfax county, some eight or ten miles from Washington. This was an outpost of a camp of a Vermont regiment, stationed at Dranesville, not far from the Potomac. John Underwood had gone down to scout on his native heath and reported to me that a body of about forty cavalry was picketing there, and waiting for somebody to come and catch them. General Stahel had placed them in this position to warn him of the approach of danger. After the experience they already had I was surprised to hear of it, and resolved not to keep them in suspense any longer. I concluded to vary my tactics this time, and attack by daylight, as I knew they would not then be on the lookout for us. The picket was far enough away from any supporting force to give us time to bag them and then get away. All that I feared was that they would not stay there long enough for me to catch them. The Northern General had learned nothing from experience, for during the preceding six weeks his lines had been continuously harassed. The capturing and killing of men was not the primary object of these operations. The troops belonged to the defenses of Washington. Every man detached from the army invading Virginia, to that extent reduced the actual fighting strength of the North. I could select for attack any one of a thousand places along their line. But to return from this digression.

About noon we got within three miles of Herndon, and after making a circuit through the forests, reached a point undiscovered about three hundred yards in rear of the post. A halt was made for a few moments when we got to the road leading back from the picket post to the camp at Dranesville, and two men were sent forward to capture the vidette, who I knew would be stationed in rear of the post. He was quietly reading a newspaper when suddenly they came upon him, and was so much startled that he forgot to fire his carbine to give the alarm. It was just the time of day for the relief to come and as we approached from the direction of their camp he thought at first that we were his own men. There is no truth in the statement

of their commanding officer in his report that we were piloted by non-combatant citizens living in the neighborhood. The sun was shining, and a deep snow was on the ground. The command went forward at a trot. On reaching the brow of the hill, overlooking the railroad station in plain view, we saw the boys in blue lounging around and no doubt anxiously waiting for the relief to come. They felt as safe as if they had been far away at their homes among the Green Mountains. No time was given them to rally and recover from their surprise. My men dashed forward with a yell, and the Vermonters without firing a shot fled to a sawmill near by and ran up on a ladder to the top. We were at the mill almost as soon as they were. Knowing the value of time on such an occasion I jumped from my horse and followed them up the ladder; as I went up in a loud voice I ordered the men to set fire to the mill. There was a quantity of shavings and combustible material in the building, and in a few minutes it would have been in flames. They immediately surrendered for fear of being roasted. One of my men, John Debutts, followed me up the ladder. I never could understand why they didn't riddle us with bullets. As they had carbines and were expecting a reinforcement every minute, they ought to have at least tried to hold out until it arrived. I was very glad that they yielded without a fight, as we were in a critical position and couldn't afford to stay there long. The prisoners were all quickly mounted when we discovered four finely caparisoned horses standing at the front gate of a Northern settler who lived there. His wife was at home but her husband was away acting as a guide for the Northern army. We entered the house and found a table she had set with milk, honey and other delicacies which had not been touched. She was too good a Union woman to disclose the hiding place of her guests. Every nook and corner was searched but they could not be found. On the upper floor the men discovered a trap door that communicated with a garret. One of the men poked his head in it and called to those he supposed to be there to come out. There was no response to the summons. So he concluded to fire a shot in the dark—if it missed a man it would do no harm—if by chance it killed one it would do some good. He fired—still there was no motion of a human being. He concluded to try another shot in the air. The flash of the pistol so near their heads, and the smell of sulphur made the garret uncomfortable. Whispers were heard, and Captain Schofield and two lieutenants

stepped down through the trap door. Just then a crash was heard, and Major Wells descended through the ceiling. He had trod on the lathing and caved in. He was covered with mortar and whitewash, but didn't get a bruise. The officers were put under a guard and started to overtake the main body of my men, who had gone on ahead with the other prisoners. I remained in the rear with twelve men to check any pursuit that might be made. We had not got out of sight of the place before we saw a body of cavalry coming from Dranesville. It was the relief. After getting a mile or so away, Joe Nelson, whom I had left some distance behind to notify me if the enemy pursued, came galloping up and told me that they were coming. We had just reached the Horsepen Run, and as it was a good deal swollen from the melting snow, I determined to cross over and await them on the other side. There was no difficulty in getting over, although the ford was pretty deep—all of us with the prisoners had crossed safely. My idea was to allow about one-half of them to get over, and then with my twelve men to charge back and drive them full well into the stream. I felt sure of destroying them. I drew up on a hill and begged them to come across. But they contented themselves with firing a few carbine shots at long range, and went back. They were commanded by Lieutenant Higley. Major Taggart, who was commanding the camp at Dranesville, says that Higley had fifty men, forty of whom had come out as a relief to the post, and ten had joined him at the old picket at Herndon, who had escaped. He was dismissed from the service for cowardice. Afterwards a military commission decided that he was not guilty of inefficiency in the pursuit.

He was restored to his rank. If the Run was not too deep for my command with their prisoners to cross, it was hard to see why those in pursuit should have halted on the bank. As they had come after me so rapidly and seemed so anxious to catch us, I couldn't understand why they went back as soon as they got sight of us. I do not intend to interfere in a family quarrel by expressing an opinion either in favor of or against the lieutenant. It was a great compliment to my men that the commandant found that he exercised a sound discretion in not getting any closer to them.*

•

MARCH 24, 1863.

COLONEL: I have the honor to report, on the 17th instant at 1 P. M., the reserve picket post at Herndon Station, consisting of twenty-five men under command of Second Lieutenant Alexander G. Watson, Company L, First

We brought off twenty-five prisoners—among them four officers—and left one wounded man on the ground. Not one of my men got a scratch. Nearly all who were with me got a horse. After getting out to a place of safety, the privates were paroled and sent back through the Shenandoah Valley. The four officers were put on their parole of honor to report to Fitz Lee at Culpepper Court House, and went there on horseback. I sent with them as an escort a Hungarian named Jake. They spent a night at a farmer's house and Jake, who had no confidence in the binding force of a parole, felt sure that the prisoners intended to leave him that night. So when the officers went to bed he politely offered to put a shine on their boots and took them to the kitchen. He had no fear of their going off barefooted in the snow. The officers were soon afterwards exchanged and Major Wells got back in time to lead his regiment at Gettysburg and become a Brigadier-General. Lieutenant Watson, who was gobbled up with the picket at Herndon, now lives at San Diego, California. After distributing the captured horses and arms among the men, they were disbanded to meet me again

Vermont cavalry, was surprised by Captain Mosby with a force of forty-two men and twenty-one of ours, together with Major Wells, Capt. Robert Schofield, Company F, and Second Lieutenant Alexander G. Watson, Company L, and Perley C. I. Cheney, Company C (Second Lieutenant), captured, all of First Vermont cavalry; the first three men visiting the post. The surprise was so complete the men made but little or no resistance.* Had Second Lieutenant Edwin H. Higley, Company K, First Vermont cavalry, who had started with the relief for the post, consisting of forty men, together with ten of the old guard, who joined him, performed his duty, could and would have been taken. Such occurrences are exceedingly discreditable, but sometimes unavoidable; not only calculated to embolden the enemy, but dispirit our men.

CHARLES F. TAGGART,
Major, etc.

*

MARCH 21, 1863.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS,

PRESIDENT CONFEDERATE STATES.

Mr. President: You will I know be gratified to learn by the inclosed dispatch (report of affairs at Herndon) that the appointment you conferred a few days since on Capt. J. S. Mosby, was not unworthily bestowed. The point where he struck the enemy is north of Fairfax Court House, near the Potomac, and far within the lines of the enemy. I wish I could receive his appointment (of Major), or some official notification of it, that I might announce to him, etc, etc.

R. E. LEE,

General.

in a few days. The prize principle is no new thing in war. The Admirals and Commodores of the United States Navy made fortunes by capturing blockade runners. The horses we captured all had riders, and the riders had pistols and sabres. The booty of Delhi was the subject of litigation, in the English Court of Chancery, among the captors. The spoil of Waterloo was divided among the soldiers of the British army. Wellington took his share. In the recently published Memoirs of Morbot, it is stated that Napoleon allowed men and officers to appropriate the horses they captured.

The capture of General Stoughton on the night of March 8, 1863, won me a Captain's commission; the raid on Herndon a few days afterwards won me a Major's. This was all the more gratifying as the promotion came unsolicited, as well as unexpected.* The men who were with me scattered for safety over the country, and John Underwood went down into Fairfax to find another weak point in the lines. General Stahel had received a reinforcement of a brigade of Michigan cavalry to strengthen his outposts. It was the same that was afterwards commanded by Carter. Underwood reported a body of about one hundred cavalymen on the Little River pike, at Chantilly in Fairfax, with strong supports on either flank. About fifty men assembled to go with me on this expedition, and as I did not want to disappoint them and knew it would be hard to get so many men together again, I resolved to undertake the enterprise, although the prospects of success were poor. As the country roads were very muddy, we marched straight down the turnpike for about twenty miles and obliqued off to the right in order to penetrate between Chantilly and the corps at Centerville.

But we soon found out that it was impossible to get to their rear without being discovered, and there was no chance for a surprise. The pickets were looking for us on their front, flank,

*"The conduct of Major Mosby is warmly commended to the notice of the Commanding General. His sleepless vigilance and unceasing activity have done the enemy great damage. He keeps a large force of the enemy's cavalry continually employed in Fairfax in the vain effort to suppress his inroads. His exploits are not surpassed in daring and enterprise by those of *petite guerre* in any age. Since I first knew him in 1861 he has never once alluded to his own rank or promotion; thus far it has come by the force of his own merit," etc., etc.

and rear. I did not want to return without trying to do something, so a few men were ordered to chase in the videttes for the purpose of drawing out the reserve some distance from their camp. I saw the reserve mount and move rapidly up the pike. We also got back on the pike to prevent being cut off from that line of retreat. We had formed to charge the column advancing against us from Chantilly, when Major Hibbs rode up and told me that a strong force was coming up on my flank from Frying Pan. I knew that they would pursue us rapidly if they thought we were moving away, so I ordered the command to wheel about, and we started at a fast trot up the pike. My calculation was that they would very soon get strung out along the road and lose their advantage in numbers; this would give us a chance to strike back.

Everything turned out as I had expected. My men were kept well closed up, and Joe Nelson with one other remained some distance behind to give me notice when they got near us. We had just got over a hill and were descending on the other side when Joe galloped up and told me they were right upon us. They were not yet in sight but we could distinctly hear their cheers and the hoof-strokes of their horses on the hard pike. It was a critical moment; the time had come either for a fight or a stampede. Our horses were jaded from a long day's march, while the enemy's were fresh from camp. If we had gone a step farther my strategic retreat would have degenerated into a panic and a rout. In an instant the command was ordered to halt, draw sabre and right-about wheel. The men promptly obeyed. All was done in the twinkling of an eye. Fortunately at the place we had halted, there was an abatis of fallen trees, made by one of the armies the year before. My men formed in columns of four behind it. I knew that when they darted out it would create the impression on the pursuing force that they had been drawn into an ambuscade and that we had been reinforced. The sabre was not a favorite weapon with me. After I got a regularly organized command I discarded it altogether and relied on the six shooter. I only ordered the men to draw sabre to prevent them from wasting their fire. I knew their sabres would be sheathed as soon as they got to close quarters. When the head of the hostile column got over the hill they were surprised to see us formed and ready for them. They had thought that they were only having a fox chase. It was a maxim of war from which I never

departed always to act on the offensive. I ordered a charge and my men were among them almost before they could turn round. The enemy broke and fled in confusion. The rout was complete. We chased them to a point on the pike from which we had started to retreat. The enemy thought my retreat had been feigned to draw them into a trap. It was the Fifth New York Cavalry that had been defeated in an open field and in broad daylight by less than a fourth of their number. It was the third year of the war, this regiment had been in that region from the beginning, and knew the country as well as I did. A lieutenant and thirty-five men were captured; the killed and wounded were left on the ground. *Major Hibbs* had his boot heel shot off—this was the only casualty among my men. My report to Stuart, now before me and dated the next day, states that I did not have over fifty men and that we took a lieutenant and thirty-five men prisoners. As the report to him was sent along with the prisoners the number that got to his headquarters would either confirm or contradict it. Colonel Johnstone—the same who ran off in his shirt tail on the night we captured Stoughton—reported only Lieutenant Merritt missing, three killed, and one mortally wounded, and that we were superior in numbers. Now he admits that Major Bacon and White were with the regiment in the fight, or rather the flight, and rallied it after the rout—and that there were seventy men at the Chantilly post; and that two companies came up from Frying Pan after hearing the firing. His report would create the impression that these two companies did not get up until the fight was over. Now Frying Pan is not more than a mile from Chantilly and the firing they heard was when we first attacked the pickets. I did not begin to retreat until I saw them coming from Frying Pan. As the report shows that there were two Majors in the fight the inference is that the whole regiment was there. Colonel Johnstone disappeared after this. In reply to my dispatch I received the following letter from Stuart:

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISION,
ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

Captain:

MARCH 27th, 1863.

Your telegram announcing your brilliant achievement near Chantilly was duly received and forwarded to General Lee. He exclaimed upon reading it, "*Hurrah for Mosby! I wish I had a hundred like him.*" Heartily wishing you continued success, I remain,

Your Obedient Servant,

J. E. B. STUART, Digitized by Google
Major General Commanding.

My force was composed of straggling soldiers at home on furlough, and raw recruits who had just joined me and had never been in a fight before. I had no subordinate officers to assist me and the command was utterly without cohesion or organization. After the booty had been divided, the men scattered, and the Northern people said that a lot of Virginia farmers had got together and routed one of their veteran regiments.* When disbanding the men a time and place was appointed for another raid. Our next gathering was on March 31st, when about sixty-five men met me. I had not heard that the enemy had broken up their camp at Dranesville, so started down to attack that isolated post. We got to Dranesville about sundown, but the bird had flown. As all the forage in the neighborhood had been consumed I concluded to go up the pike toward Lusburg and bivouac at some point on the Potomac. I felt sure that by morning the enemy, whose camps were about ten miles below, would get the news of our presence and send a force after us. There was also a chance of meeting scouting parties of Northern cavalry that infested the country. After spending an hour or so in the village, where we were hospitably treated, we started to

*

MARCH 26, 1863.

GENERAL: 'On the 25th [23d] instant, Captain Mosby attacked and routed a body of the enemy's cavalry on the Little River turnpike, near Chantilly. He reports ten killed and wounded, and a lieutenant and thirty [35] men with their horses, arms, equipments captured. He sustained no loss.

R. E. LEE,

General.

FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE,

MARCH 23, 1863.

SIR—At 5 P. M. our picket in front of Chantilly was attacked. The videttes were on the alert and gave the alarm. The reserve of about seventy men were immediately under arms, and charged the enemy, who fled for two miles along the Little River turnpike. Between Sorender's toll gate and Cub Run there is a strip of woods about half a mile wide, through which the road runs. Within the woods and about a quarter of a mile apart are two barricades of fallen trees; our troops pursued the enemy between these barricades. The head of the column was here stopped by a fire of carbines and pistols, and also by a fire upon the flank from the woods. The column broke and was pursued by the enemy one and a half miles. It was then rallied by the exertions of Majors Bacon and White. Captains Hasbrouck and McGuinn, when they heard of the alarm proceeded on a gallop from Frying Pan and joining Major White's command pursued the enemy eight miles. (If we were pursued we never saw our pursuers. J. S. M.)

ROBERT JOHNSTONE,

Lieutenant Colonel.

find a good bivouac for the night. About midnight we reached the farm of a man named Miskel, that lies just where Broad Run empties into the Potomac. Here we got an abundance for men and horses to eat. The men were soon sleeping sound in the hay loft. I pulled off my boots and lay down with my head resting on my saddle for a pillow before a blazing log fire. No one but a soldier knows how sweet sleep is after a hard day's ride through snow and mud. I was soon unconscious of the danger that surrounded us. No pickets had been placed on the pike, as I did not think the enemy would hear before daybreak of our being there and their camps were fifteen miles away. They did, however, get the news earlier than I had expected. When we passed Herndon a Northern settler there had counted my men, and after we had got out of sight, went post haste down to the Union Camps on Difficult Run to report that we were near. Immediately a force which was supposed to be adequate for the purpose was sent to capture us. This man also went along as a guide. About daylight they reached Dranesville and heard there in what direction we had gone. One of my men, Dick Moran, had fortunately left on the night before and spent the night at a farmhouse near the pike. Early in the morning he heard the tramp of cavalry, and looking out saw a long blue column marching up the road. He ran out of the house, mounted his horse, and struck a bee line for Miskel's, where he knew we had stopped. The sun had just risen and one of my men waked me up and told me that the enemy were making signals on the opposite bank of the river. I hastily pulled on my boots and went out into the back yard to see them. Just as I stepped out I saw Dick Moran coming across the field at full speed and calling out at the top of his voice: "Mount—mount—the Yankees are coming." Instantly we all rushed for the barnyard where our horses were picketed. I buckled on my pistols but had to leave my saddle in the house. Not one-third of the horses were bridled and saddled. Just as we got to the barn yard we saw the head of the hostile column coming through a gate in the fence that inclosed the field. Their report was that we first met and checked them with a fire from carbines behind the barn fence. This is not so—there wasn't a carbine in my command. My first order to the men was not to fire but to saddle up and mount quickly. When the enemy got within thirty yards of the gate to the barn yard I had about twenty-five men mounted. I opened the gate myself and went forward on foot and called to them to follow me. One of the

bravest soldiers in the Confederate army, Harry Hatcher, dismounted and gave me his horse. In an instant he mounted another, whose rider had been killed. In the first collision of the hostile forces, Captain Flint, who led the attacking column, fell dead, riddled with several bullets.

This created a panic among his men, and as we were then among them, they turned to run. By that time all my men were mounted and yelling and dealing death in their ranks. So certain had Captain Flint been of bagging us all, that after entering the open field from the woods that surrounded it, he closed the gate and sent Captain Bean to circle around to our rear in order to make sure that none of us should escape. This precaution was altogether unnecessary, as we were in the angle of two impassable streams. When Captain Bean saw Flint's squadron flying before us to the gate he thought only of saving his own, so he turned, and it was a race between us to get first to the gate. We beat him and caught most of his party. Flint's squadron finding the gate closed had great difficulty in getting through. Finally the pressure broke it down, but they were so jammed and wedged in the narrow space, that many fell before our deadly fire. We pursued the panicstricken fugitives several miles. Many killed and wounded were left along the road; we carried off eighty-two prisoners, ninety-five horses, and all their arms and equipments. There were two lieutenants among the prisoners; a captain and lieutenant were killed. The first tidings the people of Dranesville got of the bloody affair was from the Northern guide who passed through the village like a streak of lightning on his way to the Union camps below. He didn't come home again during the war. I don't think he has yet been put on the pension rolls. My loss was only one man killed and three wounded. Our prisoners largely exceeded the number of my men. There are instances in war where a party surprised has repulsed the attacking party, but this is the only one that I know of where the surprised party has not only taken the offensive, but actually destroyed the assailing force. General Lee considered the affair of sufficient importance to communicate to the President in the following dispatch:

HEADQUARTERS CAMP REDS,

Mr. President:

APRIL 4, 1863.

Major John S. Mosby reports that he was attacked early on the morning of the 2d (1st) instant, near Dranesville, by about 200 Vermont cavalry. He promptly repulsed them, leaving on

the field twenty-five killed and wounded, including three (4) officers, and brought off eighty-two prisoners, with their horses, arms and equipments. His force consisted of sixty-five men, and his loss was four wounded.

The enemy has evacuated Dranesville. I had the pleasure to send by return courier to Major Mosby his commission of Major of Partisan Rangers, for which I am obliged to Your Excellency. I am, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE.

General.

My report to Stuart understated the enemy's loss, as none appears from their own report.*

San Francisco.

JNO. S. MOSBY.

* "Mosby's pursuit ended at Dranesville, and the uncaptured survivors returned sadly to camp. The casualties in this lamentable affair were seven killed and mortally wounded; twenty-two wounded, and eighty-two captured unwounded. Mosby secured ninety-five horses, and stated his loss at one killed and three wounded. It was certainly a very spirited fight on his part, and the promotion which it brought him from General Lee was fairly earned. Major Hall started out at once with a party and brought in the bodies of Captain Flint and Lieutenant Woodbury, and the wounded who could be moved."

"Captain Bean was severely blamed for failing to support Flint with the rear squadron, and upon recommendation of General Stahel, who now commanded the cavalry in the defenses of Washington, and wanted to punish somebody, was dismissed from the service."

Pages 587-588, *Vermont in the Civil War*.

Flint was killed and his squadron beaten before Bean could have got to his support. We were all ready for Bean if he had come.

J. S. M.

FAIRFAX C. H., Va.,

APRIL 2. 1863.

General. It appears that on the evening of the 31st ult. Major Taggart, at Union Church, two miles above Peach Grove, received information that Mosby, with about sixty-five men, was near Dranesville. He immediately dispatched Captain Flint with 150 men of the First Vermont to rout or capture Mosby and his force. Here, at a house they came on to Mosby, who was completely surprised, and wholly unprepared for attack from our forces. Mosby waited until the men were checked by the fence, and then opened his fire on them, killing and wounding several. The men here became panic-stricken, and fled precipitately through this gate, through which to make their escape. The opening was small, and they got wedged together, and a fearful state of confusion followed; while Mosby's men followed them up and poured into the crowd a severe fire. I regret to be obliged to inform the Commanding General that the forces sent out by Major Taggart missed so good an opportunity of capturing this rebel guerilla. It is only to be ascribed to the bad management on the part of the officers and the cowardice of the men, etc., etc.

JUL. STAHEL, Google
Major General.

FOUND AT THE ALTAR.

"Them there is kettle-stewed an' these here is tank-b'iled; them slick bones over there is shins, them yender is out o' the hindlegs o' cattle. Here is a lot o' shinbone knuckles, all ready fer burnin'. Afore we get through sortin, they'll be put in with that pile o' ribs, skulls, an' hind j'int's ye see there by the Canal wall, an' all made inter bone-black."

The speaker, an old man, with hulking round shoulders, kindly, childish eyes, and a great quantity of gray hair straggling about his neck, sat on a stool among the ghastly ricks in the yard of a bone-boiling establishment. His audience was just before him, a ragged, hunchbacked boy, leaning upon a bag of rags. The child's head, seemingly much too heavy for his small, sickly body, was matted with dusky hair, his eyes a light hazel, soft, but of a shrinking, unsteady expression, and his flesh of a pallid olive hue, as if the yellow and green of putrid pools, over and among which most of his life had been spent, had settled in his skin. One could not easily have told if the number of his years were eight or twelve, so cowed and unformed a spirit looked out of his blighted face, this child who had been used much as one might use the boot's toe to drive into and loosen garbage with. If his spinal deformity came in the beginning of disease or of blows, were not easily told, but as he peered, almost frightened by kindness, into the old bone-sorter's face, he surely was a sad enough vision for the eye; a pitiable mixture of unconscious evil and innocence.

"What fer do they burn the bones?" said the child, turning his big eyes about the ricks with an uneasy look.

"To git bone-black an' charcoal fer the sugar-makers," said the old man; "they filter sugar through 'em to make it white an' clean."

This paradoxical fact apparently gave the boy little concern; he seemed more impressed and unpleasantly, by the placing of these inanimate parts of once animate creatures in fire, than by their curious utility afterwards. He looked around him again with something like a shiver.

"Then the poorer parts, sich as backbones, skulls, an' the like,

is of'en used fer fertilizers," the old man went on garrulously as he sorted. "They put 'em in big machines an' grind 'em all up fine, like lime, and throw 'em on the fields to make things grow. But the best bones is shins an' thighs, an' we don't waste sich as them on the burners ner grinders. Men make knife handles, an' combs, an' tooth-brushes an' the like outen them. Most o' toothbrush handles is made from thigh bones, 'cause they air so white. The bones fer buttons an' knife handles mostly goes to Europe. Lots of parasol handles is made outen sheep's legs, an' some o' the fines' ivory fans ye ever see a woman flirt afore her face used to be trodden' some old ewe aroun' the parster with 'er lamb a-bleatin' after 'er. Sheep leg bones polish up slicker than any other sort, an' aint so brittle as the bones of cattle." He glanced up; the boy had drawn back a little and was looking at him with a shrinking, half-horrified expression. Suddenly the old man laid a large bone across a block, and lifting a heavy, cleaver-like instrument, dealt it a crushing blow.

The boy sprang back. "Oh," he cried quiveringly, "Oh don't! that hurts so!" and stood trembling and looking at the crushed bone with a pain-whitened face. The old sorter laid down his cleaver and stared at the child a moment. "I reckon ye aint used to sich as this, or ye have had bones o' y'r own broke, little feller," he said gently.

The child made an oddly expressive sound in his throat, and rocked his head from side to side.

"Where 'bouts were they broke, honey?" asked the old man in a coaxing, compassionate tone.

The child put one of his little yellow hands upon his arm, up to his collar bone, then over his shoulder toward his back.

"Shoo!" exclaimed the old man, shaking his gray locks commiseratingly, "ye've been all broke to pieces! How'd it happen?"

The child closed his lips tight and took hold of the bag as if to go away. The old man put out his crumpled, grimy hand with a detaining gesture. "No, don't ye go, little feller, I wont hurt ye no ways; aint ye hongry?" He reached under his stool and brought up a dingy little pail, and took off the lid. "Here's a few scraps left from dinner," he said, shaking them together and handing the pail toward the child. "It'll be quittin' time now in a minute; if y'll come along with me I'll gin ye somethin' warm when I get it cooked."

The child took the pail in his tiny crooked arm and fell to eating the poor debris ravenously, letting his big starved eyes dwell on the wrinkled face before him with a wistful, curious stare.

"What mout y'r name be?" inquired the old man, disposing things about him preparatory to quitting work.

"Tug," murmured the child.

"An' where 'bouts ye live?"

"Off there in the sink."

"Shoo! I live down that way too! What's the number?"

The child shut his lips on the dry bread and looked away in silence.

"What's y'r folks' name, honey?"

Silence still. The old man fetched an expressive grunt. "Don't mind, little feller, eat away," he said, in a reassuring tone.

In a moment the child took up the bag and after a struggle got it upon his misshapen back, but it swayed him from side to side, and the old man took it on his own back, and together they went down the noisome alleys toward the Sink. Night was falling; a level lake of brownish fog lay over the sunken region like a canopy of scum, the great city spread around the horizon, a smear of roofs, steeples and smoke.

"Ye gether all these rags to-day?" queried the bone sorter. The boy nodded his head.

"Ye must go a good ways from home to git so many?"

"I never went outside the Sink afore," said the child, uneasily.

"What? never in y'r life?" The boy shook his head.

"Shoo!" and the old man was silent. But presently as they turned into a darker alley he said, "Who makes ye stay in the Sink, honey?"

The child had hold of one of the bone-sorter's soiled fingers; his grasp tightened involuntarily. "~~She~~ do!" he whispered.

"Is she y'r mammy?"

"I don' 'no!'"

"Did she break them little bones o' yourn, child?"

Silence, and a tightening of the small clammy fingers.

"Shoo!" said the old man, then again in a gasping whisper, "Shoo!"

In a few moments they came to a low rickety gate; inside of it lay a plot of dirt not more than six feet square, at one side of

this an old stunted rose-bush, and then a tiny hut wedged in among the rotten houses.

"Come in," said the old man kindly, "an' I'll cook us a bit of somethin'; it'll do ye good, honey."

The boy shook his head. "I can't," he whispered. "*She* said fer me to be back by dark."

The gray old man peered at him through the brown air in a troubled way. "Ye look hongry, honey, an' sick," he said; "ye had best come in. I aint nobody in the world to live with me; I git lonesome. I used to have a gran'darter with me, but she—she went wrong, an' I aint got'er any more. She planted the rose-bush there a long time back. I'll git ye one of the posies; they aint many on it, an' they'r dusty; here's one about half-blowed. Yes, ye smell it; smells good, don't it?"

The child held it in the hollow of his grimy hand and looked at it a moment. "It's the purties' thing I ever see," he whispered, and groping about the ground got a bit of paper and wrapped it up carefully and put it in the pocket of his ragged jacket. Then taking the bag on his back he went staggering down toward the bottom of the Sink with the old man's eyes following him mistily into the enfolding dust.

The region was a noisome one; the foul accretion of many sad conditions. The very soil seemed diseased, soaked with septic elements, and the wide clutter of misshapen buildings crowding toward the stagnant canal had the effect of an army, routed, confused, and seeking escape from the swarming hosts upon the surrounding higher grounds. In one of these houses, not far from the sluggish water-way, little Tug had his home; a rag-matted hole under a back basement stair for a bed, and for food the grudging unwholesome bounty of a drunken negress' table who occupied the basement. In all his years he had known no other home, no other mother. All other doors had closed against him, all other hearts had spurned him, even this place of living death was his through sufferance only, and this degraded black woman cherished him alone for selfishness and evil.

He had been born in a shameful place, and heir to unkindness and heavy days. Sneers, snares, blows, neglect and severance from the luckier born had been his portion. Doubtless there had been abundance of bad chemistry in the beginning; many tendencies bringing harm from old days, roots that dripped

poison sap into the alembic at his birth, but the harshness of man had been more destructive than these. In the end, measured by the cold, hard, human estimate, he seemed an utter loss. Still, through a love and law insoluble to man, it may have not proved so; by calculi worked out only in the Great Father's heart, the stains and wrongs and sorrows thrust upon little Tug may have made him dear and even salvable.

The night of his birth had been a dreadful one. Quarrelsome winds had rioted in the narrow streets of the sunken quarter, wraiths of fog and rain had rattled the windows and whirled like filmy waltzers through the alleys, sending the pitiable populace soaked and steaming into saloon and brothel for protection; from a throat-clogging atmosphere without to throat-scalding potations within, from shivering wakefulness in the streets to fluid fire and sodden forgetfulness. What animalism was there! What faces!

A spirit of crime and abandon seemed abroad; the inherent insanity of the reeking region aroused by the raw and wrangling winds, the descent of thick crime-hiding darkness, and the world-old habit of pitting liquor against the elements. Unsteady figures flitted here and there through the storm-distorted murk, jostling into unsavory saloons, dropping into garish basements, and all intent upon the trail of prey or lured by appetite. In one of these haunts of shame, the cellar of the unsightly house which afterwards became the home of little Tug, went the beat and shuffle of drunken feet in the dance. Heat, music, liquor, profanity, cries and maudlin laughter, were there; a whirlpool of inflamed delirious feeling. By three o'clock in the morning there seemed no further pleasure; in many the chords of sensation seemed eaten raw by cloying poison; some one was struck down, then the reeling concourse fell upon each other like infuriate tigers. Two men were mortally hurt and a young woman, piercing the polluted air with shrieks, was trampled under foot, kicked, stamped upon, and dragged into a dark side room for dead. There, with the advent of dawn, the hapless creature yielded little Tug into the world, and her own ruined life to the mystery of death. From such a spirit, out of such unhappy elements, and into a world so bitter and debauched, came luckless Tug. It seemed well-nigh a pity, into what darkness soever the mother had gone, that he had not followed her. But he lived; the drunken negress saved him from death to lose him to a sadder fate. Into her nest of evil, like a human spider,

she carried him, and as the years went by, made his blighted body a mark for wrath and blows, and set his little hands to hardships in her service. Often he turned sick when digging in the simmering slime for rags, and scraps of brass and iron, and all his base surroundings melted out of his sight, then, when he had fainted from loathing and weakness, the negress carried him home and burned him back to life again with fiery liquor. This was the child's use, his life; clutched to a hateful purpose as by fingers that were literal thorns. Like a weak worm under foot, he sometimes turned helplessly against the power that crushed him, only to be the more cruelly trodden upon, only to go forward again, hungry and beaten, with his festering task. Once, twice, and a third time he sought escape, but all hands were withheld, all homes were closed against him, and he returned. It seemed pitiful indeed, but here were thousands more, children and adults, no better off than he; some even worse; and there beyond in the beautiful city were other thousands, clothed silkenly, fed richly, and bearing no heavier burden than time and too much pleasure. Down into which region were the mournful eyes of Christ turned most often, think you? Leaning from His window of gold, did not His face turn white at the sight? blanch with pitying horror of this vision, for which mankind had only careless looks or words of blame? Did not His deep-seeing eyes by times stream tears that man had made life a thing so capable of ill?

Time went on with little Tug; chance opened at last a tiny fissure in his hard environment, gave him one glimpse of sweet and wonderful light, then shut him out in darkness. He was eight years old then, a marred and stunted child peering into the cloud of Life with frightened eyes. They were wild with liquor the night he left them, his black foster mother and the white thug who was her consort, and he had been spurned into the alley, where he lay a long time bruised and full of pain. Then dizzy and sobbing he came away; dizzy from his hurt, and crying because he was leaving the little rag-matted hole under the stair where he had always slept; weeping because he had been thrust out from his bitter home to wander with the homeless, from the harsh creature who had starved and beaten him, and her sunken, shambling quarter, to ask for the Bread of Life and receive a stone!

Ah, he had never known else! Night by night, winter and summer, this place had been his all, his couch, his shelter! Pon-

der it, ye who sleep on down in chambers fragrant and lined with rose and gold! ye who are all but soured with honey, was not here a Soul! your own twin-essence moving in brother-flesh across the Field of Lessons?

For a time he followed the polluted water-way; it went he knew not whither, and in his wretchedness he could not care. The moon lay on its back to the westward, dipping like a pearl shallop down a vague gray sea of clouds, and the waters of the canal lay oily, motionless, and black. Once he went down close to the marge, and set the bottom of one bare foot upon the polished levels of the water, but drew it back with a gasp; his poor child-heart was not stout enough. He longed to wade into it and lie down and be folded and lost in its utter quietude, but the soft still fluid shocked and chilled him when he touched it; that too forbid him entrance. He sat down on the bank and stared at it through his tears, dimly wondering at existence, and vaguely groping his way toward the future.

Presently the water turned red before him; was it sheeted with blood? He stood up and rubbed his eyes; the flood-light of the dawn had risen and was flowing in upon the Sink, and he turned away toward life, touched with a faint hope by the advent of light. He made a long detour back toward the sunrise, searching as he went for the bone-sorter's hut. Bruised and ragged, dwarfed and deformed, he went but slowly, glancing vainly into many faces for sympathy, but they saw only his soiled, misshapen exterior; they did not see, or even think, of the Soul looking pleadingly at them from his eyes. It was past midday when he stood at the bone-sorter's dingy door. No one answered to his knock; his aged friend had gone from home. He stood a moment looking at the rusty rose-tree, his little chest heaving, his eyes welling over again. Here perhaps he might have found shelter, kindness, food; here they once were proffered him; now, *she* having loosened her clutch upon his life and thrust him forth, he could accept them, but the place seemed empty, the door was locked. He went out into the untidy lane and away toward the west dejectedly. Hour after hour he limped along, going he knew not whither. At length he came into a beautiful avenue; then he ceased to weep; wonder displaced the tears in his hollow hungry eyes. It was a revelation, a new world to the ragged child; he wondered if it was not Heaven. Once a shabby, starved looking man had stood in a reeking alley of the Sink and talked to the squalid populace in a high nasal key of such a

Digitized by Google

place; he called it Heaven, the child remembered, but where it lay or by what means it was reached, he had not understood. Some of the listeners had jeered and some had laughed, but little Tug had strained toward the pale, homely, pitying face of the speaker and feasted on the lovely story with all his famished heart. Afterward, lying in his rag-matted hole under the stair, he had often thought of it, wondering where that land of peace and beauty lay, and falling asleep, had whispered of it to the fetid darkness in his dreams.

Now surely he had come upon it unaware; his heart lightened wonderfully. As far as he could see, the middle of the great street was sweet with beds of flowers, blooming shrubbery, and beautiful trees. On either hand ran a roadway, cleaner and smoother than the very floors of the houses in the Sink! Then long lines of graceful trees again, and fronting them, palatial dwellings. The sun was going down in a great flush of rose at the far western end of the beauteous avenue, lighting a thousand soft fires along the house-fronts, and turning the windows a clear vermillion as it sank. Surely this was Heaven! He ran to and fro, panting in ecstasy. He fell upon his knees before the flower beds, and peered laughingly into the blossoms. He laid his cheek in the velvet grass, and cried for joy; he had found the Beautiful Land the man had told them of, where there were no blows, no pain, no hunger! He rose and hurried forward, open-lipped, eager-eyed, gazing delightedly about him. It was a Sabbath day, though he did not know it, and shining carriages were rolling along the pavement, while hundreds of women and children, clad in flower-like fabrics drifted with mingling hues along the avenue. The child forgot his rags, his bare, soiled feet, and crooked spine; joy illumined his pinched and pallid features. But suddenly he was conscious that some stared at him almost with fright, that others scowled and pressed back their costly clothing to let him pass, and his eyes fell to his own mean, tattered person abashed. Ah, was Heaven for such as he? for one without fine raiment and lovely flesh? A cold confusion seemed to separate his senses, a chill flew over him, he shrank from side to side, and turning into a little park hid himself among the blossoms.

It smelled sweet in there, and he lay quite still on the soft grass with his poor heart fluttering. Up above him he could see the deep, serene summer sky, hung here and there with filmy loops of lace, and burning pink and crimson with the sunset. It

seemed to him he had never noticed that before; his eyes had seemed always peering into ditches and reeking filth, or were blind with tears. How calm and wholesome it seemed, there where the rich dwelt !

He could hear voices on the vine-wound porches fronting the little park, and one, limpid and engaging, was saying: "Oh, I shall go to Dr. Easman's church. Do you not think his delivery beautiful? It rests me just to look at him, he is so handsome!"

"Yes," said a silvery, affected voice in reply, "and he is *so* gentle. He is quite unreasonable about his salary, though, they say; he will accept but *seven thousand*; just think of it! and he *so* pleasant and *so* handsome!"

Then little Tug saw a form garbed in blue, and capped and belted, come between him and the peaceful azure of heaven, and he sprang up and ran, but was struck by a cane, and wavered and fell. But ere the officer's strong hand could secure him he was gone.

The next avenue seemed fairer than the first, and was alive with beautified humanity flowing on toward the churches. Down this, with a thread of blood trickling from under his matted hair, he ran like a hunted animal, and coming to a larger park hid himself again. Panting and frightened he lay there while the shadows gathered about him, and the clear stars swarmed into the voiceless abyss of sky. Then in a little time he crept out and came into the broad avenue again, going toward the east. A huge church loomed just before him, radiant with light and colored glass, and he drew back with fear. But at that a great and sudden wave of music went mellowing up through all the glowing structure, and the child's breath stopped, and his grimy hands came together with a clutch. He had never heard other music than the banjo, and drunken, ribald songs, and now the smooth thunder of this, the level roll, and swell, and melting fall, drew him to it like a turning world. Cringing, but palpitant, he crept into the shadows by the wide arching entrance, and listened. A stream of people, jeweled, satined, and prismatic, were passing in through the showering light, but he could hardly see them, his blood was throbbing so. Suddenly there rose a richer melody; a wave of human voices, strong, smooth, harmonious, that swelled and sank upon the organ flood, and rendered the very air ambrosial to the boy.

It was stronger than he; with lips parted, and eyes shining the ragged child entered. Oh! oh! what a beautiful place! music,

light, color, and fragrance! He stood bewildered. Then suddenly he felt himself softly pushed and heard a low, menacing voice bid him quit the place, and he looked up at the stately, odorous usher, and shrank out of the great doorway into the shadows again. Then the music fell away in silence, and odors delicate and faint and sounds subdued and restful floated out the splendid entrance past the child. Then a voice came with the odors deep, even, mellow, and handled like music. The minister was praying; but prayer to little Tug was something all unknown. Like word-flowers it drifted by him, a long train of soft, melodious clauses. He could not understand it, but he felt its beauty. The thread of humility running through it, the pathos, and gentle adoration sent a great wave of loneliness over him; a kind of clear, thick darkness, a heavy and crushing isolation. Ah, why were not the ragged, the lame, the starved fit for heaven? He could not comprehend why, but his condition crushed in upon him like enveloping iron, until quailing and moaning he sank upon his bare knees in the darkness with his face against the cold repelling wall of the Father's house, and wept and begged for entrance. Oh, if he could only go in and crouch in one corner of this calm and beautiful place, and rest, if only for an hour, away from blows, and hunger and harm! Suddenly a great peal of music swept up, voices and organ-chords in a lifting, joyous peal, and the child, as if God's voice had called him, leaped in at the doorway and stood trembling and wavering in the light. Only a moment he stood there; wild with a thirst for comfort, *quivering to be saved*; then that fat and musky presence rose again before him, and the usher's big white hand grasped and led him to the entrance. There the stately presence muttered something, pushed him sharply and turned away, and ragged Tug, lame and all but blind with fright and weakness, tripped and plunged headlong down the flight of granite steps, glanced from the curving base with a cry of pain, rolled into the shadow, and lay still.

The anthem flowed on, but the child did not hear it. "We thank thee, O Lord, that thou art merciful," it pealed; "that thy strong arm doth save the righteous, and confound the wicked!" and it swelled and died away. Then the pastor's lingual music came again, mellow, pleasing, perfect; round, edgeless words that wove like velvet shuttles a dissolving beauteous dream before his people. For an hour it rose and fell, science and revelation, linked and interfused with poetry

and fine allusion; but ragged Tug, lying there in the shadow with his oozing temple on the uncushioned granite, gave no heed.

The pastor's sermon melted into silence, the glinting organ pipes throbbed and trembled with their freight of melody again, wave after wave of blent, harmonious voices floated out upon the buoyant, billowing medium of the pipes, the benediction fell, and out the arching entrance rustled the throng, with smiles and salutations, flash of jewel and eye, soft speech and happy laughter, but the little rag-heap in the shadow made no sign.

The door of the Father's house was closed; sleep lapped the pastor and his people in its dream-engendering fleece; dew gathered on the wall above the fallen child, and crickets in the grass-fringe round the flagstones rasped the silence. At last he stirred; a cricket was singing in his ear, and the dew was dripping from the wall upon his face as if the rocks were shedding tears; the moon was riding slowly over, the stars were striving to take it in their silver net, the hour was heavy and late. He moaned and rolled his poor head from side to side upon the stone; he tossed his arms about, and murmured plaintively of music and the light, and begged again for entrance. Slowly his scattered senses gathered, feeble, but clear. He looked up at the quiet stars, and listened a moment to the crickets singing, then tried to rise. But his head swam and his lower limbs refused to move; from his waist downward there seemed no life. He fell back again, faint and filled with misery. A tiny window, which opened into the splendid basement of the structure, was just beside him; he could touch it with his hands. Lights were flashing about the further end of the great room into which he was looking, and he roused himself again. Now and then he could make out human figures, two men with arms full of beautiful vessels of silver, the sacramental cups and pitchers. They were thieves, but the dying child thought only of succor. He drew himself close to the panes and beat upon them, calling feebly for help, and the depredators, frightened by the noise, leaped out the doorway near the child, and fled. Then little Tug moaned broken-heartedly; all mankind had indeed deserted him!

He still lay with his face turned to the tiny window; he felt himself sinking, sinking, but suddenly something aroused him; a little tongue of flame was leaping up within. The walls and

ceiling of the great room began to shimmer with uncertain lights; he knew what it was, the place was on fire! His pulse quickened at the sight! Should this palace in Heaven, this Temple of radiance and sweet sounds, be ruined, blackened, consumed, like a mean house he once saw burned in the Sink? Though it was not for such as he, he loved it, it was beautiful. Perhaps too, if he could save it, the King of the Sweet Land might receive him, and heal him of his hurts, and apparel him like other children! The pale starved man had said He would if they only came to Him. Had he not come? Why had he been so harshly received? The pale man had said that the King of Heaven even went out to meet the harmed, the hungry and the homeless, to bring them into the Sweet Land, where life was wonderful, dear, and pleasant, even for children. Ah, perhaps the Good King was dead, and another, to whom the sight of suffering and untidy garments were offensive, kept the Land! If so, how sad it was!

But the tiny blaze was growing; he could not ponder longer; surely the King would not beat him and turn him away when he should come to know that he had saved his lovely Temple! So he thought as he dragged himself in pain along the stones, down the steps, in through the door the plunderers had left open, and along an aisle toward the altar. The flame was there, just before it; the carpet was burning from an overturned lantern; the gold-lined vessels were lying about the fire, and in it; they seemed to tremble as they shimmered in the unsteady flare. The boy came toward the flame but slowly, laboring for breath as he dragged himself along the floor. At last he had reached it, was in it, beating it with his palms, rolling upon it, smiting it again and again. His hair crackled about his ears, his breath burned him, his hands were full of thorns, but the flame was out; darkness engulfed the room, and folded softly in the breast of little Tug. An hour went by in silence, the moon dipped down the west, the east took fire with morning, but Tug slept on. The pastor stood beside him; had not some miscreants sought to plunder and burn the Temple of the Lord? Lo, their tool had perished in the flames! Look, how he lay! His disfigured head upon the altar step, his burned hand clutching a sacramental cup!

The child lay in the morgue, waiting, with others, for eyes that knew him. The living went by, few gave him heed. At last one came, bent, patched, soiled, but kindly and gray. His

hands shook as he looked at little Tug; was not this the poor strange child he had led homeward through the dusk two weeks before? How his heart had yearned toward the crippled waif! Had they found nothing about him that would tell them who he was? No, nothing; only a bit of crumpled paper in the pocket of his tattered jacket, in it a faded rose!

Days have gone; little Tug sleeps under the bush that bore the rose. In summer it keeps the ground cool above his head, in autumn sprinkles his grave with golden leaves, and in winter, when the cold winds come, it moans and croons, and spreads its branches about the grave like thin, protecting fingers. His mother planted it when she was young and pure, before the hardness of life had driven her to evil; but poor Tug never knew. The bone-sorter, sitting at his scant meals in the hut, feels less lonely for the presence of the child; when he wakes at night he is comforted by the nearness of the little sleeper under the rose, his grandchild, though he, too, never knew.

Chicago.

ALVAH MILTON KERR.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

PART VIII.

WALKING IN THE NIGHT.

"Is not the midnight like Central Africa to most of us?" asks Thoreau. No other than an affirmative answer is possible. To the majority of us the night, beyond the border hours, is emphatically a *terra incognita*. We have neither seen it nor tried to see it. It is, to change the figure, not only an unread volume, but a *liber expurgatorius*. Its examination is forbidden by the decree of a very potent superstition. We regard it as our duty, because we have been so taught, to close our eyes so many hours and minutes after the sun has gone down, and not to open them again until at or near his rising. All the interval is lost. The result is that we live only one-half of the time; that we see only one side of nature. Is not the other side—the dark side though it may be called—worth our study? In ignoring the night and shutting our eyes against its external conditions and exhibitions, are we not losing, in many ways, the best of the twenty-four hours? For my own part, as a frequent if not habitual Rambler, I do not hesitate to say that I have found nocturnal tramps among the most enjoyable, as well as

most profitable, excursions I have taken into nature's domain. In fact, while a person of ordinarily very regular habits, I am sometimes seized with an irresistible inclination to turn night into day, and then, for the life of me, I can't help adopting the words of that profane singer, Tom Moore, when he declares,

"The best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear."

There can certainly be no greater mistake than to look upon the night as a barren and unprofitable waste. It is full of life and beauty. Both its fauna and its flora are exceptionally entertaining. They are intensely busy. Every hour of the darkness has its industrious workers, and every minute its stirring events. How many startling tragedies are enacted between dusk and dawn in the animal world, and what visions of loveliness in the floral and vegetable kingdoms are made ready for the morning's light. If we could realize all, or even the one hundredth part, of the wonders that are wrought under cover of night's enchanted curtain, there would be no limit to our admiration.

"And the stars, what jewels are equal to them?
The gems of heaven that gild night's sable throne,"

as Dryden appropriately calls them. There is no garden on earth, even under the garish light of day, which to me is half so beautiful as the heavenly parterre—the vast common of the sky with its "lily stars."

Why so competent an observer as Emerson should say, "If a man would be alone, let him look at the stars," I cannot understand. To me the stars are company. On an unclouded night, and especially a winter's night, their remoteness is forgotten, and they seem to be present in sweet companionship, looking into my face with their luminous eyes, and touching my hands and my lips, almost as in kisses, with their electric rays. I can realize at such a time how men have come to feel that the stars took a part in human affairs, and were directly concerned in their individual destinies. Indeed, in spite of the teachings of iconoclastic science, I almost believe it myself. One thing I do know; namely, that, when walking under a midnight sky, with all its lights displayed, I want no other society. I feel no need of any. But let the heavens be overcast, and I long for human companionship.

The chief difference between walking in the daytime and

walking in the night, is in the fields we select. In the day time we ordinarily take the country from choice; at night we take the city both from choice and necessity. In some respects night is unquestionably the preferable time for city tramping. The same reason that led Scott to sing:

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight,"

applies to the inspection of all elaborate buildings or collections of buildings. Night clothes them with spirituality. Gas and electricity are sometimes even more effectual than moonshine in revealing the salient features of large structures, while hiding those that are inferior and unattractive. In that regard they are like snow upon the landscape. If I wish to see the town in its most fascinating aspect, I go either when the moon is shining down from above, or the street lights are shining up from below. If the purpose be to study its inhabitants in their strongest and broadest characteristics, the night-time is by all means to be selected. Day shows them in their working clothes, and reveals only their business traits. The night, and especially a summer's night, discloses their social bearings and exhibits the expressions that are the true indexes to their natures, besides giving occasional glimpses, through open doors and shutters, of home conditions and the family circle. Living in the great city of New York, I have enjoyed unsurpassed opportunities for nightly rambles, unless they were those which Dickens found in London, and Eugene Sue in Paris. Sometimes I have walked in the older and more crowded quarters, sometimes in the suburbs, sometimes for a few hours only, but generally, when my feet got under way I could not stop them until the dawn was waking up the city. If I were asked to furnish an itinerary, founded upon my own experiences, for one night only in the big metropolis—the leading outlines, however, are applicable to any large city—which would disclose its principal features, although necessarily giving only a cursory view and calling for many subsequent tramps, it would be about as follows:

The tramp should begin with climbing. No one should think of footing it through a great city, by day or by night, without occasionally seeking heights from which extensive outlooks are possible. New York is peculiarly favored with structures from which grand views are to be had. He who reaches a downtown elevation after the sun has set, will be particularly interested in the more distant surroundings. The neighboring

cities on the Jersey and Long Island shores, with their numerous lights, will impress him as low-lying clouds through which the stars are dimly struggling, while the encircling water with its shipping signals, will appear for all the world like a section of the sky that has just fallen with all its stars. Liberty's up-lifted lamp to the south is its moon, while the illuminated arch of the Brooklyn bridge, standing out boldly against the darkling sky, is the milky way.

When the street level is again reached, let the walker first direct his steps to the Bowery, the Vanity Fair of metropolitan existence. Here, in the early night, he will see, with the help of gas and electricity, a greater diversity of human phases than in any other spot in the universe. What a mixture of the good and the bad, of the fair and the unutterably ugly! Innocence and vice, pleasure and trade are mingled in most surprising equality. What the walker beholds is peculiarly a night scene. Men and women act with a freedom they would never dream of in the daylight, while the flashing and flaring illumination of the place is such as to bring out both features and characters with startling distinctness. The tramper would do well to stroll up one side and down the other, not omitting old Chatham street as far as the bridge.

Then he should bear off, a few steps only being required, to the classic region of the Five Points, the old-time heart of the slums. Here he will find himself in, or rather on the border of, a district, including the Chinese quarter of Mott and Mulberry streets, that may most emphatically be said to be Satan's own. Instead of concealing, night only intensifies the vice, the crime, the wretchedness, the squalor by which it is infested—a remark that is true of all great cities—because it draws them into the open air and puts them on exhibition. Don't be afraid to enter and wander here, provided you walk with a firm and steady step. Vice and crime are cowards, and will shrink from the gaze of any one who looks them boldly in the face. Only the man whose brain is clouded and whose steps are unsettled by the drink, is in peril from them. I have walked in all parts of New York, both by night and by day, with no more formidable weapon than a solid cane in my hand, without being once molested, and physicians and others whose business takes them into the viler districts at all hours, tell me they never think of danger. Of course, these observations apply only to the open streets. If strangers *will* enter the dens of wild beasts, they may expect to be lacerated.

Thence to the easily accessible tenement district of the East Side. Here is a territory more densely packed with humanity than any other equal area under the sun. The greater height of the buildings in this locality accommodates an unexampled population. And what a population! All nations of the earth are represented. The people are as various as they are abundant. The night not only gathers them to their homes, but, if the weather be pleasant, turns them into the streets. The walker finds himself in the midst of human beings from Europe, from Asia, from Africa, and from nearly all the islands of the sea, and his ears are saluted, and almost deafened, with an unparalleled babble of tongues. The scene is wonderfully curious; but not for long. Sleep soon claims these toiling multitudes, gathering them into their teeming hives, and the streets running between tall, prison-like structures, grow strangely still and somber as the night wears on.

Contrasts are always in order to the walker, and it is an easy transition that carries him to Murray Hill, the center of wealth and fashionable life. How quiet, and yet how brilliant, it is! The palaces are all aglow, showing that life is there in full tide, notwithstanding the waning hour; but no children play about the streets, no half-stripped and weary laborers fill the doorways and steps, and instead of the jargon of unintelligible voices, the sounds that come from those mansions are the notes of the piano, and the commingled harmonies of tuneful strings and tongues.

From the Fifth avenue of Murray Hill to Second and Third avenues is but a step in space, but socially a vast distance and a deep descent. To the latter let the walker proceed, and up one or the other push his way northward. Midnight is drawing near and gradually the lights are going out, except where the reddish, sickly glare of the saloons suggests the presence of social and moral inflammation. These places are the running sores of the city, and the walker will do well to keep as much to the other side as possible. By the high noon of night Harlem is reached, and at one in the morning the pedestrian will find himself on one of the high bridges crossing the boundary line of New York Island. Here, if the sky be clear and the moon shining, he will have a view that will more than compensate him for all his toil. Away down below him—apparently much further than the reality—is a narrow waterway that glistens between its overshadowing banks like a rift in a somber cloud, while, on one hand far away

is caught a glimpse of the Hudson quietly sleeping at the base of the great wall of the Palisades, over which a half dozen luminous stars, like watchful eyes, are peeping, while, equally distant, on the other hand, lie the waters of Long Island Sound, which, with no wall to break their shining surface, seem to make a broad stairway leading right up to heaven.

The halt here will necessarily be brief, for the walker has a hard tramp before him if he is to reach the lower end of the Island before the dawn. Down the broad central avenue or boulevard he will proceed. How quiet now is the town! There is something sepulchral about it. The sounds of the trampler's own steps on the hard pavements are almost startling. Quiet in New York always seems ominous, unnatural. A walk on Broadway just before the day breaks, especially on a Sabbath morning, is a curious experience. One is constantly asking himself what has become of the push and the rush and the roar and the human streams flowing and counterflowing, to which he has become accustomed, and which seem necessary incidents of the place. It is hard at such a time to make yourself believe that you are in Broadway. You are like one in a strange land or in a dream.

But New York is never still for any considerable time. Wheels are heard in the distance, and a horse's tread rings out sharply and more sharply. The milkman is on his route. The butcher's cart goes by like a cyclone. And in time the beer wagons start a rumble that is like that of an army train. Gradually the city wakes from its death-like slumber, and long before the sun appears the day's hard work has begun.

Central Park is reached, and here the walker should stop long enough to climb the observatory and take a hurried look around. Then away for what is now the great attraction. That is Washington market, the main depot and sales-place for what New York and its environs live on. A wonderful scene it affords between four and five in the morning. Hundreds, nay thousands, are there to purchase the supplies upon which the city's population is to subsist for the next twenty-four hours. Everybody is busy. Nobody sleeps there. What quantities of meats, of fruits, of fowls, of vegetables, of dairy products! All the shambles of the world appear to have emptied themselves here. Even New York, you would think, would be inadequate for such a supply. On goes the traffic. Men chaffer and bargain. Women flit to and fro, afraid apparently of neither the living nor

the dead. Cargoes on wheels are coming and going. For blocks around are loaded vans, and the gesticulations of the excited drivers, the surging of men and horses, the flashing and crashing of cleavers, the great stocks of shimmering, lifeless flesh, among which are passing and working men in long over-dresses like so many white-robed priests at bloody altars, while over all play the lights that flicker and flutter in the draughts of the morning, make altogether a picture that no imagined pandemonium ever equaled. How Dante would have enjoyed the scene!

Hours could here be spent with exceeding interest, but the walker must not tarry. Dawn is at hand, and he has one thing more to do, which is to climb to the roof of the tallest structure near by and watch the day break over the mighty city. Up comes the sun from what appears to be a sea of flame, dripping with radiance, and pouring forth a sheet-like flood of light. Yonder tall steeple is the first to be touched, and forthwith becomes a column of fire. Tower, spire, chimney-stack, house-top, window-pane, one after the other is reached by the overflow, and, catching the illumination, flashes up in the sudden splendor until the whole town sparkles and vibrates as in the midst of a tremendous conflagration. What more fitting finale to a night tramp around New York?

But it must not be inferred from what has been said, that, in the writer's opinion, there is no such thing as pleasant night tramping in the country. Some of my most enjoyable out-of-town rambles have been after the sun had gone down. When the full moon shines from a cloudless sky, it confers upon certain scenery, and especially where water largely enters, a charm that the day has no power to create. Some mountains at such a time are simply glorified. The shadow work of a moonlit night is wonderful, and the moon herself, whether moving majestically across her peculiar dominion amid her courtier stars or breasting her way against cloud obstructions, is always a feature of transcendent loveliness. Indeed there are few physical exercises so inspiring, so full of freedom and sweet suggestions, as a run amid country lanes and pastures, on what Byron has described as

———"One of those delicious nights,
So common to the climes of Greece,
When Day withdraws but half his lights,
And all is moonshine, balm and peace."

I will here briefly refer to one of the latest night tramps I have taken, being in the month of December, and in the six-

tieth year of my age, and consequently under what would appear to be anything but favorable conditions.

The ground was covered with snow and the mercury was only two or three degrees above zero, and promised to go several below it before morning when, at sunset, I turned my face due north as I strode from a city half way up the Hudson. The sun had disappeared, but the rear guard of his columns still held the southwestern horizon. The sky in that quarter resembled a great concave metallic semi-dome, the lower central part aglow with fervent heat, but gradually cooling and bronzing as it ascended, while round the rim, like so many shining bolts to hold it in place, were the fast gathering stars. Save in one quarter the heavens were perfectly cloudless. Just north of west was one long low lying vaporous bank, which looked like a huge log adrift upon a motionless sea. A projection on the upper side, near the center, had a strangely human shape, and it was an easy matter to see in the figure an Indian quietly seated in his canoe. The prow of the boat just touched the shining space, and glowed with a spectral radiance; while a star tipping the boatman's face, blazed like an angry eye, and lent a fiercely fiery expression to his dusky countenance. In one form or another that cloud was visible throughout the night, and I took a constant pleasure in watching its shiftings in form and place.

But it was not the only heavenly occupant that appealed to the imagination. Turning to the southwest, I caught a glimpse of a great fiery bird hovering but a little way above the horizon, and apparently making ready to alight. A delicate golden flame permeated its body, and each stroke of its wings, plainly visible, was a flash of light, as it fluttered in the way birds will do at such a time. Nearer and nearer the earth it went until, just touching the crest of a snowy ridge, it rested for a moment, brilliant and stationary, and then was gone. The planet Venus, for the time star of the evening, as it entered the surface exhalations of the earth and was magnified in the uncertain light after the manner of luminous things in lowly places, it is hardly necessary to say, was the source and secret of this beautiful vision.

But the wonders of the night were by no means exhausted. After watching the last of the sunshine fade out of the western sky, I turned my face once more to the north, and lo! the glory I had witnessed was reappearing in that quarter. It looked as

if the day, after passing to the other side of the globe, had suddenly changed its course, and was seeking the surface in a new direction. In faint, tremulous lines the light was breaking into the heavens, where, gathering force and volume, it deepened and and spread, not with the peaceable golden glow of the evening, but restless and angry, and with bands of blue and green and carnation intermingled, until the whole suggested a rainbow that had fallen to earth and was scattered in fragments, still vibrating from the shock, along the northern firmament. The Aurora Borealis was before me, that mocking splendor of frozen zones; but who would attempt to portray its supernatural beauty as seen across a landscape of faultless snow. The picture was simply indescribable.

But more surprises were in waiting. No sooner had the wonder of the north begun to disappear, as in time it did, than I became conscious that a light from some other quarter was breaking on the scene. A glance to the east, and the secret was revealed. The sky in that direction becoming softly luminous, while the snowy fields, catching the reflection from above, shone with a faint and ghostly glimmer as if they had been freshly sprinkled with water, the cause of the change was not long withheld. Slowly above the horizon came a silver disc that rose and rose until a great round shield stood out against the dusky sky. The effect was simply marvelous. Not only houses, trees and fence-rows appeared as at a wizard's touch, but twigs and stubble at once were turned to lines and points of light. And as their spectral shapes grew more and more distinct, their shadows, deepening as the light increased, and interweaving here and there like spider webs, wrought weird effects upon the snow. My own shadow, a long and mocking caricature, prostrate upon its side, and hideous in its dark outline, kept step with dogged persistency, unchecked by fence or wall, or tree. I was a haunted man. Meanwhile the moon was slowly sailing zenithward, here and there cutting through filmy clouds much as a ship would plow through shallow drifts of broken ice. Once only did she encounter formidable opposition. My Indian and his canoe had disappeared, transformed into a particularly rakish fish, of which the recent boatman had become the dorsal fin, and as such lay floating half way up the western heaven. This changed into a monster turtle that, with round, pugnacious head, short legs and lengthy tail, hung for a time suspended in the air right overhead; and this again into

a shapeless ragged rock whose formidable mass went slowly drifting down the eastern sky. Here it and the moon were seen approaching one another in the self-same route. Contact was now unavoidable. Which would prevail? Alas, the might of darkness ruled! The luminary, as if to atoms grinding on that granite coast, rapidly disappeared, and a great shadow fell upon the land. The obscuration, however, was but brief. Emerging, whole and serene, soon from the dusky island's opposite shore came the fair light dispenser, and glided smoothly on her shining way.

But the stars—the patient, faithful, beautiful stars—were the supreme attraction after all, as the hours wore on. With what unflagging interest I beheld and studied them. I was looking upon a broad platform on which was gathered a notable assembly. The universe's grandest and noblest were there. Scattered about in groups of twos and threes and fours, calm and stately, and doubtless conversing as became such high intelligences, were the great ones that had passed, many of them centuries before, from earth to heaven. Here and there particularly brilliant lights were the centers of whole galaxies. Each had some distinguishing feature, some peculiar luster of face or robe that shone with pale or ruddy glow as the case might be, passing through all the tints from the pearly sheen of modest Capella, the blue-white radiance of Rigel, and the delicate green of brilliant Sirius, to the rose-red blaze of Aldebaran and the rich orange hue of Betelgeuse. They were individuals, not masses, save and except the great multitude of lesser lights that looked down from the gallery of the Milky Way upon the more notable personages occupying the main floor below. Not that all were stationary. There were the planets moving among the assembled great ones, like hosts saluting distinguished guests. Mars, though small, was conspicuous in his corruscating mail; Saturn was suave and benignant as became one of his age and gravity; Mercury, as usual, was airy and playful, his laughter almost reaching human ears: but the grandest of all, of course, was Jupiter, the Major Domo of the heavens, late to appear as became one of his consequence, but at once the observed of all observers, and until the dawn came the recognized sovereign of the skies. Who could tire of such a scene!

But the interest of the night was by no means confined to the heavens. Dimly seen though they were, what could be more graceful than the lines of earth lying sound asleep beneath her

ghostly robe of white, so appropriate to the hour? The air was still and sharp. Ere midnight the zero mark had been passed. Sound was wonderfully distinct. The ground was as resonant as a sounding board. I seemed to be walking on a floor of seasoned planks, but slightly muffled by the snow. Every step had its report. The stamping of horses in their stalls, doubtless for exercise to keep them warm, and often coming out of the night from unseen barns, was pretty much the only reminder that the world was alive. Their feet seemed to shake the earth. Once or twice the barking of dogs was heard, and just before the day the cocks began to crow, but in a petulant, half-hearted way. At intervals, in the early night, the bells of sleighs were heard, followed soon after by the vision of a smoking horse and muffled figure that came and went in a meteor-like fashion. Ere midnight, however, the latest traveler had passed. Thenceforward I had the world all to myself. I might as well have been on an uninhabited continent. Not even a light from a window for a long time was seen. From the cold, intense as it was, I realized no discomfort. My beard was a mass of congelation, but it seemed the proper thing to be. I never thought of weariness. The buoyancy of earth and air infected my limbs, and helped to carry me right along. I could have walked, as it then appeared to me, for a week, for a month, forever. There was no sense of loneliness. The isolation of the hour was agreeable rather than otherwise. I was owner of all I surveyed. Ten thousand worlds were in sight, and all for the time were mine. Oh! how I did pity those of my fellow mortals who were sleeping away such an opportunity!

Midway between sundown and sunrise I changed my course. I had been going due North with the polar star in my eye. The rest of my journey was to be in the opposite direction. That gave me a view of the whole heavens. I did not return, however, by the same road, but chose one that was nearly parallel. My great surprise was when I discovered that my journey was nearly ended. I had been taking no note of passing time, when I suddenly became conscious of something remarkable in the East. The sky was growing brighter there, and the snow in that direction put on a sort of phosphoretic sheen. Could it be that the day was about to break? I hurried to an eminence in my route that overlooked a wide scope stretching eastward, and from that point I beheld a spectacle that I do not believe could be surpassed by anything I might see if I were to live a thousand years.

The cloud I had been watching throughout the night had by this time so far drifted down the Eastern slope that only a narrow strip of clear firmament remained between it and the horizon. From a base that was long and straight, it rose layer upon layer, gradually tapering toward the apex until it resembled a mountain floating in the air. There it seemed to hang black and formidable, a great frowning mass in striking contrast with the star-bespattered sky around it. A little more descent and the clear space beneath would be gone, crushed out by the overhanging weight, and leaving the huge black monster in undisputed occupancy of the Eastern heaven. But its progress was to be no longer unopposed. Up through the opening appeared a line of tiny spears. Thicker and brighter they grew, shooting higher and higher until the cloud was reached. A battle royal was in progress, the powers of light and darkness having clashed, and fiercer, deadlier grew the fray until, covering all the plain between me and the combatants, was a thick dust of sparkling gold, emanations of the conflict, that filled the air like drifts of snow. Which would prevail? The issue was not long in doubt. The intervening sky, that narrow battleground betwixt the foes, ere long became a belt of flame, through which, as if from unseen hands below, shot blazing shafts innumerable, each moment growing more intense. The cloud, thus scorched and pierced, showed signs of yielding to the hot assault. Its lower face began to glow like molten ore, while the whole pile above gave evidence of rapid transformation. The black and sullen mass was changing, here to blue and there to gray, while, ever and anon, bright crimson spots appeared, showing how inner fires were eating through the outer crust. The hills and plains that had been cold and dun and dreary, were flushed with aureate rays until the surface passed from lightest saffron tints up to the rich carnation of the blushing rose. No spot was left untouched. The fields were clothed in marvelous verdure and with flowers of every beauteous hue, and flocks of sheep, soft fleecy forms that seemed half floating in the air, were scattered here and there, at rest or feeding up and down the slopes. What could be more suggestive of that land beyond the clouds, beyond the stars—the “better land” of which we have been told,

“That hath no need of rising suns
To chase away the gloom of night,”

whose crown and whose glory is Our Father's House with many

mansions, "a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

But wondrous as the picture was, I could not gaze upon it long, for, rising from the depths and on the margin of the entrancing scene a flaming ball appeared, whose dazzling brilliance drove my eyes away. I raised them, therefore, once again to look upon the stars, only to find that they had disappeared. The night was gone.

New York.

A SEXAGENARIAN.

REMINISCENCES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The time is a long way off when the American people will cease to be interested in anything pertaining to the life and character of Abraham Lincoln. It is with this fact in view that I now write some hitherto unpublished reminiscences of that wonderful man, who was the most unique character in the history of his country. It was my good fortune to be raised in a portion of Illinois contiguous to Lincoln's old "stamping ground," and to have a slight personal acquaintance with him from the time he first became conspicuous as a political speaker to the day of his untimely death. I saw him at various times, and under a variety of circumstances, both previous to his election to the presidency and afterward. Each time I became, almost unconsciously, absorbed in the study of his characteristics. The first time I saw him, I also saw Stephen A. Douglas, and on that occasion an incident occurred that forcibly illustrated Lincoln's natural keenness at repartee.

It was in the fall of 1854 or 1855, I am not quite positive as to the date. Some great public exhibition was in progress at Springfield, and the town contained a large percentage of visitors. Lincoln and Douglas were there, and the respective friends of those popular men arranged to have a speech from each of them. The meetings were held in the daytime, so that the visiting farmers might conveniently attend. The place selected was Representative Hall in the Old State House. It was before the anti-slavery element in the Whig and Democrat parties had crystalized into the Republican party. Lincoln was still a staunch Whig, of the Henry Clay school, but the country was greatly excited over the slavery question, in consequence of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, by which it became

possible for slavery to be established in the then Territories of Kansas and Nebraska, whenever they should adopt State constitutions, and be admitted into the Union. Douglas was the champion of the repeal, and on this he based his pet theory of "popular sovereignty." He was ready and anxious to defend his theory on the stump, whenever occasion offered, and he did it with great earnestness and consummate skill. But in the Whig party of the North there was a powerful anti-slavery element which, though not committed to abolitionism, viewed with alarm the steady encroachments of the slave power, and would under no conditions acquiesce in the introduction of the institution of human slavery into territory which was supposed to be forever dedicated to freedom. The men who composed this element had no intention of interfering with the institution where it then existed, but they wished to keep it within these limits, and they hoped at no distant day to see it placed where, as Mr. Lincoln afterward expressed it, "the public mind would rest in the belief that it was in the course of ultimate extinction." In the front rank of anti-slavery Whigs stood Abraham Lincoln, and he had reasons for anti-slavery principles which he was neither ashamed nor afraid to promulgate. On the occasion referred to Mr. Douglas addressed an immense mass meeting in the forenoon, Mr. Lincoln being in the audience, listening carefully, and "taking notes." Douglas spoke eloquently and fervently, laying a foundation of error and building thereon a superstructure of sophistry well calculated to deceive superficial minds. He was listened to respectfully by Whigs and wildly applauded by Democrats. In the course of his speech, he asserted that "the Whigs were all dead." In the afternoon, by appointment, Lincoln replied to the "Little Giant." The audience completely filled the room, there being quite a sprinkling of Democrats present. For some time before beginning to speak, Lincoln sat on the platform with only his homely face visible to the audience above the high desk before him. On being introduced, he arose from his chair and proceeded to straighten himself up. For a few seconds I wondered when and where his head would cease its ascent; but at last it did, and "Honest Old Abe" stood before us. After the applause with which he was greeted had measurably subsided, the speaker said:

FELLOW CITIZENS: My friend, Mr. Douglas, made the startling announcement to-day that the Whigs were all dead. If this be so, fellow citizens, you will experience the novelty of

hearing a speech from a dead man; and I suppose you might say, in the language of the old hymn:

"Hark, from the tomb, a doleful sound."

This unexpected sally set the audience fairly wild with delight, and at once brought them into full sympathy with the speaker. As soon as the prolonged laughter and cheers would permit him again to be heard, Lincoln proceeded to discuss the merits of the speech made by the eloquent champion of "popular sovereignty." He analyzed the arguments, and tore open the sophistries of his opponent in a masterly manner, showing by incontrovertible facts how dangerous to human liberty were the teachings of Douglas and his coadjutors. For incisive logic, solid facts, sparkling wit and thrilling eloquence, Lincoln's speech greatly excelled anything I had ever heard from the stump. It stamped him as a statesman of commanding ability, and more than one who listened to it was afterwards heard to say: "Old Abe will yet be President of the United States," although it is not supposable that Lincoln himself at that time had any such expectation.

HIS ADMIRATION OF "DIXIE."

During the memorable campaign of 1856, when the first Republican candidate for President, John C. Frémont, was running against Buchanan, Lincoln went into Pike county and made one speech to an out-door mass meeting at the county seat—Pittsfield. The people turned out from far and near, and the speaker's audience was computed by acres rather than by individuals. He spoke for more than two hours, interspersing his historical facts and stern logic with appropriate anecdotes, told in his quaint style, that often convulsed the vast audience with laughter. The closing portion of his speech was full of pathos and patriotic sentiment, stirring the hearts of his hearers to such a degree that many persons could scarcely refrain from shedding tears. A glee club then sang "Dixie." It was the first time Lincoln had heard it, and he declared it was the best tune he had ever listened to.

HIS HUMANITARIANISM.

A few months later, while I was journeying down the Illinois River, the steamboat on which I was a passenger landed at Beardstown and remained there an hour or more. From the boat's deck I discerned the tall, gaunt form of Old Abe, as he stood on the levee, watching the steamer's crew as they were

lugging freight on board, working like galley slaves, and being cursed every moment by the brutal mate. Going ashore, I enjoyed a pleasant chat with the future war President, who was in Beardstown looking after some law business, and had walked down to the river simply to see the steamer and her people. I remember one phase of his talk on that occasion, and it related to the boat's crew. He freely expressed disgust at the tyranny of the mate, and tender sympathy for the white slaves whose lives, apparently, were devoid of all enjoyment save that which pertains to the mere animal. These expressions showed the humanitarian instincts of the man, and were an index to that great, warm, brave heart which subsequently won for him the title of "The Great Emancipator."

I attended the Republican National Convention in the wigwam at Chicago, in May, 1860, and heard the deafening applause that shook the building when "Old Abe" was declared the nominee. During the campaign that followed, I met Lincoln once only. It was in the United States Court at Springfield, where he had a motion pending. He was calm, cool, and apparently unconscious that the eyes of the nation were upon him.

The next time I saw Lincoln alive he was at the White House in Washington, in the fall of 1864. He had served the people as President one term and was then a candidate for re-election. While strolling through the White House grounds I learned that a military band was about to serenade the President. So I went to the north veranda of the Executive Mansion, when the band played several popular airs. In due time the President came out, bowed to the throng, and in response to an irresistible clamor made a brief speech in his happiest vein. But he looked haggard and careworn. There was an expression of sadness on his face, as if the shadow of some terrible calamity yet to come had fallen upon the man who carried in his heart the burdens of a nation. Sitting on the veranda, close to where the President stood, I happened to notice his feet. In the side of his right boot was a hole nearly an inch long, through which his white sock was plainly visible. This harmless gap simply confirmed the popular belief that "Old Abe" was inclined to be careless in his dress. He certainly was careless as to details, though he always appeared neat and cleanly.

THE NATION MOURNED.

The next and last time I looked upon the face of Abraham Lincoln it was cold in death. His remains were lying in state at the City

Hall in New York, and the nation was in mourning. The next day the great funeral cortege moved slowly and solemnly through Broadway, with the body of the Martyr President *en route* for its final resting place in Illinois. It was one of the largest and most imposing pageants the world has ever seen. Numerous and variegated were the emblems of mourning, borne by individuals and organizations. But not one was more touching, not one more deeply impressed the countless thousands of spectators who saw it, than the simple emblem carried on a piece of draped framework by a dozen colored men. It was a beautiful white monument, made of light material, with four sides. On each side was the representation of a dial, with the hands pointing to twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock—the hour at which the soul of the martyr had passed out of its shattered prison into the broader realms and clearer light of an eternal day. Beneath each dial were the words: "The Darkest Hour in Our Country's History."

And so it was. For when Abraham Lincoln died the nation lost a model President, the cause of Justice one of its bravest champions, and Humanity one of its truest friends.

Chicago.

RALPH E. HOYT.

LETTING DOWN THE BARS.

Twilight falls from out the sky,
 And the moor-hen, sad and lone,
 Sobs aloft her dismal cry
 As I drive the cattle home.
 O'er the moors her voice is calling,
 Sweet inflections, rising, falling
 'Neath the promise of the stars,
 And twixt moor and meadow lands,
 By the rustic gateway stands
 Jessie, letting down the bars.

* * * *

Fairy fancies faintly fall
 In the chambers of my brain,
 In my heart I hear her call
 O'er the moorland hills again.
 Through the toil, the noise, the strife,
 All the cares of busy life,
 Through the prizes and the scars,
 In my dreams I seem to see,

With her brown hair floating free,
Jessie, letting down the bars.

Jessie kissed the Prince of Death
And he bade her silent lie,
But the sound of memory's breath
In my heart can never die.
When I bring my flock of years—
Gilded hopes and faded fears—
To the City in the Stars,
I shall see my darling wait,
I shall see within the Gate—
Jessie, letting down the bars.

Philadelphia.

ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN.

IN THE "WHITE CITY."

Among the ulterior results promised by the great Exposition at Jackson Park, it seems probable that the fixing and clarifying of the architectural idea may prove not the least notable and important. Heretofore, well up to the beginning of the last decade indeed, art had but small part in the thought of builders. Utility was the prime consideration. Beauty might possibly garland the architectural creation, its "frozen music" might moan like doves from cornice and spire, but more often as an emanation of chance than calculation. The real desideratum was walls and roofs about and above the heads of men.

With the Philadelphia Centennial came an awakening, however. Even so unclassic an exhibition of house-making as was there presented moved the people profoundly, so sensitive is the alert American mind to that which is new and impressive, and so potent are these great Expositions as epoch-makers. The seventeen years which have since elapsed have been feverish with architectural impulse. The greatness of that gathering and the vision of its vast, though defective housing, rippled the architectural mind to its farthest shore. Like a giant the country arose and shook off its ancient, musty dreams and set out upon the track of fresher, fairer ones. That it has lamentably blundered, groped, and stumbled in the pursuit is history written upon the universal door-post.

First we grappled with the English adaptation of the Gothic manner and failed to please ourselves beyond the moment. Next we essayed the Queen Anne confusion of "curleycues,"

shingles, and rainbow paints until surfeited with "gewgaws." More recently we have been "taken" with the Romanesque—the rough rock house face—crowding enough broken stone into a twenty-five foot space to grace as many yards, and lastly the galvanized gable and the copper bay-window have beset us with machine-made horrors suggestive of the padded cell and boiler-room.

But if one stand by the Lagoon in Jackson Park to-day and let the eye sweep around the unparalleled group of structures that encircle it, surely the amazed and enraptured heart may cry out that blundering has ceased, and beauty and art have been at last returned to us.

The Philadelphia buildings were huge, provisional, and but little more than elaborate examples of the country fair structure, while here is Palatine Hill under the early Roman emperors. Here lies a city of palaces, a white splendor of classic fronts lifting to heaven the greatest roofs that ever received the baptism of the sunshine. Homogeneous, inexpressibly spacious and pure in scheme and outline, they stand before us a heart-moving epic in apparent marble. Surely mankind shall dwell hereafter in fairer, better houses; surely this great pæan of matter shall not be sung in vain.

It would not be fair to imply that American architecture has not displayed a deal of innovation and advancement during the last half score of years. That which it has lacked most has been in great part the rather indefinable quality of "taste"—a noble simplicity and restraint. Exuberance has been until very recently the strongest tendency, quickened and accented no doubt by a keen desire to produce an architecture of a distinctive American type. The powerful appeal to the imagination made by so great a group of classic structures as that at Jackson Park should certainly modify if not entirely correct this. Hereafter, if we are not lamentably obtuse, we shall be far wiser and less content.

Among all the structures at Jackson Park the Art building is by far the most notable example of the Greek style, an impressive and beautiful simplicity. Ante-dating the Roman manner as the Roman ante-dated the renaissance, the Greek type of architecture still parallels the best and strongest characteristic of the great among mankind. Think of a Grant or Lincoln swelling and strutting with pretension, and you have the thought.

As we proceed southward along the Lagoon we next come face to face with one of the most significant items of the Exposition—the Woman's building. Its type is the Italian villa enlarged and ennobled to strong impressiveness. That the conception of this mighty house was born in a woman's brain, and architecturally carried to completion by women, has about it something pleasantly astonishing. It is the first great edifice ever erected by the gentler sex, perhaps because it was their first great opportunity, and for that reason, as well as the intrinsic merit of the achievement, is remarkable.

The dominant note in the composition of the Agricultural building is Roman; it smacks, not unworthily, of the great structures of Caligula and Nero. Here is the line of great columns across its principal front, bearing an unbroken entablature under the round arch, much as in the restored baths of Caracalla at Rome. The Spanish mode of renaissance is very pronounced in the great Machinery hall, the claim being advanced with obvious justice that the Giralda tower at Seville, and the Toledo and Segovia cathedrals were drawn upon as models for its domes and towers. The architectural styles uniting in this building are more numerous and diverse than in any other building upon the ground, and though handled with great freedom are fused into a harmonious whole. Its magnificent vigor and picturesqueness cannot well fail to quicken and amplify the general architectural impulse of the country.

The Italian manner perhaps is more conspicuous in the treatment of the great entrances to the Manufactures and Liberal Arts than elsewhere among the buildings. In size, at least, this structure is tremendously imposing. Here stands the plaything of a nation. Within it spreads a floor upon which may be seated 300,000 people. The Coliseum at Rome accommodated but 87,000. Here in this leviathan of houses there is sufficient timber, it is estimated, to make an uncut forest of 1,100 acres. It took just five car loads of nails to fasten the floor down. Lay that puissant item to your doubting souls, ye scoffers at "Triumphant Democracy," and scoff no more. When it comes to "nails" we reign supreme.

Across the Lagoon from the Manufactures rise two monuments of beauty upon which the eye lights with special pleasure—the great Golden door of the Transportation, and that vast bubble of glass, the dome of the Horticultural. If one stands before the carved and glittering entrance to the mighty House

of Wheeled Things, and happily he be, Yorick-like, a fellow of jest and fancy, he may liken it to the gateway of the Day, and wait expectantly for Phoebus to issue forth the gleaming exit on her golden car and take the wings of the morning. Musingly, too, he may think of the myriad human eyes that shall look upon this door of gold while the earth again makes its long journey around the sun. Eyes that now are looking into other eyes or upon other scenes in far-off India, Burmah, Siam, China, Japan, Persia, the sunset islands of the Pacific, broad Australia, far Tasmania, orient Turkey, storied Egypt, the strange lands of mysterious Africa, the dark empire of the Czar, the fields of perpetual summer under the line, and the cold realm of the Laplander and the Esquimaux. What a picture! What a consummation! Scoffer, please pass lightly over that item of the nails.

And here is that other, the graceful mass of the Horticultural. How lightly it holds up its gigantic crown of crystal. Not elsewhere or "elsewhen" was there ever so great a building erected for a similar purpose. This is the poet's palace, the house of flowers, the royal dwelling of violet and rose, palm and pomegranate, lily and lotus, and all sweet things that blossom; blessed fane!

As one again turns toward the south, an object of fresh delight meets the eye, the classic front of the Mines and Mining. The French influence is plainly obvious here, more notably perhaps in the delicate detail, than in the general scheme. There is a certain restful ease in the architectural manner of this building which makes it very agreeable. It is admittedly academic in treatment, but in so easy and informal a way, that the tone of gravity underlying its general plan is little felt. The electrical building standing beside it, may also properly be placed in the academic class. Its manner of treatment is not easy of analysis, neither is it easy to define the effect it has upon one's sympathy. It is not entirely impressive or engaging; not all that might reasonably have been expected of its gifted designer, the author of the World's Fair articles now being printed in the *Century* magazine, and translator of the Viollet le Duc "Discourses on Architecture." In composition the structure appeals to one as being rather labored and conscious; a straining after effect, which lacks that blended dignity and ease which imparts agreeable feeling. The facade fronting on the grand plaza is even less agreeable than that portion of the building which looks out upon the lagoon.

However, it is doubtless designed primarily for "after dark" effect, and when it is once aglow with that "blazing force which turns the world," it may fully justify the wisdom of its conception.

Above all the French influence is most apparent in the sensuous beauty of the Administration. The Invalides-like dome with its attractive exterior panelings, and great groups of statuary disposed about the base, irresistibly suggest the Parisian form. It is strongly academic; like the fairest type of the French woman, it is "beautiful as a dream." The rotunda is unapproachable by any other on this side the sea, and has but one or two peers elsewhere in the world. Stand beneath it, ye scoffer, and look upward into that fairy sky of glass and gold, white statues and beauteous paintings; let the chrismal light, filtering down from that swimming softening height, sink through your eyes into your soul, and know that even a Democracy may be more than a sweaty driver of "nails."

If to the dominating buildings that surround the grand canal, one add the bridges, fountains, peristyle, the colonnaded screen upon the south, the great obelisk and the statue of the republic, he may then reasonably compare the spectacle we shall present the world next May, with that seen from the Eiffel tower or Point de Jena in 1889. In the opinion of those best prepared to judge, the comparison is rather to be courted than feared. The buildings at Jackson Park are far greater in number than those of the Champs de Mars, and far more spacious and splendid as an assembled whole.

The chief structures presented in the last Paris exposition were only five, including the Trocadero, carried over from a former exposition, and that dream of Vulcan, the tower of Eiffel. In the way of ground decoration, the Cour d'Honneur presented but little more than a conventional arrangement of walks, fountains and grass-plats, the more striking features of the earth-view being the great bridges over the Seine, and the swell of ground leading up to the Trocadero, the former not properly a portion of the exposition, and the latter left over from a previous similar entertainment. Little more than a casual view is needed to convince the student of World's Fair history, that we have signally outdone this Gallic attack upon the wonder of mankind. We have thirteen structures any of which, without dangerous hyperbole, may be termed great, and as for site and surface effect, surely these have never been surpassed. There is but one thing to fill the lover of architecture with regret, and that is the fact

that these beautiful and stupendous structures are not real buildings but simulacra, a summer dream of palaces that shall fade with the falling of the snows of ninety-four.

But, as remarked at the beginning of this paper, this supreme vision of beautiful houses cannot well fail to move the popular imagination powerfully, correcting and elevating the pitch and tone of popular taste, and guiding architectural effort to a finer output. This, and this only, is sufficient to make this ephemeral city of palaces justify its creation. For finally, back of this festival of matter, back of the feast of the fair things which shall here be set for ear and eye, lies the deeper festival, the graver feast of moral consequence. If mankind shall ever be wholly free, if the waste places of earth shall bud and blossom, if the dim rainbow of human happiness shall ever span man's firmament in completeness, it shall spring alone of enlightenment. Ignorance is lethal; he who drinks of its waters is meet for chains. The dispersal of ignorance and the radiation of knowledge, can be the only possible justification of this most prodigal pouring out of sweat and treasure. Ah, surely the superlative game is worth the magnificent candle! For the face of the world is turned toward us; this way lies the hope of man. Here in our Palaces of Peace, all the nations of the earth shall gather at the throne of genius. Here education, art, commerce and an international fellowship shall be strengthened and exalted; here the loftiest thoughts the human mind has conceived and expressed in matter, being seen, shall prompt fresh flights of invention and achievement; here, in the land where God has written the story of the world anew, man, standing in the splendid glow of the present, shall feel his heart refired with a divine enthusiasm of hope for the future, and his hand and brain quickened in all things that dignify and immortalize human effort.

Chicago.

A. MILTON.

"OUT OF THE MOUTH OF HELL."

Long and loud rang out the plaudits of the audience as the Valedictorian gracefully bowed at the ending of his address. The speaker's manly presence and well modulated voice; the logical force of his reasonings, expressed with a clearness and succinctness that carried conviction with them, entranced and instructed at the same time; and many there were who gave expression to their opinion that "that boy will make a man to be proud of."

Fickle Fortune rarely bestows her favors with an open hand, but to Charlie Varien she seemed to be especially lavish with them. Physically he was indeed a noble specimen of young manhood. Although over six feet tall, his form was so perfectly proportioned that his height was not appreciable. The bracing air of his native town had filled his lungs and expanded a chest that, in fullness and beauty of contour, was a model for an artist.

Beneath a high, broad brow, above which a mass of chestnut curls clustered in defiance of brush, the sparkling eye and ruddy cheek bore unmistakable evidence that life's crimson current flowed pure and unpolluted. Foremost in athletic sports, he was equally so in his class. To a naturally retentive memory was added a determination that overcame all obstacles, and in the field or at the form, his right to rank as leader was never questioned.

The audience is leaving the chapel. The schooldays are over and the mimic battles of the college campus will give place to those to be fought in the arena of business life.

As the tall form of the young man emerges from the chapel door for the last time, his face flushing with pleasure at thoughts of his recent triumphs, and his eyes sparkling with determination, who would dare question his future?

Who, mentally, morally and physically could be better equipped to enter into the battle of life, or better prepared to withstand its temptations? none, surely!

So thought the fair young girl whose little hand clung lovingly to his arm, and whose bright face beamed with gladness as she listened to his plans for the future; a future in which she was to have a part.

A tender embrace; lips of love unite in a farewell kiss, and the lovers separate. The one to engage in the struggle for which nature had so well fitted him, the other to wait in affectionate anticipation of the realization of all their mutual hopes and plans.

Is it a merciful Providence that denies us an insight into the future? who can say?

* * * * *

Night had fallen upon the great metropolis, and the fitful glimmer of the street lamps was made more fitful by the powerful electric lights that glared from their suspended heights.

The business of the day had long been over, but here and there might be seen a belated clerk hurrying to his well earned rest, or a poor wretch wandering aimlessly in search of a place to lay his head.

It was the time appointed for rest, and the almost universal stillness gave evidence that nature was throwing off the cares of the arduous day.

From one of the side streets there came the sound of melody and the glare of light that shot its rays through the general gloom, betokened that all Gotham had not retired. The house from which sound and light emanated, was removed but a short distance from one of the large thoroughfares, and its style of architecture and general outward appearance indicated the wealth of its inmates. The interior was not less imposing, and its luxurious furnishings were such as are familiar to the frequenters of the rich and fashionable clubs of a great city.

The sounds, before referred to, came from an upper room. Let us enter.

It is a comparatively small room, but sumptuously furnished. Rare paintings adorn walls that bear testimony to the decorator's taste and skill.

Costly rugs are laid with artistic carelessness upon the tessellated floor, and couches and divans occupy niches and corners, whose very appearance give promise of ease and comfort.

A center table of carved mahogany stands under a chandelier, the many lights from which shed their soft rays, to be reflected back from the cut glass that adorns the handsome sideboard that stands opposite the entrance to the room.

A grand piano completes the furnishing, and from it proceeds the melody.

At the piano is seated a young man, one hand gracefully run-

ning over the keys, the other holding a glass which he empties and then resumes his playing. His companions, two in number, add their voices to the song now started by the youth at the piano, and glorious harmonies result from the union of voices.

Again and again does the one hand run over the keys while the other holds the glass to the lips. Again and again do the voices join. But why this discord? Do these sounds come from the same lips? Surely some necromancer has passed his wand over the group and substituted this maudlin trio for the three God-like creatures we first beheld!

"Come on—Charlie! Letsh go home."

"All right (hic) ole fel, but letsh have (hic) 'nother drinksh—I'm (hic) ter'bly dry."

* * * * *

Two years have passed since the midnight scene at the club. Again the hour is a late one; although the city has not yet settled down to that gloomy silence peculiar to midnight.

From the clubhouse the same lights gleamed as before and from the upper window floated strains of melody.

In the shadow, and leaning against a tree on the opposite side of the street, a man stood listening to the sounds of revelry.

It is too dark to note the expression upon his face, but his form can be seen to shake as if stirred by some unwonted emotion.

As he moves farther out from the shadow to better catch, perhaps, an old familiar strain, we can see he is but one of those miserable wretches whom night finds homeless. He is tall of form, but his ragged clothes hang loosely about an attenuated frame. Tufts of dark hair have forced their way through the crown of his hat, which, brimless and drawn well down, rests upon cheeks whose bloated, swollen appearance contrasts oddly with his otherwise emaciated frame.

The door of the clubhouse opens and the man shrinks into the shadow, for two forms cross to where he is standing. As they pass him, one looks back and generously tosses him a coin, remarking: "How much that poor devil reminded me of Charlie."

Again a spasm seems to shake that form, but with mumbled thanks he hobbles away, and soon two palsied hands are steady-
ing the glass that contains his only friend.

* * * * *

Upon one of the benches in a beautiful park, is stretched the

form of a man. The labored breathing proves that something more powerful than weariness has forced the occupant to such a couch. Still the sleeper's dreams must have been pleasant and carried him backward, for, in his restlessness, his hat has been thrust aside, and an unmistakable smile flits over the swollen face.

"Come, there! get a move on you!" and the heavy hand of the "guardian of the peace" tugs forcibly at the dilapidated collar.

Like a flash, the man bounds to his feet.

Memory *had* flown backward, and for one blissful moment there stood the victor of many a college combat. But only for a moment. In the next, the present with all its horrible, awful reality was apparent, and the poor wretch shuffled away with a groan of anguish that awakened the sympathy of the one whom familiarity with such scenes had made callous.

The shuffling step is suddenly halted, and the man turns round quickly. A look of horror passes over his face, but he walks off rapidly. The walk soon changes to a run, and the look of horror has changed to one of terror. A thousand demons seem to his feverish mind to be in hot pursuit. Ever and anon he casts fearful glances backward, and what he sees adds to his terrors. The run becomes a mad gallop; his breath comes quick and hard. A fiery tongue darts before him, and one of his impish tormentors is perched upon his shoulder. With a howl of rage he turns at bay to battle with the energy born of despair. Into the midst of his enemies he plunges, and his blows fall thick and fast.

But ten arrive to fill the place of the one who has fallen. They have forced him to his knees. Ten thousand fiery darts have pierced his flesh. Bloody sweat oozes from his pores, while flakes of foam cover his lips. But still he fights. What means that shout from the fiendish host? The auxiliaries have arrived.

The sharp fangs of serpents tear at his vitals; great vultures pluck at his eyes, and he rolls about the ground, shrieking with agony.

Clang, clang, clang, sounds the bell. Is this a new enemy? "Ah! ha! Men *I can* fight! Take that and that, damn you!"

Strong arms now hold him. Pitying hands prevent his further injury and shrieking, cursing, blaspheming, the one time idol of his schoolmates is hurried away to the drunkard's cell.

* * * * *

Are dreams the continuance of our waking thoughts, or do they give us glimpses into futurity?

Upon a narrow cot in the prison ward, lay the man who so recently fought his battle against such fearful odds.

He was sleeping that sleep which follows extreme bodily exhaustion. Not a tremor shook his frame, but his mind seemed actively awake. He thought he had completed a long journey, and that he stood upon the bank of a small stream in whose clear and limpid depths he could see the reflection of his image. It was not a pleasing sight, that bloated face, emaciated form and ragged and unkempt figure. But the sight did not trouble him for in the distance there gleamed a glorious light, and that light came from the home of one who could change his outward appearance and restore his lost manhood.

As he gazed upon the stream, wondering how he could cross, it seemed to him that it was changing its form. Slowly but surely the clear and crystal hue was taking on a yellowish tint until at length the entire stream presented the appearance of molten gold. The sun came out in a burst of glory, while the very atmosphere seemed alive with rejoicings. Filled with wonder, he stooped and took up some of the liquid in the hollow of his hand, but started backward in astonishment. Each globule had turned into a pellet of gold. As he looked, they were slowly vanishing, but from the tingling of his arm he knew they were being absorbed into his blood. An indescribable sensation of relief followed this absorption while the hitherto palsied arm was actually being transformed into a healthy member. Quickly he thrusts the other into the remarkable stream. Again that wonderful change. With a shout of joy he plunges into the river of Life, laughing, shouting and crying in the excess of his feelings. In a moment he is out upon the bank. As he gazes, the stream seems changing its color again, and soon in its pure and limpid depths, he sees reflected a face and form fashioned in the image of its Maker.

At that moment, the heavens seemed aglow, and a chorus of voices shouted praises to the golden remedy and its discoverer.

He awoke to find it but a dream, but in that poor wretch's heart was implanted a desire that death alone could extinguish.

* * * * *

The western express stopped, puffing and blowing, at one of the stations *en route*. Lights flashed here and there and the clang of hammers rang out sharply as the guards tested for a defective wheel. As the train drew out from the station, a form might have been seen crowding itself within the narrow space be-

tween the truck and the floor of the car. A ray of light, that lingered for a moment, exposed an agonized face, but its expression was the only evidence of its life.

Faster and faster went the train, and tighter and tighter clung the human wreck. Cinders flew up and cut his face and hands. His eyes are filled with dust and his hands have lost their sense of feeling, so tenaciously has he grasped the rod that alone intervenes between him and eternity.

Another ray of light. Is that a smile that crosses that cut and bleeding face? The parched and cracked lips are moving.

"I am nearing the Golden River."

* * * * *

Just far enough removed from the city limits to be free from its bustle and turmoil, there stands a house whose many gables and colonnades are reminders of the colonial age.

Corinthian columns support the roof of a large veranda that runs front and side. The mark of time is hardly apparent, so carefully has each decaying board been replaced. There is an air of rest and comfort in its very appearance, and the entire absence of adornment, save the few choice plants that grow in carefully kept mounds, indicates that its inmates consult comfort rather than style.

The door stands invitingly open, and we enter a capacious hall. To the right, in a cosy room, the family is gathered.

There are no sounds of revelry, no joyous shouting, but there beams from the faces of all, a gladness too deep for words.

In the center of the room stands a young man. His noble features are somewhat pallid, as if he was but just recovering from a long sickness, but his flashing eye and hearty hand-clasp bear witness that dread disease has been conquered. Upon his arm leans a winsome figure, and we have seen these same eyes once before look up with trust and love. A father stands proudly gazing, supporting the mother from whose eyes the tears of joy are coursing down cheeks illumined with happiness.

The young man gathers them all in one embrace, and bending his head, gently whispers:

"The lost is found, the stricken one recovered, and, as in my vision, I heard the angels say, so shall we ever say, 'God bless the Golden Remedy and its noble discoverer. May all that suffer and are heavy laden find their way to Dwight and be made whole, for there they will find a Healer doing as did the Master of old.'"

Oak Park, Ill.

CHICAGO CITY GOVERNMENT.

A keen but friendly observer of public affairs in this country declares that the government of cities is the one conspicuous failure in the United States. He adds, that it is the party system which, if it has not created the evils of our municipal governments, "has certainly enormously aggravated them, and impressed upon them their specific type." Chicago is an example of the condition to which the spoils, or to use the more euphonious term, Party system, can bring an industrious, intelligent, and ambitious community. In State and National affairs I had long been well acquainted with the evils of Party Government, and had ardently hoped for the success of the Civil Service Reform movement, but until this summer, when I was taught by the duties of President of the Municipal Order League, I never realized the vital importance of Civil Service Reform in city government.

It seemed to me last June as if every man and woman in Chicago had become an interrogation point. Every morning brought these queries to my desk: Why are our streets and alleys so dirty? Why are they not cleaned? Why is no attention paid to complaints made to the Street and Health Departments? Why are dead horses and dogs permitted to lie where they have fallen, for days? Why do the street sweepers leave the sweepings for hours before they are gathered up, and why do the contractors use leaky wagons to haul dust, and dirt, and garbage away? Why are broken sewers allowed to poison the air for weeks after complaint has been made to the authorities? Why do the authorities never arrest any one for the thousand violations of city ordinances committed every day, such as littering the streets and sidewalks with papers, fruit-refuse, and all kinds of waste matter? Why are janitors and shopkeepers allowed to sweep the dirt from their buildings into the street in the face and eyes of passers by, and of police officers on their beat? Why are loads of sand, lime, sawdust, etc., allowed to pass along in leaky, uncovered wagons, their contents spilling and blowing about until the path of each can be traced for miles through the city? Why are corporations allowed to keep

the streets torn up constantly, never even making a pretence of putting the pavement in good order again before leaving it? Why are not the street railways made to sprinkle and clean the streets they use, according to law? Why is not the garbage collected regularly, and when collected why is it dumped around the city to poison the neighborhood where it festers and decays? At last the questions resolved themselves into one grand din of expostulation, signifying: Are the Street, Health, and Police Departments asleep, or are they dead?

These departments were not dead. Their heads, at first on their side, asked questions. "Why," they said, "do the people of Chicago throw all their waste material and refuse into the streets and alleys? Why do they not burn their old papers, and such garbage as can be burned in kitchen stove or furnace? Why do the people complain so bitterly of the city departments when they themselves create so much disorder and confusion?" Struck by the justice of this view of the case, we redoubled our efforts to impress the people with a sense of their public duties, and asked the aid of the police department to help us in this work by making arrests for constant violation of ordinances relating to public health and cleanliness.

The mayor, and the heads of the great city departments listened courteously, and even sympathetically, to the complaints we laid before them. They promised some measures of relief, but always with a reserve which showed that they had little confidence in their ability to accomplish in any satisfactory manner, the reforms so earnestly desired. Lack of funds was the constant excuse put forward, and the fact that the city is limited by law in the money it can raise and expend yearly, was cited as an insuperable obstacle to any generous, or even adequate plan for improvement of the city or city's service. Many conferences with city officials, and the experience of a few months brought much light on the subject.

It is true that Chicago is laboring under the financial difficulties stated. With the best service which could possibly be rendered, supposing every individual in the city's employ, from Mayor down to messenger boy, were to do his best, the funds which can lawfully be used under present State laws, are insufficient to pay for the necessary work and service of a growing city of one million and a quarter of inhabitants. In order to meet the requirements of the situation the State laws must be changed, and they will without doubt be amended so as to allow Chicago

to raise money enough for its expenses. But when this necessary measure is taken it should be accompanied by others just as important, viz., laws curtailing party power, and securing to the citizens who pay taxes to support the city government, the honest and practical expenditure of such moneys for the purposes they are raised for, by those intrusted with city affairs.

No one who is acquainted with the affairs of Chicago, or with its management during the last generation, will claim that the money paid for public expenses, to city employes by appointment or by contract, is earned by exertions or results, such as the same money would command from any well managed business corporation, or business enterprise. The reverse of this proposition is so well recognized that the comparison of the conduct of public affairs with sound business methods seems a useless cruelty. That is the worst of the spoils system; it has preyed upon the public conscience and brought it within its own low code of morals, dimming, with its poisonous breath, all true and high ideals of public service and public probity. A warm protest against official inefficiency, dishonesty and corruption, is commonly met with a smile—a smile of superior intelligence and pitying indulgence upon one so ignorant of political methods as to display emotion upon the subject of the public service!

It is true that the appropriation for the Police Department is this year, and was last year, inadequate. We need a thousand more policemen than we have to-day. But not until the Police Department is divorced from politics should it be allowed another dollar, or one additional policeman.

It is true that the sum set aside for cleaning improved streets this year was but \$277,826. Nothing but a feint of cleaning our 800 miles of paved streets could be made with this sum. But the Mayor has recently pronounced our system of street cleaning to be the most expensive and unsatisfactory in this country. Should any more money be granted for expenditure under this extravagant and senseless system?

A much larger, but still inadequate, sum of money is in the hands of the Health Department for city cleaning purposes. The Health Department is charged, by law, with the collection and removal of all ashes, garbage, offal and waste material from the streets, alleys and public places. It is expected to carry out the State and city laws and ordinances relating to public

health. The interests confided to it are sacred. The health and the lives of thousands of people depend upon the intelligence, moral and physical courage, and energetic activity of its officers. To look at this department steadily, and watch its working for a while, is to discover that it employs a body of confessedly useless inspectors, to whom the heads of the different divisions and the head of the department, look for no public service whatever. Following up this interesting observation one sees next the working of the contract system, which insures perfect satisfaction to the contractor, and enrages to the verge of dementia the citizen, while the Health Department officials preserve between the two a strictly neutral ground, as unimpassioned and uninterested observers. It is needless to explain further in order to pronounce against the turning over of any more money to this department as long as it is under the dominion of the present system.

It was easy to see all this in those early days last summer, but seeing them we could hardly believe them. It was only when the "why?" became oppressive to our own minds, and when we compelled ourselves to look unflinchingly upon the truth, that the *machine* dawned upon us in all its actual strength, and what had heretofore been a hidden force, recognized, yet not realized by us, stood forth, a real presence, and the question was answered.

Hope had changed into doubt, but now doubt merged into despair of any permanent improvement in city affairs, until the spoils system and its engine shall have been abolished by the most stringent laws, made and enforced by strong, virile public opinion. We had visited the City Hall to complain, condemn, expostulate, and beg for relief. We now began to pity the men who sat in the places of honor and responsibility, alive, awake to the situation, and yet unable to move hand or foot in any vigorous, wholesome public work; powerless to control the forces under their nominal sway, for the ends to which those forces were created. The City Executive officers are so only in name, they obey the machine. The Superintendent of Police, the Commissioner of Health, the Commissioner of Public Works, the Mayor, to whom the law gives the sole powers of making certain specified appointments, have waived their rights, and given all over, a sacrifice to party spirit.

"As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, and openeth not her mouth," so lies Chicago in the relentless grasp of the spoils system—and the clip of the shears sounds with a regularity which

announces the fact that the fleece is being taken by machinery. Long has the municipal sheep been in the hands of the modern Jasons, the party machines alternating in possession, Democratic for a time, then Republican, both adepts in the clipping process, and equally severe upon the sufferer, who, however, consoles herself with the notion that she governs herself, at least, by electing every two years her own shearers.

The Mayor of Chicago is, by the provisions of the laws and ordinances, unable to carry out any public measures, no matter how important, without the assistance and co-operation of a working majority of the city council. The hand which holds the purse strings holds power for good and for evil. The executive departments of the city depend upon the legislative branch of the city government for their own and all their subordinates' salaries, and the funds to pay for all public works, improvements and measures whatsoever. Through this power of money the council holds the mayor and all his officers in its grasp. Through it, and by an accepted usage of long standing, certain subordinate city employes have been for years nominated by the aldermen, each pushing for his own constituent, and any interference with that usage provokes war to the knife, between mayor and council. Some aldermen also take a great interest in the various city contractors, who live upon their contracts for the city, and if the head of any department imagines himself free from any obligations to recognize this interest, he is likely to feel the weight of aldermanic displeasure when he next appears in the council chamber with the estimates of expenses for his department, and asks for funds. So the offices of the City Hall—the Police Department, the Public Works, Health Department, etc., are filled with small ward politicians, the political friends of members of the council.

As if this were not enough, there is, added to Aldermanic dictation, the still more powerful influence of ward, city and county party organizations. Many city officials, such as inspectors, and others holding positions defined as minor political offices, are regularly, and as a matter of right, nominated by the ward organizations of the party in power, the appointment being made only in name by the Chief Executive, the lawful appointing power. Here is where the well-oiled machine is in its glory. The wise alderman runs his own ward machine when he can, and when he can not he submits, and lets it run him, but he never quarrels with his own party machine.

So the Mayor sits in his chair with aldermanic patronage, which he must meekly bow to, and assist, on one side of him, and his party organizations, whatever his party may be—at his other elbow, and here he signs appointments to city offices “in a big round hand,” and like the Ruler of the Queen’s Navee, “never thinks of thinking of himself at all,” and as for the city, no one thinks of its interests.

Is this not a beautiful system? So old, and of such a respectable appearance too—how many brilliant and able men have contributed to its perfection, bowing their souls in the dust at the feet of the Party Fetish!

The crowning evil of the spoils system is that all of its efforts are concentrated to get and keep power in the hands of some man, or some political party. The machine never nominates a man for any place on account of his fitness for the duties of that place. It names him to work with all his powers of mind and body for some party “Boss,” and in most instances the nominee and appointee too well understands to whom he owes allegiance.

Chicago is suffering from the effects of the spoils system, which has for years, with but few intervals, controlled its government, strongly entrenched in both parties, so that change of party is but change of machine. Most of the public work is intrusted to men who were chosen by party “Bosses” either in the city executive government, the city council, or outside of both, and these officials work for those “Bosses” alone, receiving their pay for personal and political services from the city treasury.

It makes no difference to the machine that the health, comfort, property, mental training, and the lives of hundreds of thousands of people are placed in jeopardy by careless, inefficient and corrupt municipal government. It is exactly these somewhat important affairs with which city government has to do. The personal safety and the property of citizens are under the charge of the Police Department. Their health and often their lives depend upon the efficiency of the Health Department. The Public Works Department was created to make and to keep, comfortable, convenient and healthful surroundings for the people, and the city schools were established for their children. All these considerations make no impression upon the machine, or a party “Boss.” One cannot think at all, nor feel, being a machine; the other can think and feel but for himself, or the power which feeds him, his party.

If A complains that his street is never swept, or never clean, his complaint is handed to an "inspector," who cares nothing about sweeping except so far as his "Boss" may sweep his ward at the next election.

If B complains that his children are dying of diphtheria, or other diseases caused by bad drainage or decaying refuse, his complaint is handed to an "inspector," who does not mind how many non-voters die in his ward, nor if the whole population is smothered in filth and poisoned by sewer gas, if only his beloved Boss lives, and continues in a position to provide his faithful henchman's salary out of the public treasury.

If a whole neighborhood arises and begs the Police Department to enforce some law upon which public health and safety depends, there will be forthcoming from the General Superintendent of Police at once an order upon the subject brought up. This order will be forceful and direct, like a trumpet call—and that is the end of it! The clear brain and warm heart respond, but the hand of power has been paralyzed.

"Fleet foot on the corrie,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!"

It is no hard task to criticise the Chicago Common council, nor to say severe things about it. Like most city councils in this country, it has always been slightly considered, and of little reputation, and yet, all things considered, it does, in its official capacity as a legislative body, surprisingly little mischief.

At present there is in the council a respectable minority of able, energetic members, typical Chicago business men, and a few capable lawyers. These are the wholesome grains of salt whose mission it is, together with a few faithful officers of the Executive Department, to keep the city's affairs from complete demoralization and utter disaster. The incompetent men who sit in the council cannot be blamed for the fact that they occupy positions of public trust and responsibility. The pity of it is that the citizens of their wards have chosen to send these specimens of stunted and disfigured manhood to these conspicuous and responsible places, instead of electing men who are fitted for such positions by ability, education, and experience.

Upon the renowned subject of "Boodle" I have nothing to say. Like most people I hear much, and know little about the

use of money in political affairs and institutions. What I protest against is what no one denies, that the minor public offices, and public works of all kinds are constantly used as bribes for the purchase of political services. I have always thought of the two methods of buying votes and political influence, that actual purchase, by the Office Seeker, with his own money, was preferable to his using public offices as his medium of exchange; for by the latter plan the money comes out of the public treasury instead of from the office seeker's pocket. By this barter of public offices, the public is twice the loser, first by the money paid without adequate service, and second by the disastrous consequences of official laziness and inefficiency¹

Who is to blame for the total failure of Chicago's Municipal Government, and how shall a new order of things be inaugurated? You, Sir, and you, Madam, if citizens of Chicago, are as much to blame as any one, and upon you, patient reader, especially if you are a voter or a tax-payer, rests the problem of securing a better, a reformed government. We get for the most part in this world, what we deserve. He who neglects his estate, leaving it to the care of greedy, dishonest and self seeking servants and agents, loses it, and deserves to lose it.

The citizens of Chicago ought to rouse themselves and attack the common enemy, the Spoils System, with zeal and unanimity. They should devise and carry through the State legislature new laws, securing to Chicago, first, power to raise money enough to pay her necessary expenses, and second, stringent laws to secure the honest and efficient expenditure of such money.

We must learn to see the irrelevancy of party lines in home and business affairs. National politics should have no weight in municipal elections. The conduct of the affairs of a city is a strictly business matter, and the men chosen to administer such affairs should be selected for their intelligence, integrity, and energy, without regard to their opinions upon National issues. The best men who can be obtained are needed in every branch of the City government.

The new order of things should strictly and carefully prescribe some method of appointment to all of the city's minor offices, of men free from "Boss" influence, and competent for their work, and to these men should be assured retention, and honorable recognition during good behavior and good service.

The police force should be organized on a strictly non-partisan basis. Appointments to it should be made only after

a strict examination as to fitness for the duties of the police, and by a non-partisan appointing power, created for that special purpose. All political bodies, all members of the City Council, and of the City Executive Government, should be forbidden to influence, in any way, these appointments. The "divorce" between politics and the police force will have to be a legal separation, enforced by stern necessity, neither of the contracting parties being at all anxious to part with each other. There is nothing useful or reasonable in their union, man has joined them, and man should put them asunder on the plea of the greatest good to the greatest number.

Relieved of the load of anxiety, labor and responsibility which party patronage lays upon the shoulders of the Mayor, his chief advisors, and heads of departments, these officers could give their time and energies to their real work, the management of the public business of Chicago.

The work of preparing, and carrying through the State legislature some well-considered plan for a reformed city government ought to occupy the minds of the best lawyers and statesmen of the city. I hope that we shall soon see a strong movement in this direction.

In the immediate future there is but one hope. It is that the best citizens of Chicago will assert their title to that name, and, dropping considerations of their own personal ease and comfort, take part in the coming city election. They should begin now, and never cease their exertions until we have in every office to be filled next spring, a competent, trustworthy man. A generous rivalry between the two great parties in this respect would give Chicago a new sensation next year when it looks upon its new city fathers. A great effort will have to be made if this movement is carried to a successful issue. It grows yearly harder to obtain reputable candidates for the council. Aldermen complain, with reason, of the great sacrifice they have to make of their time during their terms of office, and busy men feel nothing so much as inroads upon their time; and yet we want in the council none but men of affairs; men whose time is valuable.

In each of the great city departments there are a few men, a mere handful, who, by their strenuous exertions keep work going with some measure of success. But for these faithful public servants the wheels would stop altogether at the City Hall, and nothing whatever would be accomplished there. In

the council there are always some members who take the burden of work and responsibility upon themselves, in order that it shall, somehow, be taken care of. These efficient men in both branches of the city government should be re-inforced by the next election. Let us have a campaign this winter and next spring without party rant and party pledges, devoid of appeals to prejudice and ignorance, and out of it may there arise a new and improved Chicago City Government!

Chicago.

ADA C. SWEET.

WHITTIER.

As some tall pine that from a mountain side
 O'erlooks a hundred verdant vales below,
 And drinks their balm, and hears their waters flow,
 While o'er the lofty summits cloud-allied,
 He marks the storm-king in his chariot ride,
 And sees athwart the heaven's lurid glow,
 The thunderbolt in zigzag splendor go.
 How towers his crest, uplift in rugged pride! -
 But when the waning tempest dies apace,
 What reed of Pan, however fine it blew,
 Might sweetlier breathe out nature's inmost grace?
 So standest thou within our mortal view.
 What star serene is now thy dwelling place
 Great soul, high heart, O nobler than we knew?

Chicago.

LOUISE A. MCGAFFEY.

The Quaker Bard, who his best soul-fire gave
 To liberty; flung down his gage of rhyme
 And in his youth, his manhood and his prime
 Reached out a hand to succor and to save;
 And so men will not deem him in the grave
 Whose messages were written for all time
 And, trumpet-like, cheered on that faith sublime
 Which struck the shackles from the cowering slave;
 Yet whiles there ran a tender minor key
 Throughout his verse, like pattering twilight rain,
 And boyhood dreams, and love that comes to bless;
 Full-bosomed was his nature as the sea—
 Akin to passion and made one with pain
 And welded close with strength and tenderness,

Chicago.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION
100 N. 4TH ST. NEW YORK

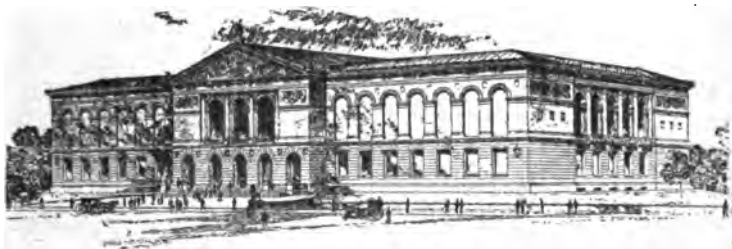


CHARLES LAWRENCE HUTCHINSON.

THE MEN WHO MADE THE WEST.

ARTISTS AND ART PATRONS.

II



The very importance and vastness of the undertakings accomplished in Chicago in the space of sixty years go far to place their comprehension beyond the pale of casual thought.

The Czar of all the Russias anticipated the spirit that wrought these things when he drew a straight line on the map as the plan of his railroad between St. Petersburg and Moscow.

The evidence of these later magical workings is nowhere more apparent than in the art development.

The contrast between the Chicago Exhibition of eighteen years ago, and the Chicago Exhibition of to-day, is vivid.

Then, the catalogue numbered Crayon Portraits among its pictorial treasures, and Rogers' groups figured as statuary. To-day the permanent exhibition contains in the fourteen pictures from the Demidoff collection the rarest art treasures in the West, and numbers beside these superb examples of the Dutch old masters, excellent specimens of the work of such modern artists as: Breton, Bridgman, Cazin, George Hitchcock, David Neal, Colonel Shirlaw, Davis, Jettel and others, and to which the munificence of men of means interested in art, is constantly adding.

Besides the permanent exhibition there is held an annual exhibition of American oil paintings at which are awarded two prizes, the James Ellsworth prize of three hundred dollars, and the Art Institute prize of two hundred and fifty dollars.

Upon the occasion of the last exhibition the first mentioned

of these prizes was awarded to Mr. Frank W. Benson for a figure picture called "Twilight," and the Art Institute prize to Mr. Gari Melchers for a figure picture called "The Pilots." The number of pictures exhibited at this contest was 164. The importance of this annual exhibition cannot be valued too highly, nor can the good likely to accrue from it be overestimated. The establishing of a greater number of prizes, and the awarding of medals would lend additional zest to these occasions, and go far toward encouraging and elevating American art. The interest of those in a position to easily render such incentive will doubtless prevent this fact from going along unrecognized.

In addition to the annual exhibition there is a spring exhibition of water colors, besides temporary exhibitions of variety and interest that foster the art spirit, and emulate to higher accomplishment.

The 1892 Exhibition of water colors contained 227 works.

Last season the temporary exhibitions began with a display of 153 drawings in wash, pen and ink, and other mediums, by Mr. Charles S. Reinhart of New York, and forty pencil drawings by Mr. William Goodrich Beal. A collection of rare etchings then exhibited numbered 238 examples by Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Millet, Meryon, Jacque, Haden, Whistler, Flameng and other noted masters, together with a few pencil drawings by these artists.

Mr. Walter Crane of London, displayed a collection of 153 works of decided interest, and at the same time three large canvases by William L. Dodge, entitled "David and Goliath," the "Death of Minnehaha," and the "Burial of Minnisink," lent their helpful attraction to the student and the lover of art. A Polychrome exhibition illustrating the use of color in ancient sculpture continued throughout the winter, and was the most comprehensive illustration of the subject yet made in America.

Somewhat earlier a large and interesting display of the current work of representative American architects was made.

This brief and necessarily limited outline is but one phase of the work accomplished by the Art Institute of Chicago.

Another, and if possible a more vitally important feature, is the work accomplished in and by the Art School. During the season of 1891-92 the whole number of students in attendance

was 844; of this number 175 were from Chicago, and 177 from the State of Illinois, proving the great art interest at the point of vital contact. Numerically, Iowa ranks next to Illinois in representation while Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan, Nebraska, Ohio, Minnesota, Missouri, New York, Kentucky, Colorado, Florida, Kansas, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas, and West Virginia supplement the list.

Thus widely is the seed to be sown that will engender a love of higher art and aid in the struggle for its advancement.

In no other way can the greatest amount of good to the greatest number be accomplished than by this plan of conscientious, earnest effort on the part of the founders of the Institute, and, primarily, the instructors to whom this vast number, many of whom have chosen art as their vocation, is intrusted.

The new home of art, of which a cut accompanies this article, is now under process of erection on the Lake Front, and will be completed not later than April, 1893. The Art Institute, in return for certain grants and privileges, is pledged to erect an edifice that shall cost at least half a million dollars. The material of this building is to be Bedford limestone, with a base of granite, and the style of architecture may be described as Italian Renaissance, the details classic, and of the Ionic and Corinthian orders. The front is eighty feet back from Lake Michigan, the length of the building three hundred and twenty, and the main depth one hundred and seventy-five feet, with projections making a total depth of two hundred and eight feet.

From the portals of this splendid palace will issue those whom we await to make to-days of toil, to-morrows of achievement; to perpetuate the beautiful, the episodes of nature, and the history of our land. And surely no region furnishes a fairer field than this great West; nor one bristling with episodes of greater heroism and sturdier victory.

From the shores of the vast forests of the North to the flaming, dusky sunsets of Arizona, from the olive orchards of Santa Barbara to the yellow shores of Lake Michigan, there is surely enough scope for any artist, either in figure or in landscape.

An individuality, a scope, and unhappily also, a novelty.

Not in the particular sense that Nature is always a novelty in color and in pose, but the novelty of too infrequent interpretation.

What we want is American artists to depict American subjects.

They may be indigenous, or they may be Americans by adoption; the only needful qualification is that their hearts may be sufficiently in keeping with their theme to enable them truthfully to depict it, and thus chronicle the history of their land.

It has been said of us that our best artists remain abroad, that they find the atmosphere uncongenial at home. They have never been mentioned as maintaining the same antipathy to American mining products.

One would think that in art as in literature the portrayal of truth should extend to the new and the unexploited that something might be added to the treasure of the world.

That with that feeling the sense of patriotic obligation should point the way, would seem but natural.

Have we not had enough French peasants in blue dresses, standing in green grass, and a sufficiency of ox-eyed Dutch girls tricked out in an amount of finery that they would never have beheld but for the generosity of the occasion.

We have enough great American artists to-day to impress the world in that direction, as we have done in so many others, but they must choose their subjects at home.

The influx of French artists to our Exposition will beyond doubt have the effect of attracting their keen perceptions to a just appreciation of the picturesqueness and the marvelous coloring of our prairies and our mountains, and the contingent life, and it may yet be said of the French, that they discovered America as they discovered Algeria.

Some of our people have risen grandly to their theme, both in color and in black and white, but a general, and not an isolated attention is the one demanded.

Surely the answer to the question as to who is the greater Russian, the man who painted the siege of Plevna, or the man who remained in Paris to paint Oriental life from French models, will not long require an answer.

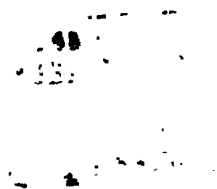
It is fortunate for us, who prefer to remain at home, that Columbus was not of the same aesthetic temperament that distinguishes some of our countrymen.

That art is universal is a beautiful truth, but it would seem that an extension of subjects is equally so.

All honor to those who by their united effort are working here at home, and in the West, in the common cause.



LORADO TAFT.



I would that the limit of my article would allow me to pay tribute to them each and severally.

From the noble work being accomplished by the Art Institute and its instructors, we turn naturally to the men who by their public spirit, their generosity, and their love of art, have established the Institution itself.

First and foremost stands the name of Charles Lawrence Hutchinson. Mr. Hutchinson by his personal effort, his counsel, his business ability and means, has sustained the cause with a fervor that has more than once rescued it from defeat. Born in Lynn, Massachusetts, on March 7, 1854, his life has been spent, with the exception of his two earliest years, in Chicago. Graduated from the High School in 1873, he began his business career in his father's office. His first experience was in the grain trade, after which he was engaged successively in the packing business, and in his father's banking house, becoming in the latter thoroughly versed in every department. Immediately upon the organization of the Corn Exchange Bank, Mr. Hutchinson was elected President. The direction of his management steadily advanced it in public esteem, and it stands one of the financial monuments of Chicago. Besides this responsibility, Mr. Hutchinson's business relations are many and varied. He is a member of the Chicago Board of Trade, is largely concerned in Chicago packing interests, is a director in the Chicago Packing and Provision Company, a director in the Chicago Street Railway Company, a director in the Auditorium Company, and is officially connected with various other undertakings. By the stockholders of the Columbian Exposition, Mr. Hutchinson was chosen one of the forty-five directors of that organization. And at once an additional care, and an additional evidence of public trust has been extended to him. In 1881 Mr. Hutchinson was married to Miss Frances Kinsley, daughter of Mr. H. M. Kinsley of Chicago. Mr. Hutchinson's love of art, and his excellent judgment and taste in matters artistic, have led him to the gradual accumulation of a gallery containing some very choice pictures. He is one of the few men who are able to rely upon the truth of their own perceptions in judging of the merits of a work.

The old masters represented in his gallery are Palamedes, Van der Neer, Cuyp and Teniers.

From the Demidoff collection he secured a gem by Franz Hals, "Portrait of Heithuysen."

Of the brushes of modern masters, there are excellent examples

by Fromentin, Rousseau, Rico, Watts and others, and he owns the only important work in America by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. This picture is a replica, painted in 1872, of the "Beata Beatrix" in possession of Lady Mount-Temple. Its brilliant and audacious scheme of color is highly valued by admirers of the pre-Raphaelite school.

Mr. Hutchinson's interest in the development of art and the future of art in the West, is very sanguine. Through his efforts it may be said to have received its greatest impetus; no small part of which was his voluntary advancement, in company with Mr. Martin A. Ryerson, of \$200,000 to secure the Art Institute the fourteen pictures of the Demidoff collection. Among the gifts made to the Museum by Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Ryerson, is a large collection of electrotypes from Greek, Roman and Oriental metal work.

Any movement to advance artistic culture through the medium of encouragement, finds in Mr. Hutchinson an ardent supporter, and the mooted plan of establishing later a Prix de Paris and a Prix de Rome at the Art Institute, will doubtless meet with his helpful concurrence.

Mr. Yerkes' collection of pictures is very large. The one of his two galleries contains works of the old, the other of the modern masters. "Head of a Jewish Rabbi," by Rembrandt, studies by Rubens, Van Dyck's portrait of the Countess of Worcester, Teniers, Van Ostade and Wouwermans are all represented in the former gallery, and in the latter a glorious example of Corot, a Knaus, Daubigny, Diaz, Millet, Meissonier, Cazin, and many other names that lend grace to a catalogue.

The greatest impetus yet given to local art, proceeded from Mr. Yerkes' offer of two prizes awarded at the special exhibition of the Chicago Society of Artists in the spring of 1892.

The feeling of congratulation, and the good results accruing therefrom, have been general. While the Ellsworth and the Art Institute prize encouraged American Art, the Yerkes' prize has borne the same, possibly a stronger interest locally, because of the especial nearness of its meaning, and the grace of the tribute to what people, no matter in what quarter of the globe they may reside, are pleased to term "home talent." A term that should ever be synonymous with home interest.

The public spirit of an individual becomes the public spirit of a community, and the stamp of public approval becomes the stamp of national approval.



CHARLES TYSON YERKES.

In his especial interest, therefore, in Chicago artists, Mr. Yerkes' position is of very pleasant significance, the which his ability to advance makes even more so.

Mr. Charles Tyson Yerkes was born in Philadelphia, June 25, 1837. The name is Welsh, the founders of the family in this country leaving England a few years prior to the Penn colony. The earliest family records of the American branch bear the date of 1682. Descended from that Quaker stock which has furnished so many men of sturdy courage, the actions of Mr. Yerkes' life have borne in trying situations, strong evidences of that same high quality. He received his education at the Quaker School in Philadelphia, and later graduated from the High School in the same city. His business acumen and trend were evinced early in boyhood.

Beginning his career as clerk in a flour and grain commission house, he gave up that position to enter business for himself as a money and stock broker, in 1859. Three years later he was able to purchase the banking house at No. 20 South Third street.

Struggling against a period of adversity, he began to recuperate his fortunes in 1873. In 1875 he purchased an interest in the Philadelphia Continental Passenger Railway, advancing the standard of that undertaking with substantial profit. Removing to Chicago in 1881, he opened a banking house in conjunction with his Philadelphia banking house.

In the same year he married Miss Adelaide M. Moore, daughter of Mr. Thomas Moore of Philadelphia.

Obtaining control of the North Chicago Railway Company in 1886, Mr. Yerkes accomplished a change in the motive power, the cable being substituted for the archaic horse system, the passage of La Salle street tunnel, fallen almost entirely into disuse, being obtained for the furtherance of this project.

Two years later Mr. Yerkes obtained control of the major part of the stock in the Chicago West Division Railway Company.

Such is the brief epitome of a busy life, the life of a man of affairs of to-day, when each moment brings its especial undertaking, and rest is oftenest a hope deferred. But for all this, there is a courtesy in Mr. Yerkes, manner that would be quite in keeping, had he stepped out of one of his own Van Dyck pictures.

It may be a part of that heritage his Quaker relatives brought over with them. The ships in those old days brought some good things, and while the ships of to-day bring many excellent

qualities together with their cargoes, politeness is sometimes inconspicuous.

Mr. Oliver Dennett Grover, whose picture, "Thy Will Be Done," was awarded the Yerkes first prize at the last exhibition of the Chicago Society of Artists, is a native of Illinois, and was born at Earlsville, just thirty-one years ago. Young, full of enthusiasm, talent, and belief in the future of art in his own



OLIVER DENNETT GROVER.

country, and especially in the West, he is one of the most interesting personalities of his day. He entered the old Chicago University in 1876, pursuing meanwhile his studies at the Academy of Design in Chicago.

Art proved the stronger power, and he forsook the University for the Royal Art School of Munich. After a year in Bavaria,



“THY WILL BE DONE.”

he proceeded to Italy, spending his winters in Florence, and his summers in Venice. Establishing his own studio in 1881, he made the first public showing of his work, a life-size portrait, at the International Exhibition in Munich. During the last two years of his stay in Florence, he was one of the instructors at the Mugnone School of Painting. After a year at the Julien school, in Paris, under Boulanger and Le Febvre, he returned to Chicago. A year later he again sought Venice, and during this last sojourn he accomplished some of his best work. "The Palazza ca' Dora," "From the Church of the Salute," and "The Grand Canal," owned respectively by Mr. Emil Liebling, Mr. Charles Lawrence Hutchinson, and Judge Fullerton.

In 1887 Mr. Grover was married to Miss Louise M. Rolshoven.

He was one of the organizers, and the second President of the Chicago Society of Artists, and for five years instructor in the Art Institute of Chicago. In recognition of his efforts and ability, Mr. Grover has been appointed Chairman of the Painters' Committee of the World's Congress Auxiliary, and a member of the General Artists' Committee. The picture entitled "An American Girl," was purchased by Mr. Lyman J. Gage; it presents Mr. Grover's work in the choice of a charming subject.

His picture which won the Yerkes' first prize, "Thy Will Be Done," is also the reflection of a purely American beauty.

In the very simplicity of this picture lies its strength. In the tender, womanly face, and especially in the eyes, the submissive agony is eloquent. It is not the face of one who suffers for the first time, and, indeed, the black gown tells that; but rather a noble soul, crushed, struggling to rise, and beaten back by a grief more terrible than any that has gone before, a grief that strangles tears. The artist has caught the reflection of the woman's soul, even more beautiful than her face, and has transfixed it. The expression in the hands of the contending emotions of submission and agonized rebellion; the one hand closed meekly on the breast, the other crushing the telegram clenched tightly, is in itself an eloquent portrayal. In keeping with all this is the pose of the figure.

The steely glitter of the grays in the background, fade into somber shadows that yield no ameliorating tone, or lessening of severity, but the pure white curtain gives a note of hope and life, and the dual expression is thus exquisitely blended and preserved throughout.

Of late the press of work at Mr. Grover's State street scenic studio, which he holds in conjunction with Mr. Albert and Mr. Burrige, has rendered necessary the severance of his connection with the Art Institute. In this State street studio, after a scene is painted, it can be hung, set, and lighted in an open space as large as that of any stage in the country. Here scenes for the plays of Booth and Barrett, of Jefferson, Salvini, Modjeska, Mather, and Dowling have been numbered with the work accomplished.

Working side by side with Mr. Grover for the last fifteen years, first in the old Academy of Design, and later in the Art Institute, has been Mr. John H. Vanderpoel.

Born in the little village of Kruisdorf, Holland, he took his first lessons in free-hand drawing in the Polytechnic at that place. Shortly thereafter, his father removed to this country, together with the family, and in those early times Chicago was not blessed with the art advantages of to-day. Catching stray bits of instruction and information with avidity, Mr. Vanderpoel proved that talent that has its strivings rooted in the heart will find a way to blossom. By conscientious effort he obtained sufficient recognition to place him in possession of a scholarship in the gift of Mr. Crosby, of the old Crosby Opera House.

Under the instruction of Mr. Henry F. Spread of the Academy of Design, where this privilege placed him, he made advancement steadily, being eventually placed in charge of the still life and antique classes in the school. Mr. Vanderpoel gratefully acknowledges the benefits of his study under Mr. Spread, and the salutary helpfulness it has brought him in all his later undertakings.

By a coincidence Mr. Vanderpoel is President of the Chicago Society of Artists; a society founded by his old master, who was its first President. In the year 1886 Mr. Vanderpoel went abroad, remaining two years.

His summers were spent in Holland, and his winters in Paris, devoted to study. During one year of his stay he was awarded the first prize at the Julien school, where the sketch obtaining for him this recognition is still exhibited.

Mr. Vanderpoel is a strong draughtsman, and an earnest and conscientious worker. His presence at the Art Institute has been resultant of great good.

An expressive work from his palette, entitled "Weary," is in the gallery of Mr. Hutchinson. "Twilight Revery," a young girl

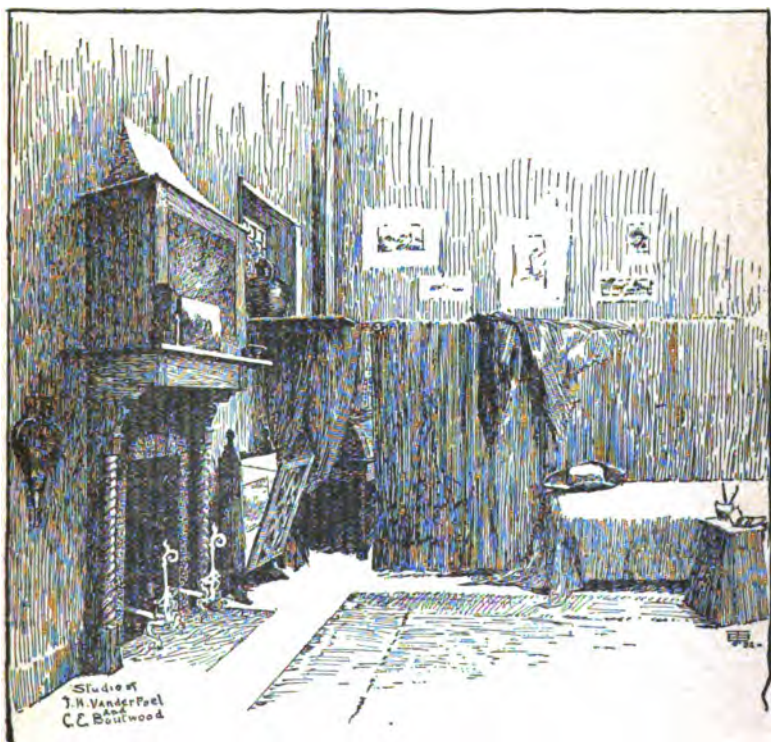


JOHN H. VANDERPOEL.

seated in a room in which the dusky shadows make uncertain play, was awarded the Yerkes second prize.

"Meditation," the graceful figure of a girl sitting alone in a church, her hands clasped on her prayer book, deep in thought, was unfortunately destroyed in the Atheneum fire. It is likely, however, that Mr. Vanderpoel will reproduce the same subject.

He is especially hopeful of the results of the art exhibit of the great Exposition, feeling that the prominence given to art will



win for it a more generous recognition when the importance of that particular display is made so splendidly evident.

Mr. Leonard W. Volk is the pioneer sculptor of Chicago.

His associations have been with men who have made the history of his country and the epoch of his day.

In the year 1858 the sculptor first met Abraham Lincoln, during the celebrated Senatorial contest between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas. By fortuitous circumstance Lincoln sat to him in the early part of April, 1860, and from this likeness was made a marble bust of the great statesman. Mr. Volk's autobiography

is completed, but will not be issued until after he has "passed away," as he expresses it. Of this passing away there is, very happily, no present indication. Each day finds him at work in his studio, and with the vigor and virility of youth.

Mr. Volk was born in Wellstown, New York, November 7, 1828, and is descended from the earliest settlers in that State. Shortly after his birth his parents removed to Rochester, and then successively to Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and to Avon. Until he was twenty years of age, his life was spent among the marble quarries of Massachusetts.

It was in 1850 that he first attempted modeling, and in St. Louis Father Matthew sat to him for a bust in 1859. Subsequent to this he was commissioned by Archbishop Kenrick to execute two alto-reliefs.

He also copied in marble a bust of Henry Clay, the first work of the kind executed west of the Mississippi. Not meeting with sufficient encouragement in his art undertakings, he returned to his marble cutting and lettering, a beginning from which so many successful sculptors have sprung.

In 1852 Mr. Volk was married to Miss Emily C. Barlow.

It was Mr. Stephen A. Douglas, Mrs. Volk's cousin, who pressed upon Mr. Volk the opportunity to pursue the study of sculpture in Italy. After two years of study in Rome and Florence he returned to America, and took up his residence in Chicago. Since then, his life has been a busy one, and time has wrought in his surroundings a wonderful development.

Besides the figures of "Faith" and "Ione," he has executed portrait busts of Elihu B. Washburn, Judge David Davis, Leonard Swett, Jonathan Young Scammon, Thomas B. Bryan, and many others. The Douglas monument in Chicago, a heroic size statue of Judge Knickerbocker, and the very elaborate "Soldiers Monument" in Rochester, are by his hand.

In one corner of his simple studio in McVicker's Theater building, is the chair in which Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas sat to him. It bears on the back a silver plate setting forth the fact. During the Chicago fire this chair fortunately escaped destruction, being under a tree on the lawn of Mr. Volk's residence.

The life mask of Lincoln in the studio bears an expression of melancholy and of yearning pity that haunt one after seeing it, even more than does the memory of the strength it holds.

Genius is like a ray of sunshine in the heart of a forest, every-



LEONARD W. VOLK.

thing touches blossoms. A notable figure in the history and advancement of art in the West, and in America is the sculptor Lorado Taft, and his life work is but just begun. Born in Elmwood, Illinois, the son of Mr. D. C. Taft, later Professor of Geology and Zoology in the University of Illinois, Mr. Taft was graduated from that institution in 1879.

Long previous to this, however, a collection of casts in the university had inspired him with the choice of a career—and to this end he directed his studies during his entire college course.

In June, 1880, he sailed for Europe, where he directed himself at once to the famous National Art School of France, the Beaux Arts in Paris. Speedily gaining admission, he received at the end of the first year honorable mention, and that in competition with men older in study. At the end of the third year he obtained that coveted and eagerly sought distinction, the first prize of the studios. Mr. Taft has been in Chicago since January 1st, 1886, during which time he has been connected with the Art Institute. Of the numerous works of art created by him in this period are busts, medallions, and several figures, including the statues of Colfax in Indianapolis, and Grant in Fort Leavenworth.

In addition to all this, he has accomplished a number of "Soldiers' monuments," with particularly happy results. His latest undertaking is the sculptural decoration of Horticultural Building, Jackson Park. In this work are employed some of his pupils, and he has several promising ones. His enthusiasm carries them forward in their studies, and this very quality, combined with his technical ability, and high ideals, will result not only in the individual, but in the national benefit.

The tyro of to-day may be the artist of to-morrow, and sympathetic interest to the one is oftener a greater incentive than success to the other. The only present reward his patient toil can achieve is the strong attachment of those he is leading, but the result will live long after the heart that prompts it is stilled.

Mr. Philip D. Armour is one of the many very busy men of the day, but he sometimes steals a moment to view and to encourage art.

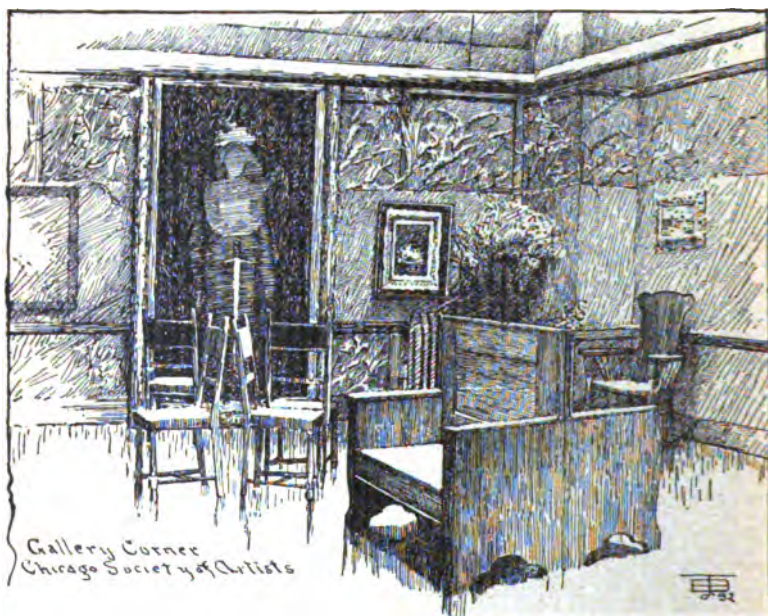
Among his gifts to the Museum is a picture by Breton, "The Shepherd's Star." This painting is one of the gems in the collection of modern masters.

The sadly patient face and figure, bearing stamp of toil and of crushed longings, is outlined against the fading glory of the sky. In the foreground black shadows extend outward. From the

earth the mist and the cool of the twilight are creeping to skyward.

The superb Teucer, done in bronze, by Thornycroft, a replica of the statue in possession of the Royal Academy in London, was presented to the Museum in December last by Mr. George A. Armour. Since the founding of the Art Institute, of which Mr. George Armour was the first president, the Armour family has been sympathetically identified with the undertaking.

Mr. Philip D. Armour has some good English pictures, but as yet not a sufficient number of art works to be dignified by



the name of gallery. Besides the extensive collections already noted, Mr. Potter Palmer's is one embracing a wide range of subjects and modern names. Mr. Ellsworth is devoting himself to collecting pictures by American resident artists. He is to be congratulated upon the importance his collection will assume, both from a patriotic and a historical point of view.

The collection of Mr. S. M. Nickerson comprehends works from the brushes of Alma Tadema, Diaz, Rousseau, Daubigny, Bourgeau, Rosa Bonheur and other illustrious painters.

In addition to those galleries named there are several collections of a lesser importance but the number of amateur in-



PHILLIP D. ARMOUR.

—S.

dustriously and discriminately accumulating pictures is steadily increasing. In picking up a Chicago morning paper there is always the pleasurable prospect of reading of some fresh gift to the public resources. It is by this liberality that the men of means are becoming the men of worth; not inanities who represent a dollar mark, but a vital power in the advancement of their country and of the world. Such gifts as the mammoth telescope to the University of Illinois by Mr. Yerkes, a telescope that will cost several hundred thousand dollars, make the Utopian theories of some modern writers seem in actual process of realization.

By such impulses as this, time is defeated and the gradual process of centuries becomes the accomplishment of a day. Individual energy exercised in united effort makes an epoch. In Chicago that individual energy is struggling nobly for the advancement of art. Upon the loyal pride and united effort of her citizens now depends the coming of the day when her position in art will rank in dignified eminence with her position in commerce.

Chicago.

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

WITH A COPY OF LOCKER'S VERSES.

Fred Locker writes such graceful rhyme,
And pens such tuneful lyrics,
That there's no need to spend one's time
In panegyrics.

I know, when you have read his verse,
And marked his well-turned phrases,
You'll be no more than I averse
To sound his praises.

I only hope you'll take advice
From him—as I am doing—
By saying farewell to that vice:
O'er-constant wooing.

Be as impartial in your loves
As he is in his praises
Of Gertrude, Geraldine and gloves
Of Di's or Daisy's.

Don't lose your heart to one fair maid;
Distribute it in pieces;
When reckoning up, you'll find it paid,
'Tis Locker's thesis.

Chicago.

J. PERCIVAL POLLARD.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

OBSERVATIONS.

If, as is conceded, opportunity is half of greatness, is not environment half of goodness? In weighing man, don't forget to put his surroundings in the scale.

Apparent imperturbability and coolness in some people is simply stupidity; they are too dull to realize.

To some people, in fact, to most people, no other thing seems so reprehensible in a man as failure; not even badness seems so ill.

Some ideas are so sane they seem insanity. Thoughts and conceptions are not always rot and drivel because *you* cannot comprehend them.

The good talker is almost invariably an observer; he sees things. The owl says little and looks wise; he is notable for his poor eyes.

Money is not always the means of evil. Those people who affect to despise it would often be far worthier with plenty of it.

Chicago.

A. M. K.

FLIRTATION.

RONDEAU.

You ask me why my heart's as gay
As it was only yesterday,
An hour before she proved untrue,
And left me in this horrid stew,
With all her modiste's bills to pay.

You know, *ma chere*, it is my way
To never fret when women play
Me false, in spite of which even *you*,
You ask me why!

"That's not the reason, sir," you say;
 Granted! If I might dare—I may?—
 Ahem! Her exit gives the cue
 For me to try my luck with —you!
 You guessed as much?—and yet, *perdieu!*
You ask me why!

Chicago.

ST. GEORGE BEST.

ON A CHICAGO STREET CAR.

It was a Chicago rainy Saturday afternoon, about five P. M. No, there was no lone horseman or belated maiden in it. In it is good Chicagoese. For confirmation, consult that distinguished bank official and statesman, Michael Cassius McDonald. But digression aside, it was raining, raining in a business fashion, to be in keeping, no doubt, with its environment. Rain always means business in Chicago. There is no drizzle, rainbow chasing showers, or nonsense of that sort, here. Business is business with rain as well as other watered goods in the home of the Fair. I, a lone, wayfaring stranger, found myself unprotected from the storm absorbing wet, from the dripping eaves of the building occupied by the American "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," awaiting one of Mr. Yerkes' "No pullee, no pushee, but go like H—ee all the samee" conveyances. Without reflecting the least on this Chinese author's acumen and condensed descriptive power, I will humbly say, and with due allowance for a contemporary getting off a good thing, that he was unfortunately not acquainted with Mr. Yerkes' North side tramway. When he visits the city next summer to see a Chinese town in the Fair grounds, he will, it is safe to gamble on, get out a revised, beveled board, gilt edge, large margin edition of his little epic on the grip car.

The Yerkes variety possesses no pullee or pushee proclivities, but, as for going like H—ee, which in the Michael Cassius vernacular, means like dollars into a justice's pocket, goes instead more like the nimble messenger boy who did not get a tip. I was waiting—when the Chinese imp stepped in and broke the combination—yes, waiting. I guess if I had not got a move on me, I would be waiting yet. After being watered sufficiently to gorge the appetite of a Jay Gould, I betook myself and my unearned increment to the next corner, hoping to head off the crowd. It was like unto sipping hope, as nectar from a

sieve. The crowd was larger. Ten more minutes of soaking and silent orisons, and I paddled myself to La Salle street corner; surely that was a draw which would fill. So it did, and the air with a faint, odorous smell—and yet the streets were not torn up. The silent prayers became muttered benedictions on Chicago mud, the business ability of its rain, Mr. Yerkes, and other persons and things. It was no wonder. The microbe of thankfulness and gratitude was floating about as high as the dense atmosphere permitted. The matinee girl was out. After an hour of this delightful experience Randolph street was reached, only to find a bigger crowd than elsewhere. Well, Socrates' little experience from an upper window was mild provocation for a philosopher's display of magnanimity of temper, to what the scene was on that corner. Babel was re-enacted, and at Hooley's door, too. The polyglot exclamations were commendable, if not understandable. While adding thereto some few choice expressions from Holy Writ, flavored with a Hibernian accent, I was suddenly brought back to my usually calm, philosophic spirit. A poorly dressed man, drenched like us all, was nervously jabbing a walking stick on the sidewalk. *His* safety valve, thought I. He held his head low down. Drunk? No; a church deacon, maybe? The incessant tapping kept up. I pettishly gazed into his face. HE IS BLIND.

* * * * *

In fifteen minutes more a car rumbles along. There is one vacant spot. It is between a tall, corpulent lady and the brake. I size up the situation, and accept the inevitable. We are off. Chicago human beings are good natured. In my immediate rear, I apologize for turning my back to a lady, but not being able to turn at all must be ample excuse, was the stout lady. In my chest and ribs pressed the brake. To my right was a family of Teutonic extraction, and not long extracted, either. And pressed tightly to my left side were two comely and pleasing looking young women, bejeweled and beflowered, right from the matinee. What's in a touch? Lots. The pressure of these fair maidens, I hate to say it, but truth must like oil come to the top, was anything but agreeable. At another time, under other circumstances, a mere touch from either of them would produce a sensation like unto the loving caress of a superior in the days of our youth. Queer.

The head of the family of the late subject of Fritz, persisted in holding up an umbrella. My rear protector got a

jab in the eye from the same and remonstrated. It turneth not away the intruding parachute, nor Dutchy's wrath. The unsoiled sardines all giggled. We were in the north end of the tunnel, stalled as usual. The demolisher of sourkrout became excited and jabbed the chronicler of this in the off ear with the umbrella. Words were inadequate, so with a sweep of the arm Dutchy's offending sunshade was knocked out of his grasp and onto the tunnel floor. Fortunately for him, the car began to slide back, so that the conductor was able to rescue it. But when the arboreal descendant attempted to apply the brake to prevent telescoping our germanic cousin and family—supposedly his at least—lusitly objected by force and tongue to let it be moved. They "weren't going to be hurt," and "wanted to get off and walk." They didn't. Just in the nick of time the brake slipped over the paunch of the objector, and we were again safe. Our ten minutes in the tunnel gave Mon. Bronchitis and Mon. Pneumonia a picnic of a time to get in their delicate work on us besoaked mortals. Everything comes to an end except matter. Therefore, we got out of the tunnel and into a new world. The clouds had rolled by and the heavenly layout was beautiful in argent specks on blue. A pointer to the chump that foisted terra cotta and white on us. "Roast beef underdone, with a streak of fat, please." It is ever thus.

The tall, obese lady and Dutchy and his spouse thought walking was good enough for them. I breathed a Keating inspiration, untangled my legs, rubbed my bruised ribs, and thighs, and once more thanked Mr. Yerkes for the privilege of being allowed to live. After doing this act seven hundred times a year, it seems commonplace, but isn't it really heroic?

Chicago.

VALENTEA.

A NOSE.

Did I propose to make a nose
Through which perfumes should enter,
A horn-like hole that reached the soul
Should turn upon its center.
Then guarded well from every smell
That might the least offend it,
'Twould open wide to catch the tide
Of fragrance flowers might send it.

A pink or rose by fair hands chose
And smiling, lifted snoutward,
At eve or morn should charm this horn

And draw the *big end* outward.
 But did old cheese ere taint the breeze
 Or glue or garlic whiff it,
 This blushing horn should turn with scorn
 Its *little end* and—sniff it!

Chicago.

A. M. K.

JIM DELANEY.

You ask me for a yarn, my lads; that ain't much in my line,
 But I'll try to spin you something, if you'll let me "pass" on wine;
 It ain't that I'm not partial to the same—and stronger stuff—
 But I reckon, if I know myself, I'd had about enough
 To last me through the rest o' life, and shorten up its span
 Before I hadn't should, by rights, have called myself a man.
 I don't plead "youthful folly," for it weren't no such a thing,
 'Twas love of it—and thirst for it—as had me on their string.
 And I don't go for to preachin' that the stuff is all accurst
 Or as a man is bad right through as has a frequent thirst,
 As long as he can hold hisself, and put the limit on;
 But if he can't (I couldn't, boys,) that man's as good as gone.
 I'd never a' put the brakes on; 'twas Providence did that;
 It do just interfere a bit, and I tell you straight and flat
 The Lord was watchin' of the game and had his say to say
 When Jim Delaney made the pile he looked to make that day.

For understandin' of it, you must know that feller, Jim,
 Had brains enough to do the big; why, such a chap as him
 Might make a fortune once't a year, and never trouble much—
 On'y, you see, he had a thirst, and acted up to such.
 He hadn't time for fortunes—he had only time to drink,
 Him and his thirst was racin', with his thirst ahead, you'd think.
 'Tween drinks, he'd try most everything, and might have done each well
 Ef on'y he'd a' stopped off on the drinking for a spell;
 But thar was all the trouble, an' it kep' poor Jimmy down
 Though he oughter a' been a' drivin' of his kerridge through the town
 Instead o' which he staggered on an' went from worse to worse
 Till kerridges was out o' sight and t'was who'd pay for his hearse.

Poor Jimmy kep' afoot, though, an' always had the price
 Of tangle-foot upon him; but the part that wasn't nice
 For all of us to think on, was his brood o' kids and wife—
 The girl as was a strugglin' for to keep 'em all in life
 A-charrin' and a' washin' and that ere kind o' thing
 An' she too sweet a woman for to give to any king;
 Aud Jim—he felt it awful—and he'd always swear he'd stop
 And brace his resolution with a "last and final" drop;
 Till he kinder got the jim-jams and the doctor told him straight
 As his thirst was agoin' to quench him, if he quenched it at that rate.

Then Jim *did* put a peg in, and he started out for skads,
 (A-makin' of his fortin', if you'll understand me, lads,) .
 But the 'soakin' of the liquor'd kinder softened of his brains
 And he war'nt so good at makin', however he took pains;
 He always seemed to miss it, sort o' by lack of nerve
 And nothin' that he tried at seemed just the thing to serve.
 His wife was kep' from charsin', 'bout this time, through bein' down,
 In hopes—or dread—of addin' to the census of the town;
 The kids was goin' hungry and poor Jim was goin' mad
 When he thought o' keards and bettin', an' other things as bad.
 He put his life upon 'em, and the lives of kids and wife
 And his gamblin' was the durndest, in a town where it was rife;
 He lost an' won, an' lost again, an' just to keep up pluck
 He went to drinkin' worse and worse, the worse as was his luck.
 The doctor kep' a warnin', and Jim, he swore and curst,
 An' the bigger grew his losses, the bigger grew his thirst.

One night his wife just told him, with a scarin' kind o' smile
 As how she thought to leave him—and for quite a longish while;
 The baby was a comin' and she didn't count to stay,
 She was goin'—well, for Jim the place was purty far away.
 He ups and tells his missus, with a queer look in his eye
 As she war'nt a goin to go thar if he knew the reason why;
 She was needin' this and t'other, and the best o' care an' skill,
 An' she'd have 'em, by the Eternal, if he had to move a hill!

He left 'em then, his patient wife and hungry little kids,
 An' made like unloosed lightnin' for that place of Jakey Tidd's,
 (That's Tidd as kep' the faro bank—the tony place, with glass
 And fixins of the finest—run for the “upper class”—
 The upper class in money—and in deviltry—whose game
 Was high enough to break a dook as tackled of the same,)
 Well, them as seen him knows as Jim was reckless as the worst;
 He chucks his deed of house and lot in, fur collat'ral, first
 And won—and won; an' as he won, he clenched his teeth and shook,
 But not a drop to steady him all through the game he took.
 He bet high and he bet higher, an' at last just lets her go,
 And puts his total winnin's on one big and final throw.
 His mouth was twitchin' curus, an' he had a curus stare
 And his face got that queer color, as it give me quite a scare;
 He war'nt in no condition to be playin' fur such stakes
 Without a horn o' whisky for to brace him 'gin the shakes.
 I filled him up a glassful and he stammers out “No—thank”—
 When Tidd he ups an' hollers, “*Jim Delaney's broke the Bank!*”
 Jim makes a grabbin' movement of his hand upon his vest—
 And—boys—you'll just excuse me from describin' of the rest—
 He'd won ten thousand dollars for his kids and for his wife,
 And stopped off drink forever—for his heart had stopped for life,

Ottawa, Ont.

ARTHUR W. GUNDRY.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

DO CRITICS CRITICISE.

Nearly a century has passed since Disraeli, smarting beneath the lash of a stinging criticism, said: "The critics, who are they? They are the men who have failed in literature and art." A little later, Byron was so incensed by the caustic comments of the *Edinburg Review* that he wrote his scathing satire, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," whose venom is deadly even unto this day. In this country when our literature was first coming into prominence, Edgar Allan Poe was an Ishmael in the world of letters because of his literary criticisms, in which he mercilessly exposed the shallowness and artificiality of a throng of poetasters and romancers who were basking in the sunshine of undeserved favor.

Those were the days when criticism was worthy of the name; when an author waited in fear and trembling for the verdict of these censors of the press; when not even the imprint of a great publishing house upon a book could save it from unsparing condemnation if it were unworthy. Is this true to-day? Not in America, at least. We cannot say that our literary criticism shows the same independence, the same fearlessness in exposing and rebuking literary adventurers that characterized the criticism of a bygone

day. We have literary critics of whom we are proud,—Stedman, Hazelton, Howells and Lounsbury,—we claim for them an equal rank with Hazlitt and Arnold, but it is not of these greater lights I speak. These are beyond reproach but the number of books which they find time to notice is comparatively small. The great bulk of literary criticism is done by the rank and file, the men engaged on newspapers and magazines. These notice, in a favorable way or otherwise, every volume that appears; their comments have much to do in determining the sale of a book, and if our criticism of to-day is at fault, to them the blame attaches.

The daily newspaper is the pride—as well as the bane—of our civilization, and to this we may look for a partial idea of what contemporary literary criticism is like. What do we find? A column or two of book reviews, written usually in a perfunctory manner, giving indiscriminate praise to good and bad, and, in general, sounding as if written by the publishers to make the books sell instead of being conscientious efforts to present their merits or demerits. They are written by some member of the staff in "off" hours, who writes to fill his space as soon as possible. Not

having time or ability to give candid consideration to the books and form accurate judgments concerning them, the reviewer usually adopts the method suggested by Balzac, and tries to say something good of each one, reasoning that if he commends a book which others censure, it is simply a proof of his superior insight; while if others agree, his good judgment is confirmed. On some metropolitan journals a man is engaged exclusively for this work, but even in this case the result is little better; one man is required to do the work of a dozen specialists, being expected to have a discriminating taste in *belles lettres*, to be versed in Egyptology, art, theology and history, for all these things he must criticise. Whatever the character of the books, this one man reviews them all, and it would be well nigh a miracle if his judgments were correct in many instances.

That newspaper criticism is not to be depended upon is further shown by the fact that every book, no matter how poorly written or how devoid of merit, is heralded by a list of laudatory press notices from various journals. Surely some of the books published deserve censure, or at least should be passed over in silence; but that without exception they are able to secure a column or two of flattering reviews is proof positive that much of our newspaper criticism is nearly worthless.

In the magazines we find, with some few exceptions, a slighting of literary criticism. The *North American Review* finds politics and sociology more profitable than literature, so books are neglected entirely until they become famous.

The *Forum* publishes a scant page or two of notices, giving scarcely more than the titles of new books and the names of publishers. In the *Century* and *Scribner's* there are no book re-

views whatever. The *Arena* gives considerable space to this department, but its reviews are often strongly partisan. Brander Matthews writes entertainingly of a chosen few books in the *Cosmopolitan*, while Charles Dudley Warner does the same service for *Harper's*. The department headed "Literary Notes" in the latter magazine is misnamed. It should be put in its proper place—among advertisements. It is true that the Messrs. Harper publish many excellent books, which merit the attentions of a good reviewer, but when Mr. Lawrence Hutton writes month after month, never noticing any publication save those of the Harpers', and never mentioning these except to praise, his work differs only in degree from that of the hack who writes soap advertisements. The same remarks apply to the department "Books of the Month" in *Lippincott's*. The *Atlantic* is a notable exception. Its book notices are too brief to be called reviews, but they are excellently well done. Nearly always just, always keen and critical, they spare neither praise nor blame, notice nearly every book which appears, and, what is much to their credit, do not indiscriminately laud the books which are published by their own house.

Of course it may wound the tender sensibilities of the literary aspirant to be told that imitation is not art, that grammar should be given attention as well as rhetoric, and that dreary flatness may be realistic but is not interesting; the telling of these truths, and such as these will probably cause the luckless author to wince, but surely no one will have the hardihood to maintain that reviews should be made favorable to avoid hurting the author's feelings. And this brings up another point: Is it the author who has the first claim upon the reviewer's consideration? Are reviews written primarily to help the author? Do

men who have never written books presume to give instruction in the art? Certainly not.

It is the reader who is to be considered; it is for the reader that the reviewer writes, and his review should fairly present the good and bad qualities of the book in question, should give an idea of the contents as well as the binding, tell of the literary style as well as the price in dollars and cents.

It should be an intelligent criticism. If the book is not the initial attempt of its author, it should be compared with former productions. Supposing it to be a novel with a purpose, in which the author aimed to teach a

lesson as well as tell a story, that fact should be noted, and the design of the book made plain. To disclose the plot—that is unpardonable.

But first and last and all the time, whether reviewing theosophy or poetry, history or fiction, have the courage to denounce a bad book or a worthless one, whether it comes from the house of a great publisher, or bears the name of a famous author or not. Remember that people will help decide whether or no to buy the book by what you say of it; if it be worthy, invite your fellow men to the reading with right good will; if not, you fail in your duty if you do not show the danger signal.

WHITTIER AND TENNYSON.

Within a brief space the English-speaking world has been called upon to mourn the passing away of two men—one in Old England and one in New England—in whose lives there was at once a striking similarity and an essential difference. The Quaker poet of Massachusetts was born in 1807; the poet laureate of England first saw the light in 1809, and they died within a few weeks of each other. Using a common language, they appealed to entirely different constituencies, although the American was perhaps as widely read in England as the Englishman was in the United States.

The contrast of birth, education and surroundings could not be more marked than between these two poets. John Greenleaf Whittier was born on a New England farm, of Quaker parentage, and was educated in the strictest principles of that estimable, if narrow-minded sect. To his dying day he used "Thee" and "Thou" in his correspondence and conversation. He worked on a farm and as a shoemaker, then became editor of various unimport-

ant newspapers, served a couple of terms in the Massachusetts legislature, joined his fortunes with the anti-slavery party in the days when it cost something to do so, and edited an abolitionist organ. Fifty years ago, he returned to his Massachusetts home, where he spent the remainder of his life upon a farm.

Whittier began versifying at an early age, and continued writing until the last. His "*Mogg Megone*," which a recent English writer undertook to class with "*Hiawatha*," was written in 1835; the "*Bridal of Pennacook*" in 1848; "*Legendary Poems*" in 1846. Hatred of slaveholding inspired the "*Voices of Freedom*," which appeared in magazines and newspapers between 1833 and 1848. In 1857, in 1869 and in 1876 Mr. Whittier issued collections of his poems. He was a tireless worker, and all through the anti-slavery agitation, and during the civil war his voice rang out in denunciation of wrong, and in demand that right should be done. Mr. Whittier never married.

Alfred Tennyson represented the other side of the social scale. His father was a beneficed clergyman of the established church of England, not wealthy, but of aristocratic connections and ideas, and a man of considerable scholarship. The boy was educated in a country parsonage, where everything in the atmosphere was Tory of the true-blue stripe. He was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, where Byron was sent before him, and there distinguished himself by carrying off the chancellor's medal at the age of twenty. He was awarded this for a poem in blank verse called "Timbuctoo," and very blank verse it was. In connection with his brother he published a small volume of poems, which fell still-born from the press, and at the age of twenty-one he gave to the world his "Poems—Chiefly Lyrical," which created little stir at the time.

For twelve years the public heard nothing of Tennyson, who after leaving the university lived in retirement and almost obscurity. But in 1842 he burst upon the world with two volumes of poems, the fruit of his long seclusion, which at once placed him at the head of English poets. These volumes included "Locksley Hall," "The Talking Oak," "Dora" and "Morte d' Arthur." He followed with "The Princess," the lyrics of which made his fame, and in 1849 came "In Memoriam," written as a tribute to his college friend, Arthur Hallam, son of the historian. In 1850, on the death of Wordsworth, Tennyson was made poet laureate. He paid for this with his "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," and the dedication of his *Arthurian Legends* to Queen Victoria.

Mr. Tennyson's greatest period began in 1859 (he issued "Maud" in 1855) when he gave forth the first of his "Idyls of the King." These were

not completed until 1873, and then the poet turned his attention to the drama with partial success. In 1883 he was made a peer. His later work reflected little credit upon his genius, and might well be blotted out. Tennyson lived a retired life, saw very little society, was a poor conversationalist, brusque in his manner, and painfully shy. He married at the age of forty, and his family relations were of the pleasantest character.

The lives of these two men were as like and unlike as their works. The quiet bachelor Quaker felt that he had a mission, and that was to extirpate slavery. Had he not been a professed man of peace he would have fought to put down the evil. His nearest approach to the sublime indeed is his "Ichabod," written when Webster voted for the Fugitive Slave law, and his anti-slavery songs reach the high-water mark of his poetry. Even in "Snow-bound" he never attained to the height of Longfellow in dealing with nature. His more ambitious poems most thoroughly demonstrate his weakness; his strength is shown in such minor works as "Massachusetts to Virginia," "The Slave Ship," "Chicago," and the "Battle Autumn." "Barbara Frietchie" and "Maud Muller" are in every book of selections, and there is not an English nonconformist hymn book but includes several of Whittier's hymns. He caught the true spirit of Luther's "Ein Feste Burg Ist Unser Gott," and made a grand paraphrase of it, and if anybody can forget his "Barefoot Boy," it is because they never were boys themselves. But to rank Whittier as a poet with Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell and Poe, as the London *Times'* necrologist did the other day, is more than we should feel justified in doing.

Tennyson is still the poet of the time. That is to say, the Tennyson of thirty to forty years ago has lost nothing in

the judgment of the people, whatever new gods the critics may have adopted. The poet of the scholar in an equal degree with Keats and Shelley, he yet with his lyrics comes as near to the hearts of mankind as Burns did. The Browning cult exists; some people have read William Morris' "Earthly Paradise," or parts of it; Swinburne's rhythmic lines have thousands of admirers; Wordsworth's sonnets will live for all time, and Byron, with all his crudities of rhyme and imperfections of manner, can never die. But of all the poets of the nineteenth century, in depth of poetic feeling and lyrical expression, Tennyson stands easily first. He can rank with Byron, Keats and Shelley in the one quality as in the other. If he wrote some rubbish in his latest days, it may be forgiven to the creator of "In Memoriam," that sublimation of Paganism; to the epic poet who evolved the "Idyls of the King" and built from rude tradition a story as dainty as the "Midsummer Night's Dream"; to the lyrist whose liquid verse once heard is never forgotten.

We have grouped in this brief sketch the names of two men who consecrated their lives to poetic creation. It is no detraction to Whittier to say he did not possess the poetic fervor which illumined the lines traced by Tennyson. It is not unfair to the Poet Laureate to point out that he wanted something which the simple Quaker possessed, the love of his fellow man as a man. To Tennyson, man was either capable of idealization and to be idealized, or was an inartistic and impossible brute to be denounced or rejected. To Whittier the slave in the swamp, the toiler in the workshop, the long-imprisoned debtor in jail were all men and brothers. It was his depth of human sympathy and his faculty of expressing it in homely verse that found him a home in the

popular heart. The American people will not soon let Whittier pass out of their hearts and minds.

But in Tennyson this popularizing element was wanting. The extreme beauty of his exquisite lyrics appealed to all with an ear for music. His "Idyls" captivated scholars. But in all there was something wanting, and the man who reads and rereads "In Memoriam," realizes what that something is. It is impossible to awaken a living faith in a gospel of negation—deniers of belief cannot formulate a creed. Years ago, Joseph Rodman Drake wrote a lovely poem, "The Culpit Fay," faultless in its versification and pleasing to the ear. But it never enlisted the sympathies of the public, for it dealt with intangibilities, and possessed no element of human interest. Burns commanded and commands to-day the love and respect of millions to whom, by reason of his dialect vehicle, much is lost, simply because he lived and loved and suffered. His infinite sympathy with humanity made him a poet. Whittier shared this sympathy, but lacked the divine fire. He lacked also, as might have been expected from his birth and surroundings, the quality of humor in which the Scottish bard shone so much. The same is true as to Tennyson. In no line of his can anything approaching humor be found, and this, to the average reader, is a great drawback. One of the kindest humorists the world ever knew, whose own sad life was devoted to brightening the lives of others by his merry jests, wrote some things—too few, alas! which marked him as a true poet. That was Thomas Hood, and he who has read the "Lines to Inez," will agree with this. But Whittier and Tennyson, alike in so many things, and unlike in so many more, were equally destitute of the quality of humor.

A LONG FELT WANT.

There are many of them in this country, more especially in the large cities. It is our intention from time to time to call attention to the most striking and necessary wants. The rapid increase in population in Chicago, New York and other large cities has not been met with corresponding increase in transportation facilities. The consequence therefore, is over crowded cars. This unfortunate condition is not characteristic of any city or of any particular line of street cars, elevated or railroads. During the morning and evening hours all roads are over-crowded. The exception is rare and a sign of degeneration of the city or the direction in which the line of railway runs. For various reasons it has become a habit with most men to read the morning and evening newspapers on their way to and from their place of business and residence. The number of persons that persist in this habit make up the large majority of newspaper buyers. A close observer cannot fail to notice, as the line of railroad gets more and more crowded, the diminution of newspaper readers. And if he is interested enough and follows up his observations by investigation the deplorable fact will become patent that many such persons cease to be newspaper purchasers at all, and indeed cease to read papers. Without doubt sufficient good reasons could be given why men and women cannot or will not read at their homes or in their places of employment. Indeed the reasons are so obvious in many

instances that there seems little necessity of enlarging on the bare statement—that crowded cars have a tendency to decrease newspaper purchasers and therefore readers. That such a thing is a deplorable fact outside and beyond the pecuniary loss to newspaper proprietors and the collateral interests, goes without saying. To advocate more cars and better rapid transit is easy but impracticable.

There is, however, an easier and quicker remedy for the evil. And the first newspaper man who adopts it will be a great financial gainer, besides becoming a public benefactor. Let the leading daily and evening paper fold their sheets so that the size will not be greater than twelve by nine inches, which is the size of the Chicago *Herald* and *Tribune*, and New York *Sun* and *World*, with two folds more than their present size. It is not possible to reach an ideal by one fell swoop, therefore we say, begin by making the size eighteen by twelve inches, which is only one fold more of the above mentioned sheets. A paper of that size can be handled without damaging your neighbor's countenance with your elbows, or destroying the sheet in folding. Even while standing up it can be perused with comparative safety and comfort. The sheets of to-day are as unwieldy and as much behind the requirements of the age as were the blanket sheets of quarter of a century ago, all of which have gone. Give us small newspapers.

GLIMPSES.

"He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book."

It has long been the opinion of a certain proportion of Mr. Henry James' readers that Tantalus, if he were doomed once more to revisit earth and its tortures, would infinitely prefer the eagle pecking at his vitals to the everlasting withdrawal of hopes so illusively painted as in the majority of Mr. James' stories. These criticisms have been made long ago; they have been often repeated; their substance is that in the stories of this tantalizing person, nothing climaxical is ever allowed to happen; that everything is an analysis of motives for doing things that are never described; and finally, that the door to the real location of the word "Finis" is invariably, though very suavely, shut in the reader's face. That these objections have become standing ones is entirely this author's fault; he refuses utterly to descend from the pedestal whence he proclaims "This is art!" and his refusal to do so has at times become wearisome even to his greatest admirers. For, that in spite of (or is it because of?) his manner of presupposing an instinctive eye to the artistic, the quietistic, in his reader, Mr. James continues to hold among the discriminating the position of perhaps the foremost short-story writer in the English language, is not to be denied. No one will attempt to prove that in the sketching of character, in the understanding of the subtleties of the modern character as found in the higher air of civilization, Mr. James has any equal; but neither will any one assert that this constitutes a good short story. In that charming essay of Brander Matthews' "The Philosophy

of the Short-Story," Mr. James' mistaken manner is perhaps most accurately summed up in the accusation that he fails to see the difference between a sketch and a story; he gives his stories all the essentials but the most important; he gives compression, ingenuity, form, style, but never, or so rarely as to be easily forgotten, is there any action.

It is in the artistic sketching of mental episodes that Mr. Henry James undoubtedly excels all his contemporaries. Even those who rail at Mr. James' denationalization, and refuse to read a man "who satirizes his country," must allow that there is no other American possessed of so much sheer art. The pity is that he abuses it so often; plays with his audience, like a clown who "gags" the front rows. Take his last effort but one; a story in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, entitled "Collaboration." There never was a more flagrant exhibition of all his faults! Reading it one wonders how the man who wrote such gems as "The Lesson of the Master" or "A Bundle of Letters," could find it in his heart to throw such a wet blanket in the public's face. One grows pessimistic in the mere recalling of that sketch. It is a very lifting up of the spirit to turn from that to his latest sketch, "Greenville Fane." It is not to be considered, under the strict ruling of the authorities in such matters, as a short story; it is a sketch, an impression of life, a vivid insight into character. The picture of this placid literary hack; this imperturbable woman, dense to her own stupidity, who day after day, year after

year, ground out "high-life" novels in order that her son and daughter might luxuriate and be "somebodies," this is painted with a skill that deserves only the highest praise. One knows just the sort of book that Greville Fane has been in the habit of perpetrating; and one knows, also, innumerable readers, even on this side the water, who revel in just that sort of thing, the lives of people of imaginary fashion, the loves of duchesses, and the description of unheard-of finery. This industrious author wrote, and sold, remember that! sold, fiction after fiction; but she never succeeded in writing a sentence that was destined to live. Her daughter married an impecunious Lord; that was one of her rewards; this same daughter suffered her mother's "inky fingers to press an occasional bank-note into her palm." As for the son, he illustrates the mother's character admirably; she trains him up to be her successor; he is to go out into the real brunt of life and bring her his impressions; he only succeeds, though his mother is happily blind to that up to the day of her death, in living a life full of experiences such as fiction usually keeps clear of, and which Greville Fane's fashionable tinsel could never be employed on. Beyond the fact of Greville Fane's pen-proclivities, she is a perfect type of a large class; "she adored the aristocracy, they constituted, for her, the romance of existence." Mr. James' satire is delicious in his description of this novelist's work and intentions, in his hinting at the manner of her success, and how well a certain public liked that sort of thing. She knew that mere "form" was a matter of no moment to the public; made no pretence of producing works of art, and confessed herself a common pastry cook, her stock consisting of the loves of duchesses, moral and immoral, of fashionable beauties, temptations, revenges and such like

impossibilities. In return, apart from the money, she has the satisfaction of a daughter who despises her, whose taste she offends; in fact, a pair of children who gaze upon her vulgarity and mentally ask: "Why should she be so—so fearfully so—when she has the advantage of our society?" So she finally passes away, with her fine blindness unimpaired, as Mr. James deftly puts it; her children quarrel about the poor literary remains that outlive her; her son, he whom she would have trained to the career of a novelist, persisting in living out for himself the answer to a question he had been blandly putting to fellow-fictionists, a question that demanded regretfully whether the usual pruderies must still be observed, whether some writer might not go a little farther than the bounds usually allotted? It is a strong sketch, one of Mr. James' very strongest; his admirers cannot afford to miss it; his enemies will find hardly any of his usual disfigurements in "Greville Fane."

* * * *

The discussion of Mr. James' work leads one naturally to a momentary consideration of the very pleasant changes that have come over the popularity of the book full of short stories within the past twelve months; in the point of art, American short stories have always stood very high up the ladder, but in point of selling properties, their success is of comparatively recent date. So lately as 1890 Mr. T. W. Higginson bewailed the lucklessness that had befallen such an excellent collection as Mr. Stockton's "The Lady or The Tiger, etc.," and remarked that this sort of book was perfectly without hope. To-day, whether for the moment or not is matter for the future to bring forth, there is no more salable book than a collection of short stories. It is probable that Richard Harding Davis' "Gal-

legher and Others" first started the reading public on its way to appreciate the beauties of this class of literature; certainly the increased sale of short stories in general would seem to date from about the publication of that volume. There is nothing in American letters that has been brought to greater perfection than the short story; so that in the perpetuation of this perfecting it is to be hoped the public will continue, in its material way, to aid. True it is that there has been a perfect deluge of this sort of fiction poured upon the book-counters, lately, and a surfeit may put distaste in the public's mouth again.

But, with ever so much of distaste in the public's mind, with ever so jaded an appetite among readers, there is one collection of idyls lately put forth again, that is of a nature to woo from the lips of a Schopenhauer, the murmur, "Verily, life is beautiful, and the world is full of pleasant places!" They are put forth "again," though one is safe in assuming that to the general, they have never yet been introduced, these "South-Sea Idyls" of Charles Warren Stoddard's, that exquisite, epicurean dreamer, that fountain of ever-springing youth, that painter of ideal landscapes. Turning from the fog-dimmed atmosphere in which Mr. James' characters move, leaving London for Lahaina, the Thames for Tahiti, is like issuing from a smoke-laden attic to the "land where bloom the citrons" of the German writer. These perfect sketches of tropical life, tropical scenery, character and indolent luxury, were published first in 1873, on the eve of the great panic, and were so swallowed up in oblivion. This much we learn from the delicate, charming introduction by W. D. Howells—that introduction wherein he refers to these idyls as the "lightest, sweetest, wildest, freshest things that ever were written about the life of that sum-

mer ocean." It is easy to see how valuable such praise is coming from a man whose natural inclination towards, and admiration of realism is so great. There is no manner of doubt that to the majority of those reading this, the name of Charles Warren Stoddard is absolutely unfamiliar; the present writer has only by great good fortune himself escaped that fate, and "Kahale's Fore-ordination" has long been a well-beloved and much-bethumbed page. For, to tell the truth, Mr. Stoddard's book has been completely hidden for all these years, and the newer literature has not seen his name; the "Idyls" come now to be considered as an entirely new book.

There are seventeen of these charming Idyls, and the picture they present of that tropic clime, with its sudden storms, its magnificent calms, its languid heat, its free, natural, splendidly barbaric natives, brown of skin but white of civilization's taint—all that dwells in the mind's eye like something infinitely soothing, delicious and fragrant. There is such a delightfully youthful personality shown throughout these pages, too; the writer proves himself to be so much of an unspoilt nature, a character that has little of civilization's blurred naturalness, but very much of its finer humor. His style is like nothing else at all; it may be that Robert Louis Stevenson's style is somewhat like this; but, for the perfect description of those South Sea islands, their land and water-scapes, and their people, one can fancy no lighter, more tender, more appropriate touch. Listen to this description of a calm following a terrible hurricane:

"Such a flat, oily sea as it was then! So transparent that we saw great fish swimming about, full fathoms five under us. A monstrous shark drifted lazily past, his dorsal fin now and then cutting the surface like a knife, and glistening like polished steel, his brace

of pilot-fish darting hither and thither, striped like little one-legged harlequins.

"Flat headed gonies sat high on the water, piping their querulous note as they tugged at something edible, a dozen of them entering into the domestic difficulty; one after another would desert the cause, run a little way over the sea to get a good start, leap heavily into the air, sail about for a few minutes, and then drop back on the sea, feet foremost, and skate for a yard or two, making a white mark and a pleasant sound as it slid over the water.

"The exquisite nautilus floated past us, with its gauzy sail set, looking like a thin slice out of a soap bubble; the strange anemone laid its pale, sensitive petals on the lips of the waves, and panted in ecstasy; the petrel rocked softly, swinging her idle canvas in the sun * * * Down went the swarthy sun into his tent of clouds; the waves were of amber; the fervid sky was flushed; it looked as if something splendid were about to happen up there, and that it could hardly keep the secret much longer. Then came the purplest twilight; and then the sky blossomed all over with the biggest, ripest, goldenest stars—such stars as hang like fruits in sun-fed orchards; such stars as lay a track of fire in the sea; such stars as rise and set over mountains and beyond low green capes, like young moons, every one of them; and I conjured up my spells of savage enchantment, my blessed islands, my reefs baptized with silver spray; I saw the broad fan-leaves of the banana droop in the motionless air, and through the tropical night the palms aspired heavenward, while I lay dreaming my sea-dream in the cradle of the deep."

Where is there more delightful prose than that? There are three men, Robert Louis Stevenson, Lafcadio Hearn, and Charles Warren Stoddard, who

have written of these tropic lands; it is doubtful if there is anywhere in all those writings a more glowing passage than that. And of such pages, the book is composed. But that is mere description; there is humor, too; kindly, fanciful humor, that observes the beauties of barbarism, and loves them. In "Chumming with a Savage" there is a most delightful savage, Kana-ana; he meets Mr. Stoddard, points to his hut, and says: "There is your home and mine;" they are as brothers together, until the prodigal returns to civilization; even then the love between them dies not, and Kana-ana is made to visit and taste of civilization, but after that the great nostalgia of barbarism comes over him, and he flies again to the South, there to die, miserable, because he can never forget the knowledge that his visit to the great world had cursed him with. There are certain people, people who hold beautiful office-built theories concerning the education of the savage and the peasant; these people would do infinitely well to read "Chumming with a Savage."

* * * *

Then there is "Joe of Lahaina," Joe the scapegrace, Joe the irreverent, Joe the mendacious; and then that later Joe, "poor, dear, terrible cobra," a leper, dying piecemeal. His dreadful face, almost as fascinating as a cobra's in its hideousness, becomes a horribly vivid picture; one leaves him, singing, waiting to say "good-night," sitting and singing in the mouth of his grave—clothed all in Death. From the sadness of that closing glimpse, one turns gladly to the blithe and unpunished rascality of Kahele, the two-sided, the chameleon, whose character and disposition partook so easily and delightfully of the color of his surroundings; who was pious to the tune of the church bell, yet agile as any dancer of the lascivious *HULA*. This genial

young barbarian, who accompanies the author to so many picturesque corners of the South Sea islands, and finally follows him to the States, preying upon him, is one of the most unconventionally charming memories of the book. He is such a plausible scoundrel; so airily wicked; so fantastically demure! In the end "he went, therefore, to the devil; that the words of the prophet might be fulfilled," but the author grieves not, for he still has the experience and the impression.

Although they are in the form of idyls, many of these sketches are really short stories of the strongest kind; only there is so much fascinating descriptive language, and the tragedy or comedy is so deft that one gets chiefly an impression of the picture rather than the event. But where, in the choruses of Euripides, is there a more majestic recital than that story of the pearl-fisher, Hua Manu, who, to save the author from death by thirst, severed an artery in his wrist, and so allowed the white man to drain thence the life-blood? He laid down his life for his friend, and there is nothing greater in the world.

To do these idyls true justice, demands an entire essay; here it is enough to say that no volume lately published is capable of completely charming so many different classes of readers; there are pictures of South Sea life unsurpassed in beauty: there is humorous character description and a general balmy air of savory, melodious, fascinating life under tropic skies. For a dweller in cities who wants to travel south awhile, with the most delightful companion in the world, here are the South Sea Idyls! There has been nothing like them. The only approach has been made by Barry Pain, the young Englishman who is now the idol of the London elect. His prose is simplicity brought to perfection; Mr. Stoddard's is simplicity naturally flow-

ing in perfection. As between Art and Nature, there are few more instructive contrasts to be imagined than "Stories and Interludes" and "South Sea Idyls."

* * * *

Walter Besant always does fiction that deserves notice with the best, and his newest volume, "Verbena Camelia Stephanotis," is very readable. The title-story is merely pretty; there is a sweet girl in it, of the kind one looks for rather in vain in real life. The longest story in the book, "The Doubts of Dives," is cleverly worked up, though a trifle long spun out. The idea is as old as good ideas usually are; readers who remember Gautier's "Avatar," will not need a further explanation. Two young men change bodies, that is all. One is very rich and energetic; the other poor, indolent, and given to producing light literature. After the change, there are, of course, the most ludicrous predicaments; the love interests get frightfully mixed up; in the end—but then that would not be fair to Mr. Besant. The last story in the volume is Mr. Besant's reply to Ibsen's "Doll's House," and was much talked of in London when first published. There is a certain prettiness; a repetition of the word "Consider," used as an introduction, that one is sure to find in anything Mr. Besant may write; they are not wanting here.

* * * *

A very different sort of author is Dr. Conan Doyle, whose "Micah Clarke" fared so well. His "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" have been finding a delighted audience in the readers of the *Strand* magazine; now, in book form, they make a collection of curious cases of the most superior literary excellence. They are tales of the unraveling of queer cases, not always criminal, but invariably extraordinary. The skill of reasoning and deduction that this private detective, Sherlock

Holmes, brings to bear upon these cases, is wonderful. After reading such a wholesome, healthy lot of adventures, one wonders how such utter rubbish as Grant Allen's "The Pot Boiler" ever got into so prominent an English magazine as *Longman's*. It is very rightly named. If there is no better short-story manuscript to be had in England than this splotch of ink, a few more Americans ought to move there.

Those few persons who buy poetry will find two delightful volumes of recent issue, Clinton Scollard's "Songs of Sunrise Land," and the collected verses of Frank L. Stanton. These latter are from newspapers in various parts of the country; the verses have long been scrap-book favorites of the people, both in the early days when

Mr. Stanton was on the *Tribune* of Rome (Ga.), and now that his verse appears, for the most part, in the *Atlanta Constitution*. When one has read the volumes enumerated in this column, has got a weather-eye open for the procuring of the new edition, profusely illustrated by McVickar, of "Daisy Miller," that much abused, but very true book; has prepared one's self to like Ambrose Bierce's forthcoming book, and expressed a regret that Richard Harding Davis has not fictionized of late, one may satisfy the conscience with the knowledge that one is fairly *au fait* in what yesterday and the day before has brought forth in a scribbling way.

Chicago. J. PERCIVAL POLLARD.

MERCANTILE NOTES.

THE HARP.

There are tides in art, as in other "affairs of men." It was a high spring tide for the Harp, when, in 1810, the great Sebastian Erard superseded the clumsy hook mechanism by the invention of the wonderful fork mechanism of his Grand Double-action Harp. Bochs in technique, Alvars in classical composition, arose, the two great virtuosi of the Erard Harp. Since they died, the absence of any really great harpist has produced an ebb tide in the popularity of the Harp. But its innate beauty and charm can never escape the notice of our cultured public of to-day. Already the tide has turned, and is rising high. America has adopted the harp and its success is assured; it will be the fairest exhibit at the World's Fair. Messrs. Lyon & Healy of Chicago have made remarkable improvements in its internal mechanism and general construction. A regulating screw, of equally wonderful efficiency and simplicity, invented—among other improvements—by J. A. Rath of Jackson, Mich. has solved, at last, the great problem how to resist

the effects of wear on the harp, in disordering the delicate fork mechanism and producing false semitones and jarring notes. The Patent Rath Screw is a great boon to the harpist, being cheaply applicable to old and new harps of every make, and easily worked by any one. Simultaneously with these improvements, good European harpists have come to reside in America; among them Signor Fabiani, a brilliant composer, performer and a thorough pioneer in teaching on a rapid, condensed method of his own. Amateurs who have been deterred from learning this Queen of Instruments by the troublesome breakage of strings, will be glad to hear that a great change in their manufacture is in progress. All points to the opening of a new era for the harp, in which America will take the lead; when banjos and mandolins will be deserted in favor of that regal, long-descended instrument, which alone has been man's companion and solace from the earliest antediluvian ages, and alone is destined, we are told, to accompany his pæans of joy in the Regions of the Blest.

BE CLEAN.

When we get that Experimental Farm we have before alluded to, we must have a bathroom of ample dimensions if we have to remodel the old dwelling. While this is being done we shall buy two portable bathtubs, one for the family and the other for the hired men. Farm work, some of it, is dirty work, but this is not a good reason for a farmer being uncleanly in his person. The farmer who expects his men to be clean should provide bathing facilities. A bath and change of clothing when the day's work is done will rest and refresh the body, induce sound sleep and add immensely to one's self respect. See advertisement on page 5.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

A NEW WAY TO OBTAIN AN EDUCATION.

There are doubtless very many young people who want to improve their position and prospects in life, and who have the ambition and ability to make good use of any opportunity that might be offered them, but who are in such circumstances that the expenditure of the necessary amount for scholarships and board is an obstacle not easily overcome. To any right-minded young person the offer of a

year's tuition in any institution in the West will doubtless be the most acceptable that could be made. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we call attention to the offer made by Messrs. Boyden & Carter, 358 Dearborn street, on another page, and advise every interested person to write them for full particulars, which will be gladly given.

IMPERIAL GRANUM.

"For over thirty years the Imperial Granum has been the leading prepared food of this country, and it has acquired the reputation of being safe, and always uniform and reliable. During this long period of years its sales and popularity have constantly increased, and it is recommended by the most eminent physicians throughout the length and breadth of the land. At no time have the sales increased more rapidly than during the present year, nor has it ever seemed to give more universal satisfaction; and it is an undeniable fact that during the time that the Imperial Granum has been manufactured as a food for children and invalids, it has saved thousands of lives, not only of children, but of delicate, infirm and aged persons, who have required and sought nourishing and strengthening diet; and it has often proved the only food the stomach would tolerate when life seemed depending on its retention; thus it will have satisfactory results in nutrition far into the future, because it is based on merit and proven success in the past."

"The good old Quaker house of John Carle & Sons, established in 1817, whose store at the corner of Water street and Maiden Lane is one of the landmarks of New York, and whose reputation for pure drugs is as solid as the island itself, have been the shipping agents for the Imperial Granum ever since its first introduction into this country, and they write as follows: 'We recommend the Imperial Granum in the strongest terms, having sold it for over thirty years, and having used it in our own families with such good results, that we feel we cannot say too much in its favor.'"

The Imperial Granum is sold by druggists everywhere.

THE HISTORY OF A MONTH.

SEPTEMBER 15 TO OCTOBER 15, 1892.

SEPTEMBER 16.—First Columbus celebration in New York City; Laying corner stone of memorial monument to Christopher Columbus by Mayor Grant and Archbishop Corrigan. *

* * The Dominion Trades Congress in session at Toronto, Ont., decides to petition the Dominion government to submit to the people of Canada for decision by popular vote, the question of the retention of the colonial status, imperial federation, independence and annexation. * * *

The Spanish government at Madrid declares quarantine against New York; all vessels arriving at Spanish ports detained. *

* * Cardinal Edward Howard died at Brighton, England, of pneumonia. *

* * * Ex-Gov. Thomas H. Watts died at Montgomery, Ala.; Attorney-General in the Confederate cabinet, and Governor of Alabama during the civil war.

SEPTEMBER 17.—International Oriental Congress of Paris. * * * Ex-Judge Nathaniel C. Moak died at Albany, N. Y., aged 60 years; compiled and published "Moak's English Reports," Moak's English Digest," etc., etc. * * * Ireland released from coercion by John Morley. * * * Sicily terrorized by brigands.

SEPTEMBER 18.—Richmond selected for Jefferson Davis' monument by committee of confederate veterans.

SEPTEMBER 19.—M. Delatre dies at Paris; largest owner of race horses in France. * * * Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd-Fellows assembles at Portland, Ore.

SEPTEMBER 20.—Grand parade and review of G. A. R. at Washington, D. C. * * * Rockaway Beach wiped out by fire; estimated loss \$500,000. * * * The Czar of Russia retires General Dragomiroff, the Molke of the Russian army.

SEPTEMBER 21.—*The International Grain and Stock Board* incorporated; capital \$100,000; branch offices in Canada and Europe. * * * Ar-

ticles of incorporation of the Elevated Terminal Railway of Chicago filed at Springfield; Alley "L," Lake street "L" and Metropolitan "L" to unite in a down-town loop; capital \$7,500,000; Walter C. Gunn, John H. Miller, Andrew Gillespie, Paul Brown and William G. Adams incorporators; real organizers, Messrs. Underwood and Green. * * * *The Pan-Presbyterian Alliance Council* opened session at Toronto, Ont.; 315 delegates representing 3,603,209 communicants, 78 branches of the church, and 30 nationalities. * * * Chinamen decide to obey the Six Companies' edict; will ignore the certificate law in toto.

SEPTEMBER 22.—Captain A. G. Weissert, of Milwaukee, Wis., chosen at Washington, D. C., Commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., succeeds Gen. Palmer; Capt. J. M. Pipes, department of Potomac, elected senior vice-commander. * * * The Duke of Sutherland dies at Dunrobin Castle.

SEPTEMBER 23. — Major-General John Pope died at Sandusky, O., aged 69 years. * * * Judge William Sherwood, of Common Pleas Court, died at Cleveland, O. * * * Gideon C. Hixon died at La Crosse, Wis.; formerly president La Crosse National Bank.

SEPTEMBER 24.—Bandmaster P. S. Gilmore died in St. Louis, Mo., aged 63 years. * * * J. H. Wickes, president Millionaire Wickes Refrigerator Co., Rochester, N. Y., died at Detroit, Mich.

SEPTEMBER 25.—General James W. Husted died at Peekskill, N. Y., aged 59 years. * * * Sir William Johnston Ritchie, Chief-Justice of Supreme Court of Canada, died at Ottawa, Ont., aged 79 years. * * * Edmund Johnson removed from the consulate at Keil, Germany; false representations and fraudulent practices charged.

SEPTEMBER 26.—Leong Yeo captured in Detroit; investigation proves him a highbinder; sensation international thus developed; work of Special Treasury Agent Whitehead. * * * The British government demands explanation from Russia for seizure of Canadian sealers, in response to demand from the Dominion government; to dispatch a man-of-war to Vladivostok, Siberia. * * * Baron Fava, Italian minister, arrives at New York.

SEPTEMBER 27.—W. P. Canaday, of North Carolina, formerly Sergeant-at-Arms of the U. S. Senate, commits suicide by shooting at Washington, D. C. * * * Wm. M. Richards, of New York City, dies there aged 74 years; President of the Fidelity and Casualty Insurance Company and Director of the Continental Insurance Company. * * * James S. Buck, the pioneer historian of Milwaukee, Wis., dies in that city, aged 80 years. * * * Grover Cleveland formally accepts the Democratic nomination for U. S. President. * * * George Franklin Comstock, ex-chief judge of the Court of Appeals, dies in Syracuse, N. Y., aged 81 years.

SEPTEMBER 28.—Nancy Hanks beats all records at Terre Haute, Ind.; trots a mile in 2.04. * * * Steamer *H. M. Whitney*, Metropolitan line, plying between New York and Boston, in collision with steamship *Ottoman*, of Warren line, and sunk in Boston harbor. * * * Port of Colon, U. S. of Colombia, closed to U. S. steamers. * * * Chas. F. Potter, U. S. Division Engineer, died at Omaha, aged 35 years. * * * Ex-Judge Theodore W. Barnett, of Indiana, died in N. Y. City, aged 84 years.

SEPTEMBER 29.—Formal dedication of Chicago's new playhouse—*Schiller*. * * * Mascot, the Buffalo pacer, wins a race heat in 2.04 at Terre Haute, Ind. * * * Ald. Stuart Knill elected Lord Mayor of London; custom violated; Catholic then chosen. * * * Charlie Kee, a Chinese resident of Chicago, the first Chinaman to register; defies the Six Companies' edict. * * * Rev. R. H. Allen, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Missions for Freedmen, died at Pittsburg, Pa., aged 71 years. * * * Wah Ngock Lee naturalized at Augusta, Me.; came to this country 1873; first Chinaman to receive citizenship there.

SEPTEMBER 30.—Lord (?) Walter S. Beresford, English forger, sentenced at Rome, Ga., to six years hard labor in the penitentiary. * * * Gen. Carl Muller, last surviving German officer who took part in the battle of Waterloo, died in Hanover, aged 99 years. * * * Consular appointments made; Orlando H. Baker of Iowa, consul at Copenhagen; Ransom F. McCrillis of Mass., at Denia; John H. Drake of So. Dak., at Kehl; John C. Sundberg of Cal., at Bagdad; A. H. Lowrie of Illinois, commercial agent at Friedburg; John P. Eirich of Ohio, commercial agent at St. Pierre; Jasper Smith of District of Columbia, commercial agent at Turin.

* * * The Queen of Siam appoints Linchee Suriya, wife of the Secretary of Siamese Legation at Berlin, to prepare exhibit from Siam.

OCTOBER 1.—Hiram Atkins, editor of the *Argus & Patriot*, dies at Montpelier, Vt., aged 85 years. * * * "Aunt Mary Tyler," colored, dies at Keokuk, Ia., supposed age 109 years; claims to have been 13 years old at the close of the Revolution; was born a slave in Georgia and freed by the Emancipation Proclamation at Memphis, Tenn. * * * Hector Jonathan Cremieux, well known French dramatic author commits suicide in Paris, was born 1828. * * * John J. Fitzgibbons, President of the *Calumet National Bank* of South Chicago, dies of hemorrhage, aged 55 years. * *

* Sebastian (Charles) Girard, the French painter, dies in his 74th year, was decorated with the Legion of Honor in 1847. * * * Capt. John F. Joyce, an old retired lake captain, dies at Grand Haven, Mich.; had sailed for thirty years, and was known from one end of Lake Michigan to the other. * * * Modric Lizenby, aged 100 years, fell dead in Winamac, Ind., while enjoying a hearty laugh. * * * Opening day at the New University of Chicago. * * * Encyclical letter from Pope Leo XIII, read in all Catholic churches through the United States.

OCTOBER 2.—Frank Cooley, leader of the notorious Cooley gang of outlaws of Western Pa., shot and killed by Sheriff McCormick at Pittsburg, Pa. * * * Ernest Renan, author of "the most pure French literature," passes quietly away in Paris, France; his body to be laid in the Pantheon by the side of Voltaire, Rousseau and

Hugo. * * * Maj. Henry Gaines dies in his 75th year at Saratoga, N. Y.; was a native of Maine and veteran of the Mexican war.

OCTOBER 3.—Edward S. Dann, the bank wrecker dies in prison in Buffalo, N. Y.; sixteen indictments for grand larceny and forgery were found against him. * * * 12,000 acres found to have been erroneously patented to the State of Michigan for railroad purposes from Little Bay de Noque to Marquette have been ordered by Secretary Noble to be thrown open. * * * The Steam Ship *Alliancia*, of the U. S. and Brazil Mail line sails from New York; the first mail steamer to Argentine. * * * The Pope gives audience to Herr von Bulow, the new Prussian Minister to the Vatican; succeeds Herr Schloezer. * * * Prince Pedro of Coburg-Kohary becomes insane in presence of his family and tries to leap from a window of the Coburg palace. * * * Emperor Francis Joseph receives the members of the Austrian and Hungarian delegation in the throne room of the Kiral Palota. * * * Terra cotta and white adopted by local committee as the municipal colors of Chicago. * * * Cary-Ogden paint works in Chicago destroyed by fire; total loss for the insurance companies: \$98,000 on building and stock, \$78,000 on stock, \$20,000 on building.

OCTOBER 4.—Lord Tennyson reported dying in Haslemere. * * * U. S. Minister Patrick Egan arrives in New York on the P. M. S. S. Newport; Chile pronounced friendly with the United States; a new treaty between the two countries to be presented at Washington; provides for settlement of all claims as far back as the Peruvian war and the Revolutions of '51, '52, '58 and '59; a letter of credit on Paris for \$75,000 in gold is also brought by the Minister as indemnity for the killing of two American sailors and the wounding of others. * * * The New York East River Bridge Company petitions the Board of Aldermen for permission to build two additional bridges across the East River; to be 76 feet wide and 135 feet high. * * * Aubrey Stanhope, the cholera correspondent, congratulated by the Paris press; received in his hospital robes. * * * Announcement is made in London of the passing away of the following notables:

Gabriel Vital Dubray, the French sculptor in his 75th year; Hugo Franz Brachelle, the Austrian statistician in his 59th year; and the Rev. J. V. Mummery, the oldest Congregational minister in London. * * * The golden rod adopted as the flower of Chicago University. * * * Maj. Magone, 82 years old, first mail carrier from John Day, Grant Co., Ore., completes his walk thence 2,100 miles to Chicago, to attend the dedication exercises. * * * Fifty-first session Illinois Grand Lodge, F. & A. M., commences in Chicago Central Music Hall; 900 members present.

OCTOBER 5.—Union of Religion and Patriotism symbolized in Woodlawn Park; the only thing of its kind in this country; a flagpole 104 feet high, at the Church of the Holy Cross, bears the cross above the unfurled stars and stripes. * * * Wayne Mac Veagh's Conversion to Democratic ranks openly announced. * * * The great Roosevelt organ manufactory is closed; established by the late Hilborne L. Roosevelt in 1872. * * * Tugs cease smoking; Anti-Smoke Crusade victorious. * * * King Death claims Count Eugene de Satiney, formerly French Ambassador at Rome, dies in Paris in his 84th year; he took part in the various negotiations with the American republics; promoted to grand officer of the legion of honor June 10, 1850. * * * Capt. Charles H. Heyl of the 23d infantry detailed from Washington, D. C., to represent the war department exhibit at the World's Fair. * * * The Grand Lodge of Masons of the State of Illinois re-elected the whole of last year's officers for the ensuing year as follows: Grand Master, Monroe C. Crawford; Deputy Master, Leroy A. Goddard; Senior Grand Warden, Owen Scott; Junior Grand Warden, Edward Cook; Treasurer, Wiley M. Egan; Secretary, Loyal L. Munn. * * * Samoa gained at last as a United States coaling station; United States government pays \$5,000 for all adverse claims; remainder of \$100,000 appropriated to be used for purchase of adjoining lands, wharf construction, etc. etc. * * * Battle at Los Teques, Venezuela; 600 killed and many high government officials captured. * * * Equalized assessment of Cook County Ill., fixed by the State Board; aggregate \$249,623,430. * * * General

convention of the Protestant Episcopal church begins at Baltimore, Md.; Bishop Whipple presides; the entire House of American Bishops present; the House of Deputies organized; Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix of New York elected president, and Rev. Dr. C. L. Hutchins of Concord, Mass., secretary.

OCTOBER 6.—England's poet laureate, Lord Alfred Tennyson, passes away at Haslemere, England.

* * * The Illinois Grand Chapter, "Eastern Star," concludes by installing the following officers for 1893: Grand Matron, Jane Ricketts; Assistant Matron, Nettie C. Kenner; Grand Secretary, Sophie Scott; Grand Treasurer, Sue A. Saunders; Grand Conductress, M. L. Chester. * *

* Mrs. Ethel Fenwick, the lady member of the English Royal Commission, arrives in Chicago; guest of Mrs. Charles Henrotin. * * *

Senor Serrano, the Mexican commissioner to the Chicago Exposition, arrives in the City of Mexico. * *

* The Hon. George Wallace Delamater found guilty of embezzlement, by the jury at Meadville, Pa. * * *

Thomas Chase, LL. D. of Providence, R. I., dies in that city; one of the revisers of the translation of the New Testament and a leading Greek scholar. * * *

John Merryweather Tinsley (colored), died at Toronto, Ont.; born a slave in Richmond, Va., July 1, 1783; was 109 years, 3 months, 5 days old; freed in 1833. * * *

Columbian ports again opened; Mexican quarantine regulations against the United States in abeyance; Brazilian ports also open to American vessels. * * * Kinney Bros.' cigarette factory in New York burned down, loss aggregating \$250,000; 600 employes temporarily thrown out. * * *

Sig. Valentini, editor of the *Patria Italiana* of Buenos Ayres, killed in a pistol duel. * * *

Type Founders' Company of New York (a trust), incorporated with a capital of \$9,000,000; 40,000 shares of eight per cent. preferred stock and 50,000 shares common; N. Y. Guarantee and Indemnity prominent in its formation. * * *

The Composing Machine Company organized to manufacture type-setting machines in Chicago; incorporated with \$5,000,000. * * *

Masonic Grand Lodge adjourns; officers elected installed by Past Grand

Master Robbins; Universal Grand Lodges to meet in Chicago next year; \$5,000 appropriated to defray expenses.

OCTOBER 7.—Moonshiners kill two revenue officers, S. D. Mather and C. S. Cardwell at Flintville, Tenn. * *

* Rufus K. Winslow, the well known ship owner, dies at his home, Cleveland, O. * * * L. F. Rand, the veteran actor, dies at Detroit, Mich.

* * * Presentation of prizes to victorious yachts by the Chicago Yachting and Rowing Association; the *Tribune* cup goes to the "Buena," Capt. Simmons; the *Graphic* cup to the "Wilbur," and the *Burlington* cup to the "O. K.," Capt. Krause. * * *

Dahomeyans routed by the French at Obede; two hundred killed. * *

* The Navy Department orders Admiral Walker to remain in Venezuelan waters. * * *

The American Board of Foreign Missions elects the following officers: President, R. S. Storrs, D. D., LL. D.; Vice-Pres., E. W. Blatchford; Recording Secretary, Dr. Henry A. Stimson; Asst. R. S. Dr. E. N. Packard; Treasurer, Langdon S. Ward; Auditors, Samuel Johnson, H. E. Baker and R. H. Sterns. * * *

* Willie Windle wheels a mile at Springfield, Mass., in 2.02 3-5; beats Nancy Hanks and Mascot's 2.04. * * *

Private V. H. Sweinhart becomes the champion shot of the army; wins the eagle. * *

* Pugilist Charles Mitchell sent to Holloway jail for two months' hard labor. * * *

Charles H. Fuller's advertising agency of Chicago, gets judgment for \$15,587 against the *Georgia & Alabama Investment and Developing Company* for advertising. * * *

Mrs. Bedford-Fenwick arranges for an exhibit of British trained nurses at the Exposition.

OCTOBER 8.—W. H. Hopkins of Lake Forest, wins the Illinois Inter-Collegiate prize at Champaign; subject "Cavour." * * *

Sergt. Griffiths, Troop D, Eighth Cavalry, by a score of 561 at Fort Sheridan, wins the medal which makes him the best shot in the United States Cavalry. * * *

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll holds an audience of 6,000 for three hours by his lecture on "Voltaire," in the Chicago Auditorium. * * *

Daniel Downing, proprietor of the Sunnyside hotel, Chicago, dies, aged 76 years. * * *

George Ramsey

Howell, well known banker of N. Y. City, dies there, aged 43 years. * *

* Mr. Gladstone decides to spend the winter in London. * * * Pope Leo decides to call a Consistory at the end of this year, with a view to create several French Cardinals and some Spanish also. * * * Calvin Chase, a negro politician and food inspector for the District of Columbia, is charged with malfeasance in office by the District Commissioners. * * * Twenty-first anniversary of the great Chicago fire. * * * The Columbian celebration in New York to last six days, commences. * * * Prof. Kaar-lus, a New Yorker, invents the two ball billiard game and performs tricks that savor of the marvelous. * * * The free mail delivery service ordered at Washington, D. C., established Dec. 1, 1892, at Austin, Tex.; Watertown, Wis.; Independence, Ia.; and Ashtabula, O.

OCTOBER 9.—Gotham is devout; churches unite in praise of Columbus and his great work; Fifth avenue a living panorama. * * * Levant W. Judd of Milwaukee, agent of the West Shore Freight line, dies of too much morphine, aged 30 years. * *

* Two hundred square miles of territory burned at Huron, So. Dak.

* * * The Norwegian ship *Siren*, wrecked on the rocks off the coast of Lancashire, Eng. * * * Gen. Joaquin Crespo declared executive of the Venezuelan Republic.

OCTOBER 10.—Ten thousand children in N. Y. City march in honor of Columbus; reviewed by Vice-President Morton, Gov. Flower and others. *

* Mayor Washburne of Chicago, proclaims October 20th a legal holiday.

* * * Gen. Miles decorates the successful marksmen in the Fort Sheridan shoot. * * * Rev. W. E. Gifford found guilty, by the Rock River conference, of conduct unbecoming a minister.

OCTOBER 11.—Charles T. Yerkes donates the largest telescope on earth and its appurtenances to Chicago University; cost \$500,000. * * * New York's Naval Review a grand sight; witnessed by millions; French, Spanish and Italian ships participate. * *

* Heavy registration in New York City; 90,045 voters registered to-day.

* * * Gen. Miles outlines the Grand Dedicatory parade. * * * Henry Wilhelmy, editor of the *Boe-*

bachter, a German paper, found dead in his room. * * * Dr. Samuel L. Parr, of So. Dakota, a prominent Mason and G. A. R. member, dropped dead in Washington, D. C. * * * The President accepts the resignation of Mr. Solomon Hirsch, U. S. Minister to Turkey. * * *

The Western Passenger Association is dissolved by the Advisory Board in New York. *

* Chicago University Faculty banqueted by the Gentlemen's Social Club at Hyde Park. * * * Ex-Premier Mercier is indicted by the grand jury in Quebec, charged with conspiracy in railway subsidies.

OCTOBER 12.—The eighth triennial session of the National Council of U. S. Congregational Churches opens at Minneapolis, Minn., to last six days. Dr. Quint, by a vote of 193 out of 205 was elected moderator of the Congregational Council at Minneapolis, Minn.

* * * Italians celebrate to-day as the quadri-centennial of the discovery of America by Columbus. * *

* New York's military parade a grand success. * * * Clifford Calverley, a young Canadian, crossed the gorge at Niagara Falls on tight-rope in six minutes. * * *

Archbishop Satolli, Papal delegate and representative at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, arrives in New York.

* * * Culmination of Columbus celebration in N. Y.; Columbus statue presented by the Italians, unveiled in presence of many dignitaries. * *

* Cardinal Gibbons delivers an oration at the unveiling of the Columbian monument at Druid Hill Park, Baltimore, Md. * * *

Stately simplicity marks the placing of Tennyson's remains in Westminster Abbey.

* * * Census returns at Washington, D. C., show a splendid record for Chicago; since 1880 investment has increased 313 per cent., workmen 143, wages 228, products in value 148, population 118, assessed valuation 85, and city debt but 3. * * *

Robert Reid, late treasurer of the *Ohio and Mississippi Railroad* at Cincinnati, O., dies there. * * *

Severe snow-storm through Colorado and parts of Utah; unprecedented; much damage to trees and travel, a dozen horses killed in Denver by falling electric wires. * * *

The World's Fair Co-operative Bureau organized; John L. Beveridge, pres. and treas.; A. L. Chetlain, 1st vice-pres.; H. H. Thomas, 2d vice-pres.; A. T. Andreas, Sec

and general manager; to build a monster hotel, containing 6,124 rooms; near the Fair; ten acres leased for two years at term rental of \$21,000; to be called "*The Andreas*."

OCTOBER 15.—The Theological Seminary of New York secedes from the General Assembly. * * * Robert T. Lincoln, U. S. Minister to England, arrives in New York on vacation. * * * Daniel L. Kimberly, of Neenah, Wis., dies there, aged 51 years. * * * Telephonic communication between New York and

Chicago established by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company; rate \$9 for five minutes service. * *

* President Harrison sends regrets in response to invitation to the papal delegation. * * * Women allowed to vote for Chicago University Trustees. * * * The *Foudroyant*, Nelson's own flagship, consigned for kindlings. * * * Great Britain storm swept; shipping wrecked, railroads submerged, and crops seriously damaged. * * * Many men and cattle frozen to death along the Colorado Springs and Kansas line.



